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THE
CATHOLIC CABINET.

AND
CHRONICLE OF RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE,
CONTAINING
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED ARTICLES.



A MONTHLY PERIODICAL.

VOLUME I.

SAINT LOUIS:

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1843.

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APPROBATION.

THE CATHOLIC CABINET is published with my approbation, and appears to me calculated to promote the interests of the Catholic Religion in this Diocese.

† PETER RICHARD, *Bishop of St. Louis.*



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THE
CATHOLIC CABINET,
AND
CHRONICLE OF RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. I.

MAY, 1843.

No. 1.

**PRESENT STATE AND PROSPECTS OF CATHOLICISM THROUGHOUT THE
WORLD.**

WE have selected this subject for our introductory article, because, independently of other grounds on which it deserves attention, it appears peculiarly appropriate in the commencing number of a periodical such as the "CATHOLIC CABINET" is designed to be. Catholicism is often understood to indicate nothing more than a sectional denomination of Christians, without due regard being had to its original signification, "universal," which is that precisely in which it is uniformly applied by Catholics to the Church. The Church is called Catholic, not in consequence of her professing any principles of a universal application, such as, in eulogistic newspaper phraseology, are sometimes styled "truly Catholic sentiments"—although all her principles are of this character—but because she is universally diffused, not being limited to one or more nations, or to one or more of the great divisions of the globe, but is a society of men spread over the whole earth, and yet incorporated into one body by unity of religious principle and the recognition of a common centre of authority. To know, then, what Catholicity is at any given period, we must be acquainted with the extent of its limits at such period; and nothing will give us a more correct idea of this property of the Church, than to pass in review the various nations in which her children are to be found.

We have another inducement for beginning our labors with the sketch on which we are about to enter. Many of our readers are doubtless as well, if not better acquainted with the present state and prospects of Catholicism than we can pretend to be; and for such persons our present inquiry might be spared: but there are many who may patronize the CABINET, and who, probably, have very imperfect, if not erroneous ideas on the actual extent to which the Catholic religion is professed. To this class of persons, in a special manner, we wish to be understood as addressing ourselves on the present occasion.

An additional motive is suggested by the secondary object contemplated in the issuing of this periodical, which is not only to be devoted to the exposition, vindication, and illustration of Catholic principles, but is also intended to be a chronicle of religious intelligence. Were we to leave this part of our undertaking without a suitable introduction, the items of religious intelligence which we shall have to record would lose much of their interest, and, in some instances, be all but unintelligible to ordinary readers. This inconvenience, we hope, we shall be found to have remedied, in the present article, in which we invite the reader to accompany us through the different countries where Catholicism prevails or is known; and where, by directing his attention to its ac-

tual state, and giving a very hurried glance at some of the most important of the causes which have operated to produce it, we hope to give our monthly collection of religious intelligence a character of interest and utility it otherwise might not possess.

We shall begin our sketch of the Catholic world with Italy, not only on account of its being at present the most purely catholic portion of Europe, but especially as containing within its limits that "greatest, most ancient and universally known church"—we use the language of St. Irenæus, a writer of the second century,—with which, "on account of its more powerful principality every church, that is, all the faithful, must agree." Throughout all Italy, in its various political divisions, our religion is the only one publicly professed; so that the entire population of the country, 20,000,000, may be stated as the number of Catholics. No portion of Europe is more visited by travellers of all countries than Italy, as no other land is so gloriously associated with the past, or contains so many relics of antiquity, or exhibits such a profusion of the masterpieces of art. We regret to be obliged to add, that few, if any people, have been more severely, and, in most instances more unjustly dealt with than the Italians by such visitors. Religious prejudice has conspired, with other causes, scarcely less excusable, to influence the judgments of that crowd of tourists who, too often, without taste, refinement, or moral principle themselves, have been unable to appreciate the character and institutions of the Italian people; and who have very frequently made no other return for the kindness and attention they received in Italy, than indiscriminate and contemptuous abuse of its inhabitants. One of the objects which we propose to ourselves in the "CATHOLIC CABINET" is the vindication of our foreign brethren in the faith, by presenting occasional sketches of their manners, derived from authentic sources; as we believe that the evil to which we refer is one of the most fruitful causes of prejudice against our religion.

The state of the Church in Spain is truly afflicting; its future destiny is yet uncertain; although every thing bids us hope that the fiery ordeal through which religion is passing in that once Catholic land, is intended by Providence rather to correct than condignly chastise. It is painful in the extreme to contrast the present state of the Spanish church with what she was, even at a comparatively recent period. Truly hath "the enemy put his hand to all her desirable things,—all her gates are broken down; her priests sigh, her virgins are in affliction, and she is oppressed with bitterness;—the stones of the sanctuary are scattered in the top of every street." All these expressions in the prophet Jeremias' description of the desolation of the Holy City, find their application in the actual condition of the Church in Spain. The enemy has indeed, laid his hands on "all her desirable things." We do not speak so much of the treasures of christian art, or the offerings of pious wealth, with which the churches of Spain once abounded, and which have been sacrilegiously plundered. Their loss, indeed, cannot be regarded with indifference, but the enlightened christian has to weep over the sacrilegious profanation of other and still holier memorials of past ages. Those sacred remains of the martyrs, confessors and virgins of the Spanish church, which had been preserved with so much care for so many ages, and which have been desecrated and destroyed by the hand of violence, either through an irreligious hatred of the departed just, or through base cupidity of the rich reliquaries in which their relics were enshrined. Her institutions of learning and piety, from which the patient student and the devout recluse have been forcibly expelled, or, if permitted to remain, suffered to pine away in want of the common necessities of life; their property, to which they had as strict a right as can be had to property,—hav-

ing been sequestered to replenish the treasury of a bankrupt government, or rather to fill the pockets of its unprincipled managers. Some of her beautiful ancient churches levelled to the ground; others converted to secular uses; all stripped of their sacred garniture. But instead of yielding to the mournful feelings to which the contemplation of such scenes naturally gives rise, let us rather indulge the hope that God has been pleased to listen to the prayers of the Universal Church, so lately offered up throughout the Catholic world, on behalf of this afflicted portion of Christ's mystical body; and that the nefarious design of consuminating all the above mentioned evils, by separating Spain from the centre of Catholic unity has been abandoned or defeated; so that when the storm shall have passed, this now withered branch of the tree which His own right hand has planted, may continue, as of old, to be invigorated from the parent trunk, and once more bear the rich fruit of heroic christian virtue. That this is something more than the expression of a mere wish, appears certain from the noble stand which many of the Spanish clergy have made in defence of the violated rights of religion, as well as from many indications, not to be mistaken, which prove that the *people* of Spain are catholic in heart and soul, as well as by character and education. We could cite many instances in support of this assertion; but this would be inconsistent with our present purpose, which is not so much to enter into local details as take a rapid glance at the actual state and condition of Catholicism throughout the globe. The population of Spain is reckoned at 13,000,000, and although we cannot flatter ourselves that all deserve the name of Catholic, we believe that the number of professed infidels, (for in Spain there is no third class,) is too small, when compared with the overwhelming majority of the nation, to prevent its people being still regarded as Catholic.*

The Church in Portugal has also had, for the last few years, severe trials to undergo; although these have not been of so painful a nature as those which have been permitted to befall her Spanish sister. This is principally owing, we believe, to the circumstance, that the contest between the two aspirants to the crown of Portugal was not so long in duration, or so sanguinary in its character, as that which has lately terminated in Spain. Notwithstanding this difference, the probability of a separation of the Portuguese nation from Rome was full as great, a few years since, as was the approach of a similar misfortune last year in Spain. That this danger has been avoided does not appear the result of any signal change of disposition in the advisers of Donna Maria, the present Queen of Portugal, but appears to have been forced on them by the discovery that Portugal could not at once be decatholicized. We will add that the kindness and condescension of the Holy See, in facilitating the restoration of amicable relations with this government have been extreme; and owing to this circumstance, as well as to the distinguished abilities, inexhaustible patience and unwavering firmness of Monsignore Cappacini, the Pope's representative

* "It is, however, a great consolation to observe, that the heart of the 'Catholic' nation is sound, and that the great mass of the population take every opportunity of applauding the resisting clergy, and of assisting, in greater numbers than ever, at the public functions of the Church. Never were the ceremonies of Holy Week, and the great festival of Corpus Christi, conducted in all parts of Spain with more pomp and splendor; never were the processions usual upon those occasions attended by greater numbers of the faithful; never were the rails of the sanctuaries more crowded by communicants, than during the present year. The result of the present conflict between the temporal power and the Church, must eventually be the failure of the former to accomplish its most wanton, unprovoked and criminal designs, and the complete restoration to religion of all its just and lawful authority."—[Dublin Review, Nov. 1842. Art. Spain and her Resources.]

to the court of Donna Maria, this gratifying end has been at length attained.—The population of Portugal is 3,000,000.

We have designedly deferred to speak of France until we should have glanced at the afflicting state of the Church in the Spanish Peninsula. We wished to show, that, distressing as is the state of things in this latter country, it would not be reasonable to abandon the hope of witnessing a speedy amelioration.—Who, that knows what France was at the close of the last, and commencement of the present century, and beholds its present religious character, can avoid exclaiming, “This is the change of the right hand of the Most High?” At the former period, the French people were scarcely recovered from a paroxysm of irreligion, cruelty and folly, that has had no comparison in the history of the past, and which, we hope, will never find a parallel in the future.—To all human appearances, the cause of religion seemed hopeless, and yet such has been the favorable change which has since been effected, that no part of the catholic world offers more subjects of consolation to the reflecting christian, than that very land which, a few years ago, seemed to have identified itself with infidelity. Not to speak of its hierarchy, which a very impartial judge has declared to be “a college of apostles;”^{*} or of its respectable and most edifying clergy; or of its numerous religious communities, which have repeatedly extorted the homage of unwilling praise; or of its almost innumerable establishments wherein religion develops her resources for well-doing with almost miraculous success;—not to speak of these and of other similar subjects worthy of observation, we beg to draw special attention to one of the many instances in which the church of France manifests a spirit so apostolic and so catholic as to be absolutely above all eulogy. We allude to her most effective co-operation in the glorious work of propagating the faith, in countries where either its light had not before dawned; or where, as in our own, its professors are few and scattered, destitute of spiritual aid, and surrounded by dangers from which nothing but the heroism of apostolic zeal can preserve them. We do not speak so much of the pecuniary aid rendered by the *Oeuvre de la propagation de la Foi* to all foreign missions, as of the number of apostolic men whom France has sent out in these latter days, and the blessed results of whose edifying labors are to be seen in every country which they have visited. It is true that she has not been alone in this glorious work; but it is no less true that she has been unequalled. Our present object is not to enter into the details of these efforts, or of the success which has crowned them: at a future period, we may, perchance, devote an article to the subject; we have only alluded to it, as an indication that cannot be mistaken, of the favorable attitude in which Catholicism appears in France. We must not be supposed to say, that religion has no remaining evils to endure in that country; that her reign is universal and undisputed, or that impiety is not still without its representatives there. We know the contrary to be the case; but the facts we have stated, show that these evils are not so general as might be supposed by those who sojourn for a while in Paris or any of the great cities of France, and who, for the most part, come only into contact with the irreligious portion of the community. Much of evil as yet remains, it is but little when compared with what was to be found at the commencement of the present century. It is no longer the fashion to attack religion with that cynic licentiousness that characterized the school of Voltaire. There is even a very discoverable inclination in some of those who, unfortunately, do not yet range themselves on the side of Catholi-

* See Introduction to Theiner's History of Ecclesiastical Seminaries.

cism, to treat it with respect, and to escape its condemnation; and there can be little doubt, that, when the absurd and unjust monopoly of education which the *Université* at present enjoys shall be modified or abolished, one, at least, of the sources whence whatever infidelity marks *la jeune France* has been derived, will be closed, and its unhealthy waters be succeeded by those of a purer and more invigorating character.

The religious affairs of Switzerland, as far as its Catholic population is concerned, have been, of late years, very much embarrassed, by various encroachments on ecclesiastical rights attempted by the civil power in various cantons of the Union. What, however, has excited most attention, is the secularization of some of the convents in Argau, in consequence of encouragement or approval, pretended to have been afforded by their inmates to some insurrectionary movements in that portion of the Confederation. That this was but a shallow pretext for the exercise of persecution, has been clearly established; and that, even in the supposition of this charge being founded on fact, the government of the Canton might punish the delinquents, but had no power to violate rights guaranteed by the terms of confederation, is also certain. Several appeals from the aggrieved party were made to the Vorort, or assembly of the deputies from the different cantons, who meet yearly for the transaction of the general affairs of the Confederation; but without effect, until the meeting of that body in January last, when the cause of justice triumphed, and the civil authorities of Argau were required to restore the secularized convents, and rescind such other of their acts as were in violation of the federal compact, by which the cantons are united.

A Protestant clergyman—M. Hurter, the distinguished author of the *Life and Times of Innocent III.*—has very nobly come forward to expose the artifices and annoyances by which the Catholic Church has been, of late years, assailed in the land of Helvetic Independence. Thus, injustice is likely to result in good; and the public attention, once properly directed to the subject, there can be no doubt of the ultimate triumph of Catholicism*. Among the symptoms of a favorable change, which have already manifested themselves, may be reckoned the return of the Papal Nunzio to Lucerne, which, in consequence of the annoyances alluded to, he had been obliged to leave, a few years back, but to which he now returns, at the urgent solicitation of the people of that Canton.

The small canton of Geneva, and city of that name, was the stronghold of Calvinism, ever since the residence of Calvin there, in the middle of the 16th century, up to a comparatively recent period. But things have wonderfully changed of late; and there is, perhaps, at the present day, no city so remarkable for the rationalistic tendency, or rather character, of its theological teaching as Geneva. What, however, is more to our purpose, is the extraordinary increase of Catholicism in a place from which it was so jealously excluded.—The Catholic population of Geneva is rapidly approaching an equality with the nominal adherents to Calvinism. Indeed, the return of Geneva to Catholic truth, and this, at no very distant day, has been inferred by a zealous Calvinist writer, L'Esperance, from the gradual, but continued, increase of the number of its professors in that canton.

The devoted attachment of Belgium to Catholicity, is only equalled by the enthusiasm of its people for civil liberty, of which they have conquered for themselves a larger share than is enjoyed by any other nation of the European

* Mr. Laing (a Protestant) says: "The influence of religion is at its minimum in Protestant, and at its maximum nearly in Catholic Switzerland."—[Notes of a traveller.]

Continent. Its small territory is the most densely peopled of any country of Europe; and the general prosperity which rewards the industry and enterprise of its inhabitants—4,000,000 in number—enables them to contribute more liberally towards the promotion of religious and charitable enterprises than, perhaps, any other people of Europe at the present day. Since the revolution of 1830, by which Belgium separated herself from Holland, in consequence of the anti-Catholic proceedings of its late king, we have been told by one well acquainted with the country, that above 300 religious and charitable institutions have been erected in different parts of the kingdom; while the amount of money expended in church-building, may be estimated from the fact, that in one diocese alone the number of churches built, or considerably repaired, during the same interval, is no less than forty.

In no part of Europe is the progress of Catholicism more rapid than in Holland,—a country of all others, where, judging by its former history, we should least expect to find such to be the case. The present king is very favorable to the Catholic portion of his subjects,—in which respect he differs much from his royal father, the late monarch. The incorporation of the provinces of Limbourg and Luxembourg with Holland, together with numerous accessions to the Church by conversions, has so far increased the number of Catholics in that country, that they are now regarded as composing one-half of the entire population.

In the northern kingdoms of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, the number of Catholics is inconsiderable, although the faith is not without its representatives even in those countries, notwithstanding the intolerance of the laws.

Most of our readers must be already aware of the severe trials to which the members of our communion have been, of late years, subjected in the Russian empire. The gigantic ambition of the Czar aims at nothing less than the extinction of all religious differences in his vast dominions, for the purpose of securing some powerful principle of union among his numerous subjects.—That part of what was once the kingdom of Poland, and which now, under the shadow of its former name, forms part of the Russian empire, presents the greatest obstacle to him in the prosecution of his vast design; not only on account of the distinct character of the Polish people, from that of their Russian fellow-subjects, but especially from the difference in the religious principles of the two races. The great majority of the Russian population is of the Greek communion, of which church the Czar is, to all intents and purposes the head, and which has become in his hands a mighty instrument of State polity—the Russian church being little more than the faithful interpreter of the Autocrat's will.* It would be an instructive, although not a very agreeable, subject of investigation, to trace the workings of this worst system of church

* The Union Catholique gives some curious details on the deplorable condition of the Russian Church. The Emperor is its absolute master, and his vicar is Count Protasow, a young colonel of Hussars, and PROCUREUR of a synod which dares to call itself "MOST HOLY." In this synod there is the most complete anarchy. Of the three metropolitans belonging to it—the prelates of Petersburg, Moscow, and Kiow—only the first, SERAPHIME, a foolish old man, 90 years of age, remains. The other two, both named PHILARETES, are "exiled" to their own dioceses, having quarreled with the aforesaid colonel of Hussars. It seems that a priest at St. Petersburg gave a course of theology, closely bordering on Protestantism.—The opinions of the members of the Synod were asked singly about this affair. They of Moscow and Kiow were for administering a private reprimand; he of St. Petersburg was for making the affair as solemn as possible; and though this opinion stood alone, it was immediately adopted by the Emperor, to the great and openly-expressed discontent of the two Philaretes. In the written opinion given by Seraphime on this matter, he pretends to exalt the glory of the Russian Church; but declares, in so many words, that "it is based only on the PROCUREUR-GENERAL of the Synod, Count Protasow, and subsists only by him."

and state union, through the later periods of Russian history; but, in a rapid sketch like the present, we can do no more than point out the principle, which is one of the most menacing, as it is certainly one of the most odious, features of Russian policy. We have been forced to allude to this painful subject, by reason of the melancholy results which it has produced within the boundaries of Catholicity. From an allocution of our Holy Father, Gregory XVI., addressed by him to the Cardinals in public consistory during the course of the past year, as well as from a collection of authentic documents published by the Roman Secretary of State, in connection with the above allocution, we learn, that every artifice has been used, and where artifice failed, actual violence employed, by the Emperor of Russia, for the purpose of de-Catholicising his Polish dominions, although he is bound, by solemn obligations, to respect the religion as well as the nationality of that unhappy people.* Owing to this harassing persecution,—which more resembles that to which the Church was exposed from the philosophic fanaticism of the apostate Julian, than any other fact in ecclesiastical history,—it is calculated that no less than two millions of Catholics have, by fraud and violence, been separated from the communion of the Holy See! The Russian Catholics are obstructed and impeded, in every possible way, in the practice of their religious duties; so that what with the disgust occasioned by these petty artifices of tyranny, and what with the rich rewards held out to encourage conformity with the religion of the State, nothing short of an extraordinary interposition of Divine Providence in behalf of the “little flock,” can prevent the speedy extinction of Catholicism in the Russian empire. The effect of the Pope’s allocution is yet to be seen. Never, we believe, for the last three hundred years, has any document emanating from the Holy See, gained more unqualified approbation than this intrepid remonstrance of the Venerable Pontiff; against a tyrant of the gigantic power and atrocious wickedness of the Autocrat. The English and French press have been loud in the expression of their admiration at this step, which appears to many as the initiative of a struggle, which may save the civilized world from the evils so justly apprehended from the colossal power and insatiable ambition of Russia.

In Prussia the actual state and prospects of Catholicism are most encouraging. The late King may be looked upon as a benefactor to the Church, although nothing was farther from his intentions than to shew special favor to his Catholic subjects. On the other hand, he may be regarded as the enemy of those whom he designed to favour, as he is accused by Mr. Laing, a very intelligent and straight-forward Protestant tourist, of having effected the destruction of Protestantism in Germany, by his successful efforts to amalgamate its various denominations into the Evangelical Church of Prussia, of which his late Majesty, with the assistance of one Chevalier Bunsen, a very able, although not a very honest diplomatist, may be regarded as the founder. Like the Emperor of Russia, with whom he had family connections, the Prus-

* Take the following as an instance of the persecuting violence, employed by the Emperor Nicholas, in decatholicising his Polish subjects:—it is copied from the True Tablet of Dec. 3, 1842.

“The design of expatriating all the Catholic proprietors of Podolia assumes a more definite shape. The governor of this province has received instructions to value all the property of the Catholics, and to take on the spot the most minute estimate of their liabilities, &c. The great land-owners are to receive compensation in the interior of the country; the smaller ones will be compelled to colonize the borders of the Kouban or Southern Siberia, and will receive lands in exchange to the same amount. The estates thus confiscated will be sold to any one who can legally *hold serfs*—Jew, Mussulman, &c.—to any one but a Catholic. The clergy, secular and regular, monks and nuns, will be expatriated in like manner.”

sian Monarch wished to consolidate his power by alienating from the body politic, that fruitful source of discord and disunion—difference in religion.—With the aid of the aforesaid Bunsen, he, accordingly, concocted a liturgy, called the *Agenda*, and ordered it to be used in the Protestant churches of the kingdom. For the success of this last effort at royal creed-making, we must refer to Mr. Laing's remarks on the subject below,* from which the reader will learn, that the only unity this system of the Prussian Monarch is destined to produce, is that of irreligion. He was not, however, so completely stultified as to imagine that his Catholic subjects could be immediately affected by the same process, which had fused the various Protestant sects of Prussia into a heterogeneous and ill-assorted mass; but what he despaired of accomplishing by the application of any direct means, he hoped to bring about by measures no less effectual, and less likely to excite open opposition. For this purpose he resolved to profit by the intermarriages, between Protestants and Catholics, which were so frequent among his subjects; and he accordingly made several regulations regarding the education of the children of such marriages, the whole of which were intended to subserve his grand idea of realizing religious unity, by the eventual extinction of the Catholic religion within his dominions. Many circumstances seemed to promise him success; among which may be mentioned a considerable degree of coldness and apathy for the interests of Catholicism, not to mention other and more prominent, although scarcely more noxious evils, among a large number of his Catholic subjects.—In an unlucky moment for the success of Frederick William's craftily-designed plan, but most fortunately for the interests of religion, the present Archbishop of Cologne entered on the duties of his high office. He resolved to act on the principles which Rome had laid down, as the rule by which the Catholic clergy were to be directed in the delicate adjustment of religious principle and royal intermeddling in the affair of mixed marriages. We need not say what were the results of this resolution. The world knows that the Archbishop was dragged from his archi-episcopal palace and city, and kept a prisoner for more than two years in the Castle of Minden, without his royal

* "The forced amalgamation of the Lutheran and Calvinistic churches into this third thing, neither Lutheran nor Calvinistic, and the abolition of the very name of the Protestant Church in Prussia, is undoubtedly the most gratuitous, unhappy, and senseless act of irresponsible despotism ever exercised over and submitted to by a Christian people in civilized times. There is much in a name. With the abolition of the name of the Protestant religion, this government has effected what emperors and popes could not do—has nearly destroyed the Protestant religion itself in Germany, and with it almost all religion. The ancient liturgy of the Lutheran, the freely out-poured prayer of the Calvinist, being both silenced in the land, the mind of the great mass of the people had nothing Christian to hold by, nothing in religion venerated as doctrines or practices of worship from former times, from respected associations with the sufferings or deeds of their forefathers. Infidelity, Deism, Straussism, and all the other forms and shapes which unbelief in Christianity can assume in the speculative, dreaming, German mind, have had free play. Protestantism as a church, and even as a name, being abolished in Prussia, Christianity was left for its defences to the antiquated bulwark of the Roman Catholic faith. The middle ground between gross superstition and gross infidelity, on which the two Protestant Churches were planted, was seized for state purposes to build this new Protestant Church upon. The spread, in the same age, of Catholicism on one hand, and of infidelity on the other—the Catholic priest making converts on one side of the street, and Dr. Strauss on the other—shows a religious condition of the German people, which the traveller finds as unaccountable as it is undeniable, until he traces it as a natural consequence of this act of his late Prussian majesty, which cast loose at once all the ties which had held the public mind fast for three centuries to one or other of the two Protestant Churches."—[Laing's Notes of a Traveller.

The reader will have perceived from some of Mr. Laing's expressions that he is a very impartial witness, when he gives evidence in favor of Catholicism. Now, in p. 212 of the same work, he says: "Catholicism is, in fact, the only barrier at present in Prussia against a general and debasing despotism of the state over mind and action."

persecutor ever daring to bring him to trial for any breach of the laws of his country. A more outrageous violation of right and justice, a more bare-faced and inexcusable act of religious persecution, can scarcely be imagined; and yet, such is the force of religious and irreligious prejudice, that not only did the conductors of the press, in those countries where liberality and toleration are household words, abstain from any expression of indignation against the crowned despot, who could thus treat a venerable prelate, for acting according to his conscientious convictions; but, almost with one accord, they gave the homage of their worthless praise to the persecutor, and calumniated the defenceless victim of his intolerance. We are not, however, writing a history of the Cologne affair, which forms an epoch in the history of German Catholicism; but we have referred to it, as the cause of the favorable change which we are about to notice. Ten years ago, no one, without the aid of second sight, could have anticipated the present state of religion in that country; and this result is not limited to the dominions of the King of Prussia, but is visible throughout all Germany. Apathy has given place to zeal, irregularity to piety; systems affecting faith and discipline, which were rapidly striking root in the rich soil of German Catholicism, and which filled every true German Catholic with the liveliest apprehensions for the religious destinies of his country, have either entirely disappeared, or are withering away—unheeded and unfeared; and the attempts at royal interference, between the Vicar of Jesus Christ and the pastors of the Prussian dioceses, have had no other effect than to knit more closely the bonds whereby they are united. The late King's effort to extirpate Catholicity from the soil of Prussia has been so singularly unsuccessful, that his son and successor, the actual Monarch, was not only obliged to turn aside from the line of policy pursued by his father, but has acted on some occasions, in a manner, to cause him to be suspected of a design, to attempt the realization of the same object,—that of making unity of belief the principle of his throne's stability,—not, however, by making Prussia protestant, in the widest sense of that very elastic appellation, but by favoring among his subjects the development of Catholic principles.

The Cathedral of Cologne, one of the most stupendous Gothic edifices of the middle ages, had remained for several centuries incomplete. During the past year, the work so long interrupted was renewed, under the auspices of the Prussian Monarch, who assisted with great solemnity on the occasion.—Subscriptions towards this great work have been collected throughout all Germany. Catholics and Protestants contribute with equal enthusiasm their share towards completing what they regard as a type of German nationality. While building up the walls of the material temple, may we not hope that they will see the necessity of unionizing Germany by something more than a mere type; and that they will seek a principle of union in that church of which it is the characteristic, and out of which three centuries' experience must convince them, it cannot be hoped for?

Bavaria is, and for many years has been, that portion of Germany where Catholicism finds its most congenial soil. The king of Bavaria is distinguished among his brother-monarchs of Europe, no less for the perseverance and success with which he has promoted the fine arts, than for his laudable efforts to repair the evil consequences of the misguided politicians of the last century, by encouraging religion and its institutions, which those, unhappily, labored too effectually to injure and subvert. His capital, Munich, may be called the Athens of Germany, on account of the taste and genius with which *almost* its very atmosphere appears impregnated; while, in a religious point of view, it yields to no other German capital, in the learning of its theological professors,

the zeal and piety of its clergy, and the nature and number of its religious institutions. Gocres, the greatest name which German Catholicism can boast of, is a resident of Munich. There are 3,000,000 of Catholics in Bavaria.

The Austrian empire contains 25,000,000 Catholics. The reigning family is distinguished by its attachment to religion, and the practice of its positive duties; and we have reason to believe that such is the general character of the Catholic population of the empire. That zeal for the propagation of religion is alive in Austria, may be gathered from the fact, that for many years an association, called after St. Leopold of Austria, has existed in Vienna, for the purpose of aiding the destitute missions of the United States; and there are very few, if any, of our dioceses, the ecclesiastical superiors of which have not, from time to time, received from it very effectual aid in enabling them to facilitate the progress of religion amongst us, by building churches, founding seminaries and other religious institutions. In Austria itself, however, notwithstanding the favorable disposition of the Emperor and the religious character of the people, Catholicism has many difficulties to contend with. These are, principally, to be traced to the unfortunate reign of Joseph II. at the end of the last century,—a monarch who, with good intentions, and not without religious convictions, suffered himself to be made the instrument of more mischief to religion, by injudicious and anti-Catholic reforms—for, in modern style, every change is a reform—than any of his predecessors, not even excepting the wars of the bad emperors of the middle ages. The principles which were then introduced into the department of ecclesiastical affairs in Austria, are, in many respects, yet acted on; and the consequence is, that Catholicism is occasionally embarrassed in its action. The good understanding which at present prevails between the Court of Vienna and the See of Rome, is thus always exposed to suffer at least a temporary interruption, which in itself, and in its immediate consequences, would be much more to be regretted than that which has terminated so gloriously for religion in Prussia. We say, in its *immediate* consequences, for we are perfectly satisfied that such misunderstanding, if it did occur, could never be of any long duration; and as to its remote consequences, these would be unquestionably more favorable to religion than the actual system ever can be. Indeed, so convinced are we of this, that we would not be very unwilling to see them brought about, even at the risk of disturbing, for a while, the present unsatisfactory calm; but we are encouraged to hope that this desirable end may be otherwise attained; and from the many indications of a willingness, on the part of the members of the present government, to remove the causes of complaint which their predecessors so unwisely originated, we anticipate most favorably for the Church throughout the Austrian empire.

In the other portions of Germany, not included in the two last named kingdoms, and Austrian empire, Catholicism has numerous adherents. In Hanover the members of our faith number about 260,000, or about one-fifth of the entire population. In the Great Dutchy of Oldenburg, they are 68,000, or about one-third of the population. There are 3,000 Catholics in the free city of Hamburg; 2,000 in the Dutchy of Brunswick; 120,000 in the Electorate of Hessen, and 170,000 in the Grand Dutchy of the same name. One-half of the population of the Dutchy of Nassau is Catholic; the royal family of Saxony is Catholic, although the great body of the nation is protestant; and two-thirds, or about 750,000, of the population of the Dutchy of Baden profess the ancient faith. In Wirtemberg the Catholics are numerous, although we are not able to state their exact number, or the proportion they bear to the entire population; but in the principalities of Hohenzollern-Hechingen and Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, which are comprehended within its limits, the number of Catholics is 66,000.

Let us pass over from the European continent to the British islands, and see what is the actual condition and what the prospects of Catholicism in those countries, which respectively received from ancient ecclesiastical writers the highest encomiums for the orthodoxy and piety of their inhabitants. Compared with the entire population of Great Britain, the actual number of Catholics in that island is small; certainly not more, if so much, as one-eighth of the number of the inhabitants. That this, however, is an increase on their former numerical strength, we may learn, if from no better authority, at least from the public apprehension caused by what is called "the alarming progress of Popery." For the last twenty years, conversions to Catholicism have been of frequent occurrence in England; but during the year last past, they are said to have equalled those of the ten preceding years. Nor is this a mere increase in numbers.—The greater part of these converts are men of fortune,—some of them of princely incomes,—or men belonging to some one or other of the learned professions; and not a few of them have been beneficed clergymen of the Established Church. It is a very remarkable fact, that among the numerous and powerful advocates which Catholicity at present has in England, the most prominent, probably the most numerous, are converts. If the actual state of Catholicism be so encouraging, its prospects are of the brightest that can gladden the eye of faith. We will of course be understood to allude to the spread of what are called "Puseyite doctrines" among the English clergy; with the nature of which we must suppose our readers already acquainted, and of which, therefore, we shall merely say that, on almost all points in which we and Protestants differ, they are only to be distinguished from the tenets of the Catholic Church by the aid of a theological microscope, of exceedingly magnifying powers.

We are not able to state, with any thing like certainty, the extent to which these doctrines have pervaded the ranks of the English clergy; but certain it is, that they are widely spread, and if they have not been adopted by one-half, or, as we have very lately seen in one of the public prints, two-thirds of the members of that body, it is beyond doubt that the most learned and respectable of the clergy, and not a few among the laity, have identified themselves with these principles. What the result will be, no one, of course, can say; but when we consider that thousands of fervent souls, throughout Europe and in this country, daily approach the Throne of Grace to ask the Father of Mercies to regard with an eye of pity that once hallowed isle; when we compare the gradual but very marked advances to Catholic truth which Puseyism, as it is called, has made, in its successive developments; when we hear the desire for re-union with the great body of Catholic Christendom openly expressed, in language that comes from the deepest well of human sentiment and conviction; we cannot persuade ourselves that this extraordinary sect is to have no other result than, like the curve of mathematics, continually to approach the line it is never destined to reach.

Not only is Ireland Catholic, with the exception of about one-ninth of its entire population, but it appears as if Providence permitted that afflicted country to be so long tried by sufferings for the purpose of aiding the triumphant march of Catholicity throughout the world. Of those countries at all visited by Europeans, it would certainly be much easier to say where Irishmen are not to be found than where they are; and the exceptions to the general rule, that wherever the Irishman is, there is also that religion which would seem a portion of his nature, are, thank God, few indeed. It is not much more than half a century since Irish Catholics were allowed a slight relaxation of the infamous penal code, which for nearly two centuries disgraced the statute book of Eng-

land, and not entirely fifteen, since the last link of persecution was broken off; and yet such is the advance of Catholicism in Ireland, that within the last thirty years, it is calculated, no less than nine hundred churches have been either erected or re-built there. Our augmentation in point of numbers, has no parallel in history but one—the increase of the Israelites during their Egyptian bondage. At a somewhat later period than the middle of the last century, Mr. Burke stated the number of Catholics in Ireland at 1,700,000; and there is no reason to believe that he underrated them; and yet, notwithstanding the influence of so many causes, calculated to check population,—distress, pestilence, civil and foreign wars, and an emigration on a vast scale to all parts of the habitable globe—the number of Catholics in that country, at the present day, is supposed to be not less than 8,000,000. Poor as Ireland proverbially is, her name holds a very prominent place among the nations that contribute towards the French Society for propagating the faith, her mite being only surpassed in amount by the sums collected in France and Belgium for that excellent association.

Besides the above enumerated kingdoms of Europe, the Catholic Religion is found in the Ionian Islands, in the newly erected kingdom of Greece, of which the reigning monarch is a Catholic; in Moldavia, Wallachia, Servia, and that portion of the Turkish empire comprehended within the geographical limits of Europe. We need not say that in these countries the Catholics are in a minority of numbers, there not being more in them all than 400,000. The prospects of Catholicism are, however, more cheering than its actual condition in those several countries. To speak now only of European Turkey. More than one traveller has predicted the speedy and wide diffusion of our religion in this once eminently Christian portion of Europe. Among these, we may mention, Rev. M. Etienne, a very distinguished member of the congregation of St. Vincent of Paul, who wrote a letter, a few years since, in support of this assertion; and the accomplished and entertaining author of “*A Steam Voyage Down the Danube*.”

In terminating this portion of our hurried sketch, we cannot but remark that the prediction of Count de Maistre, published in 1809, seems much more probable now than when first uttered by its eloquent and philosophic author:—“France will be Christian; England Catholic, and Europe will yet sing High Mass at Constantinople!”

Our observations on the state of Catholicism in the different countries of Europe have occupied so much space, that we are obliged, in mercy to the reader, to abridge those we otherwise would have to make on the same subject in the other great divisions of the globe. We do this the less reluctantly as we propose to give a series of papers on the history and actual condition of the Catholic missions in those countries; so that a rapid glance at our numerical strength there, is all that we can at present permit ourselves to take. We hope, however, that brief as this enumeration must necessarily be, it will enable us to complete our view—at least in the outline—which we have attempted to sketch of the extent of Catholicity.

In Asiatic Turkey, including the isle of Cyprus, the number of Catholics is 800,000. Russia in Asia has a Catholic population of 500,000; Persia and its provinces, 350,000; Turkistan, 100,000; Afghanistan, or Cabul,—so lately the seat of British aggression, massacre, and barbarous revenge,—50,000. In Southern India, on this side of the Ganges, there are also large bodies of Catholics. Pondicherry and the Coromandel Coast has about 60,000. The Apostolic Vicariates lately established in Southern India, comprehend the districts formerly under the care of the Archbishop of Goa and his suffragans, and contain about 800,000, including many native converts, the descendants of Por-

tuguese settlers, the United Syrians, or Christians, of St. Thomas, on the Malabar Coast, and a very thick sprinkling of Irish 'emigrants' in all the British possessions in India. To these are to be added 200,000 Catholics in Ceylon, one-half of whom are native, the other half European.

The progress of religion has been much impeded in many of these countries, by unfortunate differences, almost approaching to schism, among the Catholics, caused by the absurd pretensions of the Portuguese Government, which sought to retain its influence in the ecclesiastical affairs, of countries, where it has long since ceased to have temporal sway. The evils caused by these mischievous pretensions were of the most serious character; but within the last few years they have been in great measure removed; and we trust the day is not far distant, when the zeal and perseverance of the apostolic prelates, to whom the Holy See has committed the task of rebuilding the walls of Sion in this distant region of the earth, will be rewarded by the increase of piety among the christian inhabitants of South India, and the accession of large numbers of native converts to the one fold of the One Shepherd.

The number of Catholics in Eastern India, comprising China, Cochin-China, Tonquin, Anam, Siam, etc., is 752,000. Notwithstanding the comparative paucity of the Catholics in these densely peopled countries, we are forced to regard them with sentiments of deeper veneration and holier affection than any other portion of our religious brethren. The scenes of primitive Christianity are at this day exhibited in these countries. The same lively faith and exalted purity of morals, which distinguished the first professors of the Gospel, are there to be seen; nor is the zeal of the apostle, or the constancy of the martyr, wanting to complete the resemblance. In the single kingdom of Tonquin, the number of those who have laid down their lives for the faith within the last ten years exceeds 120. Of these the greater part were native christians, many of them of the sacerdotal order; several of the number were natives of France. In reading the relations of their examination before their judges, and of their sufferings, we seem to be perusing the acts of the early martyrs, for the same relentless cruelty characterizes the modern Mandarins as formerly disgraced the imperial proconsuls; and the same noble intrepidity, as was then evinced in the confession of Christ's name before the tribunals of the empire, is now manifested by the confessors of the nineteenth century, in view of tortures much more appalling than the death in which they terminate. If the principle of Tertullian—that the blood of martyrs is the seed of christians—be true, as it undoubtedly is, a rich harvest of souls may be expected at no very distant day in those countries—an event which the recent success of the British arms in China seems destined to accelerate.

In connection with the missions of Asia may be mentioned the Philippine Islands, containing a Catholic population of 3,000,000, and having a regular hierarchy and about 1000 priests.

The French settlement in Algiers has been the occasion of establishing Catholicism in a portion of northern Africa, that formerly held a prominent situation in the map of Christendom, but over which the dense cloud of Mahomedan superstition had hung for so many ages. The excellent Bishop of the New Colony, Monseigneur Dupuch, has been eminently successful in his truly arduous enterprise. The wants of the Catholic population, 74,000 in number, committed to his care, are supplied by twenty-five priests under his direction. Besides the military hospital at Algiers, there is another for the public, both of which are under the superintendence of the Sisters of Charity. The influence of the mild virtues of Christianity is visible, even amid the din of war; and the famous Arab chief, Abd-el-Kader, has on more than one occasion

exhibited a degree of confidence and affection for the apostolic Bishop, that strongly contrasts with the open hostility with which he regards his soldier-countrymen. In the latter part of the last year, a most beautiful and touching ceremony took place in this mission,—the translation of some of the relics of St. Augustin from Pavia in Italy to Heppo, the ancient See of this illustrious doctor of the Church. These sacred remains were accompanied by several of the Bishops of France to the place where they now repose; where they were solemnly placed, during a most impressive ceremony, witnessed by several thousands of Christians and Mahommedans, and viewed by none without emotion. But this is not the only way in which the Bishop of Heppo may be said to have revisited the scene of his former labors. A catechism has been composed, under the direction of Monseigneur Dupuch, in which the elements of the Christian doctrine are delivered in the very words of that illustrious Doctor of the Church.

The missions of Tunis and Tripoli are under the direction of the Franciscans, of whom there are at present nine employed in the spiritual direction of 7,000 Catholics. In Egypt, Nubia, and Abyssinia, there are 300,000 Catholics, belonging to five different rites—the Latin, Greek, Armenian, Copt, and Abyssinian united rites. They are governed by the Patriarch of Alexandria. The great majority of the people of Abyssinia is Christian, although, in consequence of their adherence to the errors of Eutychius, they are not Catholic. A few years ago, very sanguine hopes were entertained that they would be once more engrafted on the parent trunk of Catholic Unity; and a very considerable deputation from Abyssinia arrived in Rome in 1841, where they were most kindly received by the Pope. We have not heard whether or not these anticipations have been realized.

A Bishop has lately been appointed for the Mauritius, where there is a Catholic population of 85,000; but where, unfortunately, a considerable degree of apathy on the subject of religion appears to have hitherto prevailed. There are six priests employed in this mission, and very gratifying accounts of the result of their labors, especially among the colored population, have been lately received. The Spanish possessions on the African Coast contain three Bishoprics, and 208,000 Catholics included within their limits. The Portuguese possessions contain about 700,000 Catholics, under the care of five Bishops. The French possessions have a Catholic population of 85,000.—Upper and Lower Guinea have been lately erected into an Apostolic Vicariate, over which the Right Rev. Dr. Baron, late Vicar-General of the Bishop of Philadelphia, has been placed as Vicar Apostolic.

At the Cape of Good Hope a very important mission has been begun within the last few years, which promises to be eminently successful. Dr. Griffith, the Bishop entrusted with its direction, and his few but faithful clergy, have had all kinds of difficulties to contend with, but have hitherto surmounted the most discouraging obstacles to success. The number of Catholics is yet small, not much exceeding 2,000; among whom are many converts to our Holy Faith. The total number of Catholics, in Africa and the adjacent islands, does not amount to more than 1,182,000. May we not hope that the vast disproportion at present found between the entire population of Asia and Africa, and the few Catholics that inhabit the various countries of these great divisions of the earth, will soon disappear; and that the sighs of pious zeal and the blood of martyrs may eventually draw down from on high that copious benediction on the labors of our apostolic missionaries, that will console religion for the spiritual darkness in which such vast numbers of the human race have been so long involved.

If the churches of Eastern India exhibit the faith and constancy of the primitive ages, it is in the isles of Oceanica that we are to meet with almost the same happy results of apostolic zeal, as rewarded the labors of the chosen twelve who first scattered the seeds of faith on the soil, which the benediction of God fertilized. Oceanica is divided into the apostolic prefecture of Batavia, the newly erected archbishopric of Sydney; which, with its four suffragan Sees, comprise Australia and Van Diemen's land, and into the Apostolic Vicariates of Eastern and Western Oceanica. In the first of these divisions the number of Catholics is but small; but in Australia, the increase in the Catholic population, principally by emigration from the British isles, has been so great that it was lately proposed to limit the number of such as came from that hive of Catholicism—Ireland—by some vexatious enactments on the part of the local government. So strong is the force of religious bigotry, as to call for a measure so obviously opposed to the interests of a new country!

But it is in Eastern and Western Oceanica that the number of conversions from idolatry to Catholicism is most consoling. We are in possession of many facts in support of this assertion of so interesting a character, that it is with extreme regret we feel compelled to withhold them for the present from the reader; but we shall mention one which will enable those who, probably, are unacquainted with the miracles of grace which God is at this moment exhibiting in the isles of the Pacific, to judge of the truth of what we have above advanced. Of 2,300 inhabitants of Wallis, one of the isles of Western Oceanica, 2,000 have embraced the faith, and, at the last dates, were only awaiting the arrival of the Apostolic Vicar, the Right Rev. Dr. Pompallier, to receive at his hands the sacrament of baptism, for which they had then been a long time preparing themselves, under the direction of apostolic missionaries.

We have now to speak of America as connected with the diffusion and prospects of the Catholic religion. South America suggests many painful reflections, principally occasioned by the unsettled state of the various governments of which it is composed. What this perpetual alternative of carnage and revolution, which make up the history of the South American and Mexican republics for the last twenty years, is to end in, we profess ourselves unable to foresee. That religion has suffered by such an unhappy state of things, need not be wondered at; for, without a miracle such must necessarily be the case, when society is disorganized. Still we love to hope that good will come out of all this evil; and we are encouraged by several recent indications, which we take as assurances of the ultimate restoration of peace, order and religious sentiment. The government of New Granada has invited the Jesuits to take the charge of public education; and we believe that the spiritual sons of Ignatius have been, for some years labouring with considerable success in Buenos Ayres. Numbers of the clergymen, whom the injustice of the present Regent of Spain had driven from their country, have sought in South America a field wherein to exercise the duties of an apostolic ministry. May we not then hope, that the same blessed effects which followed the emigration of members of the French clergy, under similar circumstances, at the close of the last century, will also be among the consequences, beneficial to religion, which Providence has designed in permitting the recent persecution of the church in Spain. The number of Catholics in South America, Mexico and Guatemala is 23,000,000; and the number of episcopal Sees forty-four.

In the West India Islands, the Catholic religion is extensively propagated, and although we cannot speak words of unqualified praise in regard to them all, we are able to state that there, as well as almost every where else, a favorable change is taking place. Zealous missionaries from Holland, France

and Ireland are doing much towards this amelioration. The number of Catholics in the various islands we cannot pretend to state with certainty; but unless we are much mistaken it must be, at least, 2,000,000. In the French colonies are four Apostolic Prefects; in the Dutch island of Curacao, there is an Apostolic Prefect of that nation. In the Spanish colonies are three Bishops; and in the English possessions, exclusive of other missionaries, are the Apostolic Vicars of Trinidad and Guiana.

The British possessions in North America, and in the adjacent islands, contain a very large Catholic population,—at least one half of that of the whole country,—which is daily increasing by the influx of emigrants. The Archbishop of Quebec has four suffragan Bishops. We were only recently made acquainted with the fact, which will, probably, be new to most of our readers, that there exists in Lower Canada a society like that of Lyons in France, for the purpose of propagating the faith. The labours of the missionaries, who receive aid from this charitable association, are employed in evangelizing the many Indian tribes that are to the north of the lakes, numbers of whom they have converted to the faith. We lately had the opportunity of perusing a collection of letters from the missionaries thus employed, filled with the most edifying and interesting matter.

Catholics form a considerable portion of the population in Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, New Brunswick, etc., the first two of which have their respective Bishops; and the name of a respectable Canadian clergyman has been mentioned as the first occupant of a new See, about to be erected in New Brunswick.

The state and prospects of Catholicism in the United States alone remain to be mentioned. If the increase of churches and religious institutions; if the erection of new dioceses at every triennial council of the Catholic Bishops of the Union; if the steady increase of Catholic publications, periodical and otherwise; if, in a word, the published statistical tables, as well as the observations of all who speak or write on the subject,—if each and all of these various indications are to be trusted,—then, most assuredly, the Catholic Religion is making rapid advances, despite of the various and formidable obstacles which have so long impeded, and yet continue in many instances to impede its progress. We regret to add that this very progress has been lately made the plea for a combined but frustrate effort to oppose it, by exciting all the bad passions of a portion of the community, in a manner no less irreconcilable with our free institutions and the liberal spirit of the age, than with the principles of religion and morality. But we only desire to allude to this fact, as an indication of our progress. Our actual numbers, and the calculation of which their successive increase may be made the basis, are not, however, the only motives of hope we cherish, that bright prospects are discernible on our horizon. The doctrines, called Puseyite, of which we spoke when on the subject of Catholicism in England, have found in this country, ingenious, learned and eloquent advocates; and even among those whom these doctrines have not gained, men are beginning to make our religion the subject of inquiry, in the only sources whence it can with certainty be derived,—our teachers, and the authorized publications of the Catholic press. This is all we require; we are without solicitude for the result.

In the Indian territory west of Missouri, as also in the Rocky Mountains, and between these latter and the Pacific, are flourishing Catholic missions among the Indian tribes. Several apostolic members of the Missouri Province of the Society of Jesus have devoted themselves to this arduous but highly meritorious work. We only mention the fact—we give no details,—as we

have the pleasure of announcing, in another page, the publication of a work of intense interest, which has appeared in Philadelphia, from the pen of Father De Smet, in relation to this very subject.

In concluding this rapid, and, necessarily, very imperfect sketch of the actual state and prospects of Catholicism throughout the world, we shall be excused, if, forgetting for a moment that our present purpose is statistical detail and not controversial argument, we direct attention to the moral phenomenon exhibited in the preceding pages. This great multitude of all nations, and tribes, and peoples, and tongues, united in the confession of God's name on earth, affords too obvious a similitude with the prophetic vision of St. John, (Apocalypse VII., 9,) not to justify us in regarding it as the earthly counterpart of the triumphing church, which was there laid open to his view. What else than the action of Divine Power can account for the effect we see here produced? What, but the Omnipotence of God, could unite so many millions of men—divided in every thing else—in the belief and profession of the same mysterious truths and the practical recognition of the same authority? We are satisfied that no mind can reflect on this unexampled fact, and not feel that Catholicism must have something superior to the religious systems that deny its truth; for while these have split up the people of any one nation where they have been introduced into many divisions, Catholicism has gathered the peoples of many nations within the one fold of the One Shepherd.

CONFERENCE DE ST. VINCENT DE PAULE.

DURING the year 1823, in one of the Parisian faubourgs, habitually resorted to by classical students, there existed a kind of literary club, where a few young men used to debate among themselves certain questions of a highly interesting nature, and conducive of much benefit to their own intellectual faculties. Many of these questions were arduous; they were all grounded on one strong basis—religion; it becomes almost needless to add, that they were discussed with the seriousness required by religious feelings, with the ardour prompted by juvenile minds. Some, however, there were, unfortunately, among these gentlemen, who had yielded to the evanescent doctrines of the day, but their very presence made it incumbent upon the other members of the association to cling with double affection to the faith of their fathers—to the hope of their future lives. As it happens frequently in such cases, the influence of their religious sympathies, added to the habit of fighting in the same cause, became between these young men a strong tie, a golden link, which made them friends and brothers ere a single word of friendship was exchanged; and yet, in the midst of their pursuits, they soon came to the following question:—Should not their union be cemented by some good work more consolatory in its results than mere literary discussions, into which a wrangling spirit sometimes forced its way, whilst

“Mercy sighed farewell?”

The answer came forth in the shape of a Christian guide, under the auspices of Charity, and solely devoted to the services of our Saviour Jesus Christ, in the garb of a few paupers.

Such was the primal origin of the *Conference de St. Vincent de Paule*.—This term conference is generally used by the Paris students to designate assemblies similar to the one just alluded to; but, as the reader may well per-

ceive, the new *conference* was destined to something better than to make fine flourishing speeches upon benevolence, or discuss such ameliorations as might be introduced among the labouring classes.

The immediate object of the fraternity, in adopting the protection of St. Vincent de Paule, was to bring down from heaven a few rays of the celestial charity which warmed the breast of the great servant of God. The first meetings took place in May 1833, and only eight members were enlisted. This they considered rather as an advantage, because it highly contributed from the very first to establish habits of cordiality and sincere friendship which have been kept up to the present day.

It may be easily supposed that eight students of law or medicine were far richer in purity of intention than in cash: and, indeed, the rising fabric might have fallen to the ground, had not unforeseen circumstances helped to support it. The editors of a periodical paper first kindly offered their rooms for the meetings. Some of the members belonging to the conference occasionally contributed to this same publication, and they devoted the remunerations of their articles to increase the puny *treasury of the poor*.

I dwell with pleasure upon such details, for generally the workings of God are feeble in their beginning, and besides we are thus taught to exert our own energies. Two months after its foundation, the fraternity had recruited seven new members, and in the course of the following winter they continued to swarm in, especially those coming from Lyons, a church distinguished above all others in France by its pristine fervour and purity.

In 1834, the conference was already so numerous as to undertake another charitable office besides that of visiting the poor. In the neighborhood of the Pantheon stood, at that period, a prison destined to receive young culprits, who might be lost past remedy if allowed to mix with their seniors in crime and degeneracy. Several members engaged to visit these poor forlorn beings, to rekindle in their degraded souls one spark of repentance, and perhaps, with God's blessing, make it blaze up into a cheering fire. By far the great majority of these unfortunate youths laboured under the most melancholy ignorance of divine truths: others were Atheists at fourteen, would-be Voltaires, aping his *lazzis*, quoting his indecent lies, yea, at the very bottom of the scale in point of morality. Notwithstanding such an ungrateful task, the members went on for two long years, constantly attending the prisoners every Sunday for a few hours, and happy at last to hope that their efforts were not totally lost upon the objects of their compassion. As the tenants of the prison were ultimately removed to another residence, it became impossible to continue the undertaking.

In 1835, the Society reckoned about one hundred members, and a separation was felt necessary. "It was not without long and painful deliberations," says this year's report, "not without heartfelt grief, that we determined upon this measure. Endearing connexions lately formed, and then the delightful habit of consulting together upon an enterprise founded by *all together*: such were the motives which made us afraid of breaking asunder the grand mobile of our strength and utility, if such there be, viz., Christian charity." However, the decision urged its cogency more and more, and two Conferences were established in the parish of St. Etienne du Mont, and in St. Sulpice. Before the end of the year, two other scions were cut off from the mother branch, and spread the sodality in other parts of Paris. In December 1835, the members undertook likewise to protect a certain number of orphans, with more zeal than prudence: yet Providence blessed them in their numerous difficulties.

In the midst of this unexpected success and extension of the Society, one

great danger there was, which threatened the very existence, if not sedulously guarded against. I mean, want of unity. In order to maintain this indispensable condition, the several conferences agreed to meet, from time to time, and to adhere strictly to a certain number of short and easy regulations. The first of these general assemblies was held on the 21st of February, 1836; the four presidents of each section made a report on their respective undertakings, and the chairman of the whole fraternity read the observations preliminary to the regulations. These regulations, it ought to be remembered, were no fine speculation laid down before-hand, no far-fetched theory; its real merit consisted in its having been put in practice before any one thought of writing it down: in fact, the chairman only required the verbal sanction of people who already enforced its contents by their previous conduct. In regard to the preliminary observations themselves, we think proper to add, that they are neither more nor less than borrowed textually from Vincent de Paule's own writings; they bear particularly upon charity, upon the best mode of practising that virtue, upon the spiritual almsgiving which ought always to accompany the other; and lastly, upon the spirit of meekness and humility that must guide the members of all charitable associations, as well as the respect due to clerical superiors. Their latter duty has, indeed, been most scrupulously fulfilled. "Our venerable pastors," says the Report, "have condescended to grace our little undertaking with their protection, ever and anon encouraging our weakness, showering blessings on our modest co-operation in that great apostolic mission of charity, where they show themselves our models and our masters."—[*Tablet Correspondence*.

ON DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

As a fond mother o'er her children bends
 In melting love, and clasps one to her breast,—
 One at her feet, one on her knee she tends,
 Whilst to another's brow her lips are press'd;
 And 'mid their sports and murmurs still attends
 To every varied fanciful request,—
 Whispers to one—to one a glance she sends,
 And smiles or chides, in all her love confess'd;
 So watches over us the sovereign power
 Of Providence; this comforts, that supplies,
 Hears all, and doth on all His mercy shower.
 And if some grace or favor He denies,
 'Tis but to teach the soul her prayers to pour,
 Or by denial graciously replies.

FILACAJA.

SICILY--SHRINE OF THE VIRGIN.

BY JOHN KENYON.

"The Catholic, who hears that vesper bell,
 Howe'er employed, must send a prayer to heaven.
 In foreign lands I liked the custom well,
 For with the calm and sober thoughts of even
 It well accords: and wert thou journeying there,
 It would not hurt thee, George, to join that vesper prayer."
 [SOUTHEY'S ST. GUALBERT.]

Who knows not, fair Sicilian land!
 How proudly thou wert famed of yore,
 When all the Muses hymn'd thy strand,
 And, pleased to deck so sweet a shore,
 Bacchus and Ceres, hand in hand,
 To thee their choicest treasures bore,
 And saw uprise their graceful shrines,
 'Mid waving corn and curling vines.

Yes! land thou wert of fruits and flowers,
 The favor'd land of Deity;
 By Jove made glad with suns and showers,
 By Neptune cheered with brightest sea;
 E'en Dis, beneath his gloomy bowers,
 Had heard and loved to dream of thee—
 And when he will'd to take a bride,
 Snatch'd her from Etna's sloping side.

Those hollow creeds have pass'd away;
 Those false, yet graceful, shrines are gone;
 A purer faith, of stricter sway,
 For our behoof, their place hath won;
 And Christian altars overlay
 Yon temple's old foundation stone;
 And in Minerva's vacant cell*
 Sublimest Wisdom deigns to dwell.

And where, within some deep shy wood,
 And seen but half through curving bough,
 In silent marble Dian stood.
 Behold! a holier virgin—now—
 Hath sanctified the solitude,
 And thou, meek Mary!—Mother—thou
 Dost hallow each old Pagan spot,
 Or storied stream, or fabled grot.

The devious pilgrim, far beguiled,
 How gladly doth he turn to greet
 Thy long-sought image mid the wild—
 A calming thought—a vision sweet!
 If grief be his, then, Lady mild!
 Thy gentle aid he will entreat,
 And bow'd in heart, not less than deed,
 Findeth a prayer to fit the need.

There, while his secret soul he bares,
 That lonely altar bending by,

* The present cathedral of Syracuse was
 formerly a temple of Minerva.

† In the cathedral of Syracuse is a statue of
 the Virgin in silver.

The traveller, passing unawares,
 Will stay his step—but not too nigh,—
 And hearkening to those unforc'd prayers,—
 Albeit the creed he may deny—
 Shall own his reason less averse,
 And spirit—surely—not the worse.

Thy shrines are lovely—wheresoe'er—
 And yet, if it were mine to choose
 One—loveliest—where fretted Care
 Might come—to rest—or Thought—to muse;
 'Twould be that one, so soft and fair,
 That standeth by old Syracuse,
 Just where those salt sea waters take
 The likeness of an inland lake.

Green-tendrilled plants in many a ring
 Creep round the gray stone tenderly,
 As tho' in very love to cling
 And clasp it, while the reverent sea
 A fond uplooking wave doth bring,
 To break, anon, submissively.
 As if it came that brow to greet,
 Then whisper praise beneath thy feet.

When suns, that sink in twilight clear,
 Forth from the city tempt to roam,
 Be mine to meet mild evening here,
 And muse on friends I've left at home.
 But she who loves the mariner,
 Shall yet more duly hither come,
 Where, fitly, thou art held to be
 Our Guardian-Lady of the Sea.

PART II.

She cometh to the seaward shrine,
 A mother, with her children three;
 And they have made the holy sign,
 And they have dropped on bended knee;
 Three in the lowly rite combine,
 And one is cradled peaceably.
 That mother's heart hath business here,
 For she DOOTH love the mariner.

Her gallant boy is on the deep,
 —She loves him more than he is brave—
 Yet when around Peloro's steep
 The midnight surges leap and rave,
 What marvel if a mother weep,
 And, thinking on the tropic wave,
 Doth flee to thee, Oh mother mild,
 Thou Mother of the blessed Child!

Thro winds that sweep like hurricane,
And deadly lightning's lurid light,
She speedeth to the pillar'd fane,
Where thou dost stand in silver bright.
If solace but for him she gain,
What should a mother's soul affright?
And, now, the porch-way she doth win,
And thro' the portal glideth in.

I love the ever-open'd door,
That welcomes to the house of God!
I love its wide-spread marble floor,
By every foot in freedom trod!
Free altars let me kneel before,
Free as the pathway or the sod,
Whence journeying pilgrim—'mid broad air—
Wafts unpremeditated prayer!

She prayeth 'mid the silent pile—
Her whispers round the columns creep—
She prayeth all alone—the while
Her babes the while securely sleep;
Their brother lov'd to see her smile—
She would not they should see her weep;
Youth's rightful joys she will not dim
With tears—not even tears for him!

But now—when eve is calm and bright—
You see her here—and not alone—
Her children in the sweet blue light,
Are with her by the sculptur'd stone;
With her they share a soothing sight;
Yon scarce-stirr'd bark—the only one—

Almost as still, on that still tide,
As unrock'd cradle by her side.

Bland omen doth that vessel bring.
"As smoothly sails his vessel now"—
And mark how hope and fondness cling
Around the elder maiden's brow!
The while on that dear younger thing,
—Too young to frame—itsself—a vow—
The mother thoughtful hand doth lay,
And timely teacheth how to pray?

As homeward now their way they trace,
Their bosoms own no anxious smart,
For they have seen that blessed face,
And felt how SHE can calm impart,
Who, tho' in heav'n's supremest place,
Bears—as on earth—a woman's heart;
And know that SHE will guard him—SHE!
Mother of Him who walked the sea!

And if at last those hopes deceive,*
Yet be our reasoning scorn repress;
Nay—since 'tis sweet, to those who grieve,
To dream of comfort and of rest,
Forgive them if they do believe,
And, leaning on that Mother Blest,
Link earth below to heaven above,
By tender ties of dearest love.

* The writer is a Protestant.

IRREVERENCE OF THE AGE.

[FROM THE BRITISH CRITIC.]

As for irreverence in the general, who will deny that it is so widely diffused and so deeply ingrained, as to be now, in the eyes of the whole civilized world, a prominent characteristic of the English nation? We seem to hold nothing sacred: neither place, nor time, nor person, nor word, nor thing.—Any superstition, so as it have the least imaginable ground in reason or antiquity—if it have so much as one sacred book, or the slightest system,—is able to make head against us as having no apparent religion whatever. To certain nations we seem only as the soul-less genii of the earthly elements and powers;—masters of war, of mechanics, of policy, of every art of worldly greatness, but utterly unparticipate in the caste and element of heaven. But we need not go beyond our native soil for the sad proof of a universal irreverence. All but the whole population of our towns at least despise all, or a great part, of the sacred truths they were taught to hold precious in their childhood. The Bible is laid aside, or perverted, or profaned. As much of it is remembered as will serve to excuse a secure and indolent presuming on the long suffering of God, a false reliance on His grace, an indifference to outward and regular acts of religion; or as will occasionally help people to express themselves on some ordinary topic; or as will supply the demagogue with some familiar illustration to set forth his own wicked argument; or as

will give point to some profane jest or imprecation. Any one conversant with the language of the Chartists may see the sad fruit of much of our boasted scriptural education. As far as pretended scriptural foundation is concerned, there is nothing so preposterous in their setting up, as they have done in many large towns, as a religious sect. Their system, their speaking, their principles and their expectations, are all patched and bedizened with numberless—and they not the least solemn—fragments from the sacred text. Nay, we speak not only of Chartists—they do but follow their betters. One can hardly read the report of a liberal meeting on any political or mercantile question, without seeing Scripture forced in at every turn where one would least expect it. A text rounds a period, a text gives sting to censure, a text props up some plan of injustice, a text pulls down some social rank or breaks through some wise distinction, a text puffs up the self-conceited or terrifies the humble.

The whole liberal press also exhibits the same contagion of irreverence.—It spreads from the able and ingenious metropolitan journal, down to the lowest provincial scribbler. Everywhere, in review and newspaper, one may see theological terms employed to express political things, and persons, and changes. The parables are perverted to illustrate revolutionary dogmas.—Familiar forms of expression are stolen from the Scripture to give a semblance of mother-English to the style of the sophist and the system-monger. The most destructive and wordly principles are clothed in metaphor, quaint idiom, and obsolete words pilfered from the same sacred treasury. Mere political abstractions are pompously put forth in the dress of heavenly and spiritual things. The prophetic anticipations of the people of God are deprived of their own proper grandeur, to invest with an empty dignity the disordered cravings of discontent, and the selfish projects of restless ambition. The mysterious terms which express the awful realities of the Incarnation, are transferred to the base organizations of faction, and the capricious revolutions of popular will. Agitators are honored with the style and title of apostles, evangelists, and prophets,—unless they strike higher at more than human honours. Impracticable theories of equality, and greedy schemes of lust and licence, are exalted into gospels of salvation. Means and channels of agitation and corruption are spoken of as having a sacramental efficacy. We are daily told of the regeneration of the world by sottish Epicureans and visionary Socialists. Dreams of blood-thirsty revenge for fancied violations of abstract rights are compared with the awful vengeance inflicted by the mandate of the Omnipotent upon long accumulating crime, and with the righteous retributions on the oppressors of God's favoured people. The day of judgment itself is parodied.

An audacious materialism infests the land, driving ancient piety from its most secret haunts, setting men at liberty from instinctive scruples, and disengaging them from heavenly aspirations. But its own baseness and hatefulness would soon be its ruin. Every thing that sickened men of earth and carried hope beyond the grave,—every loving and gentle and noble affection would tell against materialism, till it returned whence it came. So it sustains its hold by an alliance with some corrupted powers of religion, that have, as it were, played the traitor to their cause. By their aid it is enabled to set up as a religion itself, as an earthly or rather hellish Christianity—Anti-christ. It denies all spiritual beings and things and operations—the whole preternatural world—and sets up nature in the place thereof. Unless we have no knowledge or discernment, the most zealous and the mightiest teachers of this spurious system, are those who unite *religious knowledge* with the *spirit of the world*. Men of talent and boldness, brought up in the very heat of religious profession and talk and agitation, early filled with letter and doctrine, but meanwhile undisci-

plined, untrained in fear and reverence, and with everything around them of a contrary tendency; then finding in the pursuits of the world, in physical science, in politics, in mere secular literature, something seemingly more consistent and real and ennobling;—these, able thus by circumstances to betray religion to the world, and carry all her arms, her treasures, her banners, and her tokens into the camp of the enemy, are the greatest and most fearful conspirers for the world against the Church. These are as the giants who in the earliest age resulted from the unhallowed union of the sons of God and the daughters of man, and who filled the earth with violence, and corrupted every imagination of man's heart.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN INDIAN MISSION. Letters and Sketches; with a Narrative of a Year's Residence among the Indian Tribes of the Rocky Mountains. By P. J. DE SMET, S. J. Philadelphia: FITHIAN, 1843; 12mo., pp. 252.

WE cannot better express our opinion on this work,—unique among the productions of the day,—than by adopting the language of the introductory remarks prefixed to these most interesting letters:

“To those who love their country, and their fellow men, we present this interesting Narrative, with the hope, we might say, the certainty, that its perusal will afford them some moments of the purest gratification. We have seldom met any thing more more entertaining. Its simple, manly eloquence enchants the attention. The facts it makes known to us of the ‘far, far West,’ the dispositions and habits of the Indian Tribes who roam over the vast region of the Oregon, their present state and future prospects, are such as cannot fail to awaken lively interest in all who love to look around them beyond the narrow horizon of every-day scenes, and learn what the holy servants of God are doing for His sake and in His name in distant parts of the world. We have conversed with the apostolic man from whose pen we receive this narrative; and as we listened we felt at once honoured and delighted to be so near one who in our days and in his own person brings before us that lofty spirit of missionary devotedness—those thrilling scenes of Indian life and adventure which we so much admire in the pages of Charlevoix and Bancroft.”

The first of the two books into which the matter of this volume is divided, contains an account of two visits to the Flat-head Indians in the Rocky Mountains, made by Father De Smet, S. J.; in the first of which, in 1840, he was unaccompanied by any member of his order; and by the same zealous missionary, at the head of a few equally devoted men in 1841, when the examination of which the first visit was the object, resulted in the regular establishment of a mission among that tribe. Few events connected with the preaching of the gospel are more deserving of attention than the origin, establishment, and success of this devout enterprise.

By one of those seemingly fortuitous but providentially designed contingencies which occur so frequently in the course of human events, some Iroquois christians found themselves domiciled, if the expression be applicable to the nomadic habits of savage life, among the Flat-heads of the Rocky Mountains. To these they often spoke of the necessity of serving the Great Spirit, and of the happiness of having Black-gowns,—the name by which the Indians designate priests,—to teach the manner in which he was to be worshipped. In the absence of such heaven-sent messengers, they themselves endeavoured

to communicate such a knowledge of the Christian religion,—its principles, duties, and practices, as they had retained; but, not satisfied with this, they exhorted their Flat-head brethren to ask the Great Spirit to send them some of those Black-gowns, whose heroic zeal and perseverance had triumphed over the deep rooted antipathies and sanguinary opposition of their own Iroquois fathers. During twenty years this exhortation was acted on; and so great was the desire felt to learn the truths of salvation from the ministers appointed to teach them, that although a journey of three thousand miles—over mountains of prodigious elevation, across rivers broad and rapid in their course,—and for a great part of the way, either through a vast desert, or the hunting grounds of hostile tribes,—lay between them and the then nearest christian settlement, where they might hope to obtain Black-gowns;—notwithstanding these appalling difficulties they resolved to undertake the journey, and thus leave nothing untried in order to obtain the desired succour. Wonderful as the attempt must appear in itself, still more extraordinary is the perseverance with which these fervent Indians pursued their object, by four distinct embassies for that purpose, only the last of which was partially successful! Of the members of the first deputation in 1831, three died of diseases occasioned by the change of climate. The second company arrived safely in St. Louis; but, owing to the want of missionaries, could obtain nothing more than the promise of spiritual teachers, at some future day. In 1837 five more were commissioned to proceed to the Great Black-gown (Bishop) of St. Louis, and renew the application; but these were cruelly massacred by the Sioux Indians on their way hither. Two Iroquois deputies were finally sent in 1839 to obtain the long sought blessing,—a Black-gown to break the bread of life and open the fountains of salvation to those children of the desert, who, if ever the beatitude pronounced on those who hunger and thirst after justice was applicable, most certainly deserved to have their cravings satisfied. The result of this application was, that Father De Smet was sent to examine what were the probable prospects of establishing a mission among the Flat-heads of the Rocky Mountains.

On the 30th of April, 1840, this truly apostolic man set out from Westport, along with the annual expedition of the American Fur Company, and after little less than three months journey, arrived at the camp of the Flat-heads and Ponderas, or *Pends d'Oreilles*. On his way he passed through the territory of the Shyenne and Snake Indians, in whom he found a great willingness to have a Black-gown among them. His arrival among the Flat-heads was the signal for general rejoicing. The scene that followed, and the religious dispositions of these poor people, are thus described by this zealous man, whose fatigues and privations must have been amply compensated for by what now met his eyes and reached his ears:

“Immediately the whole village was in commotion; men, women and children, all came to meet me, and shake hands, and I was conducted in triumph to the lodge of the great chief Tjolizhitzay (the Big Face). He has the appearance of an old patriarch. Surrounded by the principal chiefs of the two tribes, and the most renowned warriors, he thus addressed me—‘This day Kaikolinzosten (the Great Spirit) has accomplished our wishes, and our hearts are swelled with joy. Our desire to be instructed was so great, that three times had we deputed our people to the Great Black-gown in St. Louis, to obtain a father. Now, Father, speak, and we will comply with all you tell us. Show us the road we have to follow, to come to the place where the Great Spirit resides.’ Then he resigned his authority to me; but I replied that he mistook the object of my coming among them; that I had no other

object in view but their spiritual welfare; that, with respect to temporal affairs, they should remain as they were, till circumstances should allow them to settle in a permanent spot. Afterwards we deliberated on the hours proper for their spiritual exercises and instructions. One of the chiefs brought me a bell, with which I might give the signal.

"The same evening about 2,000 persons were assembled before my lodge to recite night prayers in common. I told them the result of my conference with the chiefs; of the plan of instructions which I intended to pursue; and with what disposition they ought to assist at them, etc. Night prayers having been said, a solemn canticle of praise, of their own composition, was sung by these children of the mountains, to the Author of their being. It would be impossible for me to describe the emotions I felt at this moment; I wept for joy, and admired the marvellous ways of that kind Providence, who, in his infinite mercy, had deigned to depute me to this poor people, to announce to them the glad tidings of salvation. The next day I assembled the council, and with the assistance of an intelligent interpreter, I translated into their language the Lord's Prayer, the Hail Mary, the Apostles' Creed, the ten Commandments, and four Acts. As I was in the habit of reciting these prayers, morning and evening, and before instructions, about a fortnight after, I promised a beautiful silver medal to the one that would recite them first. One of the chiefs rising immediately, 'Father,' said he, smiling, 'that medal is mine,' and he recited all the prayers without missing a word. I embraced him, praised the eagerness which he had evinced of being instructed, and appointed him my Catechist. This good Indian set to work with so much zeal and perseverance, that in less than a fortnight all knew their prayers.

"Every morning, at the break of day, the old chief is the first on horseback, and goes round the camp from lodge to lodge. 'Now, my children,' he exclaims, 'it is time to rise; let the first thoughts of your hearts be for the Great Spirit; say that you love him, and beg of him to be merciful unto you. Make haste, our Father will soon ring the bell, open your ears to listen, and your hearts to receive the words of his mouth.' Then, if he has perceived any disorderly act on the preceding day, or if he has received unfavorable reports from the other chiefs, he gives them a fatherly admonition. Who would not think, that this could only be found in a well ordered and religious community, and yet it is among Indians in the defiles and vallies of the Rocky Mountains!!! You have no idea of the eagerness they showed to receive religious instruction. I explained the christian doctrine four times a day, and nevertheless my lodge was filled, the whole day, with people eager to hear more. At night, I related those histories of the Holy Scriptures that were best calculated to promote their piety and edification, and as I happened to observe, that I was afraid of tiring them, 'oh no,' they replied, 'if we were not afraid of tiring you, we would gladly spend here the whole night.'"

After this, we are prepared to hear that our missionary baptized six hundred of these chosen people, among whom were the two great chiefs of the Flat-heads and Ponderas. A much larger number were desirous of receiving the sacrament of regeneration; but, in order to give them a high idea of the preparation which should precede its reception, as well as of the obligations it induces, Father De Smet prudently deferred their baptism until his return. Such was the result of this first missionary visit to the Oregon territory.

Convinced by this experiment, that a rich harvest was here ripe for the sickle, the good Father parted with his fervent neophytes, after a two month's residence, and returned to St. Louis, to make arrangements for the permanent establishment of the new mission. For the account of this perilous journey,

which is full of incident, we must refer to the letters of which we are endeavoring to give a brief notice. On more than one occasion, while making it, does the superintending providence of God appear to have supplied his wants, and preserved him from danger, in a manner too extraordinary not to be specially acknowledged.

On receiving the report of Father De Smet, the Very Rev. Father Verhaegen, Provincial of the Jesuits in this western part of America, determined on establishing a permanent mission among the Flat-heads. The funds required to meet the great expenses which this undertaking necessarily involved, were principally contributed by the Catholics of Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Kentucky, St. Louis and New Orleans. Accordingly, on the 23d of April, 1841, Father De Smet, accompanied by two other fathers of the Society of Jesus, and by three of its fervent lay-brothers, left St. Louis to proceed on his apostolic journey. This devoted band brings to our minds the observation of Chateaubriand, on the superior character and attainments of the Jesuit missionaries. Had we no other evidence of the high intellectual qualifications of the writer of these letters, than the pages before us, we could not refuse him the praise of a lively and cultivated genius, an acquaintance with almost all the branches of what can be considered polite and useful knowledge; while as a writer, we know of none who surpasses him, in the simplicity and liveliness of his descriptions, which are irresistibly felt to be truthful copies of the scenes they exhibit. Father Point's excellence as a draughtsman, may be judged of by the numerous sketches, illustrative of Indian scenery, customs and travelling, made by him during the journey; and which, reproduced in beautifully executed lithographs, add very much to the interest of this delightful volume. Father Mengarini was, we are told, specially selected for this mission by the General of the Society, at Rome, on account of his great facility for languages, and his knowledge of medicine and music. With these, were three lay-brothers,—two Belgians and a German,—whose respective talents as blacksmith, carpenter, and *factotum*, (*Anglice*, "man-of-all-work,") rendered them no inconsiderable auxiliaries to the zealous fathers.

An account of a short visit to a village of Kansas Indians, and some details of sanguinary cruelty and warfare between the Pawnees and the Sioux, bring the reader to the Platte river, the southern fork of which our travellers passed over with comparative ease. Not so, however, its northern branch, the crossing of which is thus related:

"The second difficult passage was over the north fork, which is less wide, but deeper and more rapid than the southern. We had crossed the latter in carts. Having mustered a little more courage, we determined to cross the north fork on horseback. We were induced to do so, on seeing our hunter drive before him a horse on which his wife was mounted, whilst at the same time he was pulling a colt that carried a little girl but one year old. To hold back under such circumstances would have been a disgrace for Indian Missionaries. We therefore resolved to go forward. It is said that we were observed to grow pale, and I am inclined to believe we did; yet, after our horses had for some time battled against the current, we reached the opposite shore in safety, though our clothes were dripping wet. Here we witnessed a scene, which, had it been less serious, might have excited laughter. The largest wagon was carried off by the force of the current, in spite of all the efforts, shouts and cries of the men, who did all they could to keep themselves from being drowned. Another wagon was literally turned over. One of the mules showed only his four feet on the surface of the water, and the others went adrift entangled in the gears. On one side, appeared the American captain,

with extended arms, crying for help,—on the other, a young German traveller was seen diving with his beast, and soon after both appearing above water at a distance from each other. Here a horse reached the shore without a rider; further on, two riders appeared on the same horse; finally, the good brother Joseph dancing up and down with his horse, and Father Mengarini clinging to the neck of his, and looking as if he formed an indivisible part of the animal. After all our difficulties, we found that only one of our mules was drowned. As the mule belonged to a man who had been the foremost in endeavoring to save both men and horses, the members of the caravan agreed to make him a present of a horse, as a reward for his services. We offered thanks to God for our escape from danger."

Graphic as this description is, the accompanying lithograph presents the scene in a still more forcible manner to the imagination; and as the reader cannot have the same motives for suppressing the tendency to mirth, so candidly confessed by our author, he may, without a scruple, indulge in the laugh, provoked by the *reverses* of the mule and wagon—the separation of horses from riders—the prancing of "good brother Joseph"—and the close attachment of Father Mengarini to his faithful steed;—all of which, and in fact every incident of the above description, are represented to the very life, so that we cannot but give the sketcher credit for a great deal of skill, and no very slight touch of malice exhibited on this occasion.

Albeit the difficulties and dangers experienced in the passing of this branch of the Platte, and its total uselessness for purposes of navigation, Father De Smet unites his suffrage with those of preceding travellers, in recognizing the beauty and magnificence of its appearance. A terrific hail-storm and whirlwind, which overtook our travellers about this place, show that this beautiful stream does not always enjoy the calm tranquility which the inexperienced would be liable to connect with the placid appearance of its waters.

"They have called it *Platte* (or Flat) river, on account of its width and shallowness: the former often extending six thousand feet, while its depth is but from three to five feet, and sometimes less. This want of proportion destroys its utility. Canoes cannot be used to ascend it, and if barges sometimes come down from Fort La Ramee to the mouth, it is because they are so constructed that they may be converted into sledges and pushed on by the hands of men. The author of Astoria has properly defined it 'the most magnificent and most useless of rivers.' Abstraction made of its defects, nothing can be more pleasing than the perspective which it presents to the eye; though, besides the prairie flowers and the ranunculus, its banks bear only the eglantine and the wild vine; for, on account of the fires made in the autumn, the lofty vegetation is entirely confined to the islands that stud its surface. These islands are so numerous, that they have the appearance of a labyrinth of groves floating on the waters. Their extraordinary position gives an air of youth and beauty to the whole scene. If to this be added the undulations of the river—the waving of the verdure—the alternations of light and shade—the succession of these islands, varying in form and beauty, and the purity of the atmosphere—some idea may be formed of the pleasing sensations which the traveller experiences, on beholding a scene that seems to have started into existence fresh from the hands of the Creator. Fine weather is common in this temperate climate. However, it happens sometimes, though but seldom, that the clouds floating with great rapidity, open currents of air so violent, as suddenly to chill the atmosphere and produce the most destructive hail-storms. I have seen some hail-stones of the size of an egg. It is dangerous to be abroad during these storms. A Sheyenne Indian was lately struck by a hailstone, and re-

mained senseless for an hour. Once, as the storm was raging near us, we witnessed a sublime sight. A spiral abyss seemed to be suddenly formed in the air,—the clouds followed each other into it with such velocity, that they attracted all objects around them, whilst such clouds as were too large and too far distant to feel its influence, turned in an opposite direction. The noise we heard in the air was like that of a tempest. On beholding the conflict we fancied that all the winds had been let loose from the four points of the compass. It is very probable, that if it had approached much nearer, the whole caravan would have made an ascension into the clouds; but the Power that confines the sea to its boundaries, and said, 'Hitherto shalt thou come,' watched over our preservation. The spiral column moved majestically towards the north, and lighted on the surface of the Platte. Then another scene was exhibited to our view. The waters, agitated by its powerful action, began to turn round with frightful noise, and were suddenly drawn up to the clouds in a spiral form. The column appeared to measure a mile in height; and such was the violence of the winds which came down in a perpendicular direction, that in the twinkling of an eye, the trees were torn and uprooted, and their boughs scattered in every direction. But what is violent does not last. After a few minutes the frightful visitation ceased. The column, not being able to sustain the weight at its base, was dissolved almost as quickly as it had been formed. Soon after the sun re-appeared—all was calm, and we pursued our journey."

At the sight of the Rocky Mountains—towering aloft in the desert which stretches from their base to the sources of the Platte, and burying their snow-capt summits in the pure blue ether of the firmament, which seemed to rest on them,—our Fathers experienced a deep impression of awe and admiration, mingled with gratitude and delight; to which Father Point, who seems as good a poet as a sketcher, gave expression in some lines of French poetry, of which the following is a translation, and which was hymned forth by our apostolic band.

"O! no—it is no shadow vain,
That greets my sight—yon lofty chain,
That pierces the ethereal blue;
The Rocky Mounts appear in view.

"I've seen the spotless, virgin snow,
Glist'ning like gems upon their brow—
And o'er yon giant peak now streams
The golden light of day's first beams.

"How from their ice-clad summits, steep,
The living waters joyous leap!
And gently on thro' vallies gay,
Sweeter than honey, wend their way.

"It is because on yon proud height,
The standard floats of life and light:
It is, that there th' Omnipotent
Hath pitched His everlasting tent—
The God whose love no tongue can tell,
Among his children deigns to dwell.

"All hail! majestic Rock—the home
Where many a wand'rer yet shall come;
Where God himself, from His own heart,
Shall health and peace and joy impart.

"Sorrow adieu—farewell to fear,—
The sweet-voiced hymn of peace I hear;

Its tone bath touched the red-man's soul—
Lo! o'er his dark breast tear-drops roll.

"O! soon the silent wilderness
Shall echo with his song of praise;
And infant lips, from morn till ev'n,
Shall chaunt thy love—great King of heav'n.

"Father and God! how far above
All human thought, Thy wondrous love!
How strange the path by which Thy hand
Would lead the Tribes of this bleak land,
From darkness, crime and misery,
To live and reign in bliss with Thee!"

Towards one of the sources of the Missouri, the Beaver Head, our missionaries were met by four of the Flat-head chiefs, on the 30th of August. These were the *elite* of the nation. First among them was Simon, a veteran, who even when seated required the support of the friendly staff. When the near approach of his Spiritual Father was announced by Gabriel, of whom presently, he answered every objection made to his forming one of the chosen few who were first to greet him on his return, by saying: "My children, I shall accompany you; if I die on the way, our Fathers at least will know the cause of my death." After this, we are not astonished to find him leading his companions on at the rate of fifty miles a day; and urging them to hasten, by repeatedly exclaiming: "Courage, my children; remember we are going to the presence of our Fathers." His grandson, Francis, a boy of seven years, was permitted to accompany him, as his privilege of serving the Father at the altar, seemed to entitle him to the favor. Ignatius, who had advised the fourth deputation to St. Louis, and who formed part of it, as well as Pilchimo, a brother of one of the martyrs of the third deputation, and who, the year before, by his presence of mind and courage, had saved the lives of seventy of his brethren from the fury of nineteen hundred Black-feet, both had strong claims to the honorable distinction now awarded to them. Besides these were Francis Xavier, the son of Ignatius, who, at the age of ten years, had accompanied his father, to receive baptism at St. Louis; and Gabriel, who had been deputed to watch the approach of the Black-gowns, and who thus seemed their precursor among the Flat-heads.

A Flat-head chief, rejoicing in the appellation of 'Bravest of the Brave,' had already sent on to Fort Hall his finest horse, which no one was to presume to mount before being presented to Father De Smet; and soon after appeared the owner himself, whom the good Father pronounces the handsomest warrior of his acquaintance, and who, we are told, wore a red scarf, 'after the fashion of one of the Marshals of France!' And then—as if to make joy still more joyful—when within two or three miles of the great camp, where the whole nation lay, appeared the great chief Paul, whose arrival, just at that moment, after a long absence, was too grateful to the feelings of all not to be regarded by his people as a special instance of God's favor towards them. To conceive the scene that took place when the missionaries found themselves among these for whose sake they had undertaken so long a journey, one must have witnessed it. It may be best described in one word—an effusion of heart, ennobled and sanctified by the highest and holiest motives, and unrestrained in its expression by any of those accompaniments of civilization which, like white man's clothes on Indian limbs, restrain and embarrass rather than add grace or dignity.

The remaining portion of the first book is full of interest, but we have already drawn too largely on its contents, to venture at any thing like an abridgement of even the most striking passages. The seventh letter is wholly occupied with describing the flowers, shrubs, trees, birds, reptiles, insects and quadrupeds of the Rocky Mountain region; and in reading it, one knows not which most to admire, the acquaintance with natural history and habit of observation displayed by the writer, or the lively and interesting style of his narrative.

The character of the Flat-heads is described as pacific, yet brave to a degree that prevents their mortal enemies, the Black-feet, from attacking them, unless when superior in number. The system by which the nation is kept in subordination to its chief, seems to us the very *beau ideal* of civil government; if, as all will acknowledge, the perfection of this consists in the combination of the least power in the governing element, with the greatest obedience in the governed. If this appears paradoxical, we can only say, such is the fact, and we give Father De Smet for our authority.

"The government of the nation is confided to chiefs, who have merited this title by their experience and exploits, and who possess more or less influence, according to the degree of wisdom and courage they have displayed in council or battle. The chief does not command, but seeks to persuade; no tribute is paid to him, but, on the contrary, it is one of the appendages of his dignity to contribute more than any other to the public expense. He is generally one of the poorest in the village, in consequence of giving away his goods for the relief of his indigent brethren, or for the general interests of his tribe. Although his power has nothing imperious in it, his authority is not the less absolute; and it may, without exaggeration, be asserted, that his wishes are complied with as soon as known. Should any mutinous individual be deaf to his personal command, the public voice would soon call him to account for his obstinacy. I know not of any government where so much personal liberty is united with greater subordination and devotedness."

Whatever may be thought of the applicability of such a system to large communities, in which it is difficult to say whether corruption or civilization predominate, we do not pretend to say; but certain we are, that a more effectual quietus could not be put on that cupidity for office, which so much characterizes most modern patriotic candidates for popular favor, than the condition on which the great chief of the Flat-heads is permitted to persuade, without the danger of failing to convince.

The following may serve as a sample of the union of two qualities but rarely combined—a character of peacefulness and a courage that never shrinks. It also shows how religion elevates and purifies the natural feelings of man; and that it alone makes of him a hero—a being whom the ancients, with more justness than is generally imagined, described as half human, half divine.

"It is the opinion of the missionaries who accompany me, and of the travelers I have seen in the Far West,—in short, of all those who have become acquainted with the Flat-heads,—that they are characterised by the greatest simplicity, docility and uprightness. Yet, to the simplicity of children is joined the courage of heroes. They never begin the attack, but woe to such as provoke them or treat them unjustly. A handful of their warriors will not shrink from an enemy twenty times more numerous than they; they will stand and repel the assault, and at last put them to flight, and make them repent their rashness. Not long before my first arrival among them, seventy men of the tribe, finding themselves forced to come to an engagement with a thousand Black-foot warriors, determined to sustain the attack, and rather to die than retreat."

Before the engagement, they prostrated themselves, and addressed such prayers as they had learned to the Great Spirit. They rose full of courage, sustained the first shock, and soon rendered the victory doubtful. The fight, with several interruptions, was continued five successive days, till at last the Black-feet, astounded at the boldness of their antagonists, were panic-struck, and retreated from the scene of action, leaving many killed and wounded on the field of battle, whilst not one warrior of the Flat-heads was killed. But one died of the wounds, he had received, and his death happened several months after the engagement, on the day succeeding his baptism—(though the point of an arrow had pierced his skull.) It was on the same occasion that Pilchimo, whom I have before mentioned, gave remarkable proofs of valor and attachment to his fellow warriors. All the horses were on the point of falling into the enemy's hands,—Pilchimo was on foot;—not far off was a squaw on horseback. To see the danger, to take the squaw from her horse and mount it himself, to gallop to the other horses and bring them together, and drive them into the camp, was the affair of a few minutes.

"The chiefs, who might be more properly called the fathers of the tribe, having only to express their will and are obeyed, are always listened to, and are not less remarkable for their docility in our regard than for the ascendancy they possess over their people. The most influential among them, surnamed 'the Little Chief,' from the smallness of his stature,—whether considered as a christian or a warrior,—might stand a comparison with the most renowned character of ancient chivalry. On one occasion, he sustained the assaults of a whole village, which, contrary to all justice, attacked his people. On another occasion, when the Banacs had been guilty of the blackest treason, he marched against them with a party of warriors, not one-tenth the number of their aggressors. But, under such a leader, his little band believed themselves invincible; and, invoking the protection of Heaven, rushed upon the enemy, and took signal vengeance on the traitors, killing nine of their number. More would have been killed, had not the voice of Little Chief arrested them in the very heat of the pursuit, announcing that it was the Sabbath, and the hour for prayer. Upon this signal, they gave over the pursuit, and returned to their camp. Arrived there, they immediately, without thinking of dressing their wounds, fell upon their knees in the dust, to render to the Lord of Hosts the honor of the victory. Little Chief had received a ball through the right hand, which had entirely deprived him of its use; but, seeing two of his comrades more severely wounded than himself, he with his other hand rendered them every succor in his power, remaining the whole night in attendance upon them. On several other occasions, he acted with equal courage, prudence and humanity; so that his reputation became widely spread. The Nez-perces, a nation far more numerous than the Flat-heads, came to offer him the dignity of being their Great Chief. He might have accepted it without detriment to the rights of any one, as every Indian is free to leave his chief, and place himself under any other head he may think proper, and of course to accept any higher grade that may be offered to him. But Little Chief, content with the post assigned him by Providence, refused the offer, however honorable to him, with this simple remark—'By the will of the Great Master of life, I was born among the Flat-heads; and if such be His will, among the Flat-heads I am determined to die:—a patriotic feeling, highly honorable to him. As a warrior, still more honorable to his character are the mildness and humility manifested by him. He said to me once—'Till we came to know the true God, alas! how blinded were we! We prayed, it is true; but to whom did we address our prayers? In truth, I know not how the Great Spirit could have borne with us so long.'

At present his zeal is most exemplary. Not content with being the foremost in all the offices at chapel, he is always the first and last at the family prayers; and even before the break of day he is heard singing the praises of his Maker. His characteristic trait is mildness; and yet he can assume due firmness, not to say severity of manner, when he sees it necessary to exercise more rigorous discipline. Some days before our arrival, one of the young women had absented herself from prayer, without a sufficient reason. He sent for her, and, after reading her a lecture before all the household, enforced his motives for greater attention in future, by a smart application of the cane. And how did the young offender receive the correction? With the most humble and praise-worthy submission.

"The Flat-heads are fond of praying. After the regular evening prayer, they will assemble in their tents to pray or sing canticles. These pious exercises will frequently be prolonged till a late hour; and if any awake during the night they begin to pray. Before making his prayer, the good old Simon gets up and rakes out the live coals upon his hearth, and when his prayer is done, which is always preceded and followed by the sign of the cross, he smokes his calumet and then turns in again. This he will do three or four times a night. There was a time, also, when those more watchful spirits of the household, not content with praying themselves, would awaken the sleepers, anxious to make them partakers of the good work. These pious excesses had sprung from a little piece of advice I had given them on my first visit, that 'on waking at night it was commendable to raise the heart to God.' It has since been explained to them how they are to understand the advice."

We would regret the necessity under which we labour of passing over many other most edifying and interesting traits of piety and heroism among the Flat-heads, were we not satisfied that most of our readers will avail themselves of the opportunity afforded by the publication of these letters, to make themselves familiar with the incidents with which they abound, and from which they will learn much to excite admiration, and produce a salutary conviction of our great inferiority as Christians, when compared with those fervent neophytes of the desert.

Our zealous missionaries laboured with success among other tribes besides the Flat-heads and Pendoras, and, we may say, every where found the greatest willingness manifested to have a Black-gown as a teacher of prayer. A rapid glance at the several tribes visited by the Fathers will be sufficient to show the immense harvest of souls that awaits but the action of the reapers, in order to be gathered into the heavenly barns.

On the 28th of October, 1841, Father De Smet set out for Fort Colville on the Columbia; on which occasion he was accompanied by an escort of ten Flat-head warriors, whose courage was evinced by the numerous scars they, although young, already bore on their persons, but whose devotedness, child-like simplicity, docility, politeness, complaisance, hilarity, and above all, exemplary piety, are vouched for by him. In the valley of Clark's or Flat-heads' river, they spent the Sunday, being the 31st of October, and besides the usual exercises of devotion on that day, our missionary had the happiness of baptizing three children of the Pointed-hearts' tribe, whose parents had joined them on the way. Two encampments of the Kalispel tribe awaited the arrival of our travellers at the ford of the Great Clark's Fork, whither they had expressly come for the purpose. "Men, women, and children," says the Father, "ran to meet us and pressed our hands with every demonstration of joy." Judge of his great surprise and satisfaction at finding the prayers he had taught the Flat-heads already learned by the Kalispels! A young man of the tribe had

been sent to the Flat-heads, and there learned the prayers, canticles, and such articles of faith as are absolutely necessary to be known, which he had taught his tribes-men with considerable success during the preceding winter. They were overjoyed at the promise of having a resident Black-gown among them, which the Father made; and from their anxiety to know the way to please the Great Spirit, the most abundant fruit may be expected to crown the efforts of whatever apostolic man may be appointed to nourish these tender plants of Christian faith. For the present, our missionary baptized twenty-four children and one woman who was on the point of death: but on a second visit he made to them the following year, while on his way to Vancouver, he had the satisfaction of baptizing sixty adults, and of finding that they were exact in the duty of morning and evening prayers.

At the head of the lake called Pends d'oreilles, our travellers traversed a forest which the Indians regard as the finest in Oregon, and to which, says the Father, there is probably nothing similar in America.

"The birch, elm and beech, generally small elsewhere,—like the toad of La Fontaine, that aimed at being as large as the ox,—swell out to twice their size. They would fain rival the cedar, the Goliath of the forest, who, however, looking down with contempt upon his pitiful companions,

'Eleve aux cieux
Son front audacieux.'

'Rears to heaven his audacious head.'

The birch and beech at its side, resemble large candelabras placed around a massive column. Cedars, of four and five fathoms in circumference, are here very common; we saw some six, and I measured one forty-two feet in circumference. A cedar of four fathoms, lying on the ground, measured more than two hundred feet in length. The delicate branches of these noble trees entwine themselves above the beech and elm; their fine, dense and ever-green foliage, forming an arch through which the sun's rays never penetrate; and this lofty vault, supported by thousands of columns, brought to the mind's eye, the idea of an immense, glorious temple, carpeted with the heavy ever-greens that live and flourish best in the shade.

"Before entering the forest, we crossed a high mountain, by a wild winding path. Its sides are covered with fine cedars and pines, which are, however, of smaller dimensions than those in the forest. Several times whilst ascending the mountain, I found myself on parapets of rocks, whence, thanks to my safe-footed mule, I retired in safety. Once I thought my career at an end. I had wandered from my companions, and following the path, I all at once came to a rocky projection which terminated in a point about two feet wide; before me was a perpendicular descent of three feet; on my left stood a rock as straight as a wall; and on my right yawned a precipice of about a thousand feet. You can conceive that my situation was any thing but pleasant. The slightest false step would have plunged the mule and his rider into the abyss beneath. To descend was impossible; as on one side I was closed in by the rock, and suspended over a dreadful chasm on the other. My mule had stopped at the commencement of the descent; and, not having any time to lose, I recommended myself to God, and as a last expedient, sunk my spurs deeply into the sides of my poor beast,—she made one bold leap, and safely landed me on another parapet much larger than that I had left."

This account of the extraordinary forest, and most fortunate leap from the dangerous rock, appearing to the good religious as likely to provoke the incre-

dulity of some of his readers, he at once silences the skepticism of such persons, by the invitation, "Come and see"—which, indeed, apart from confidence in the truth of the relation, is, in fact, the only proof that could remove it. Some, perchance, may visit the forest in order to measure its gigantic cedars; but we venture to predict, that no one will ever seek any better authority for the Father's perilous leap than his own account of the matter.

While awaiting the time for the departure of a skiff, from the neighbourhood of Horse-prairie, near the Flat-head river, this indefatigable man heard of the Skalzy or Kaetenay Indians, who were within two day's journey of this place; and he immediately determined on paying them a visit. On arriving at their village, arms were regularly presented to honor the Black-gown;—a salute was fired, which made the good Father's mule to rear and prance, to the no small amusement of the Indians; and the reception was closed by the never-failing shake of the hand, a ceremony to which savage and civilized man attaches importance. At a council, convoked for the purpose of giving audience to their new visitor, the Father explained the object of his coming; and had the satisfaction of hearing them immediately declare themselves in favor of his religion, and agree "to adopt the beautiful custom of their neighbours, the Flat-heads,—to assemble for night and morning prayers." A long instruction on the principal dogmas of faith concluded the first evening's exercise; and on the following day, the missionary baptized all their little children, and nine adults, who had been previously instructed by means of an Iroquois, that had resided thirty years with this tribe, and who, together with a Canadian hunter, engaged to instruct them during the absence of the priest.

The chief of a small division of the Kalispel tribe, in whose wigwam the Father passed the night of the 14th of April, was overwhelmed with remorse for the crimes of his life, of which he made a public avowal, and which he seemed to think unpardonable; but the words of his apostolic guest gave him relief. "Black-gown," said the chief, "your words re-animate me. I see; I understand better now; you have consoled me; you have relieved me from a burden that was crushing me with its weight, for I thought myself lost. I will follow your directions; I will learn to pray; yes, I feel convinced that the Great Spirit will have pity on me."

His visit to the Pointed-hearts must be read in his own words.

"As soon as they were certain of my visit, they deputed couriers in every direction, to inform the savages of the approach of the Black-gown; and all, without exception, assembled at the outlet of the great lake which bears their name, and which was the place I had indicated. An ingenuous joy, joined to wonder and contentment, shone on every face when they saw me arrive in the midst of them. Every one hastened to greet me. It was the first visit of the kind they had received, and the following is the order they observed:—Their chiefs and old men marched at the head; next came the young men and boys; then followed the women—mothers, young girls, and little children. I was conducted in triumph by this multitude to the lodge of the great chief. Here, as every where else in the Indian country, the everlasting calumet was first produced, which went round two or three times in the most profound silence. The chief then addressed me, saying—'Black-gown, you are most welcome amongst us. We thank you for your charity towards us. For a long time we have wished to see you, and hear the words which will give us understanding. Our fathers invoked the sun and earth. I recollect very well when the knowledge of the true and one God came amongst them; since which time we have offered to Him our prayers and vows. We are, however, to be pitied. We do not know the word of the Great Spirit. All is darkness as yet to us;

but to-day I hope we shall see the light shine. Speak, Black-gown; I have done,—every one is anxious to hear you.’ I spoke to them for two hours on salvation and end of man’s creation; and not one person stirred from his place the whole time of the instruction. As it was almost sunset, I recited the prayers that I had translated into their language a few days before. After which, I took some refreshments, consisting of fragments of dried meat and a piece of cooked moss, tasting like soap, and as black as pitch. All this, however, was as grateful to my palate as though it had been honey and sugar, not having eaten a mouthful since day-break. At their own request, I then continued instructing the chiefs and their people until the night was far advanced. About every half hour I paused, and then the pipes would pass around to refresh the listeners and give time for reflection. It was during these intervals that the chiefs conversed on what they had heard, and instructed and advised their followers. On awakening the next morning, *I was surprised to find my lodge already filled with people.* They had entered so quietly that I had not heard them. It was hardly day-break when I arose; and they, all following my example, placed themselves on their knees, and we made together the offering of our hearts to God, with that of the actions of the day. After this the chief said—‘Black-gown, we come here very early to observe you: we wish to imitate what you do. Your prayer is good: we wish to adopt it. But you will leave us after two nights more, and we have no one to teach us in your absence.’ I had the bell rung for morning prayers, promising him at the same time, that the prayers should be known before I left them. After a long instruction on the most important truths of religion, I collected around me all the little children, with the young boys and girls;—I chose two from among the latter, to whom I taught the Hail Mary, assigning to each one his own particular part; then seven for the Our Father; ten others for the Commandments, and twelve for the Apostles’ Creed. This method, which was my first trial of it, succeeded admirably. I repeated to each one his part until he knew it perfectly; I then made him repeat it five or six times. These little Indians, forming a triangle, resembled a choir of angels, and recited their prayers, to the great astonishment and satisfaction of the savages. They continued in this manner morning and night, until one of the chiefs learned all the prayers, which he then repeated in public. I spent three days in instructing them. I would have remained longer, but the Indians were without provisions,—there was scarcely enough for one person in the whole camp. My own provisions were nearly out, and I was still four days’ journey from Fort Colville. The second day of my stay among them, I baptized all their small children, and then twenty-four adults, who were infirm and very old. It appeared as though God had retained these good old people on earth to grant them the inexpressible happiness of receiving the sacrament of baptism before their death. They seemed, by their transports of joy and gratitude at this moment, to express that sentiment of the Scripture—‘My soul is ready, O God! my soul is ready.’ Never did I experience in my visits to the savages so much satisfaction as on this occasion; not even when I visited the Flat-heads in 1840; nor have I elsewhere seen more convincing proofs of sincere conversion to God. May He grant them strength to persevere in their virtuous resolutions! Rev. Father Point intends passing the winter with them to confirm them in their faith. After some advice and salutary regulations, I left this interesting colony, and, I must acknowledge, with heartfelt regret. The great chief allowed himself scarcely a moment’s repose for three nights I spent among them; he would rise from time to time to harangue the people, and repeat to them all he was able to remember of the instructions of the day. During the whole of my mission,

he continued at my side, so anxious was he not to lose a single word. The old chief, now in his eightieth year, was baptized by the name of Jesse."

The Spokans received our missionary very cordially, and expressed great delight at the prospect of having some of the "right kind of Black-gowns" in their vicinity. For the force of this invidious allusion, we must refer to page 212 of the Letters.

While waiting at Fort Colville for the construction of the barges that were to convey him to Vancouver,—the land journey originally contemplated being no longer possible,—Father De Smet visited the Shuyelpi or Chaudiere tribe, as also the Okinakanes,—both of which manifested very favorable dispositions; and among whom he also established the custom of night and morning prayer. The rendezvous for the Okirakanes had been assigned on the borders of the lake of that name; where, surrounded by two hundred warriors and two hundred other persons, the Father offered up night prayers, and gave an instruction. The whole of the following day was spent in prayers, instructions and hymns; and the baptism of one hundred and six children, and some old people, closed the scene, which has merited for this locality the name of the "plain of prayer."

The barges being now ready at Fort Colville, whither our travellers had returned, they embarked on the Columbia; of which river we have a fine description, as also of the perils connected with its navigation. This ought, doubtless to attract the attention of those who have either resolved to move west of the mountains, or revolve in their minds a project, which, be it said ~~be passing~~, the reading of these letters is not very likely to encourage.

"Amongst the innumerable rivers that traverse the American continent, and afford means of communication between its most distant portions, the Columbia river is one of the most remarkable, not only on account of its great importance, west of the mountains, but also from the dangers that attend its navigation. At some distance from the Pacific ocean, crossing a territory which exhibits, in several localities, evident marks of former volcanic eruptions, its course is frequently impeded by rapids, by chains of volcanic rocks, and immense detached mosses of the same substance which, in many places, obstruct the bed of the river.

"I embarked on this river, on the 30th of May, in one of the barges of the Hudson Bay Company; Mr. Ogden, one of the principal proprietors, offered me a place in his. I never shall forget the kindness and friendly manner with which this gentleman treated me throughout the journey, nor the many agreeable hours I spent in his company. I found his conversation instructive, his anecdotes and bon mots entertaining and timely; it was with great regret that I parted with him. I will not detain you with a description of the rapids, falls and cascades, which I saw on this celebrated river; for, from its source in the mountains to the cascades, it is but a succession of dangers. I will endeavour, however, to give you some idea of one of its largest rapids, called by the Canadian travellers, "great dalles." A dalle is a place where the current is confined to a channel between two steep rocks, forming a prolonged narrow torrent, but of no extraordinary force and swiftness. Here the river is divided into several channels separated from one another by masses of rocks, which rise abruptly above its surface. Some of these channels are navigable at certain seasons of the year, although with very great risk, even to the most experienced pilot. But when, after the melting of the snow, the river rises above its usual level, the waters in most of these channels make but one body, and the whole mass of these united streams descends with irresistible fury. At this season the most courageous dare not encounter such dangers, and all navigation

is discontinued. In this state the river flows with an imposing grandeur and majesty, which no language can describe. It seems at one moment to stay its progress; then leaps forward with resistless impetuosity, and then rebounds against the rock-girt islands of which I have already spoken, but which present only vain obstructions to its headlong course. If arrested for a moment, its accumulated waters proudly swell and mount as though instinct with life, and the next moment dash triumphantly on, enveloping the half smothered waves that preceded them, as if impatient of their sluggish course, and wild to speed them on their way. Along the shore, on every projecting point, the Indian fisherman takes his stand, spreading in the eddies his ingeniously worked net, and in a short time procures for himself an abundant supply of fine fish. Attracted by the shoals of fish that come up the river, the seals gambol amid the eddying waves—now floating with their heads above the river's breast, and anon darting in the twinkling of an eye from side to side, in sportive joy or in swift pursuit of their scaly prey. But this noble river has far other recollections associated with it. Never shall I forget the sad and fatal accident which occurred on the second day of our voyage, at a spot called the "little dalles." I had gone ashore and was walking along on the bank, scarcely thinking what might happen; for my breviary, papers, bed, in a word my little all, had been left in the barge. I had proceeded about a quarter of a mile, when seeing the bargemen push off from the bank and glide down the stream with an easy, careless air, I began to repent having preferred a path along the river's side, so strewn with fragments of rocks that I was compelled at every instant to turn aside or clamber over them. I still held on my course, when all at once, the barge is so abruptly stopped that the rowers can hardly keep their seats. Regaining, however, their equilibrium, they ply the oars with redoubled vigour, but without any effect upon the barge. They are already within the power of an angry vortex; the waters are crested with foam; a deep sound is heard which I distinguished as the voice of the pilot encouraging his men to hold to their oars—to row bravely. The danger increases every minute, and in a moment more all hope of safety has vanished. The barge, the sport of the vortex, spins like a top upon the whirling waters—the oars are useless—the bow rises—the stern descends, and the next instant all have disappeared. A death-like chill shot through my frame; a dimness came over my sight, as the cry of "we are lost!" rung in my ears, and told but too plainly that my companions were buried beneath the waves. Overwhelmed with grief and utterly unable to afford them the slightest assistance, I stood a motionless spectator of this tragic scene. All were gone, and yet upon the river's breast there was not the faintest trace of their melancholy fate. Soon after the whirlpool threw up, in various directions, the oars, poles, the barge capsized, and every article it had contained. Here and there I beheld the unhappy bargemen vainly struggling in the midst of the vortex. Five of them sunk never to rise again. My interpreter had twice touched bottom, and after a short prayer, was thrown upon the bank. An Iroquois saved himself by means of my bed; and a third was so fortunate as to seize the handle of an empty trunk, which helped him to sustain himself above water until he reached land. The rest of our journey was more fortunate. We stopped at Forts Okinakane and Walla-walla, where I baptized several children.

"The savages who principally frequent the borders of the Columbia river are from the lakes; the chief of whom, with several of the nation, have been baptized; also the Shuyelpi or Chaudieres, the Okinakanes, Cingpoils, Walla-wallas, Pierced Noses, Kayuses, Attayes, Spokanes, the Indians from the falls and cascades, and the Schinouks and Classops."

At Vancouver, Father De Smet had the satisfaction of meeting two respectable Canadian Priests.—Messrs. Blanchette and Demers,—who are stationed on the banks of the Wallamette, a tributary of the Columbia; and whose labours among the Canadian settlers on that river, and among several of the surrounding Indian tribes, have been eminently successful. These and other gratifying relations of missionary exertion, we must omit, contenting ourselves with the remark, that the cause of Catholicity is in the ascendant throughout this vast region. In the year 1836, a Protestant missionary, named Parker, who was journeying in these parts, very devoutly broke down a cross, erected by a Catholic Iroquois over the grave of his child—a circumstance which must have given the Indians a very strange idea of the aforesaid Parker's "views" of Christianity, and which must have excited deep disgust in the minds of such of the readers of his journal, in which the achievement is chronicled, as are not debased by the stupid fanaticism which could prompt such an outrage, and not blush to record it. This he did, as he informs us, in order not to leave in that country an emblem of idolatry!

"Poor man!—were he to return to these mountains, he would hear the praises of the Holy Name of Jesus resounding among them; he would hear the Catholics chaunting the love and mercies of God from the rivers, lakes, mountains, prairies, forests and coasts of the Columbia. He would behold the Cross planted from shore to shore for the space of a thousand miles—on the loftiest height of the Pointed-heart territory, on the towering chain which separates the waters of the Missouri from the Columbia rivers; in the plains of the Wallamette, Cowlitz, and Bitter Root; and, whilst I am writing to you, the Rev. Mr. Demers is occupied in planting this same sacred symbol amongst the different tribes of New Caledonia. The words of Him who said that this holy sign *would draw all men to Himself*, begin to be verified with regard to the poor destitute sheep of this vast continent. Were he who destroyed that solitary, humble Cross now to return, he would find the image of Jesus Christ crucified, borne on the breast of more than 4,000 Indians; and the smallest child would say to him—'Mr. Parker, we do not adore the Cross; do not break it, because it reminds of Jesus Christ who died on the Cross to save us—we adore God alone.'"

The missionary life among these poor Indians is one of danger, fatigue and privation; and it requires men well practised in the school of mortification, and prepared to make a total sacrifice of every thing like convenience, to succeed, or, indeed, to persevere for any time. The missionary must be ready to eat and to fast with the Indian, and not manifest any unwillingness to partake of food, which our civilized stomachs appear to loathe, or any impatience at the want of eatables, even sometimes for days together. He must be prepared to devote his whole time to the instruction of these poor children of the forest, who never tire of asking questions on a subject of such vital importance as religion. He must be ever with them, in their villages, or when chasing the buffalo; for even then duties are not interrupted; and night and morning prayers are as regular in the hunting camp as in the most religious community. We have a leaf from Father Point's journal, kept by him on one of these excursions, which we give, as accurately exhibiting the sunshine and shade of such scenes, and as not a little amusing for the trait of combined courage and prudence which the concluding incident evinces.

"*Sixth February.*—To-day, Sunday, a very high wind, the sky greyish, and the thermometer at the freezing point; no grass for the horses; the buffaloes driven off by the Pierced-noses. The 7th, the cold more piercing—food for our horses still scarcer—the snow increasing; but yesterday was a time of

perfect rest, and the fruits of it show themselves to-day in perfect resignation and confidence. At noon we reach the summit of a mountain, and what a change awaits us! The sun shines; the cold has lost its intensity;—we have in view an immense plain, and in that plain good pasturages, which are clouded with buffalos. The encampment stops, the hunters assemble; and before sunset 155 buffalos have fallen by their arrows. One must confess that if this hunt were *not* miraculous, it bears a great resemblance to the draught of fishes made by Peter when casting his net at the word of the Lord, he drew up 153 fishes.—St. John, xxi. 11. The Flat-heads confided in the Lord, and were equally successful in killing 155 buffalos. What a fine draught of fishes! but what a glorious hunt of buffalos!! Represent to yourself an immense amphitheatre of mountains, the least of which exceeds in height Mont Martre; and in the midst of this majestic enclosure a plain more extensive than that of Paris, and on this magnificent plain a multitude of animals, the least of which surpasses in size the largest ox in Europe. Such was the park in which our Indians hunted. Wishing to pursue them, I urged on my horse to a herd of fugitives; and as he was fresh, I had no difficulty in getting up to them. I even succeeded in compelling the foremost to abandon his post; but enraged, he stopped short, and presented such a terrible front, that I thought it more prudent to open a passage and let him escape.”

A sketch of this rencontre would have been scarcely more graphic than the description. Besides, the good Father was not quite so much at leisure as on the banks of the Platte. Pity that Father Mengarini was not present!

The want of additional fellow labourers in this rich soil, as well as the necessity of obtaining fresh aid to complete the infant establishment at St. Mary's, and the philanthropic idea of accustoming the Indians to agricultural pursuits, as the only means of eventually civilizing them,—all these motives made Father De Smet determine on crossing, for the fourth time, the great American desert, and endeavor to awaken Christian sympathy in favour of his dear children in Christ. He is impressed with the conviction that, if the number of missionaries be increased, the whole of the Indian population will be converted to the faith—a conclusion to which it is scarcely possible not to come, after reading these letters.

“We were more numerous, I feel confident that many other tribes would become members of the kingdom of God; perhaps more than two hundred thousand might be converted to Christ. The Flat-heads and the Pointed-hearts, it is true, are not numerous tribes, but they are surrounded by many others who evince the best dispositions. The Ponderas, or Pends-d'oreilles, are very numerous, and live at a distance of four or five days journey from our present establishment. The chief who governed them last year, and who has been baptized and called Peter, is a true apostle. In my first visit to them, I baptized two hundred and fifty of their children. Many other tribes have the same origin, and though differing in name, their languages are nearly allied. Next to these are found the Spokans, who would soon follow the example of the neighboring tribes; the Pierced-noses, who are disgusted at the conduct of the Protestant ministers that have settled among them; the Snakes, the Crows, and the Banacs, whose chief we have seen. Last year I visited the Sheyennes, whom I twice met on the banks of the Platte; the numerous nation of the Scioux, and the three allied tribes, called Mandans, Arikarees and Minatarees, who all have given me so many proofs of respect and friendship; the Gmahas, with whom I have had so many conferences on the subject of religion, and many others who seem inclined to embrace the truth.

“The Black Feet are the only Indians of whose salvation we would have

reason to despair, if the ways of God were the same as those of man, for they are murderers, thieves, traitors, and all that is wicked. But were not the Chiquitos, the Chiriquans, the Hurons, and the Iroquois equally wicked before their conversion, which required much time and great help from above? And is it not to the last, that, under God, the Flat-heads owe their desire of becoming members of his church, and the first germs of the copious fruit that has been produced among them? What is more, the Black Feet are not hostile to Black-gowns. We have been assured by other Indians, that we would have nothing to fear if we presented ourselves among them as ministers of religion. When last year I fell into the hands of one of their divisions, and it was ascertained that I was an interpreter of the Great Spirit, they carried me in triumph on a buffalo robe to their village, and invited me to a banquet, at which all the great men of the tribe assisted. It was on this occasion, that, whilst I said grace, I was astonished to see that they struck the earth with one hand and raised the other towards heaven, to signify that the earth produces nothing but evil, whilst all that is good comes from above. From all this you will easily conclude that the harvest is great, whilst the laborers are few."

But it is not only west of the mountains, but also on this side of them, that a vast field is awaiting the exertions of Catholic missionaries. We have already spoken of the favorable reception which the good Father met with from the Kansas, the Snakes, and Sheyennes, on his journey thither. All this, however, was but little compared with the enthusiasm with which he was welcomed by the Crows, on his passage through their village. All our civilized ideas of hospitality express but poorly this feeling, as exhibited on this occasion.

"On the evening of the second day," says the Father, "we were in the midst of this large and interesting tribe. The Crows had perceived us from a distance; as we approached, some of them recognized me, and at the cry of 'the Black-gown! the Black-gown!!' the Crows, young and old, to the number of three thousand, came out of their wigwams. On entering the village, a comical scene occurred, of which they suddenly made me the principal personage. All the chiefs, and about fifty of their warriors, hastened around me, and I was literally assailed by them. Holding me by the gown, they drew me in every direction, whilst a robust savage, of gigantic stature, seemed resolved to carry me off by main force. All spoke at the same time, and appeared to be quarrelling, whilst I, the sole object of all this contention, could not conceive what they were about. I remained passive, not knowing whether I should laugh or be serious. The interpreter soon came to my relief, and said that all this uproar was but an excess of politeness and kindness towards me, as every one wished to have the honor of lodging and entertaining the Black-gown. With his advice, I selected my host; upon which the others immediately loosed their hold, and I followed the chief to his lodge, which was the largest and best in the camp. The Crows did not tarry long before they all gathered around me, and loaded me with marks of kindness. The social calumet, emblem of Indian brotherhood and union, went round that evening so frequently, that it was scarcely ever extinguished. It was accompanied with all the antics for which the Crows are so famous, when they offer the calumet to the Great Spirit, to the four winds, to the sun, fire, earth and water. These Indians are unquestionably the most anxious to learn; the most inquisitive, ingenious, and polished of all the savage tribes east of the mountains."

These hospitable Indians are temperate withal; and on occasion of the Father's visit, the chief delivered his opinion on the use of ardent spirits in a

manner truly energetic, while, for any thing like the ingenuousness of the concluding sentiment, we might vainly search in all that has been spoken on that subject among the whites :

"A good point in their character, and one that inspires me with almost the certainty of their amendment, is, that they have hitherto resisted courageously all attempts to introduce spirituous liquors among them. 'For what is this fire-water good?' said the chief to a white man who tried to bring it into their country, 'it burns the throat and stomach; it makes a man like a bear who has lost his senses. He bites, he growls, he scratches and he howls; he falls down as if he were dead. Your fire-water does nothing but harm—take it to our enemies, and they will kill each other, and their wives and children will be worthy of pity. As for us, we do not want it: we are fools enough without it.'"

On his arrival at Fort Union, where he was very politely received by the gentlemen of that station, Father De Smet determined on leaving his horses at the Fort, and trusting himself to the impetuous waters of the Missouri, for the eighteen hundred miles he had yet to travel. Here also Providence favored him; on the third day, he met with a steamboat—the first that had ever attempted to ascend to so high a point of the river, at that season of the year. The proprietors very generously invited him to enter and remain on the boat,—an invitation he the more willingly accepted, as they informed him that several parties of hostile Indians lay in ambush along the river. After forty-six days navigation from the mouth of the Yellow Stone, he reached St. Louis, where, at the hour of twelve o'clock, on the last Sunday of October, he knelt at the foot of St. Mary's altar in the Cathedral, "offering up," says he, "my thanksgiving to God for the signal protection he had extended to his poor, unworthy servant."

ST. FRANCIS BORGIA.

[FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, NO. CLII.]

ON the second of July, 1565, the Casa Professa* of the Jesuits in Rome, usually the scene of a profound stillness, was agitated by an unwonted excitement. Men of austere demeanour might be seen there clasping each other's hands, and voices habitually mute were interchanging hearty congratulations. One alone appeared to take no share in the common joy. As if overpowered by some strange and unwelcome tidings, he seemed by imploring gestures to deprecate a decision against which his paralyzed lips in vain attempted to protest. His age might be nearly fifty, his dress mean and sordid, and toil or suffering had ploughed their furrows on his pallid cheek; but he balanced his tall and still graceful figure with a soldier's freedom, and gazed on his associates with a countenance cast in that mould which ladies love and artists emulate. They called him Father Francis; and on the death of Laynez, their almost unanimous suffrage had just hailed him as the third General of the Order of Jesus. The wish for rank and power was never more sincerely disclaimed, for never had they been forced on any one who had a larger experience of their vanity.

* A convent which had been assigned to the Order in Rome.

In the female line, Father Francis was the grandson of Ferdinand of Arragon, and therefore the near kinsman of the emperor Charles V. Among his paternal ancestry, he could boast or lament the names of Alexander VI. and Cæsar Borgia. Of that house, eminent alike for their wealth, their honours, and their crimes, he was the lineal representative; and had, in early manhood, inherited from his father the patrimony and the title of the Dukes of Gandia.

Don Francis Borgia, as if to rescue the name he bore from the infamy of his progenitors, exhaled, even in his childish days, the odour of sanctity. With each returning month, he cast a lot to determine which he should personate of the saints with whose names it was studied on the calendar. In his tenth year, with a virtue unsung and unconceived by the *Musæ Etonienses*, he played at saints so perfectly as to inflict a vigorous chastisement on his own naked person. It is hard to resist the wish that the scourge had been yet more resolutely wielded by the arm of his tutor. So seems to have thought his paternal uncle, Don John of Arragon, Archbishop of Saragossa. Taking the charge of his nephew, that high-born prelate compelled him to study alternately the lessons of the riding-master and those of the master of the sentences; and in his nineteenth year sent him to complete his education at the court of his imperial cousin.

Ardent as were still the aspirations of the young courtier for the monastic life, no one in that gallant circle bore himself more bravely in the *menage*, or sheathed his sword with a steadier hand in the throat of the half-maddened bull, or more skilfully disputed with his sovereign the honours of the tournament. As the youthful knight, bowing to the saddle-tree, lowered his spear before the "Queen of Beauty," many a full dark eye beamed with a deeper lustre; but his triumph was incomplete and worthless unless it won the approving smile of Eleonora de Castro. That smile was not often refused. But the romance of Don Francis begins where other romances terminate. Foremost in the train of Charles and Isabella, the husband of the fair Eleonora still touched his lute with unrivalled skill in the halls of the Escorial, or followed the quarry across the plains of Castille in advance of the most ardent falconer. Yet that music was universally selected from the offices of the church; and in the very agony of the chase, just as the wheeling hawk paused for his last deadly plunge, (genius of Nimrod, listen!) he would avert his eyes and ride slowly home, the inventor of a matchless effort of penitential self-denial.

With Charles himself for his pupil, Don Francis studied the arts of war and fortification under the once celebrated Sainte Croix, and practised in Africa the lessons he had taught,—earning the double praise, that in the camp he was the most magnificent, in the field the most adventurous, of all the leaders in that vaunted expedition. At the head of a troop enlisted and maintained by himself, he attended the Emperor to the Milanese and Provence; and, in honourable acknowledgment of his services, was selected by Charles to lay a report of the campaign before the Empress in person, at Segovia. She had long been the zealous patron and the cordial friend of himself and of Eleonora; and at the public festivals which celebrated the victories of Charles, and the meeting of the states of Castille at Toledo, they shone among the most brilliant of the satellites by which her throne was encircled.

At the moment of triumph, the inexorable arm was unbarred which so often, as in mockery of human pomp, confounds together the world's bravest pageants and the humiliations of the grave. Dust to dust and ashes to ashes, but, when the imperial fall, not without one last poor assertion of their departed dignity. Isabella might not be laid in the sepulchre of the kings of Spain, until, amidst the funeral rites, the soldered coffin had been opened, the cerements removed,

and some grandee of the highest rank had been enabled to depose, that he had seen within them the very body of the deceased sovereign. Such, in pursuance of an ancient custom, was the duty confided to the zeal of Don Francis Borgia—nor was any one better fitted for such a trust. The eye, now forever closed, had never turned to him but with maternal kindness, and every lineament of that serene and once eloquent countenance was indelibly engraven on his memory. Amidst the half-uttered prayers that commended her soul to the Divine mercy, and the low dirge of the organ, he advanced with streaming eyes, and reverently raised the covering which concealed the secrets of the grave, when—but why or how pourtray the appalling and loathsome spectacle? That gentle brow, that eloquent countenance, that form so lately raised on earth's proudest throne, and extolled with an almost adoring homage! Don Francis turned from the sight to shudder and to pray.

It was the great epoch in the life of Borgia. In the eyes of the world, indeed, he may have been unchanged; but in his eyes, the whole aspect of that world was altered. Lord of a princely fortune, the heir of an illustrious house, the favourite kinsman of the Emperor of the West; renowned in the very flower of his youth as a warrior, a courtier, and a musician; his home hallowed by conjugal love, and gladdened by the sports of his children,—for whom had life a deeper interest, or who could erect on a surer basis, a loftier fabric of more brilliant hopes? Those interests and hopes he deliberately resigned, and, at the age of twenty-nine, bound himself by a solemn vow, that in the event of his surviving Eleonora, he would end his days as a member of some religious order. He had gazed on the hideous triumph of death and sin over prospects still more splendid than his own. For him the soothing illusions of existence were no more—earth and its inhabitants, withering under the curse of their Maker, might put on their empty gauds, and for some transient hour, dream and talk of happiness. But the curse was there, and there would it lie, crushing the frivolous spirit the most when felt the least, and consigning alike to that foul debasement the lovely and the brave—the sylph now floating through the giddy dance, and the warrior now proudly treading the field of victory.

From such meditation Charles endeavoured to recall his friend to the common duties of life. He required him to assume the viceroyalty of Catalonia, and adorned him with the cross of the order of Alcantara, then, of all chivalric honours, the noblest and the most highly prized. His administration was firm, munificent and just; it forms the highest era of his life, and is especially signalized by the same sedulous care for the education of the young, which afterwards formed his highest praise as General of the Order of Jesus.

Ingenuous above all men in mortifying his natural affections, Don Francis could not neglect the occasion which his new dignities afforded him, of incurring much wholesome contumely. Sumptuous banquets must be given in honour of his sovereign, when he could at once fast and be despised for fasting. To exhibit himself in penitential abasement before the people under his authority, would give to penitence the appropriate accompaniment of general contempt. On the festival of "the Invention of the Holy Cross," mysteries were to be celebrated by the ladies of Barcelona, when, to prevent the profane intrusion of any of the coarser sex, the viceroy himself undertook the office of sentinel. With a naked dagger in his hand, a young nobleman demanded entrance, addressing to the viceroy insults such as every gentleman is bound, under the heaviest penalty of the laws of chivalry, to expiate by blood. A braver man did not tread the soil of Spain than Don Francis, nor any one to whom the reproach of poltroonery was more hateful. And yet his sword did

not leap from its scabbard. With a calm rebuke and courteous demeanour, he allowed the bravo to enter the sacred precincts, preferring the imputation of cowardice, though stinging like an adder, to the sin of avenging himself, and, indeed, to the duty of maintaining his lawful authority. History has omitted to tell what were the weapons, or what the incantation, by which the ladies promptly ejected the insolent intruder, nor has she recorded how they afterwards received their guardian knight of Alcantara. Her only care has been to excite our admiration for this most illustrious victory in the bosom of Don, of the meekness of the saint over the human passions of the soldier.

At the end of four years, Don Francis was relieved, by the death of his father, from his vice-regal office, and assumed his hereditary title of Duke of Gandia. His vassals exulted in the munificence of their new chief. The ancient retainers of his family lived on his bounty—cottages, convents and hospitals, rose on his estates—fortresses were built to check the ravages of the Moorish corsairs, and the mansion of his ancestors re-appeared in all its ancient splendour. In every work of mercy, the wise and gentle Eleonora was the rival of her lord. But it was the only strife which ever agitated the Castle of Gandia. Austerities were practised there, but gloom and lassitude were unknown; nor did the bright suns of Spain gild any feudal ramparts, within which love, and peace, the child of love, shed their milder light with a more abiding radiance.

But on that countenance, hitherto so calm and so submissive, might at length be traced the movements of an inward tempest, with which, even when prostrate before the altar, the Duke of Gandia strove in vain. Conversant with every form of self-inflicted suffering, how should he find strength to endure the impending death of Eleonora! His was a prayer transcending the resources of language and of thought: it was the mute agony of a breaking heart. But after the whirlwind and the fire, was heard the still small voice—it said, or seemed to say, “if it be thy will, she shall recover; but not for her real welfare nor for thine.” Adoring gratitude swept away every feebler emotion, and the suppliant’s grief at length found utterance. “Thy will be done. Thou knowest what is best for us. Whom have we in heaven but Thee, and whom upon earth should we desire in comparison of Thee?” At the age of thirty-six, the Duke of Gandia committed to the tomb the frame once animated by a spirit from which not death itself could separate him. In the sacred retirement to which, in that event, he had devoted his remaining days, Eleonora would still unite her prayers to his; and as each of those days should decline into the welcome shadows of evening, one stage the more towards his re-union with her would have been traversed.

The Castle of Gandia was still hung with the funeral draperies when a welcome, though unexpected, guest arrived there,—it was Peter Faber, the officiating priest at the Crypt of Montmartre, charged by Ignatius with the mission to promote the cause of Christian education in Spain. Aided by his counsels, and by the letters of the patriarch, the Duke erected on his estates a church, a college, and a library, and placed them under the care of teachers selected by Ignatius. The sorrows of the Duke were relieved as his wealth flowed still more copiously into this new channel of beneficence; and the universities of Alcalá and Seville were enlarged by his bounty with similar foundations. But, as Faber remarked, a still nobler edifice was yet to be erected on the soul of the founder himself. The first stone of it was laid in the Duke’s performance of the Spiritual Exercises. To the completion of this invisible, but imperishable building, the remainder of his life was inflexibly devoted.

With Ignatius the Duke had long maintained a correspondence, in which the

stately courtesies of Spanish noblemen not ungracefully temper the severe tones of patriarchal authority and filial reverence. Admission into the order of Jesus was an honour for which, in this case, the aspirant was humbly content, and was wisely permitted long to wait and sue. To study the biography, that he might imitate the life, of Him by whose holy name the society was called; to preach in his own household, or at the wicket of the nunnery of the ladies of St. Clair; and, day by day, to place in humiliating contrast some proof of his own demerit, were the first probationary steps which the Duke was required to tread in the toilsome path on which he had thus entered. It was a path from which Philip, then governing Spain, would have willingly seduced him. He consulted him on the most critical affairs; summoned him to take a high station in the states of Castille; and pressed on his acceptance the office of grand master of the royal household. It was declined in favor of the Duke of Alva. Had Gandia preferred the duties of his secular rank to those of his religious aspirations, Spain might have had a saint the less and seven provinces the more. With the elevation of Alva, the butcheries in the Netherlands, the disgrace of Spain, and the independence of Holland might have been averted.

Warned by his escape, the Duke implored with renewed earnestness his immediate admission into the order; nor was Ignatius willing that his proselyte should again incur such dangers. At the chapel of his own college he accordingly pronounced the irrevocable vows; a Papal bull having dispensed, during a term of four years, with any public avowal of the change. They were passed in the final adjustment of his secular affairs. He had lived in the splendour appropriate to his rank and fortune, and in the exercise of the bounty becoming his eminence in the Christian commonwealth. But now all was to be abandoned, even of the means of almsgiving, for he was himself henceforth to live on the alms of others. He gave his children in marriage to the noblest houses in Spain and Portugal, transferred to his eldest son the enjoyment of the patrimonial estates of Gandia, and then, at the age of forty, meekly betook himself to the study of scholastic divinity, of the traditions of the church, and of the canons of the general councils. He even submitted to all the rules and performed all the public exercises enjoined on the youngest student. Such was his piety, that the thorny fagots of the schoolman fed instead of smothering the flame; and on the margin of his Thomas Aquinas might be seen some devout aspiration, extracted by his sacred alchemy from each subtle distinction in the text. Never, before or since, was the degree of Doctor of Divinity, to which he now proceeded, so hardly earned or so well deserved.

Two of the brothers of the Duke had been members of the sacred college, and his humility had refused the purple offered at the instance of the Emperor to two of his sons. But how should the new doctor avert from his own head the ecclesiastical cap of maintenance with which Charles was now desirous to replace the ducal coronet? He fled the presence of his imperial patron; made and executed his own testamentary dispositions, delivered his last parental charge to his eldest son, and bade a final adieu to his weeping family. The gates of the castle of Gandia closed on their self-banished lord. He went forth like Francis Xavier, chaunting the song of David—"When Israel went out of Egypt, and the house of Jacob from a strange people;" adding from another strain of the royal minstrel, "Our bonds are broken and we are delivered." He lived for more than twenty years from this time, and in his future missions into Spain often passed the gates of the castle, but never more re-entered them. He became a stranger even to his children, never again so much as passing a single day in their society, or even permitting himself to become acquainted with their offspring.

As the bird set free to her nest, so hasted the emaciated Duke to take his seat at the footstool of Ignatius. Yet in his route through Ferrara and Florence, his sacred impatience was arrested, and his humility confirmed, by the unwelcome honours yielded to him by his kinsmen, the reigning sovereigns of those duchies. He would have entered Rome by night; but in the city of triumphs and ovations, the victorious Loyola must exhibit so illustrious a captive. Attended by the ambassador of Spain, by a prince of the house of Colonna, and by a long train of cardinals, priests and nobles, the Duke of Gandia advanced in solemn procession to the Casa Professa. There, in the presence of his General, his wearied spirit found at length the repose which the most profuse liberality of fortune had been unable to bestow. With tears of joy, he kissed the feet of the patriarch and of his professional brethren, esteemed the meanest office in their household an honor too exalted for so unworthy an associate; and then, in a general confession, poured into the ear of Ignatius every secret of his conscience from the dawn of life to that long-desired hour.

Such zeal was a treasure too precious to be left without some great and definite object; and as the Duke was still steward of some of this world's treasures, which he had devoted to sacred uses, they were employed in building at Rome the church and college afterwards so famous as the *Collegio de Propaganda Fide*. Only one secular care awaited him. His rank as a grandee of Spain and the cross of Alcantara, could not be laid aside without the consent of the Emperor. It was solicited with all the grace of an accomplished courtier, and all the fervour of a saint. But while he awaited at Rome the answer of Charles a new alarm disturbed the serenity of the Casa Professa. The dreadful purple was again pressed on him with all the weight of Papal admonition. To avoid it, Gandia fled the presence of the Pope and Ignatius, returned to Spain, performed a pilgrimage to the Castle of Loyola, kissed the hallowed ground, and then burying himself in a Jesuit College at Ognato, once more awaited the decision of the Emperor.

It soon arrived. He was no longer a Duke, a knight of St. Jago, nor even a Spanish gentleman. Solemnly, and in due legal form, he renounced all these titles, and with them all his property and territorial rights. Even his secular dress was laid aside, and his head was prepared by the tonsure for the Episcopal touch, emblematic of the most awful mystery. The astonished spectators collected and preserved the holy relics. And now bent in lowly prostration before the altar at Ognato, the Father Francis had no further sacrifice of a heart emptied of all the affections of the world. Long and silent was his prayer, but it was now unattended with any trace of disorder. The tears he shed were such as might have bedewed the cheek of the First Man before he had tasted the bitterness of sin. He rose from his knees, bade a last farewell to his attendants, and Father Francis was left alone with his Creator.

It was a solitude not long to be maintained. The fame of his devotion filled the Peninsula. All who needed spiritual counsel, and who wished to indulge an idle curiosity, resorted to his cell. Kings sought his advice, wondering congregations hung on his lips, and two, at least, of the grandees of Spain imitated his example. His spiritual triumphs were daily more and more splendid; and, if he might still escape the still threatened promotion into the College of Cardinals, might be as enduring as his life. The authority of Ignatius, not unaided by some equivocal exercise of his ingenuity, at length placed Father Francis beyond the reach of this last danger. They both went down to the grave without witnessing the introduction into their order of any ecclesiastical dignity.

But there was yet one tie to the pomp and vanity of this world, which could not be entirely broken. During his vice-regal administration, Father Francis had on one occasion traversed the halls of the Castle of Barcelona in deep and secret conference with his imperial cousin. Each at that interview imparted to the other his design of devoting to religious retirement the interval which should intervene between the business and the close of life. At every season of disappointment Charles reverted to this purpose, and abandoned or postponed it with each return of success. But now broken with sickness and sorrow, he fixed his residence in a monastery in Estremadura, and summoned the former viceroy of Catalonia to the presence of his early friend and patron. Falling on his knees, as in times of yore, Father Francis offered to impress the kiss of homage on the hand which had so lately borne the sceptre of half the civilized world. But Charles embraced his cousin, and compelled him to sit, and to sit covered by his side. Long and frequent were their conversations; but the record of them transmitted to us by the historians of the Order of Jesus, has but little semblance of authenticity. Charles assails and Borgia defends the new institute, and the imperial disputant, of course, yields to the combined force of eloquence and truth. It seems less improbable that the publication of *Memoirs of the life of the Emperor*, to be written by himself, was one subject of serious debate at these interviews, and that the good father dissuaded it. If the tale be true, he has certainly one claim the less to the gratitude of the later times. What seems certain is, that he undertook and executed some secret mission from Charles to the Court of Portugal, that he acted as one of the executors of his will, and delivered a funeral oration in praise of the deceased Emperor before the Spanish Court at Valladolid.

From this point, the life of Borgia merges into the general history of the order to which he had attached himself. It is a passage of history full of the miracles of self denial, and of miracles in the more general acceptance of the word. To advance the cause of education, and to place in the hands of his own society the control of that mighty engine, was the labor which Father Francis, as their General, chiefly proposed to himself. His success was complete, and he lived to see the establishment, in almost every State of Europe, of colleges formed on the model of that which he had himself formed in the town of Gandia.

SONNET—TO FAITH.

Like a frail bark upon a stormy sea,
 With naught to shield it from the tempest's shock,
 With naught to guard it from the hidden rock,
 Is wretched man who has no trust in Thee,
 But deems it Fate that rules his destiny;
 By him no incense from thy altar rise,
 By him no prayer is wafted to the skies;
 His life's a dream, and death a blank shall be,
 But when the soul's illumined by Thy ray,
 Man tames the tempest, and subdues the wave,
 Owning obedience to the gentle sway
 Of One who died on Calvary to save,
 And when at last he's lived his transient day,
 Death has no sting; no victory the grave!

ANON.

THE MINISTRY.

THREE years have gone by since the following article appeared in the *Catholic Telegraph*. It should be read in connection with the advertisement on our cover from the Preparatory Ecclesiastical Seminary.

There is no subject connected with our faith in America, which so often engages attention, as the small number of the clergy, and the means by which the increasing want may be supplied. If in other States the vineyard be as destitute of laborers as in ours, if there be as many congregations without spiritual guides, we have reason indeed to lament an affliction peculiarly distressing. From every little town, from settlements in almost every county, there come continual appeals for clergy to direct the old and watch over the youth who are exposed to innumerable dangers for the want of a Pastor. The heart of every Bishop must be greatly pained, to find the flock over which the Holy Ghost has appointed him to preside, destitute of the aids by which their faith may be cherished and preserved, their hopes kept animated, and their reason protected from the snares which are every where set for its destruction. Like an army without a chief, Catholic communities are scattered over the land; the few Pastors who have generously taken up the cross to direct its followers, are nearly overcome by their labors; and since it is impossible for the head of the diocese to attend to its administration, and at the same time to be continually on the mission, the subject is forced upon the attention of all; and every Catholic heart is interested in the efforts which may be made for the removal of the difficulty.

Our missions in the United States can never repay the gratitude which they owe to Europe, for the numerous clergymen, who, from time to time, have left the endearments of their native land, to perform the hard duties of the Priesthood amongst us. They have not only scattered the seed, but likewise gathered the harvest. The heads of many of them are white with age, and arms are weak which toiled for a length of days, with a zeal and devotion worthy of the primitive time. Others have come to their assistance ready to follow their holy example; but the increase in the flock is so great, that they are only as a drop in the ocean, compared with the various and pressing calls which are every where made. Fifty additional clergymen would find ample employment in Ohio; for we learn by private letters, as well as from the testimony of some who have had an opportunity of visiting certain portions of the diocese, that the children of the Church may be every where found struggling, notwithstanding the difficulties which encompass them, not only to preserve the faith themselves, but to transmit it, as an inestimable inheritance, to their children. By much effort and perseverance, aided by the grace of God, the most pressing wants have been partially supplied, and we confidently rely that the Lord of the harvest will multiply the laborers for his own glory and the salvation of his people.

But this hope will not dispense with the exertion which all are bound to make, to mitigate the distress to which an inadequate supply of clergy exposes the Church. God is under no obligation to perform miracles for us, if we show no disposition to correspond with his designs. Hence the Catholic is bound to rouse his energies in behalf of this claim, which religion makes on his judgment and affections. We are called upon to testify our activity in behalf of others as well as ourselves, and the parent is not excusable, who endeavors to direct the vocation of his child from a religious life, to one more accordant with the exigencies of the world and the visionary schemes of men. That perpetual propensity to make money which fastens on the hearts of our youth,

is already too powerful, and needs not the approving smile of a father or a mother, to make it more predominant in the minds of their children. To gain a livelihood, and even to amass fortunes, is well enough, when men are called to contend with the world; but when from the disposition of childhood, from the manners and indications of the heart, whilst yet untouched with human cares, there arises sufficient grounds for directing the young mind to a holier and nobler pursuit, we know not how they can avoid the responsibility, who suppress these pious inclinations, to make room for the vanities of time. Do not pollute the fountain which gushes transparently; do not teach the child to withdraw his hand from the angel who would guide him to heaven, that he may offer prayers and incense to a perishing idol.

The parent who really loves his child, could not desire a more sublime career for his ambition, if we may so call it, than that which is offered in the Priesthood. If it be deprived of some of those enjoyments on which the world sets so extravagant a value, it has also comforts—contentment and peace—to which the vast majority of mankind is a stranger. Its poverty may be despised, its weakness scorned, its chastity traduced, and its obedience condemned; but, happily, there are thousands who venerate these qualities, and respect those who imitate the life which Christ sanctified and St. Paul has eulogised—a life which made St. John the “beloved apostle” whom “Jesus loved.” Many a parent, however, has been imposed upon by the folly of the world, and sought for excuses to turn the heart of the child from its inclination to the ministry. How often do we hear, “My son will never be a Priest, sir; he is such a wild, good-for-nothing fellow!” whilst, at the same time, these words are pronounced with a manner and expression, which declare unequivocally to the child, that he would be stupid indeed, if he were not to contract those amiable qualities to which his mother so piously alluded! Many a parent has lived to mourn the development of these worldly traits in the son to whom she gave such pernicious counsel.

It is not to be concealed that the ministry of our Church is full of care and responsibility. Not an hour can glide away without leaving some vestige of its flight, some proof on the mind of the priest, that he was “called of God as Aaron was,” that he lives not for himself but for others, that he exists “to do the will of Him who sent him!” When faithful to the graces of ordination, all the bad passions slumber, for there is no occasion to rouse their activity. The virtues are only awakened, for he is perpetually called to reconcile the sinner, to visit the sick, to prepare the soul for heaven, and having but few wants of his own, he is able and willing to share with the indigent. If he fall from heaven, he will, indeed, involve many more in his ruin; but when he ascends, he is surrounded with thousands of souls whom he saved by his ministry. He presents them to Christ as the reward of his labours; he satisfies the Lord that he walked faithfully on earth not for the ruin but “the resurrection of many in Israel.” He stands on the altar between God and the people, to invoke the mercy of the One, to implore for the forgiveness for the other; to be one in the line of sacred sentinels who encompass the earth, who guard the deposit of faith, who offer “from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof the sacrifice—the clean oblation.” The father who will not encourage his child to pursue a career so sublime—so magnificent as this, can have little conception of the glory of his religion.

ALAF KÖLN!

[FROM THE NEW YORK FREEMAN'S JOURNAL.]

A SHORT time ago we gave in this Journal some details respecting the commencement of the restoration of the great Cathedral of Cologne, which, we believe, were read with no little interest by those among our readers whose Catholic hearts, overpassing time and space, beat as warmly for the welfare of their brethren in the most distant lands, as for their own.

It was indeed an occurrence of no common moment. The King of Prussia laying the corner-stone of the completion of the Cathedral Church of Catholic Germany—giving all the sanction of his presence and kingly eloquence to the restoration of the sacred edifice which has so long been the cynosure of all eyes—the centre of all hearts—for the blue-eyed and yellow-haired millions, who, under various distinctive names, but all owning the general one of GERMAN, hold fast by the Faith of their fathers in the midst of Europe. In every light the ceremony was one of interest, whether we look at it in the most limited, or the widest, view. Regarding it merely as the first step towards the restoration of the great Cathedral, we are carried back insensibly, as we muse, to those old times, styled by the self-conceit of shallow moderns, The Dark Ages:—ages dark, perhaps, as to those ingenious inventions by which, in these days, men have learned to bring to perfection their material comforts, cherishing and beautifying the body to the neglect of the soul; by which the rich may make themselves richer and the poor *must* become poorer; by which in all plans of governmental or social economy, the rich alone are regarded, and the poor forgotten, or thought of only when the safety or comfort of the former require, and are then remembered with an angry impatience, and looked after with an oppressive care that shuts them up within stone walls and under dark roofs, from the free air and blessed light, that doles out to them by weight and measure, according to law, a cheerless, unsympathizing aid, and is a worse tyranny than actual neglect;—Dark as to that cunning in which our modern world has become so wise, that it can afford to look with contemptuous compassion upon the wisdom of antiquity, and to wax merry over its simple and comprehensive trustfulness in all things; believing for its own part in nothing except these three articles—namely: *First*, Self is the best thing, the fit beginning, middle, and end of all human action; *Secondly*, Money will buy money's worth; and *Thirdly*, To doubt and despise all things is the only true wisdom;—Dark, perhaps, in all this, but lit up and glowing with a bright and beautiful charity, boundless in its sacrifices as in its sympathies; with a sterling honesty of purpose and a transparent sincerity of feeling; with an inward disposition having regard for the better part of man, and for all that, all provident and all potent, and which gave to the various workings of the human intellect their due direction and their sublimest inspiration; with a magnificence of mind to undertake and carry out projects which overpower by their vastness or dismay by their difficulty; and above all, with a glorious Unity of Faith, which made of all Christendom one Brotherhood, linked together by the gentle bonds of mutual trust and loving fellowship, and animated by a Charity which stretched unto the ends of the earth, and thence ascended to Heaven. It carries us back—the laying of that corner-stone—to times which were the golden age of Germany, as they were of the rest of Europe, when the Prince-Bishops of the Rhine ruled over her broad and fertile fields, with the crozier and the staff, emblems of a mild dominion too soon to be displaced by the iron sway of the sceptre and the sword; to times when the religion which raised aloft that glory of the Gothic art, and lifted into the air its forest of spires, its pinnacles and towers, was the religion of the world; when he who rejected it

was a "mescreant," a misbeliever, looked on by all men as in some sort a criminal; to times when Rome was the One, Universal Heart of Christendom, whose mighty throbbings were strong in every part to the farthest extremities; to times when, in the words of an eloquent Catholic journalist, (the *Tablet*;) "the religion of Cologne was the acknowledged fountain of all great and heroic achievement in every department of art, science, and statesmanship." And as we ponder upon those times and their spirit, Fancy conjures up before us, a scene, such as there were in those days many,—the Cathedral filled, on some high festival, with a throng of the faithful, a congregation in its comprehensive variety, a symbol in miniature of the great congregation of all the Faithful; the Archbishop at the altar offering up the august sacrifice for the people of whom he was, in the kindly spirit of the age, at once the Spiritual and Temporal Prince; around him a throng of white-stoled priests and deacons, ministering to him and intoning the solemn chaunts which the Church loves; their snowy vestments, the splendid apparel of the High Priest, and the gorgeous furniture of the altar gleaming at intervals through the clouds of incense rolling upwards with the voices of praise; on the floor, the faithful grouped together in Christian brotherhood and Catholic equality before Him, to whom earth's greatest are as nothing,—emperors and princes arrayed in all the pomp and bravery of regal rank, and kneeling, perhaps, in reconciliation and forgetfulness of past enmities,—knights come to seek a blessing and to share in the grace of the sacraments, before departing on some perilous enterprise, their harness of war, their cross-hilted swords and knightly spurs rattling on the marble pavement as they kneel—lords and ladies of gentle blood and broad domains,—magistrates and rich burghers glittering in chains of office and insignia of trust,—and beside them the poor and the lowly, the handicraftsman and the peasant, the churl and the serf, yes, even the mendicant, the blind, the maimed, the cripple; all those who are now-a-days the outcasts of humanity, but were then precious, and of high regard in the eyes of Catholic charity,—and, still more, the Friar with bare feet and rude garments, the Monk with shorn crown and mortified exterior, the Nun with her saintly and humble demeanour, and all of woman's meek religion in her face, once, perhaps, nursed in the lap of luxury, and clad in the purple and fine linen of the court or the castle, now rejoiced to live in mortification and the practice of the most self-denying charity, for the love of God—all together in that immense Cathedral, with the light of Heaven streaming, rich and mellow, through oriel window and painted glass, beaming, as it passes through the enamelled pane, legends and devices of piety and truth, and shedding a softened lustre upon the kneeling mass; while over all rolls echoing, under the fretted roof and through the columned aisles, the solemn old Gregorian chaunt, that song whose simple grandeur modern art can never equal;—all together,—the edifice, the sacrifice, the congregation, the harmony of sounds,—a representation of the Church, Holy as her Founder, and Universal as Humanity.

But these are things of the Past; and, though glorious to contemplate, they are not more so than those suggested to us in the Present. The laying of the corner-stone, and the speech of Frederick William, were nothing less than the recognition of the prior right of Catholicism to the land of the German, and of the great truth that one of the firmest safe-guards of the Prussian Throne is to be found, (using the words of the writer already quoted,) "in the full, fair, and free development in all their grandeur of the elements of Catholicism, in which the well-being of so important a portion of his subjects is happily bound up;"—a recognition of the principle that it is only Catholicism which can combine and unite all the sons of Herman, all those who speak the language

and own the blood of the German's Father-land — a public and solemn proclamation that henceforth there is to be in Prussia (a third time using the words of the *Tablet*) "no mere legal toleration for the Catholic Church; no grudging and niggardly allowance of the broken crumbs of a sort of negative justice; but a hearty and generous encouragement to the Catholic subjects of the Prussian realm, to pursue in all forms of duty, and in all departments of art, in a word, under every shape that is consistent with peaceful activity, not merely the exercise of their religion, but the developement of every germ of good which Catholicism bears within it;"—and a distinct and deliberate avowal, that now, after the lapse of three hundred stormy years, the heel of the woman in the desert has crushed the serpent head of heresy in the fair land, where first it lifted itself in the face of heaven, and which it has so long desolated as with the breath of the mouth of the Pit; while the same Catholic Faith which six hundred years ago built up with loving hands the great Cathedral, the pride of Catholic architecture, reared high its hundred matchless pillars, enamelled its storied windows, carved with nicest art its quaint and cunning stone, set up its glorious choir to be the wonder of the world, and pitched aloft in air its towering roof with its thousand arches,—is still as fresh, as vigorous, as full of life, as ever.

There is yet a third aspect in which the ceremony may be viewed, and it is one, we dare to say, which has not less of moral sublimity than those already taken.

ALAF KÖLN! COLOGNE FOR EVER! exclaimed the Prussian King as he smote with the silver trowel upon the foundation stone, and "ALAF KÖLN!" caught up and re-echoed the mighty multitude around him with its thousand voices, as the cry rolled on, like the sound of many seas. And though he and they may not have felt it at the time, as with their open faces, radiant with national exultation and honest German pride, they thought only of the present triumph—yet that cry spoke trumpet-tongued the eternal truth—**GOD HELPS HIM WHO HELPS HIMSELF.**

COLOGNE FOR EVER! said Frederick William, and so say we. Honor to the men, whoever and wherever they are, who have the heart to stand up for their rights. For long years and through every variety of threat and tyranny, the people of Cologne, led on by their dauntless Prelate, contended for their spiritual rights, for freedom of religion and liberty of conscience in all things; and though it seemed for a space as if Might had borne down Right, yet it was only for a space. In His own good time a change came; a new monarch filled the throne whose heart followed better councils; and the Right prevailed. As the Prussian King smote with the implement of peace the massive stone, and raised the old rallying cry that had so often struck terror into marshalled hosts, as many a time in the battle fields of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the bold burghers of Cologne drove before them the mailed battalions of France and Burgundy—when even the flower of European chivalry, clad though they were in Milan plate and helm of proof, went down before their heavy charge—a cry now consecrated to a better and holier purpose—he paid high homage to the faithful ministry of the fearless Clement Augustus, and the unshrinking fidelity of his loyal children.

COLOGNE FOR EVER! — It was the proclamation of the triumph of Right; it was praise to the firmness of the men of Cologne; it was an encouragement to Catholics every where to guard their faith and assert its free and unfettered exercise with watchfulness and constancy, against the encroachments of the civil power, or the machinations of parties, whether avowed foes or hollow friends.

COLOGNE FOR EVER!—It tells in plain words that he who does not respect and maintain his rights will be injured and oppressed, and so deserves to be; it tells us that—whatever may be the might of the oppressor, whatever his temporary triumphs—sooner or later, even in this world, the Right will be uppermost, and the Truth be victorious. It tells Catholics that no matter what may be the tyranny of Kings or Kaisers, of Royal or Republican rule, of Princes or Parties, of a persecuting Law, or a perverted public opinion—they have only to be true to themselves and to their Faith, and in His appointed season, most surely will God defend the Right.

HOLINESS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

[From a Lecture delivered in the Cathedral in Baltimore, in the early part of 1842, by Mr. PIERCE CONNELLY, formerly Pastor of Trinity Church, (Episcopalian) Natchez.]

WHEN Ist looked for the Catholic Church's claims to be holy, as becomes the spouse of Him who is the holy one, I looked for them, not in the lives of those whose lives their dearest lovers would reject as patterns, nor in the works of those whose evasions, or whose exaggerations, were always without authority, and often without fairness; but I took the works of their great council—the holy Œcumenical one of Trent,—and, for the first time, I saw the Bible treated, in all its breadth, as a book of not impossible commands—and the Lord's tremendous counsels of daily martyrdom, and deliberate abandonment of wealth and honor, and the holy happiness of married life—and the love of kindred and the love of life;—the deliberate abandonment of all this laid down with rules for practice, and even (wonderful necessity!) with restrictions upon excess. I saw the heroic sufferings of Christian asceticism, and martyrdom in life as well as in death, treated as glorious rewards to be aspired to; but to be aspired to only by those who wished to be foremost in the battle ranks—who wished, as it were, to sleep in the very tent, and were ready to lie down in the self-same bed of sufferings with him, who had called them to fight under his standard, against the armies of the wicked world, and the crafty devil, and the seducing flesh. These were the works I looked into. And when I sought for men, such as the fathers of Trent had created in my imagination, I looked for them, not among the idle in the market-places, nor among the buyers and sellers in the temple; but among those who had gone to the wars—among the armies of the eight times blessed—among the meek and the humble, and the peace-makers, and the persecuted;—I looked for men who had thrown their wealth into the lap of poverty, or into the treasury of the Lord—who had left their babes in their cradles—who had given the last kiss to a dear mother, or a dearer wife—or who had fled from even the consecrated embraces of woman that they might go with the Lamb wherever he goeth forever. I let Catholics themselves point out to me their own patterns of sanctity, as I would have asked to be allowed to hold up to them an Andrews or a Ken, a Beveridge or a Froude, for churchmen to be judged by. I left my native land, where I was told Popery had unlearned its vices, and been stripped of half its infamy; and I betook myself where all that was said to be hateful in it grew rankest. I followed it into schools and colleges, into monasteries and convents—to the cradles of unmothered babes, and to the beds of unhonored and childless mothers—to the hospitals, and asylums, and the jails—and blessed God! What was my amazement, when I saw, with my own eyes, the all beautiful within of

her household, whom I had heard called the drunken, the harlot, the mother of abominations! What was my amazement when I beheld all the superhuman spirit of the first great twelve, and of Him who chose the twelve, carried out daily in practice; and in armies of living men, who, for the love of the Only-born, and of her who (blessed is her name forever!) was chosen from all eternity to be his Mother—who, for the love of them, and for the love of being like them, had chosen, as a bridegroom would his bride, poverty, and contempt, and sufferings, for all their weal and all their wealth; seeking only, with the Blessed One, to be near her Son—to bear the burthen of His cross—to feel the stripes they laid on Him—to be wounded in His wounds, and die upon the wood! What was my amazement when I beheld the inexhaustible resources of voluntary poverty, and its calm, sunny joy, like sweet flowers growing on a rock, whose bright colors are unchanging—when I saw troops of men and women living over again, day by day, the sweet story of our Saviour's life—following him, in their holy meditations, at early dawn, from Bethlehem to Calvary, from the happy Manger to the holy Cross;—at one time kneeling *in spirit* beside that Virgin Mother, as she nursed her babe, and making response to every halleluia lullaby; at another following with slow and humble steps, as that blessed one led her infant Saviour by the hand, who had often and again gone with her, and wept sad tears with her when she lost her boy; who lived with St. Joseph and the Virgin, when none else lived with Jesus, and who had learned a little of the love they bore Him, if indeed it has ever been granted to the heart of man to share in any degree the devotion She was consecrated to, who alone, of all the countless pure ones among the daughters of the race of man, was found worthy to be the chosen one from all eternity. In a word, I found more than all I sought for—more than ever I had hoped for. I found in thee, O holy Church of Rome! what, if I had not found in thee, I could have found nowhere. And I cried out, with St. Augustin, “Too late have I found thee, O beauty so ancient and yet so new!—too late, too late, have I begun to love thee!” I woke up as from a dream.

MAUNDAY THURSDAY IN VENICE.

[From *Sights and Thoughts in Foreign Churches, and among Foreign Peoples.* By FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, M. A., Fellow of University College, Oxford: London, 1842.]

On Maunday Thursday we went to St. Mark's, and remained there the whole of the service, which lasted above three hours. This Thursday seems to be here, as it should be, a sort of Lenten holiday—a light shining even in the darkness of Passion week. Flags were flying in all the ships before the quay, as well as in the square before St. Mark's. The Archbishop was in the Cathedral. He and his clergy were magnificently habited in vestments of what appeared to be cloth of gold, and he had a gilded mitre on his head. There was music, but not much. All the clergy, the Austrian Archduke, who is Viceroy of Milan, and thirteen old paupers, received the Holy Communion, the choir chaunting, in a low voice, the whole time. After the communion, the Archbishop came into the nave, accompanied by his priests and deacons, in less magnificent attire. They took off his outer robes, and girded him with a towel. He then knelt down, and washed and kissed the feet of the thirteen old paupers who had communicated. I rather expected this ceremony would have been a

little undignified, and waited for it somewhat uncasily, considering I was in church, and the Eucharistic sacrifice but just over. However, it was not so in the least. *It was very affecting, and quite real*—and the people seemed to think that it meant something real; and, to all appearance, *were edified by it, as I was myself*. After it was over, the patriarch, standing, and leaning on his crosier, made a short address to the people, explaining the symbolical character of our Lord's act, and dwelling particularly on St. Peter's wish, that not his feet only should be washed, but his hands and his head.

This was the first great church ceremony we had seen since we came abroad; and I looked in vain for the "mummery," disgusting repetition, childish arrangements, and so forth, which one reads of in modern travellers; who, for the most part, know nothing of the Roman service-books, and consequently understand nothing of what is before them. *A heathen might just say the same, as the Puritans did say, of us, if they entered one of our cathedrals* and saw us sit for the Epistle, and stand for the Gospel, turn to the east for the creed, bow at our Lord's name, recite the Litany at a fald-stool, between the porch and the altar, make crosses on babies' foreheads, lay hands on small squares of bread; or, if they saw men in strange black dresses, with huge white sleeves, walking up and down the aisles of a country church, touching the heads of boys and girls, or wetting the head and hands of our kings and queens with oil, or consecrating buildings and yards. There may, of course, be very sad mummery in Roman services, as there is very sad irreverence oftentimes in English services; such, for instance, as dressing up the altar in white cloths, with the plate upon it as if for the holy communion, when it is not meant that there should be one, which is sometimes done in cathedrals, when the clergy themselves are in sufficient number, and strangers who have wished to stay have been told it will be very inconvenient if they so do. It may be hoped there are few Roman churches in which such theatrical mummery as that is practised. However, whatever the amount of Romish mummery, the gross ignorance of ecclesiastical matters exhibited by many modern travellers, who have spoken the most confidently about it, may make us suspect their competency to be judges on the matter. When we see that precisely the same common-place and offensive epithets *might be applied with equal justice to us, by one who was a stranger or an enemy to our services*, and, whatever changes the people may wish for, the English ritual, characterized by a simplicity of which Christendom, for many a century, has not seen the like, will hardly be charged with mummery. All ritual acts must, from the nature of the case, be symbolical, being a reverential imitation of sacred rites, or the sublime inventions of antiquity, whereby the presence of God and His holy angels is recognized and preached to the people; or fit and beautiful means for affecting the imagination of the worshipper, and giving intensity to his devotion. All service, not excepting the simple and strict imitation of our Blessed Lord's action, at the institution of the most solemn rite in the world, must be dumb-show to a looker-on who knows nothing of what it sets forth and symbolizes; and this dumb-show, such looker-on, if he were pert and self-sufficient, would call mummery. The existence of Romish mummery is, or is not, a fact; and must, of course, so be dealt with; and its extent also is, or is not, ascertainable as a fact. But the improbability of its being nearly as extensive as modern travellers represent it, is so monstrous, considering that the Romanists are Christians, and Christians, too, at worship, that the vague epithets and round sentences, and the received Puritan vocabulary of persons ignorant of Breviaries and Missals, cannot be taken as evidence. Indeed, in these days, we may justifiably require beforehand, that a traveller shall know so much of what

external religion is, and what are its uses, that he can comprehend and subscribe to the simple philosophy comprised in Wordsworth's definition of it—

"Sacred religion! Mother of FORM and fear,
Dread arbitress of MUTABLE RESPECT!"

FOR THE CATHOLIC CABINET.

THE COTTAGER'S SONG TO THE WIND.

I.

Whistle, Wind, whistle! thy wild music throws
A spell o'er the hearth where the bright faggot glows,
And thy voice from without, as it reaches the ear,
Makes home with its comforts and quiet more dear;
The door is tight barr'd, and the windows are fast,
And the children are sleeping soft, lull'd by thy blast;
And the wife's rapid wheel hums more loudly and free
Its winter eve's song, as in concert with thee;
Far off from the distance, came booming thy roar,
Ere thou scream'd at the lattice, or howl'd at the door,
From the mountain thou rushed through the cataract's foam,
And dashed its pale spray o'er the cottager's home.

II.

But whistle, Wind, whistle! thy melodies hoarse,
Revealing the triumphs achieved in thy course;
Tell of fleets thou hast stranded, of single ships borne
Dismasted to seas, whence they ne'er shall return;
Tell of hearts thou hast broken, of sad mourners made,
As the sailor to rest 'neath the billow thou'st laid;
While the widow and orphan their lone vigils keep,
Tell where thou hast rocked their true-hearted to sleep;
Aye, shout forth thy conquests, thy trophies fling far,
Like a victor returning from carnage and war,
But pass, chainless tyrant, the cottager's door,
THY MASTER AND MINE guards the hearth of the poor.

III.

Aye, whistle, Wind, whistle! as onward thy flight,
'Midst the wild desolation attesting thy might,
O'er the hills, through the vallies, all reckless and wrong,
Sounds the ruin thou work'st, which the echoes prolong;
Now far from the forest thy shrieks are sent back,
The vines are untangled, the young saplings crack,
And, creaking and crashing, tall trees are upturn'd!
Hark! the pine tops wail o'er them, as brothers who mourn;
Now faint and more faint sounds the blast from the moor,
Its progress is check'd and its havoc is o'er;
Oh, God! from thy mercy alone could'st have come,
The mandate that shelter'd the cottager's home!

IV.

Then, whistle, Wind, whistle! while gratitude springs
From its pure welling fountain, reflection still brings
The stern truthful thought, as we muse on thy course,
How it pictures the passions and teaches their force;
How oft, like thy gusts, they sweep over the soul,
Right reason subverting and spurning controul;
Laying waste, in their ruthless and ruinous race,
Each bright budding beauty and delicate grace,
Till the same guiding Power which curb'd thy career,
Is felt in its strength and its holiness there—
Like a breeze o'er the bosom its soothings are given,
And the quelled passions crouch as the heart turns to Heaven.

MOINA.

FACTS CONCERNING THE BIBLE.

First—That the first general use made of the press, after the invention of the art of printing, was the publication, by the celebrated Faust, of the Bible according to the Vulgate. The edition was very large. It was, however, in Latin; but you should know, that at that period, almost every person who could read, understood Latin. This publication took place more than seventy years before the so called "Reformation."

Second—That about eight hundred editions of the Bible or New Testament were printed and circulated in Catholic Europe before the so called Reformation, and before the name of Protestant was known to the world.

Third—A number, exceeding two hundred, of these additions, were in the vernacular tongues of the different countries in which they were published; and were thus accessible to every body who could read.

Fourth—These editions of the Bible in the vernacular tongues were almost exclusively published in the countries that afterwards continued faithful to Catholicity; whilst in England, Scotland, Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, where Protestantism acquired an early, and has maintained a more lasting ascendancy, no Bible existed in the national tongue until after they had embraced the new creed.

Fifth—That the only exception in favor of a country having adopted the new creed, or rather creeds, is Holland; in which there were two or three vernacular versions of scripture before the Reformation; but it must be admitted that the political position of Holland influenced, if it did not create, the adhesion of the Dutch to Protestantism. And there is this compensation, that in no country in Europe are the inhabitants returning more quickly or more numerous to the Catholic faith than are the Dutch. But of the countries we have above mentioned as being peculiarly Protestant, it is remarkable that Protestantism was introduced into England by Henry VIII., and into Denmark by Christiern II.; two of the greatest monsters that ever disgraced, not only the throne, but human nature!

Sixth—That the first versions of the Bible in the English language published after the commencement of the Reformation were: 1st, Tyndal's; 2d, Coverdale's—both in the reign of Henry VIII.; 3d, that called "the Bishops' Bible," in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and these three possessed the exclusive circulation of England till the year 1611, when the present "authorized" version was published in the reign of James I. The three former versions having prevailed for a period of nearly sixty years as the authorized versions of the sacred Scriptures for the English Protestants.

Seventh—That these versions were so full of gross errors that they were declared by more than one thousand ministers of the English Protestant church to be "in some places absurd; and in others, as taking from, perverting, obscuring, and falsifying the word of God;" and as being what James himself called "a most corrupt translation." Yet it was from such versions that the biblical Christians of England had, for a period of nearly sixty years, to select their religion.

Eighth—That the present authorized version, that of King James, had not escaped Protestant censure of the most emphatic nature. Protestant divines of the highest character—I name Louth, Newcome, Wakefield, Bellamy, (and I could name many others,) admit that *the errors in the Protestant authorized version are frequent, and that a revision is desirable*. And a more recent and laborious Protestant writer, the Rev. Mr. Horne, in his "Introduction to the critical study of the Scriptures," vol. ii., fully concurs in the opinions of the more ancient Protestant divines.

Yet it is from this version, in which, in the mitigated language of Protestant divines, "*the errors are frequent*," and of which a revision was declared to be very desirable, that you Wesleyan Methodists, and the rest of the Protestants of England collect your religion.

Ninth—The persons who revised, and under whose sanction the present Protestant version was produced, were men whose character and strength of mind may be judged of by their having dedicated their new version of the Bible to James I., that slobbering and disgusting creature, who has been so justly described as the shame alike of royalty and of manhood! and in their dedication having called him "the Sun in his strength;" "whom the heavenly hand of the Lord hath enriched with many singular and extraordinary graces, that he may be the wonder of the world!!!"

Tenth—The Catholic authorized version was published at Douay in the year 1609. It was the result of forty years toil and labor, and can fairly stand a comparison with any other version of the sacred Scriptures, published in any country, either Catholic or Protestant.

Eleventh—I close my statement of these interesting notices, with reminding you that the Catholic needs not, and does not rely upon any particular Catholic version of the sacred Scriptures. It has an ever-living and a speaking authority to resort to. It is the duty and it is the happiness of the Catholic that he should

"Hear alone for his director take,
Whom God has promised never to forsake."

O'CONNELL.

DR. JOHNSON ON CATHOLICISM.

THE opinion of our great moralist, Johnson, a sound Tory, and ultra High Churchman, appears to have been the same as widow Woolfrey's. The following passage occurs in his life by Boswell, vol. 1st, page 154:

"That he, (Dr. Johnson,) in conformity with the opinion of many of the most able, learned, and pious Christians in all ages, supported that there was a middle state after death, previous to the time at which departed souls are finally received to eternal felicity, appears, I think, unquestionably from his devotions. In his prayers and meditations is the following passage: 'And, O Lord, so far as it may be lawful in me, I commend to thy fatherly goodness the soul of my departed wife: beseeching thee to grant her whatever is best in her *present state*, and finally to receive her to eternal happiness.'"

Again, in another part of the same life, the following dialogue occurs. Verily the good Doctor would astonish the Tory High-Church party of the present day.

"BOSWELL *loquitur*—I had hired a Bohemian as my servant while I remained in London, and being much pleased with him, I asked Dr. Johnson whether his being a Roman Catholic should prevent my taking him with me to Scotland.

JOHNSON—Why, no Sir; if *he* has no objection, you can have none.

BOSWELL—So, Sir, you are no great enemy to the Roman Catholic religion.

JOHNSON—No more, Sir, than to the Presbyterian religion.

BOSWELL—You are joking.

JOHNSON—No, Sir, I really think so; nay, Sir, of the two, *I prefer the Popish.*"

I proceeded — What do you think, Sir, of *purgatory* as believed by the Roman Catholics?

JOHNSON — Why, Sir, it is a very harmless doctrine. They are of opinion that the generality of mankind are neither so obstinately wicked as to deserve everlasting punishment, nor so good as to merit being admitted into the society of blessed spirits; and that therefore God is graciously pleased to allow of a middle state, where they may be purified by certain degrees of suffering; you see, Sir, there is nothing unreasonable in this.

BOSWELL — But, then, Sir, their *masses* for the dead?

JOHNSON — Why, Sir, if it be once established that there are souls in purgatory, it is as proper to pray for *them* as for our brethren of mankind who are yet in this life.

BOSWELL — The idolatry of the mass?

JOHNSON — Sir, there is no idolatry in the mass; they believe God to be there, and they adore him.

BOSWELL — The worship of saints?

JOHNSON — Sir, they do not *worship* saints, they invoke them; they only ask their prayers.

BOSWELL — Confession?

JOHNSON — Why, I don't know but that is a good thing; the scripture says, 'Confess your faults one to another;' and the priests confess as well as the laity.—*English paper.*

CHURCHES.

HAIL! sacred tabernacles, where thou, O Lord, dost descend at the voice of a mortal! Hail! mysterious altar, where faith comes to receive its immortal food! When the last hour of the day has groined in thy solemn towers — when its last beam fades and dies away in the dome — when the widow, holding her child by the hand, has wept on the pavement, and retraced her steps like a silent ghost — when the sigh of the distant organ seems lulled to rest with the day to awaken again with the morning — when the nave is deserted, and the Levite, attentive to the lamps of the holy place, with a slow step hardly recrosses it again; — then is the hour when I come to glide under thy obscure vault, and to seek, while nature sleeps, him who aye watches! Ye columns, who veil the sacred asylums where my eyes dare not penetrate! at the feet of your immoveable trunks I come to sigh. Cast over me your deep shades; render the darkness more obscure and the silence more profound! Forests of porphyry and marble, the air which the soul breathes under your arches is full of mystery and of peace! Let love and anxious cares seek shade and solitude under the green shelter of thy groves, to soothe their secret wounds! O darkness of the sanctuary! the eye of religion prefers thee to the wood which the breeze disturbs. Nothing changes thy foliage: thy still shade is the image of motionless eternity! Eternal pillars! where are the hands that formed ye? Quarries, answer! where are they? Dust, the sport of winds; our hands, which carved the stone, turn to dust before it, and man is not jealous! He dies, but his holy thought animates the cold stone, and rises to heaven with thee. Forums, palaces, crumble to ashes — time casts them away with scorn — the foot of the traveller who tramples upon them lays bare their ruins; but as soon as the block of stone leaves the side of the quarry, and is carved for thy temple, O Lord, it is thine — thy shadow

imprints upon our works the sublime seal of thine own immortality! Lord, I used to love to pour out my soul upon the summit of mountains, in the night of deserts, beneath rocks where roared the voice of mighty seas, in presence of heaven, and of the globes of flame whose pale fires sprinkle the fields of air — methought that my soul, oppressed before immensity, enlarged itself within me, and on the winds and floods, or on the scattered fire, from thought to thought, would spring to lose itself in thee! I sought to mount, but thou vouchsafest to descend! Thou art near to hear us. Now I love the obscurity of thy temple — it is an island of peace in the ocean of the world — a beacon of immortality! Inhabited alone by thee and by death, one hears from afar the flood of time which roars upon this border of eternity! It seems as if our voice, which only is lost in the air, concentrated in these walls by this narrow space, resounds better to our soul, and that the holy echo of thy sonorous vault, bears along with it the sigh which seeks thee in its ascent to heaven, more fervent before it can evaporate! How can it signify in what words the soul exhales itself before its Author? Is there a tongue equal to the ecstasy of the heart? Whatever my lips may articulate, this pressed blood which circulates, this bosom which breathes in thee, this heart which beats and expands, these bathed eyes, this silence, all speak, all pray in me. So swell the waves at the rising of the king of day — so revolve the stars, mute with reverence and love — and thou comprehendest their silent hymn. Ah, Lord, in like manner comprehend me — hear what I pronounce not — silence is the highest voice of a heart that is overpowered with thy glory.—[*Lamartine*.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

St. Louis.—The exercises of a Spiritual Retreat, preparatory to the Paschal solemnity, were given in the Cathedral during Passion Week, by Very Rev. J. Timon; which have been attended by the most consoling results. On Palm Sunday, the new and splendid church of St. Francis Xavier, erected by the Jesuits, was opened for divine service. The ceremony of consecration has been deferred until its final completion. In the Cathedral, the ceremonies during Holy Week were of a very impressive character. On Palm Sunday, after the distribution and benediction of the palms by the Co-adjutor Bishop, the usual procession, directed by the rubrics of the Missal, took place. High Mass was then sung by Rev. Joseph Renaud, assisted by Rev. Messrs. Roux and Murphy, as deacon and sub-deacon. The passion was sung by Rev. Messrs. Raho, Dahmen and Cercos, of the Congregation of the Mission. Very Rev. Mr. Timon preached. On the evenings of Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, the solemn office of Tenebrae was chaunted by a full choir. On Thursday morning the Holy Oils were blessed by the Co-adjutor Bishop, assisted by twelve priests, deacons and sub-deacons, according to the prescriptions of the Pontifical. After the termination of Vespers, recited immediately after Mass, the same Prelate washed the feet of thirteen orphan children, who, at the same time, received from him a sweet cake and a handsome bouquet of flowers. On Easter Sunday, the neat frame church erected by Father Helias, S. J., in the city of Jefferson, was dedicated to Divine worship under the invocation of St. Ignatius of Loyola. On Easter Monday, the first stone of a church to be built in Belleville, Illinois, was solemnly blessed by the Co-adjutor Bishop, assisted by Rev. Mr. Kunster, pastor of the district, Rev. Mr. Cercos, C. M., and several of the alumni of the Theological Seminary of St. Louis.

On Wednesday and Thursday in Easter Week, the same Prelate made the annual visit of the Convent of the Visitation, at Kaskaskia; on which occasion, he was accompanied by Rev. Mr. Heim. The new church of Kaskaskia, 100 feet long by 54 broad,—which, when finished, will be the largest and most beautiful in Illinois,—is almost covered in, and will be ready for consecration this summer. On Low-Sunday, the first communion of children took place in the Cathedral at the early Mass; and immediately before High Mass, on the same day, the sacrament of Confirmation was administered to 145 persons, among whom were several recent converts. On the same day, the first communion of children took place at the chapel of St. Aloysius, attached to the University, and now used by the German congregation of that neighbourhood. On the same day, five Sisters of Charity, from Emmitsburg, Maryland, arrived in this city; who are to take charge of the Female Orphan Asylum, founded by the charity of Madame Biddle; as also of the Female Free School attached to the Church of St. Francis Xavier. The boys' free school attached to the same church was opened on Monday, the 25th ult.; on which occasion, 275 children attended. The school is capable of receiving 400, who will receive the inestimable blessing of a useful and Catholic education, at the hands of members of the Society of Jesus. On Tuesday, the 25th ult., Rev. Fathers De Smet and De Vos, S. J., together with three lay-brothers of the same society, left this city in the steamboat John Aull for Westport, whence Fathers De Vos and A. Hoecken, together with the three lay-brothers, will proceed to the mission of St. Mary, among the Flat-heads of the Rocky Mountains. Father De Smet will, in a few days, return to St. Louis, whence he will immediately proceed to Rome, *via* England, on important business connected with the permanent establishment of the aforesaid mission.

Le Propagateur Catholique, of New Orleans, announces the arrival of Right Rev. Dr. Odin, Apostolic Vicar of Texas, in that city. We regret to learn that this excellent Prelate was, for some days after his arrival, suffering from indisposition. The Right Rev. Bishop of Dubuque, accompanied by Very Rev. S. Mazzuchelli, O. S. D., arrived in this city on last Wednesday. The erection of St. Patrick's Church, in the northern part of this city, was commenced after Easter, and there is every probability that the work will be carried on with energy. The first stone of this Church was solemnly blessed by the Co-adjutor Bishop on Sunday, the 16th of October, 1842; and it was then hoped that the foundations of the building would be laid before the setting in of winter; but, this having been found impracticable, the work was necessarily deferred until the present season. St. Patrick's will be a free church. Contributions towards this truly Catholic undertaking will be thankfully received by Rev. Geo. A. Hamilton, at present Assistant at the Cathedral, who is to be the Pastor of the congregation; as also by any of the Catholic clergymen of the city. The lot on which this church is being built is the gift of Mrs. Anne Biddle; and the sum of one thousand dollars was generously contributed towards the new church by her excellent mother, the late Mrs. Mullanphy. In a few weeks, it is intended to commence the erection of another church on the northeastern corner of Mulberry and Third streets, to be dedicated to God in honor of the Blessed Virgin, and to be appropriated to the use of the German congregation at present worshipping in the Cathedral. The valuable lot on which the proposed church is to be erected, was generously given by Mrs. Anne Hunt. Mr. Jas. Lucas, brother of Mrs. Hunt, has also given a large lot, in the northwestern part of the city, for the purpose of a Catholic Church; in which, we have been informed, the German congregation that at present assembles in the chapel of St. Aloysius, attached to the University, will com-

mence the erection of a church in the course of next year, under the direction of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. On Thursday last, Bishop Loras and Very Rev. S. Mazzuchelli proceeded on their way to Baltimore. On Sunday last, the first communion of children took place at the eight o'clock Mass in the New Church of St. Francis Xavier. Before the late Mass, on the same day, the Co-adjutor Bishop confirmed 168 persons in the same Church, of whom about twenty were converts. On Tuesday, 2d inst., the Co-adjutor Bishop, accompanied by Rev. Mr. Heim, left this city for Baltimore, where the Provincial Council of the prelates is to commence its session on Sunday, the 14th inst. With him, also, were four boys from the Orphan Asylum of this city; who are on their way to the Preparatory Seminary, advertised to be commenced on the 1st inst., at St. Mary's College, Perry County. These four children have free places, on a foundation made by the late benevolent Bryan Mullanphy, Esq., who, by his will, left the sum of \$5,000 to St. Mary's College, for the purpose of educating five orphans.

NEW ORLEANS.—A Spiritual Retreat was given by Rev. M. Bach, pastor of the Cathedral Church, during Passion Week; which, it is said, has been productive of the most consoling results. In the Bishop's Chapel, the sacrament of confirmation was conferred on 114 persons, by Bishop Blanc, on Wednesday, the 19th ult. On the following day, (Thursday,) Bishop Odin administered the same sacrament to sixty-four persons, the greater number of whom had, for the first time, been permitted to receive communion on that morning. Bishops Blanc and Odin left New Orleans on the 22d ult. for Baltimore, to assist at the fifth Provincial Council. The *Propagateur* announces a second edition of the six first months of that journal, in an 8vo. form. We are pleased to notice this indication of the support it has met with, and which it so well deserves; and we should be glad to hear that the proprietors had determined to continue the publication in the 8vo. form, which, from the greater facility it affords of having the journal preserved, would, we think, be a decided improvement.

TEXAS.—From *Le Propagateur Catholique*, an excellent weekly paper in the French language, lately issued in New Orleans, we learn some interesting details of the actual condition of the mission in Texas. Bishop Odin, the Vicar Apostolic of that country, found, on his arrival there three years since, only two Mexican priests, who shortly afterwards ceased to exercise the ministry in those parts. He was then but a simple priest, and was accompanied but by two members of the congregation of missionary priests to which he belongs. These were sometime afterwards joined by two clergymen from Kentucky,—Rev. Messrs. Heyden and Clarke;—one of whom fell a victim to the fatigues and privations of missionary life, and the other of whom continues to labor with no less perseverance than success. There are at present but three priests, besides Bishop Odin, employed in the missions of Texas; and although a much larger number is necessary, it is to be feared that the present great demand for missionaries in Asia, and the difficulty of finding means for their support in Texas, will not permit this want to be so soon supplied as the interests of religion would require. Notwithstanding this and the other embarrassing difficulties of his situation, Bishop Odin has, within the last two years, succeeded in erecting several new churches, and in repairing others, which, built by the Mexicans, had been injured by the operation of various causes. Churches have been built at *Galveston*, *Houston*, on the river *La Baca*, and near the mouth of *San Antonio*. The number of Catholics in Texas is about 10,000; but, as they are scattered over a vast extent of territory, they cannot all have the same opportunities for the practice of their religious duties. The number

of those who regularly approach the sacraments is from eleven to twelve hundred. The baptisms during the last two years were fifteen hundred. Besides the churches already built, others have been commenced at *Fort Bent*, *St. Augustin*, and *Nacogdoches*. There are about twenty other stations where it would be desirable to have churches, but the difficulties above alluded to are in the way of their immediate erection. The Protestants of Texas are in general favorably disposed towards the Catholic religion; they willingly assemble to hear the discourses of Catholic priests, especially of Bishop Odin, who is universally and cordially esteemed. When the political and civil horizon of the new Republic assumes a more settled and encouraging aspect than it has of late exhibited, there is no doubt but that this apostolic prelate will be enabled to surmount the difficulties to success with which he has, even in the present circumstances, so successfully struggled.

EXTRAORDINARY INTELLIGENCE FROM CHINA.—Intelligence has been lately received, announcing the permission granted to Catholic Missionaries to enter China—so long the object of apostolic zeal, and so lately the theatre of so many triumphs of Christian martyrs. Connected with this unexpected event is another of a very extraordinary character, which, had we not the best authority for stating, we should most certainly withhold; but which comes to us through so many respectable sources of information, as to justify us in imparting it to our readers. We need scarcely remark, that as these relations, however respectable, and therefore not lightly to be rejected, are yet unaccompanied by any document emanating from our ecclesiastical superiors to verify the statements, or determine the nature of the facts, every Catholic is at perfect liberty to form whatever opinion on the subject his judgment may lead him to adopt.

The *Univers*, a respectable Paris journal, of the 12th February last, contained the following announcement:

"During the last fortnight, accounts most delightful to the Christian world have been prevalent in Paris. From letters written by persons of the highest character, which we have had under our own inspection, we learn that authentic accounts have been received in the capital of Christianity from the Catholic missionaries in China, announcing that the Chinese Emperor will, for the future, permit missionaries free entrance, and right of travelling without obstacle through his dominions. Not content with this concession, the Emperor himself has solicited that new and more numerous missionaries should be sent out. It is certain that the Propaganda has already appointed forty religious, amongst whom are many Jesuits whose names are announced, to the mission. The departure of these missionaries for China will be immediate.

"These accounts from China attest facts of another description, and which, to Christians, will explain these we have announced. The silence we have preserved during the last fortnight will be a guarantee to our readers, that if we speak out to-day, it is on testimony the most weighty and worthy of belief. A letter which we received yesterday from Rome contains the following:—*'Authentic letters from the Chinese missionaries confirm the astounding miracle of the apparition of our Lord in the presence of a vast number of the faithful and unbelievers.'*"

The *Gazette du Simplon*, of 8th February, contains a similar announcement, copied into the *Univers*, of which the following paragraph is a portion:

"Intelligence of undoubted authority has arrived from the apostolic vicariate of China, stating that a great multitude of Christians and Pagans belonging to that nation saw in the air, the heavens being serene and clear, the image of Christ Jesus crucified."

The *Univers* of a later date contains the following paragraph :

"We have this day received a letter from Rome, from a most respectable source, on whose relations we are accustomed to place the greatest reliance. It contains an entire confirmation of the Chinese intelligence which we gave in our paper of 12th February. It appears to us beyond a doubt, that at Rome the miraculous apparition of Our Lord Jesus Christ, before a great number of Christians and Pagans, in one of the provinces of China, is regarded as certain."

In a subsequent number of the same journal, we read :—"Three missionaries from Rome, on their way to America, passed lately through Marseilles. One of them had seen, while at Rome, the letter in which the Vicar Apostolic of China announced the miraculous apparition of a cross, of which he himself was witness."

Le Journal des Villes et des Campagnes says :—"Letters from Rome, written in consequence of missionary relations from China, confirm the good dispositions of the Emperor." Another states that the temporal power will, in future, offer no opposition to the propagation of our faith among the numerous population of that country. And, it adds, what is beyond doubt, is, that the missionary who, in company with two other priests, left Fribourg about a year ago, entered Pekin dressed in his ecclesiastical garb, without experiencing any annoyance.

La Province, of Lyons, says :—"Two Italian missionaries, from Rome on their way to America, have arrived at Lyons, and have spoken of the letters recently written to the Propaganda by one of the Vicars Apostolic of China. These letters, which confirm the intelligence we have already announced, make mention of the apparition of miraculous crosses in many provinces of China, and especially at Pekin, where they were seen during many hours by a multitude of persons, and where they have produced a great sensation."

L'Ami de la Religion, of Paris, mentions the same extraordinary circumstance in two different numbers of that periodical.

The *Tablet* of London and the *Cork Examiner* repeat these items of intelligence, which have also been copied by all the Catholic papers of the United States. For some days before the news reached us through the European papers, a letter was received in this city containing the same announcement ; and the editor of the *United States Catholic Magazine* says, that letters received in Baltimore from Rome, had prepared him for the extraordinary intelligence before the arrival of the papers from France and England.

THE first number of the CATHOLIC CABINET will be sent to quite a number of Rev. gentlemen through the West. Those who do not wish to be considered as subscribers, will be kind enough to return his number to this office.

We would solicit the influence and patronage of the clergy throughout the West, to aid us in extending the subscription to this Magazine in the Valley of the Mississippi. Being the only production of the kind, we believe, west of the Atlantic States, we trust it will meet with a general support.

✍ All letters, advertisements, &c., except from Agents, must be addressed to the Publisher, POST PAID, in order to receive attention.

THE CATHOLIC CABINET,

AND

CHRONICLE OF RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. 1.

ST. LOUIS, JUNE, 1843.

No. 2.

CATHOLIC MORALITY.

A Vindication of Catholic Morality, or a Refutation of the Charges brought against it by Sismondi, in his "History of the Italian Republics during the Middle Ages." By the Count ALEXANDER MANZONI. Translated from the Italian. London: KEATING & BROWN, 1836.

MANZONI is one of the fairest names in the Italian literature of our age. A poet, philosopher and patriot, he unites in his person more qualities of a superior order than are generally found combined; and he shows his sense of the use to which all talent should be consecrated, by employing his rare endowments in the sacred cause of religion. His *Promessi Sposi* is one of the most entertaining and useful contributions to the light literature of the day; from the greater part of which it differs both in object and execution. His famous lines on the death of Napoleon Bonaparte — *Il cinque di Maggio* — are at once the effusion of a poetic and generous mind, that could appreciate, when fallen, the character it had not stooped to flatter in the splendour of its meridian glory: while the work whose title heads this article, shows that the most excellent species of philosophy — the science of man — has found in him a cultivator, who explores its recesses with the double flambeau of genius and of faith. In the early part of his career, Manzoni, we have heard, had the misfortune to be somewhat influenced by the irreligious principles which characterized those times; and his return to the religious convictions of his youth, is ascribed to the influence of his wife's example — an English lady — whose conversion to the Catholic faith, subsequently to her marriage, directed his powerful mind to religious investigation. Ever since, he has given the best proofs of a strong attachment to religion — the practice of christian piety, and the dedication of his splendid talents to its vindication and promotion.

M. Sismondi is one of the literary celebrities of our epoch. His *History of the Italian Republics* has placed him in the first rank of modern historians. Of its merits, Manzoni must be considered an impartial judge; and in his preface to the refutation of its anti-catholic assertions, it is pleasing to find a tribute to its literary excellence far more creditable to the offerer than to him whom it eulogizes. As a rare, but beautiful instance of the impartiality with which its merits are discriminated from its faults, we cannot withhold the following appreciation:

—"As I only quote the 'History of the Italian Republics,' to contradict a part of it, I am anxious briefly to express my esteem for so many portions of a work, the least merit of which consists in the laborious and correct researches which constitute the greatest merit in others of a similar kind — a work that

is original on a subject that has been so often discussed—original, I say, because it is treated as all histories ought to be, but as very few are treated. It is too often the case, that we read in the most celebrated historians descriptions of long periods of time, with a succession of various and important facts; yet we find hardly any thing but the changes they produced in the interests and miserable policy of a few men—nations are almost excluded from the history. The mode of treating it, adopted by some writers—taking as their ground-work the manners and customs of nations, their mode of government, and the moral effects of their legislation—has been applied in Sismondi's history to a vast and complicated argument, kept, however, within fair and just proportions. The facts are well connected as to time and character, so that we can easily and distinctly confront them with the theories that include them all; and these are distinct enough without falling into that indeterminate and general character which puts the historian out of the reach of criticism, because it makes it almost impossible to find out his mistakes, although it leaves the reader uncertain whether he has been perusing a true and important observation, or an ingenious hypothesis. Without concurring in all the opinions of our author, we cannot but perceive how many questions of politics, jurisprudence, and literature, he has considered frequently in a new and interesting, and, what is more important, in a noble and generous, point of view—how many truths he has re-established, which had fallen into a species of oblivion through the indolence or base connivance of historians, who too often condescended to justify the abuse of power, and flattered even the dead. He has almost always endeavoured to transfer public esteem from success to justice; and the attempt is so excellent, that it is every man's duty to give him his suffrage, however weak it be, that he may have numbers with him, if nothing else, in a cause which has always needed support. I state, however, distinctly, that I differ from the author in every case in which he dissents from the faith, and from catholic morality; for I hold these to be an infallible rule, and after a minute examination of each, I am convinced that truth is on their side.”—pp. 4-6.

It cannot be sufficiently regretted that a work to which so much praise could be awarded, by so unprejudiced a judge, should not have been free from every fault that could call for the exercise of the censor's duty. But its excellence as an historic composition renders its blemishes the more to be deplored, and we would say, the less inexcusable. And yet few works of a more decidedly hostile character to religion have appeared; and we know of no author who has so inconceivably and so unpardonably erred, than the historian of the Italian republics. Catholicism, in his pages, is the evil genius of Italy, and this paradox is sought to be sustained by argument, ~~weak~~ even to puerility. And yet, we believe, the present King of the French, who, on so many occasions, has shown that he is well convinced of the happy influence of Catholicism on the stability of governments and happiness of nations, has lately conferred the cross of the legion of honour on M. Sismondi—a writer who, more than any other contemporary historian, has laboured to loosen its hold on the public mind!

In an advanced part of his work, M. Sismondi devotes a chapter to the influence Catholic morality has had in producing the alleged corruption of Italian manners;* and from what we have already stated, we need not add that he ascribes to this influence the most desolating effects. To what particular

* Tom. xvi., chap. 127, p. 410.

denomination of Christians M. Sismondi may belong, if indeed he belong to any, we are not able to say; but from his birth-place, Geneva, we are inclined to conclude that his religious principles partake of a mitigated Calvinism, with a large share of modern philosophism or incredulity. In his category, the belief of supernatural truths, is a slavish subjection of reason to faith, and the system best calculated to promote unity of belief, such as he acknowledges the Catholic system to be, he regards as pre-eminently bad. The principle and deduction contained in this singular objection against the Catholic Church are examined by Manzoni in his first chapter, and, we need scarcely add, completely disproved. In fact, if revelation have one proof more convincing than another to prove its divine origin, it is this character of unity, "The unity of revelation is such," says Manzoni in his preface, "that the least part becomes a proof of the whole, by the wonderful subordination discovered throughout: difficult things mutually explain each other, and from many paradoxes results an evident system. That which is, and that which ought to be, the misery and corruption of our nature, and yet the idea of perfection and order that we find ever living in all of us, good and evil—the words of divine wisdom, and the vain discourses of mortals—the wakeful joy of the just—the sorrows and consolations of the penitent—the terrors or the headlong course of the wicked—the triumphs of justice and those of injustice—the designs of men brought to their accomplishment amid a thousand obstacles, or overthrown by a single unforeseen obstacle—the faith that expecteth the promise, and that feeleth the vanity of what passeth away—even unbelief itself—are all explained by the Gospel, and all confirm the truth of the Gospel: the revelation of a passed state, of which man carries within his breast the sad testimony, without possessing of himself either the tradition or the secret of it, and that of a future, of which there remained to us a vague idea of terror and desire. This it is that makes clear to us the things that we behold: mysteries reconcile contradictions, and the invisible is explained by the invisible,"—pp. 7-8. And again: "Whenever a religious system approaches the principle of unity, that is, when it excludes from its bosom all opinions contrary to those which it professes, because it is sensible of the absurdity of calling one proposition true, and yet receiving another totally opposed to it. Every time a religious system departs from the principle of unity, it is because, not being able to find conclusive arguments to establish the certainty of its faith, it grants to others the same tolerance it requires for itself: it dares not exclude others, because they might on the same principle exclude it."—p. 22.

If there be any feature in the attack made on religion that lays open the insincerity of the attack, it is their want of courage. Like the guiltiest of all detractors, they seek to cloak their design to injure from the eyes of the unwary, that so they may instil unperceivedly their poison into unsuspecting minds. Some of the finest things that can be said of religion are to be found in the writings of its bitterest enemy, Voltaire; in whom hatred of Christianity assumed the character of fanaticism. Rousseau speaks about the "majesty of the gospel," which, he says, bears on its face intrinsic characters of truth; but which he afterwards insinuates, contains things that no reasonable man could believe! Gibbon would not appear to deny that Christianity was propagated by supernatural means—he wished merely to examine what influence secondary causes had in that event; and under this flimsy pretext, he sedulously endeavours, by insinuation, paralogism, and positive falsehood, to show that there was nothing divine either in Christianity or its propagation. Imitating those illustrious examples, Sismondi does pretend to speak of the Catholic Church as it appears out of Italy and Spain; as if all that he blames in the

Catholicism of these countries were not common to it, wherever found, and as if any Catholic could be insensible to the attacks made on such distinguished portions of the Church. Shallow as is this artifice, he knew full well how much national antipathies, and the effect produced on the public mind by the continual misrepresentations of the countries in question, would favour its success; and, the poison once incautiously imbibed, there was little fear of its workings being arrested by the application of a timely antidote. The second chapter of our author detects this insidious snare.

If men could be moral without being religious, a consummation *apparently* wished for by unbelievers would be attained; but hitherto the experience of mankind has shown that both these qualities are inseparably connected. The wisest and best of the old philosophers founded the duties of morality on a religious principle; and such as, in ancient or modern times, sought to separate them, have been wonderfully embarrassed to find any rational base for the moral edifice, or to discover any sufficient sanction, or impelling motive, whereby to secure its observance. To some of such moral theorists did Rousseau well observe: "All very fine; but pray tell me what you have got for hell?" The effort to separate morality from religion was never made with such probability of success as in the middle of the last century, by the miserable sophists, misnamed philosophers, who moved heaven and earth to eradicate the religious principle from the mind of man, while they were eloquent in praise of virtue. What their virtue was, and what the tendency of their teaching, we learn from one not likely to exaggerate their failure, the execrable Robespierre. "We owe to them," said this King of Terror, in his speech before the Convention on 7th May, 1794, during the palmy days of his sanguinary reign—"we owe to them that selfish philosophy which reduced egotism to a system; regarded human society as a game of chance, where success was the sole distinction between what was just and unjust; probity as an affair of taste and good breeding; the world as the patrimony of the most dexterous of scoundrels." Such was the system of morality framed by men who professedly rejected religion. After this, is it not humiliating to find Sismondi reproaching Catholicism with having usurped the office of teaching morality, and of applying its principles according to the rules of revelation; whereas, a religion that would not do all this, would be a scourge rather than a blessing to man?

A favorite subject of declamation with infidels, ever have been the animosities which, according to them, religion has occasioned among men. If the Church recognizes any principle by which such unholy feelings are excited—if she enjoins any act which has for its object the injury of our fellow creatures—we should alone plead guilty to the charge. But in vain would such principles, or such precepts, be sought for in her code. Principles and precepts of a very opposite character form its principal part. Whence, then, this charge which reaches our ears from every quarter? By condemning error, does the Church encourage hatred of the errorist? Far from this, her principle is that of St. Augustin—"Love the man, but condemn the error." But the very fact of condemning error gives rise to religious animosity. Is such a necessary result? and if not, is it reasonable to charge the Church with the faults of individuals, whether among her children or among those whose errors she proscribes? She cannot be silent when the truth, of which God has made her the depository, is assailed—she cannot close her lips and bow assent when the errors of man are sought to be substituted for the teachings of Christ—she cannot be a partner to any effort by which the sublime mysteries of faith are wholly or partially denied, and by which man, instead of elevating his thoughts to the revealed majesty of God, seeks to bring that Incomprehensible Being,

his designs and conduct towards mortals, within the puny grasp of his own limited reason. The Church must be intolerant of error, because she is the constituted guardian of truth. If those whose errors she condemns are thereby stirred up to animosity, instead of being moved to penance; or if some of her own children permit their patience to be exhausted by insolence and outrage, and forget the mildness and patience that she incessantly inculcates to them, and thus, in disobedience to her authority, cherish animosity towards their erring brethren — is it, we again ask, reasonable or just that the faults of individuals should be ascribed to the Church? We could wish to transfer to our pages the whole chapter on this subject, in which Manzoni calmly vindicates religion from this charge; but as this is not practicable, we content ourselves with quoting the following just observations on this exciting topic:

—“Let us then again repeat the great principle, that in a doctrine we should look for its legitimate consequences, not those that may be deduced from it by the passions; and by applying it to religion, we shall find how far in this, also, it is above all human theories, on account of the inimitable characteristics that distinguish it. It excludes every hurtful consequence, and it excludes it by that same authority which renders sacred its own principles. This was a triumph to be achieved by itself alone. If, therefore, by proceeding from one chain of reasoning to another, a man arrives at a conclusion that would constitute an injustice, he may be sure that he has reasoned wrong; and if he is sincere, he finds in religion herself a warning that he has gone astray; because, wherever evil appears, there she provides a prohibition and a threat. It is not then reasonable to cast the blame upon Revelation, because men hate and destroy each other; but it should be stated, on the contrary, that there is such a natural disposition in mankind to hate and to injure one another, that a pretext has been found for it even in the truths of a religion which commands them to love one another, as a rule without exception. What would they not have done had they derived their pretext from principles or interests to which this commandment was not essentially allied, from things in which the passions govern entirely, and in fact what have they not done?”

—“The Catholic religion has never been, nor can it ever be, the direct and natural cause of dissension; but in the hand of a man in a rage, every thing is a weapon. This does not break forth while men are peaceable and quiet, but always in ferocious and brutal times, when all the hostile passions are inflamed; and I think I may add, without being contradicted by history, in times distinguished by great indifference to the essentials of religion, and by a peculiar eagerness for all those things which a sincere love to religion considers vanity.”—

Our author enters very fully into an examination of the popular objections against the Catholic doctrine of Penance, which Sismondi had adopted. A more truly philosophic view of the principles and practice of the Church on this important subject — so much misconceived, and so often made the occasion of misrepresentation — can with difficulty be conceived, than that presented in the whole of the eighth chapter, from which we take the following extract:

—“The man, alas! who has fallen into sin, is but too prone to continue in that unhappy state; and his being deprived of the testimony of a good conscience, afflicts, without improving him — so much so, that it is acknowledged the guilty man for the most part adds crime to crime, in order to banish remorse, like those who, in alarm and terror at a conflagration, throw whatever lies in their way into the flames, as if to quench them. Remorse, that sentiment which, by the aid of those hopes inspired by religion, is changed into a holy feeling of contrition, and which, by their influence, is so useful, is but

too often fruitful, or even injurious without them. In the depths of conscience, the wicked man hears that terrible voice, which declares that he is no longer innocent; and a still more dreadful one, which says that he can be so no more: he looks on virtue as a thing that is lost, and would fain persuade himself that he can do without it—that it is but a name, praised by men because they find it useful in others, or venerated by them through an ignorant prejudice. He tries to keep his mind occupied by those vicious sentiments which encourage him in sin, because those of virtue are a torment to him. Still, for the most part, those who assert that virtue is an empty name, are far from being persuaded of it. If an inward voice of authority were to announce to them that they might re-possess it, they would believe in its reality, or rather they would confess they had always believed it. Precisely this does religion for the man who will listen to her voice: she speaks in the name of a God who has promised to blot out of his remembrance the iniquities of a repenting sinner—she promises pardon, and offers the ransom for sin—mystery of wisdom and of mercy! A mystery indeed, which reason cannot penetrate, but which it never can sufficiently admire—a mystery which, in the inestimable value of our ransom, presents an infinite idea of the injustice of sin, and of the means of its expiation, an immense motive of repentance, an immense motive of confidence and hope.

—“But religion does not stop here; it removes also those other obstacles which men have thrown in the way of a return to virtue. The wicked man avoids the society of those who are not like himself, because he dreads those whom he thinks proud of their virtue. Is it likely that he would open his mind to persons who would take that opportunity of showing him their own superiority? What consolation would he derive from those who could not restore virtue to him, who stand aloof from him, lest they should appear contaminated, and who speak of him with contempt, that it may be always evident how much they despise vice? What consolation could those give him who thus force him to seek the company of persons who are equally guilty with himself, and who therefore have the same reasons for laughing at virtue? Mere human virtue has in it too much of the pride of the Pharisee, who compares himself with the publican, who stands far from him, for he imagines not that such a man can become his equal, and who would, if he were able, always keep him in the abjection of sin.

—“But this divine Religion of love and pardon has instituted ministers of reconciliation between God and man—it urges them to be pure, that so their lives may inspire their words with confidence, that the sinner who approaches them may feel that he has returned to the society of the virtuous; but at the same time it urges them to be humble, that while they are pure the sinner may recur to them without fear of being repulsed. The sinner will approach without dread to the man who confesses that he too is a sinner; to the man who on hearing his offences gives him assurance, that he who confesses his sin is dear to God, who sees in the repenting sinner the grace of him who calls back the hearts of men to himself. No, the sinner need not dread the man who beholds in him the wandering sheep borne home on the shoulders of the Good Shepherd, who regards the man at his feet as an object of joy to the heavenly choirs—ah no! he need not dread the man who handles his wounds with compassion and respect, who sees them already moistened with that divine blood, which he is about to invoke over them. O, astonishing wisdom of the religion of Christ! It imposes on the penitent certain works of satisfaction, by which the change in his heart may become more evident, and that he may perform acts contrary to those he practised in his errors—acts, by

which he may be strengthened in virtuous habits, and in the victory over himself—acts, by which he maintains charity in his heart, and compensates in a measure for the evil he has done. For Religion not only will not grant him pardon, unless he remedies, as far as in him lies, the injury he has done his neighbour; but she also subjects him to penance for every kind of sin, which is nothing less than an increase of every virtue. She enjoins her ministers to ascertain as much as possible the reality of this repentance and resolution of amendment—an enquiry this, which must tend not only to prevent an encouragement of vice by the facility of pardon, but also to give a more consoling ground of confidence to the man who truly repents; yes! she is all anxiety and pity. And if her ministers without reason forgive him who is not really changed, she warns them that, instead of absolving him, they will themselves be bound; so great is her care lest man should change into poison the remedies that God in his mercy has bestowed upon our weakness.

—“The man who is admitted to penance with these dispositions is certainly in the road to virtue. He who has heard the consoling word from the minister of the Lord that he is absolved, feels re-established in the possession of his innocence; he begins anew to walk in the right way with cheerful step, and with the greater fervour in proportion as he feels that virtuous sentiments and actions are the means that Religion presents to him to increase his confidence, that his footsteps in that crooked way are blotted out.

—“Religion, then, receives a man from the world in a state of crime, and she restores him to it in a state of virtue; nor was it in the power of any other than Religion to effect such a change. What mortal mind could ever have conceived, where is the man who would have ventured to institute an order of men, whose object should be to wait for the sinner, to seek him out, to teach virtue, to call back to it him who applied to them, to speak to him with that sincerity which in the world is not found, to put him on his guard against every delusion, and to console him in proportion as he amends?”—

Passing over the ninth chapter, which treats of the Delay of Conversion, we find the question of ecclesiastical revenues lucidly discussed in the tenth chapter of this interesting work. The predominant spirit of the age is hostile to the clergy—the natural result of the unparalleled injustice of which various nations have, in modern times, rendered themselves guilty towards a body to which society owes its civilization, and man his freedom. And yet there is no surer criterions of the irreligion, and, consequently, of the immorality of a people, than a spirit of irreverence and hostility towards the ministers of religion. We know that the ministry can be distinguished from the men invested with it: we know the kingdom of Him whose deputies they are, is not of this world; but we also know that they form a portion of society, which, more than any other, is calculated to promote its happiness, but which, unfortunately, more than any other, is too frequently the object of suspicion when not the victim of outrage. In almost all countries of Europe at the present day, the civil power seeks to assume the mastery of the Church as well as of the State; and in our own country we need not do more than allude to the scandalous scenes that have from time to time been exhibited in certain localities by some misguiding Catholics—if indeed they deserve the name—who, in their sacrilegious attempts to domineer over the clergy, have shewn themselves as regardless of decency as they are destitute of correct principle. The causes of the unhappy feeling whence these afflicting excesses have sprung, are pointed out in the following passage of our author, which closes his tenth chapter, and with which we are forced to close our examination of the work, our observations having already too far extended the limits which can be assigned to them in a monthly periodical.

—“They, who point out to us the narrow path of salvation—who combat our inclinations, and who, by their very habit, remind us that there is a Judge, whose ministers they are—that there is a ministry to bind and to loose, and that there is an example they are appointed to hold forth to our imitation—alas! they present an occasion too tempting for our corrupt senses to suffer it to escape: the aversion of flesh and blood for the law is too deep-rooted not to extend itself to those who preach obedience to it, while it suggests the insinuation that they at least follow it not, and have, therefore, the less right to oblige us to do so, who learn it from them. It is this aversion which in part leads us to blame them all for a fault that is confined to a very few; which urges us to say, that nothing would be more worthy of our respect than the ministry of the Church, if only there were any who discharged the office worthily, while we shut our eyes to any individual who is presented to our view as one that does discharge it worthily, or we misrepresent the virtues, the existence of which we cannot deny. Hence, if the zealous conduct of a priest, whose voluntary poverty and generosity are too evident, forbids the suspicion of avarice, he will at least be accused of wishing to rule men, to direct or influence them, and thus to secure honour. If his conduct be so far removed from intrigues, so candid and so simple as to rebut this insinuation, he is at least a restless fanatic, or an intolerant zealot. If his conduct breathe nothing but love, tranquillity and patience, it is attributed to prejudice, to littleness of mind, or an unenlightened judgment—admirable reasons by which the world accounts for the very perfection of all virtue, and for the brightest triumph of the reasoning power of man.

—“Yes! there are priests, who despise those riches, of which they announce the vanity and the danger—priests who would blush to receive a gift from the poor man, but would defraud themselves to succour him in his need—who receive from the rich with a noble modesty and an inward feeling of repugnance—who, when they stretch out their hand, console themselves only with the thought that they shall soon open it again to distribute among the poor that money which, in their eyes, is far from compensating a ministry that can have no adequate reward but in the love of their God. They pass through the world, and hear its jests on the covetousness of priests—they hear them, and they could lift up their voice and show their pure hands, and a heart only anxious for those treasures which neither moth nor rust doth corrupt—covetous only of the salvation of their brethren—but they forbear; they are silent; they devour with eager joy the scornful insults of the world, exulting that they are counted worthy to suffer reproach for the name of Christ. (*Acts v. 41.*)”—

We cannot close this delightful volume without expressing our surprise that none of our Catholic publishers have thought of giving an American edition of so valuable a production. Sure we are, that some such work is much wanted in this country, and we have no doubt would at once command an extensive sale. In case the suggestion here thrown out is taken up, we would further suggest that the French quotations which the translator—a distinguished convert to our faith—has left in such abundance, be done into English, and incorporated with the text, while the original French may be preserved at the bottom of the page, so that the mere English reader may not be ever and anon reminded of his deficiency—a most annoying sensation in this enlightened age; and at the same time the very words of Sismondi be retained, that no second opinion may be had as to the sentiments attributed to him. With these slight modifications, the re-publication of this volume would be eminently useful; nor do we think that, at the present moment, when the public attention is directed by so many and varied causes to the subject of our religion, such a

publication would have much to fear from the ordinary disadvantages of Catholic apologists, so strongly pointed out by Manzoni in these words:

—“The apologists of the Catholic religion are treated with singular injustice—a favourable ear is always lent to whatever is said against them; but when they endeavour to reply, they are told that their cause is not interesting enough, the world has something else to think about, and the time for theological controversy is gone by. Our cause is not interesting!—but we have a proof of the contrary, in the eagerness with which objections have always been received against it. It is not interesting!—when, in all the questions that concern a man most deeply, it presents itself so naturally, that it is easier to reject than to forget it. It is not interesting!—yet there is no age that does not furnish monuments of a profound veneration, a prodigious love, and of an ardent and unwearied hatred in regard of it. It is not interesting!—when the void that its removal would leave in the world is so horrible and immense, that the greater number of those who will not receive it for themselves, say it it is a good thing for the people—that is, for nine-tenths of the human race. Our cause is not interesting!—and yet it remains to be decided whether millions of men should abandon the morality they profess, or study it more, and observe it more faithfully.”

THE EUCHARIST.

[FROM SCHLEGEL'S PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY.]

THE Jewish covenant and the old revelation of the Hebrews formed the chief corner-stone on which Christianity was founded; and the first apostles of the new religion were all chosen from among the people. The Scriptures of the new covenant were composed in the Greek tongue, and the first apologies, and other expositions of faiths or books of instruction by the primitive fathers, were mostly written in the same language. We may therefore consider this language as forming the second foundation stone of the Christian edifice. Though the political consequences of the Macedonian conquest in Asia were not of any permanence, yet the influence which those conquests have exerted on the intellectual characters of nations, the ascendancy which they gave to the Greeks over the whole civilized world of that period, were by no means unimportant. It was by means of these conquests that the philosophy and literature of the Greeks became, along with their language, predominant in Egypt and the western countries of Asia; and hence this language was adopted as the original tongue of Christianity, because no other at that period attained such intellectual refinement or such general diffusion. As in human society every class and condition of life, nay, every individual, by the peculiar rights and advantages which each exclusively enjoys, still serves the community, and contributes to the weal of others, unconsciously and without precisely wishing it; so in the history of the world, and in the progress of nations, all things are closely interlinked, and one serves as the instrument, auxiliary, or bond of union to the other; and it was not one of the least important results of the Greek science, and language, that the two points wherein that nation had risen to the greatest eminence, and was endowed with the greatest power, should both have been so nearly allied with the cause of Christianity, even from its origin. The Roman empire was the third foundation stone of the Christian religion; for its vast extent facilitated in a singular manner the early and very rapid dif-

fusion of Christianity, and formed indeed the groundwork on which the fabric of the new church was first constructed. In the history of the primitive church, historians are wont to separate the different branches of their subject, which form so many different parts of a single whole, and thus to describe separately the dogmas and doctrines of the church, its holy rites, and sacraments, its liturgies and festivals, and next its moral condition and external relations; and this division of the subject may, no doubt, very well answer the special design of such ecclesiastical histories. But if we wish to take a more general view of the subject, to seize the spirit of Christianity, and form a just, true and lively conception of the primitive church, we must be particularly careful not to forget, in the investigation of those several heads, that they formed one undivided and living whole in the eyes of the first Christians, amid the overflowing fullness of a new moral life; and of this spirit of unity, as well as the wonderful energy of faith and love which was its never-failing source, it is almost impossible for us to form a full and adequate notion. Christianity, in its primitive influence, was like an electric stroke, which traversed the whole world with the rapidity of lightning—like a magnetic fluid of life, which united even the most distant members of humanity in one animating pulsation. Public prayer and the sacred mysteries formed a stronger and closer bond of love among men, than the still sacred ties of kindred and earthly affection. Some persons have affected to compare the secret assemblies of the primitive Christians with the pagan mysteries; and undoubtedly it was only in secret, and in the retired and obscure oratory, that the first followers of Christ could gather together amid the fury of general persecution. But, from a competent knowledge which we possess of the import of these pagan mysteries, they had about as much resemblance to the religious assemblies of the primitive Christians, as the divine sacrifice of holy commemoration and the chalice, consecrated with the blood of the eternal Covenant, bore to the human sacrifices of the Cainites. The Christians saw and felt the presence of their invisible King and eternal Lord; and when their souls overflowed with the plentitude of spiritual and heavenly life, how could they value earthly existence, and how must they not have been willing to sacrifice in the struggle against the powers of darkness? for that struggle formed the whole and proper business of their lives! Hence we can understand the reason of the otherwise incredibly rapid diffusion of Christianity throughout all the provinces, and even sometimes beyond the limits of the vast empire of Rome. Like a heavenly flame, it ran through all life, kindling, where it found congenial sympathy, all that it touched into a kindred fervour. Hence, along with that mighty spirit of love which produced so rapid a spread of the Christian religion, and which united in the closest bonds the first Christian communities, that energy of faith which inspired such heroic fortitude under the dreadful and oft-renewed persecutions of the Romans.

MISSISSIPPI MOSQUITOES.

Extract from a letter of Pere Du Poisson, S. J., written describing his journey from New Orleans to Arkansas river, in the beginning of the last century. [See *LETTRES EDIFIANTES ET CURIEUSES*, TOM. IV.]

BUT the greatest torment — compared with which all other sufferings appear tolerable — what will seem to be incredible, and what is certainly inconceivable, except by those whom experience has rendered easy of belief — are the mosquitoes and their merciless treatment of Mississippi *voyageurs*. No, I cannot bring myself to think, that any, or all of the Egyptian plagues exceeded this inhospitable infliction on human patience. There are many varieties of winged insects in this part of the world, and among them is a very small one, whose sting produces a scorching sensation, such as if a spark had fallen on the spot. There are others scarcely large enough to be seen, but which are very keenly felt, and which pay almost exclusive attention to the traveller's eyes. An enumeration, however, of the different species of these tormentors, would be as tedious as it is certainly unnecessary; for all may be said in one word, that all kind of flies are here in abundance. But all the rest appear unworthy of special mention when compared with the mosquito. I am conscientiously convinced that this little, but by no means insignificant, insect, has caused the French, since they came here, to curse more vehemently than they or all other people ever did before. On setting out in the morning, you are sure to be accompanied by a troop of these pitiless insects; and the places of such as may happen to drop off on the way, either from a feeling of satiety, or in view of more tempting prospects, are sure to be amply supplied from the countless myriads that line the thickly wooded shores which the traveller is constantly obliged to approach in ascending this mighty stream. Does he endeavour to defend himself from their venomous attacks, or to procure a temporary respite to his sufferings, by the constant waving of his handkerchief, his persecutors are not in the least discomfited, but seem to derive from such momentary interruption of their enjoyment, additional courage for a fresh attack: his arm tires of this monotonous action, but not so his indefatigable tormentors.

When the time for dinner approaches, he is obliged to land, for the purpose of preparing the repast, and all the sufferings of the journey are now increased tenfold. To protect himself against this intolerable annoyance, he kindles a large fire, on which he heaps green leaves, and seeks for an asylum in the dense smoke thus caused, as the mosquito is chased away by smoke. But it is not easy to say which is the greater inconvenience, the evil or its remedy. After dinner, the traveller probably attempts to take a little rest under the spreading foliage of some hospitable tree; but the attempt is unsuccessful — the struggle with the mosquitoes is here to be renewed, and he rises with the settled conviction that his misery admits not of alleviation. When he stops for the night, he has to renew all the preparations and precautions which accompanied the mid-day repast, with the additional anxiety of preparing his couch, and suspending over it and around it what is called a *baire* (mosquito bar,) the object of which is to keep his tormentors at a respectable distance from him during the few hours of sleep. At the approach of and during the night, the mosquitoes thicken about him in countless myriads, being more effectually and permanently attracted by the light of the fire he has kindled, than they are partially repelled by the smoke with which he endeavours to encompass it. All the endurances of the day are little when compared with those he has now to suffer. The night may, indeed, be called the mosquitoes'

harvest; and to do them justice, they do not let it pass by without profiting by it. Then it is that they literally prey upon their victim—they penetrate his mouth, his nostrils, and his eyes; his face, hands, and entire body are covered with them. His clothes do not protect him; their sting leaves its red mark on the skin beneath, unless it has become insensible to such attacks by the sad privilege of long endurance. Chicagou, an Indian chief, who had been to Paris, endeavoured to give his nation some idea of the multitudinous inhabitants of that “great village,” by saying that they were as numerous as leaves on the trees, or mosquitoes in the woods! After a hasty supper, the exhausted traveller hastens to hide himself under the mosquito-bar, which he has so cunningly provided for the purpose; although he is well aware that he will have to suffer almost suffocation from excessive heat. This, however, is not his only misery; for, slyly as he may endeavour to steal unperceived under this shelter, he is almost certain to discover that at least a few of his vigilant persecutors have been as cunning as himself, and have slept in with him; and he knows too well that a single mosquito is enough to destroy all his fond hopes of undisturbed repose.

FOUNDATION OF THE JESUITS.

ON the dawn of the day, on which, in the year 1534, the Church of Rome celebrated the feast of the assumption of our Blessed Lady, a little company of men, whose vestments bespoke their religious character, emerged in solemn procession from the deep shadows cast by the towers of Notre Dame over the silent city below them. In a silence not less profound, except when broken by the chaunt of the matins appropriate to that sacred season, they climbed the Hill of Martyrs, and descended into the Crypt, which then ascertained the spot where the Apostle of France had won the crown of martyrdom. With a stately, though halting gait, as one accustomed to military command, marched at their head a man of swarthy complexion, bald-headed, and of middle stature, who had passed the meridian of life; his deep set eyes glowing as with a perennial fire, from beneath brows which, had phrenology then been born, she might have portrayed in her loftiest style, but which, without her aid, announced a commission from on high to subjugate and to rule mankind. So majestic, indeed, was the aspect of Ignatius Loyola, that during the sixteenth century, few if any of the books of his order appeared without the impress of that imperial countenance. Beside him in the chapel of St. Denis, knelt another worshipper, whose manly bearing, buoyant step, clear blue eye, and finely chiseled features, contrasted strangely with the solemnities in which he was engaged. Then in early manhood, Francis Xavier united in his person the dignity befitting his birth as a grandee of Spain, and the grace which should adorn a page of the Queen of Castile and Arragon. Not less incongruous with the scene in which they bore their parts, were the slight forms of the boy, Alphonso Salmeron, and of his bosom friend, Jago Laynez, the destined successor of Ignatius in his spiritual dynasty. With them, Nicholas Alphonso Bobadilla and Simon Rodriguez—the first a teacher, the second a student of philosophy—prostrated themselves before the altar, where ministered Peter Faber, once a shepherd in the mountains of Savoy, but now a priest in holy orders. By his hands was distributed to his associates the seeming bread, over which he had uttered words of more than miraculous efficacy; and then were lifted up their united voices, uttering, in low but distinct articulation, an oath, at the deep significance of which the nation might have trembled or rejoiced. Never did human lips pronounce a vow more religiously observed or pregnant with results more momentous. [*Edinburgh Review.*]

KING'S BRIDGE.

BY F. W. FABER.

The dew falls fast, and the night is dark,
 And the trees stand silent in the park;
 And winter passeth from bough to bough,
 With stealthy foot that none may know;
 But little the old man thinks he weaves
 His frosty kiss on the ivy leaves.

From bridge to bridge with tremulous fall
 The river droppeth down,
 And it washeth the base of a pleasant hall
 On the skirts of Cambridge town.
 Old trees by night are like men in thought,
 By poetry to silence wrought;
 They stand so still and they look so wise,
 With folded arms and half-shut eyes,
 More shadowy than the shade they cast
 When the wan moonlight on the river past.

The river is green, and runneth slow —

We cannot tell what it saith:
 It keepeth its secrets down below,
 And so doth Death!

Oh! the night is dark; but not so dark
 As my poor soul in this lonely park:
 There are festal lights by the stream, that fall,
 Like stars, from the casements of yonder hall;
 But harshly the sounds of joyance grate
 On one that is crushed and desolate.

From bridge to bridge with tremulous fall
 The river droppeth down,
 As it washeth the base of a pleasant hall
 On the skirts of Cambridge town.

Oh, Mary! Mary! could I but hear
 What this river saith in night's still ear,
 And catch the faint whispering voice it brings
 From its lowlands green and its reedy springs;
 It might tell of the spot where the greybeard's spade
 Turned the cold wet earth in the lime-tree shade.

The river is green, and runneth slow —

We cannot tell what it saith:
 It keepeth its secrets down below,
 And so doth Death!

For death was born in thy blood with life —
 Too holy a fount for such sad strife:
 Like a secret curse from hour to hour
 The canker grew with the growing flower;
 And little we deemed that rosy streak
 Was the tyrant's seal on thy virgin cheek.

From bridge to bridge with tremulous fall
 The river droppeth down,
 As it washeth the base of a pleasant hall
 On the skirts of Cambridge town.
 But fainter and fainter thy bright eyes grew,
 And redder and redder that rosy hue;
 And the half-shed tears that never fell,
 And the pain within thou wouldst not tell,
 And the wild, wan smile — all spoke of death,
 That had withered my chosen with his breath.

The river is green, and runneth slow —

We cannot tell what it saith:
 It keepeth its secrets down below,
 And so doth Death!

'Twas o'er thy harp one day in June,
 I marvelled the strings were out of tune;
 But lighter and quicker the music grew,
 And deadly white was thy rosy hue;
 One moment — and back the colour came,
 Thou calledst me by my Christian name.
 From bridge to bridge with tremulous fall
 The river droppeth down,
 As it washeth the base of a pleasant hall
 On the skirts of Cambridge town.
 Thou badest me be silent and bold,
 But my brain was hot, and my heart was cold.
 I never wept, and I never spake,
 But stood like a rock where the salt seas break;
 And to this day I have shed no tear
 O'er my blighted love and my chosen's bier.
 The river is green, and runneth slow —
 We cannot tell what it saith:
 It keepeth its secrets down below,
 And so doth Death!

I stood in the church with burning brow,
 The lips of the priest moved solemn and slow.
 I noted each pause, and counted each swell,
 As a sentry numbers a minute-bell;
 For unto the mourner's heart they call
 From the deeps of that wondrous ritual.
 From bridge to bridge with tremulous fall
 The river droppeth down,
 As it washeth the base of a pleasant hall
 On the skirts of Cambridge town.
 My spirit was lost in a mystic scene,
 Where the sun and moon in silvery sheen
 Were belted with stars on emerald wings,
 And fishes and beasts and all fleshly things,
 And the spheres did whirl with laughter and mirth
 Round the grave forefather of the earth.
 The river is green, and runneth slow —
 We cannot tell what it saith:
 It keepeth its secrets down below,
 And so doth Death!

The dew falls fast, and the night is dark;
 The trees stand silent in the park.
 The festal lights have all died out,
 And naught is heard but a lone owl's shout.
 The mists keep gathering more and more;
 But the stream is silent as before.
 From bridge to bridge with tremulous fall
 The river droppeth down,
 As it washeth the base of a pleasant hall
 On the skirts of Cambridge town.
 Why should I think of my boyhood's bride
 As I walk by this low-voiced river's side?
 And why should its heartless waters seem
 Like a horrid thought in a feverish dream?
 But it will not speak; and it keeps in its bed
 The words that are sent us from the dead.
 The river is green, and runneth slow —
 We cannot tell what it saith:
 It keepeth its secrets down below,
 And so doth Death!

ITALY IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

THERE was, in that period of general social dissolution, one country, in which the work of devastation commenced much later, and much sooner. Italy in the middle ages was like Mount Ararat in the Deluge—the last reached by the flood, and first left. The remains of the Roman social world were either never utterly dispersed in that country, or far later than any where; and if we are to date the close of the middle ages from the extinction of feudalism, that revolution was effected in Italy, no less than three centuries before the time of Charles VIII.—the epoch assumed by Hallam, as the conclusion of his work. It would then, perhaps, be expedient to refer the history of Europe in the middle ages to Italy, as the history of the ancient world has always been referred to Rome. The great ascendancy of the papal power, and the influence of Italian genius on the literature and the fine arts of all countries, made Italy essentially the centre of light—the sovereign of thought—the Capital of Civilization! [*North American Review*, 1840.]

CONFIRMATION.

WHAT does the Church hold respecting confirmation? I think it can hardly be questioned that she has ever regarded it as an apostolic rite, employed by her first rulers, under immediate inspiration from above, as one special mean and instrument of communicating to the faithful the gift of the Holy Spirit. That we have, consequently, just reason to expect in the use of it a blessing, different from that which would attend any becoming ceremony, whereby our youth might renew their vows, and dedicate themselves to the service of God. In short, that although miraculous power no longer exhibits to the bodily eye the agency of the Holy Spirit, yet, in all other respects, the blessing communicated by the prayer and the imposition of hands of the successors of the Apostles, is in no way different from that which was imparted by the hand of Peter and John. Such unquestionably was the universal judgment of the church for more than fifteen hundred years, and such is the doctrine embodied in the formularies of the Church of England. [*British Critic*.]

CATHOLIC ART IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

ANY shapeless fragment, any mean potter's vessel, any illegible inscription, provided it be *but antique*, will be deposited on a pedestal or within a glass case in our national museum. No price can be too great for a cameo or a heathen bust; but every object of Catholic and national art is rigidly excluded from the collection. In the whole of that vast establishment, there is not even one room, one shelf, devoted to the exquisite productions of the middle ages. In this we are actually behind every country in Europe. At Paris, amidst all the Pagan collections of the Louvre, the Christian student will find exquisite specimens of enamels, ivory carvings, jewels, silver work, chasings in metal—all in the first style of Catholic art, and of every date. At Nuremberg, Rouen, and many mere provincial towns, are public galleries of Christian antiquities of the greatest interest. England alone, the country of all others where

such a collection could best be formed, is utterly destitute of it. In sepulchral monuments we are rich indeed. If correct casts of all the effigies of royal and ecclesiastical persons, remaining in the cathedral and other churches, were carefully taken, coloured fac-simile from the originals, and arranged in chronological order, what a splendid historical and national series they would form; and this might easily be done at even a less cost than the transport of a monstrous fragment of an Egyptian god from the banks of the Nile. [*Pugin.*]

TYPES OF THE CHURCH.

From "An Answer to the Question, Why are you become a Catholic? By Rev. WILLIAM SIRTHORPE, late a Clergyman of the Church of England, Converted to the Catholic Faith in 1841, and subsequently Ordained Priest in the Catholic Church."

About five years since, in the course of my ministry at Ryde, I was led to review the Jewish economy, or the church under the Old Testament dispensation. The subject came minutely under my notice while engaged in a series of lectures on the Levitical law and institutions. You cannot require proof that these had a typical character. It is universally admitted, that they were typical of something better — 'of good things to come;' from Israel, viewed as a nation, down to the smallest ornaments of the tabernacle, respecting which Jehovah had said, 'See that you make all things according to the pattern which was showed thee in the mount.' Where, then, was to be found this something better, thus accurately prefigured, thus largely and minutely typified? Where the antitype of this typical dispensation? I naturally sought it in a careful comparison of the Christian dispensation with these types; and I found one immediate answer to my enquiry, and full of holy and consolatory instruction. They had an accomplishment in Christ, as is largely shown by the apostle to the Hebrews. He is the typified temple, high-priest, and victim. His blood and righteousness, mediation and intercession, ministry, character, and offices were prefigured by what went before. He was the body of good things to come, of which they were the shadow. But it seemed not less evident to me, nor can seem, I think, to any attentive enquirer, that the types of the Mosaic economy had not their only accomplishment in the blessed Saviour, or in Christ personally. He, it is clear, was not the typified Israel; nor the Mount Zion, nor the Holy City; nor solely the temple — neither did the shew-bread, or incense, or seven-branched candlestick, or Levitical ministry, prefigure Him, or His work and office only. The types, like most of the prophecies and the psalms, have, then, a further application than to Christ, personally or officially. But to whom or what? To his mystical body, the Church under the New Testament. None of these interesting portions of Holy Scripture can be rightly understood without the apprehension of this truth. The frequent assertion that all the shadows of the old law were accomplished in Christ alone, and that it is unnecessary to look for the body or substance of them elsewhere, is hastily and ignorantly made, altogether untenable, and, indeed, as inconsistent with other allowed views of most who make it, as with the whole tenor of scripture. If all the typical institutions of the old dispensation found their sole and entire accomplishment in Christ, why are any continued in the Christian church correspondent with them? Why are there any sacraments, any separate ordained ministry, any sacrifice, any visible form of

the first six centuries, I found an exact correspondency with the type — when I also looked back to the ancient Church of England, as first formed by St. Augustine, I found the most entire agreement, and an actual, visible, professed oneness, with that apostolic Church, as it had existed for six centuries; it was a provincial limb of that vast Catholic body which was then co-extensive with the knowledge of Christianity. When I viewed it at any subsequent period down to the commencement of the sixteenth century, I met with the same unaltered character; and though the Catholic body had been lopped of some of its limbs by the severing strokes of heresy or schism, it still flourished a vigorous, stately, wide-expanded tree, the same in every essential, almost in every minute particular, which it had been, when the English branch first grew from out its sustaining, fostering trunk. The Catholic Church, in communion with the See of Rome, stood forth, in my view, the close and perfect antitype of the Church under the Old Testament. She had still a branch, unsheltered, yet growing — feeble, yet full of hidden life — despised, yet fruitful — in my native land; and in joining myself to it, I felt that I should join myself to the Church of the whole earth — the Church of twelve centuries in England, and of eighteen centuries in the world — the Church of the shadowy dispensation that had comprehended the tribes of Israel, as they marched out of the land of Egypt under Moses and Aaron — that I should join myself, in short, to the true Israel of God. All that the ancient types had led me to look for in the Christian Church, I found in her alone. She stood forth on scriptural grounds, the sole authorized claimant of God's favour and heritage. Separation from her, at any period, of any portion of mankind, did not invalidate her claims, nor affect her true Catholicity and unity, no more than the falling of a decayed limb destroys the claim of the trunk, with its remaining branches, to be the tree.

RELIGION IN PORTUGAL.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT OF THE LONDON TABLET.]

From the accounts that have been transmitted of late years to England respecting the state of ecclesiastical affairs in this country, the common sentiment of our countrymen will, I apprehend, be, that religion is well nigh extinct among the Portuguese. My own personal observation, however, enables me to state that this is far from being the case. Even Lisbon, in which infidelity has unfortunately made alarming progress, furnishes daily and convincing proofs that the ancient faith still retains much of its pristine vigour; and affords well-grounded hopes that, despite the strong efforts of impiety to destroy it, it will one day revive and flourish in all its former freshness and beauty. No one can reside for any length of time in this capital, and witness the speaking indications of the lively faith of its inhabitants; the enthusiasm with which they hail the successive festivals of the Church; the eager devotion with which they crowd to the forty-hours' prayer, (for, thanks be to God, in the wildest tumult of civil broils, the public exposition of the Most Holy Sacrament has never once been interrupted;) the alacrity with which the members, noble and plebian, of the numerous confraternities, leaving their respective avocations, answer the summons of the bell to attend, in public procession, the Viaticum to a dying brother; the impatient ardour with which all ranks of society flock around the chair of truth whenever a sermon is an-

nounced; the tender devotion generally cherished towards the Holy Mother of God; and the affectionate fidelity with which the various districts, in turn, perform their annual pilgrimages to sanctuaries which have been signalized by special marks of her favour; the true Catholic spirit of charity exhibited by the high and low in feeding the poor (*pobres de Christo*, poor of Christ, as they are styled,) in distributing to them alms at stated periods; and in affectionately attending the sick in the hospitals, and discharging to them the lowest offices; no one, I repeat, can witness these demonstrations of religious feeling, and not be irresistibly impressed with the conviction that God has not abandoned to lasting desolation this fair portion of his universal kingdom.

We must, however, acknowledge that this pleasing picture is darkened by many a shade of abuse and crime, which, however much it may be lamented, can hardly be wondered at in a great capital. If we advance into the country, we are delighted to find that, among the hospitable and hard-working peasantry, the ancient faith of the Portuguese nation still lives and blooms in its primeval vigour. There, the public roads and solitary mountain tracks thickly scattered with pious memorials—images of our Divine Redeemer, of the Blessed Virgin, of St. Antony of Padua, (or, as they justly call him, of Lisbon,) and of other illustrious saints, constantly remind the traveller that he is treading on Catholic soil. The humble cottages, each with its neat little oratory,* before which the family assemble to sing or recite the Rosary of our Blessed Lady in the evenings, look like so many sanctuaries of faith and devotion; in a word, there seems here to be kept up a constant communion between heaven and earth, and a certain hallowed influence would appear to breathe over the land. In the country towns you may see the sacred sign of Redemption towering, in massive stone, in the public squares; the walls of private houses painted with large crosses, or adorned with representations of patron saints, which, by night, are illuminated with lamps; and the pious inhabitant, as he paces along the street, reciting his chaplet without fear of ridicule or criticism. Add to this, the weekly festivals, which the townsmen solemnize with enthusiastic joy, and the numberless processions celebrated by the simple rustics, their ardour for which is evinced in their construction of triumphal arches, and in their hearty concurrence towards the expense of musical bands and fireworks.

But to return to the metropolis, where, if the spirit of Catholicism is not so vivid as it is in the interior of the provinces, it is, as I before observed, still alive, and frequently manifests itself in a public and striking manner. A remarkable instance of this I had the happiness to witness on Saturday last, in the parish church of Nossa Senhora de Jesus. It was the Octave day of the Apostle of the Indies. Tickets had been distributed notifying that a Feast would be celebrated in that church on the 10th, in honour of St. Francis Xavier, as patron of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith. The announcement was well received generally, and met with the warmest approbation (as might be expected) from all the members of this most excellent Society. Though it was no holyday, a numerous audience was assembled long before the time appointed for the commencement of divine service. The church was richly decorated for the occasion, and every preparation had been made to

* In order to understand this passage, it is necessary for the reader to be informed that these oratories are a species of cupboards, with folding doors, furnished with a crucifix, pious images and pictures. They commonly surmount a chest of drawers, which latter, in case of emergency, might be used as an altar; the "oratory" serving for what is commonly called the "altar-piece."

the Church, if Christ alone absorbed, so to speak, the fulfilment of all that was typical of these in Himself personally? The Church should be, as some sectarians hold it, purely spiritual, without distinct ministry, a Christian circumcision, or a Christian passover, holydays and ordinances, or visible constitution and government. Believers, as members of Christ, can then have nothing to do with these things, but have them all in Him, and need not look beyond. But, if the Anglican Church is to be heard, there is, under the New Testament, an ordained ministry, two sacraments, and a corporate character of the Church, singularly accordant with correspondent Levitical institutions. If the primitive Church is to be heard, such was indisputably her view of those institutions. And Christ himself undoubtedly gave his Church a government, a ministry, and at least two holy ordinances of a peculiar character; constituting her a holy kingdom, in the midst of the world, yet separated from it, by distinctive truths, laws, worship, and institutions; establishing her as his body on earth, in whom was still to be exhibited the substance of previous shadows; still to be accomplished the Levitical types. In other words, the Church under the Old Testament was a close type of the Church under the New, and not of her Divine Head only.

With this guiding truth, I proceeded to consider and connect some of the principal points in which the correspondence must exist between the typifying and the typified Church. I found the former to be a compact, united body, really and visibly united in all its parts; combining a number of provincial and locally separate portions in one religious nation or people; combining them in a most strict, perfect, and evident unity of faith, of worship, of laws, of discipline, of religious ordinances, and even of minute ceremonies; no variety permitted — no departure from the oneness demanded being sanctioned in any individual. Such was the ancient Israel; and if typical of the Church, such should be the Israel of God under the New Testament. At the head of this body, nation, or Church, was one supreme dignitary, of priestly order, invested by God with singular prerogatives, ruling in perpetual succession over Israel, until the Lord should come; in his person, offices, and residence, a centre of unity to the whole nation, far and near — a representative on earth of the Divine High Priest in heaven. There was a regularly organized and consecrated tribe, of two degrees — priests and Levites — separated by peculiar ordinances, and privileges, and duties, from the rest of Israel; having every office, every ceremony, every vestment, full of sacred significance; continually engaged in sacrifice and instruction of the people. The principal sacred rite of the nation was sacrifice; in its frequency, perpetuity, character, and circumstances, directing the worshippers to have in view a Lamb of God, which should take away the sins of the world. There was a real, and not merely spiritual, figurative, or imaginary presence of God himself in his earthly temple; which was also illumined with a seven-fold light, perpetually fed by holy oil. Sculptured cherubim and pourtrayed angels seemed to share in the sacred rites, and mingle with the worship, at once participating with and ministering to the holy nation, in their prayers and adorations. There was an impressive and magnificent ritual, every ceremony of which was symbolic and instructive, adapted alike to the present infirmity of man, needing such sensible aid, and to the glory of the majesty of God, who vouchsafed to receive from his creatures such homage, as expressive of their sense of his glory and greatness. Certain seasons were distinguished by peculiar and impressive rites, commemorative of divine mercies, or events in the formation of the nation. From the Dan to the Beersheba of that land which was this ancient Church's appointed heritage, there was not an Israelite that lived not in fealty and submission to

the supremacy of the one high priest ; or that might lawfully, or without the heaviest anger of God, recognize or use any other sacred ministry than that of the tribe of Levi and the house of Aaron ; or that might condemn the appointed sacrifices, or live in wilful neglect of the most trivial sacred ordinances. Wherever an Israelite journeyed in that land, he found one creed, one faith, one religious rite, one harmonious agreement, even in the minutest points of ceremonial worship. He was at home every where as to his religion, for the Church of the Old Testament was purely Catholic, as to the given extent of its possession. Such were some of the great typical features of the ancient Israel, of which I had to seek for a correspondence in the Christian Church. The Mosaic dispensation led me then to look for a Church characterized by visible oneness — by the strictest required holiness — by Catholicity, as to the land of its inheritance (this being, under the Gospel, the whole earth,) — by a supreme spiritual rule, in a succession of individuals — by unbroken pastoral descent from its first divinely selected office-bearers, the Apostles — by continual daily sacrifice, directing the minds of the worshippers at once back to the great propitiatory offering of the Lamb of God, and upward to the perpetual presentation of that propitiation before the Eternal Throne — by a real, mysterious presence of Deity with her — by a seven-fold channel of sacramental grace, illumined, and illuminating all within her sacred enclosure — by angelic ministrations, and an intercourse intimate, though unseen, with those who see God — by an impressive, magnificent, significant ritual — by such a uniformity of doctrine, discipline, worship, and ceremonial, that from the north to the south, from the east to the west, there should not be a Christian that differed from another, or should not find, wherever he journeyed over the wide earth, the same religion he left at home. And what these typical considerations warranted me to expect, the prayer of the Blessed Saviour doubly warranted ; ‘ that they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee ; that they also may be one in us : that the world may believe that thou hast sent me.’ St. Paul declared at once the same character of the Church, and the fact of its existence : ‘ One body and one spirit, as you are called in one hope of your calling ; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in us all.’

Could I find this typified Church on earth ? The truth of God assured me of its existence ; but certainly no Protestant sect presented the slightest correspondence with it. My own, the Anglican, which promised fairest, totally failed to prove her claim, if indeed she made it, to be in the world what the Jewish Church was in the Holy Land. Facts were against her, declaring her very limited extent and her insulted position unrecognized by the rest of Christendom. Her present constitution forbade her Catholicity. She had totally thrown off the recognition of that pastoral supremacy which, from the sixth to the sixteenth century, she had admitted. Was the accomplishment of the glorious Levitical shadows to be found in a patchwork combination of a multitude of sects, as opposed in their interests as in their belief and worship ? Could the typified holy — separated as to others, and as to themselves visibly united — nation, the one body of Christ, consist of a mixture of Prussian Lutherans, French Calvinists, and Swiss Socinians ; of Independents, Baptists, Quakers, Shakers, or Irvingites and Plymouth Brethren ; of Methodists of the old and the new connection ; of New Jerusalemites and Primitive Revivalists ? Could such disorder be the designed fulfilment of a type of such holy order ? — such disunion be the rightful substance of a shadow marked by an entire harmony of its parts, and perfect oneness of outline ? Ingenuity could not trace a resemblance. But when I looked back to the primitive apostolic Church of

every side, and are the appointed inheritance of all who can discern them with the spiritual eye, and seize them with a spiritual apprehension. Most nobly has Wordsworth accomplished this task. He and his books have walked amongst us as uncloistered hermits. They have been preaching these two-score years and more the truths of contemplative wisdom to an unbelieving and scoffing race. They have been teaching us how to bear about in the daily pursuits of life the thoughts and feelings of the recluse; how to allay the fever-fit of ambition, the coarse hunger after wealth, the fire of unhallowed passions; and how to change and reform the petty, mocking, crafty ingenuities of worldly men, by the impulses of a diviner life. [*Lucas.*]

Conversation between a Priest and a Lay Gentleman on the Subject of the Community of Mount Melleray Abbey, established in the County of Waterford. Correctly reported. Cork: HIGGINS. 1843.

WE have here, in the compass of a few pages, a simple but tolerably complete description of the nature of the Trappist community, and of the services which such institutions render to the country that is blessed with their presence. As we have, at Mount St. Bernard, in Leicestershire, a monastery of the same kind as that ruled over by a mitred Abbot in Mount Melleray, and as the restoration of monastic institutions is a peculiarly interesting subject on both sides of the channel at the present moment, we are sure our readers will not be sorry to follow us in a few details that ought to be, but unfortunately are not, familiar to the least educated amongst us. The English monastery we have never seen. The Irish one we caught a glimpse of, on its lofty and barren mountain, sheltered from the bleakest winds by the still loftier mountain which overlooks it, but yet buried (when we saw it) in a thick atmosphere of fog and mist. A hasty visit of half an hour, a walk through the long passages, a moment in the Refectory and Chapter-room, a few moments in the sumptuous-looking chapel, and a few words of kind and gracious conversation from the Right Reverend Abbot—dignified no less in outward appearance than in spiritual dignity—a distant view of some of the good monks, duly habited, and labouring in the fields, sharing the toil of the hard-working peasants around them—these things are soon told, and afford little opportunity for long and laboured description.

But, in truth, the scene around us, which we only half saw amid the mist and rain, was sufficiently striking to leave a strong and durable impression. There is something touching in the thought of a community of men choosing their abode, not as Lot chose his, on the well-watered plains of Jordan, but seeking out precisely the most desolate, wild and hungry-looking tract within their reach—land that no other men would waste a thought upon, except to shudder at its cold and howling sterility—and trying to win the rewards of another life by devoting themselves in this to labour, that other men may enter into the fruits of their labour. We hear of “pioneers” in another hemisphere—men whom an enterprising commercial spirit drives forth into the wilderness to lay the foundations of future cities and immeasurable wealth. These select the choicest and most fruitful spots, hoping to reap a speedier harvest in wealth and worldly prosperity than the more crowded places of the globe could yield them. But here we have men who are content to choose the barren soil, to labour all their lives, and lay up the foundation of future comfort to others, foregoing all the while, for their own shares, the least fraction of the rich har-

vest; not so much the pioneers as the forlorn hope of civilization; dying in the breach, that others may pass over their bodies to victory; distributing blessings in their lives, and leaving a rich legacy at their deaths, to an ungrateful world, for which they toil, pray, fast, and mortify themselves, seeking only the reward that is hereafter, and ministering to their neighbours both spiritual and temporal goods in rich abundance.

It is impossible to behold unmoved the change wrought in a few years on this wild hill-side. Barrenness all around—but within the sacred enclosure, the eye is greeted by a rich growth indeed. There is the green meadow-grass in place of the furze and mossy verdure of the unreclaimed land around; trees have been planted; buildings erected; roads constructed; order and fertility created; and the boundaries of property marked out by huge fences, that seem the work of a greater labour than could be readily supplied by that scanty vicinage. And yet, if you ask about it, you are told that these reclaimed acres were fenced in by the labour of two or three days. To so good and pious a work all the peasantry of the neighborhood lent their aid cheerfully. At an appointed time they flocked to this spot from all the surrounding country; and there marshalled in something of military array—but with the weapons of peace in their hands instead of those of war—and headed by a good priest, they marched down, each to his appointed work, and the enclosure was speedily completed. Another interesting recollection of the place was the visit of Mr. O'Connell, when, some years since, he came to make his retreat there. He was received with all the honours imaginable, and with the formalities prescribed by the ritual for the reception of crowned heads. On his arrival, the Abbot welcomed him, and was answered by an impressive discourse on Death, and Judgment to come, and the virtues of Penance, and the earnest longing of the Regal (?) visitor for a few days of quiet retreat from the inordinate tumult and bustle of life, wherewith to prepare himself by meditation, and prayer, and penances, and tears, to meet his God, cleansed at least from some of the stains contracted during his earthly pilgrimage. Most affecting, too, was his allusion to that one sad calamity which has been the turning point of his spiritual life—in which his enemy was smitten down to awaken him from the gross slumbers of a torpid worldly existence. The next day and the next week he was seen in his cell or in the chapel—like the Dane

—his doublet all unbraced;
No hat upon his head; his stockings fouled,
Ungartered and down-gyved to his ankle;
Pale as his shirt—

his beard neglected, his mind abstracted from the world, his knees humbly bowed in penitence and prayer before the shrine of his merciful Redeemer. Nor would he, during eight days, break the rule of silence, or relax his austerities, or allow his devotions to be interrupted by any secular business, however weighty or important.

It is a joke against the Liberator, however, that the silence of the penitential cell was amply atoned for by the next month's public volubility. But we are detaining our readers too long from the main subject before them:

The monks of Melleray, like all other persons who renounce the world and embrace the monastic state, were influenced in making that choice by the desire to accomplish the will of God, to live in justice, by observing the divine law, and spending their lives in the exercise of the sublime virtues which are so strenuously inculcated by our Lord and Redeemer in the Holy Gospel; in a word, the great end to which their views were and are directed, is their eternal salvation. Now, granting for a moment, that those men are occupied

give due effect to the novel solemnity. A powerful choir, accompanied by a variety of instruments, in addition to the noble organ, did full justice to the music of the celebrated national composer, Marcos Portugallo. His Excellency the Bishop of Cape Verd, whose meek and venerable appearance is itself a powerful exhortation to virtue, celebrated the Holy Sacrifice, attended by the archdeacon and the other ordinary ministers of solemn Pontifical Mass. The sanctuary was occupied by numerous clergy, among whom I observed the community of the English College, and the brothers of the Blessed Sacrament, attired in their appropriate habits; and the spacious naves and aisles were densely crowded with an immense concourse of people. A most animated, and, in every sense, a most admirable sermon was delivered by a Friar, who, before the suppression of the monasteries, had daily chanted the divine offices in the same church in which he now, for a passing occasion, performed the office of preacher; nor did he fail to remind his auditory that he was addressing them in a church which he could once call his own. He set forth in glowing terms the advantages, both religious and political, which accrue to society from the association for the Propagation of the Faith; and demonstrated with overpowering eloquence the folly of those governments which, contrary alike to sound policy and religion, regard with feelings of most unjust hostility so harmless and beneficial an institute. With equal energy did he insist on the necessity of establishing ecclesiastical seminaries for the moral regeneration of the country, and congratulated his hearers on the cheering prospect of such a measure being shortly carried into effect.

It was really delightful to behold the joy which, during the whole ceremony, was depicted on every countenance of the mingled throng of rich and poor, nobles and commoners; for you might see the Marquises of Pombal and Vallada worshipping by the side of the humble artisans, all clad in the red cloak of their common brotherhood. In the group of females you might recognise the Duchesses of Palmella and Picalho seated on the pavement of the church, (for there are no pews and cushions accommodation,) undistinguished, except by their apparel, from the lowest-born of their sex.

The joyous festival was concluded with the *Te Deum*, the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, and Solemn Benediction.

WORDSWORTH.

Of all modern and Protestant poets, Wordsworth is unquestionably the poet of spiritual wisdom. He does not impress the reader so much with the signs of a very profound intellect, nor of a very brilliant imagination, though in both respects he stands, of course, high above the crowd; but he refreshes the heart, and through the heart he enlightens the understanding and purifies the imagination, by the outpourings of deep spiritual contemplation. He does not aim at inculcating theories, enforcing dogmas, religious or philosophical, by logical trains of reasoning, or exciting the fancy by the direct application of stimulants; but he does aim, no matter what the creed of his readers, at making them wiser, predisposing them to the reception of religious truth, and strengthening and rendering active the imagination through the cultivation of a high mystical wisdom.

In estimating Wordsworth aright, the period at which he entered on his career should not be forgotten. It was a time in which, throughout Europe,

all the functions of spiritual life seemed dead or torpid. The spirit of Protestantism, of mere inquiry, of scepticism, of the undervaluing (through disbelief) of the things of another world, and, consequently, of spiritual inertness, had reached the flood. Not merely Religion, but all the faculties which hold of religion, which form the princes and nobles of her Monarchy, dwell nearest her throne, share the chief illumination of her countenance, and act as the channels to convey her life and strength-giving graces to the subordinate faculties of the mind — all these, with their Mistress, were sunk in a profound and death-like sleep. Imagination was no more; the higher operations of the Reason discredited; the nobler forms of domestic heroism ashamed to show themselves; and, for the first time since the terrible vengeance of Goth and Hun on the sensualism of the Roman empire, the whole Being of an elaborate and complicated civilization was satisfied to lie down and wallow in the sty of Epicurus, without a thought or aspiration after nobler and better things. Along with this slavish prostration, however, there was an activity of another sort — namely, of the mechanical faculties, of the lower functions of the understanding, and generally of the whole animal nature. This activity, unnourished by celestial food, was necessarily as perverse and unhealthy, as it was unworthy and degrading. The cultivation of new modes of sensualism, the searching out of an increase of the mere conveniences and luxuries of life, mechanical inventions to subserve this end — these were the noblest efforts and exercises of the time of which we are speaking. Trained to such pursuits, and yet fitted by God for higher attainments, and withal, incapable of success in these pursuits, barred by the irreversible decree of God from reaching the port of material happiness towards which their helm was fixed — a gloomy and restless dissatisfaction and discontent spread through all this western part of Europe, and attained a universal empire. The terrible failure of the French Revolution, which it was fondly hoped would bring about the desired millennium of brute enjoyment, deepened and augmented this disappointment, confirmed the rule of Sorrow and Despair over nations, and even made them the Lady Patronesses of fashionable society. How this state of things gave birth to the earlier poems of Goethe and Schiller, and (later) to the entire career of Byron, it is not now the time to say. Dead within, disproportionately active without, filled brimful with despair, and driving on amid shoals and quicksands to no fixed end or aim — such was the condition of society during the early part of Wordsworth's career — such was the state of things to which, as a Poet and Prophet, he was to apply and enforce the remedy. He was to preach hope from the eternity by which man is every where surrounded. He was to correct the lopsided tendency of man to employ himself in outward labour and workings of the world, unfed by inspiration from within. But since man will busy himself with the world, will suffer it to have empire over him, it was his to make men feel how every thing that the eye sees, the ear hears, and the hand touches, are but notices and hints from God, of another world whereof this is but a shadow; are but the hieroglyphical symbols of a heavenly language, which had been drowned in sensual oblivion. It was for him to rebuke the selfishness of the age, its worship of material prosperity, and its idolization of worldly prudence and every thing that leads to outward comfort, by proclaiming the Divinity that dwells in what the world most despises, by sounding in its dull and drowsy ear how God speaks through the despised things of this world — the beggar, the idiot, the outcast, even the criminal. Finally, it was for him to lead back the mind to contemplation; to subdue the outward activity by the inward; to calm the feverish pulses of the world, by laying open the inexhaustible stores of those celestial treasures which lie about us on

exclusively with what concerns themselves, in the sense in which you understand the case, which I will show you, in a few moments, is not the fact, how can you say, that they are useless, that their lives are unprofitable? How can you or others put the question, of what use are those men? Are persons to be considered useless who devote themselves seriously and in good earnest, to fulfil in the most perfect manner, the supreme will of their Creator, to observe his holy law, to reduce to daily continued practice, those virtues which dignify the man and sanctify the Christian? How can men be considered useless, who constantly direct their views to the great end, for the attainment of which they have been created, and, by doing so, hold out the bright lamp of example to all others, encouraging them to the work, and shedding on their paths the bright and safe guiding light of holy perseverance? If such men are useless, if the virtuous, just and good are of no use or value, pray let me ask of what use are the greater portion of men in civil society? Of what use is the miser, the wealthy libertine, the scoffer at religion, the proud, the ambitious, the sensual man, all, in a word, who are lovers of themselves more than of God? who corrupt and destroy society by their vicious and irreligious example, and, instead of doing good to their fellow-men, inspirit and encourage them in the paths that lead to present wickedness and future perdition?

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Now, were I to limit their utility to what I have just said above, and make no further observation, it would follow that monks, who lead the most ascetic lives, are great and liberal benefactors to society, because in these days of degenerate faith, when the severe maxims of the Gospel are either entirely overlooked, misunderstood, or at best regarded as impracticable, the members of regular communities, by living in the continual practice of all the virtues and even the counsels of the Gospel, oppose successfully the attacks of irreligion, licentiousness, and impiety, uphold the fabric of practical virtue and piety, and by the living voice of example encourage good Christians to perseverance, and exhort sinners to return to God by true repentance. But this is not all; I will demonstrate that these monks, of whom you ask, what use are they? are of such importance, that they communicate to society in general, and to particular individuals, the most valuable blessings.

The Holy Spirit of God, in the inspired writings, assures us that the assiduous prayer of the just man availeth much. Ep. S. James, c. 5. That if ten just souls were found in the criminal cities of Sodom, Gomorrah, &c., the Lord would, for their sake, have spared those monsters of iniquity. Gen. 18. Those ten just souls might have been living in retirement, unknown to men, and yet would have been the saviours of their country. Now, I have shown you before, and you cannot refuse to acknowledge the truth, that to observe the divine law, to live in virtue, innocence, free from the contagion and defilement of the world, is to live in justice, sanctity and truth. Here then you have, in the Abbey of Mount Melleray, not only ten just men, but nine times ten, all devoted to the practice of uninterrupted sanctity, charity and truth, all consequently qualified to be advocates and protectors of the people.

COURSE OF LIFE.

They rise from their hard straw beds between one and two o'clock A. M., assemble in their church, employ more than two hours in chanting the canonical office called Matins and Lauds. This being finished, some of the priests celebrate the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; other members of the community employ themselves at private prayer. At half-past four, A. M., Mass is daily offered for the benefactors of the house, living and dead. Subsequently, at stated hours, they attend to the Divine offices, namely, seven times in the day;

all which offices they generally offer for the people and the wants of the Church; even when occupied at manual labour, they pray and work in silence; their lives may be said to be a continual prayer. Their hearts, inflamed with the fire of divine charity, are ever in action for the people, and with ardent sighs they call upon them the blessings of Heaven.

SPIRITUAL WORKS OF MERCY.

One of the priests of Mount Melleray preaches to the people, at the hour of twelve, on every Sunday and holyday of obligation; that immediately after the sermon, the Christian doctrine is taught by the brothers in the native and English languages; that the poor of the immediate vicinity are admitted, by the permission of the diocesan Bishop, to the use of the Sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist—in fine, that these monks, of whom it is asked, of what use are those men—have, from the commencement of their establishment, so well attended to the advantage of the people, as to have allotted a part of their church for public use exclusively. There the Holy Sacrifice is celebrated every day, many times on Sundays and festivals, and all who present themselves at the holy table receive the adorable sacrament.

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They prepared certain chambers in their Abbey, which are set apart for the use of priests and others of the secular clergy, who are there admitted and provided with every means necessary to make spiritual retreats. Many of those reverend visitors have availed themselves of this noble advantage. I myself have enjoyed it, and can bear testimony to the kindness, attention, and elevated charity of the monks. In this testimony, I feel that my evidence is merely the echo of every priest, ecclesiastic, or lay gentleman, who like me had the happiness to spend a few days in retreat in Melleray Abbey. I need not say how important those retreats must be to our flocks. Priests return from the Abbey to their parishes with spirits refreshed, piety reanimated, fervour inflamed by the example of the monks, and by undisturbed meditation and prayer. They thus appear before their people, like lamps newly trimmed, and shed over them the bright light of instruction and pure example.

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The Monks of Mount Melleray are so alive to yield every assistance in their power, and within the sphere of their obligations, to the advancement of religion, that they were, if not the first, at least of the first among the different religious bodies in Ireland, who became subscribers to the Propagation of the Faith, and continue up to the present day contributors to its support. They have subsequently joined the Association established in Paris, entitled “Of the Immaculate Heart of Mary,” for the conversion of sinners, and daily recite the prayers appointed by the rules of that wonder-working confraternity. What shall I say of their constantly uninterrupted exercises of other works of mercy, spiritual and corporal? It is true that they possess no parochial faculties, but yet never refuse to assist the clergy in all cases when called upon by them; and, to give you one instance out of many, it is a fact well known in the vicinity of the Abbey, that, during a part of the late summer, fever raged among the poor of their mountainous district to an alarming extent; so numerous were the sick-calls, that the parish clergy were insufficient to answer them; they called on the Priests of Mount Melleray, who, on these as on all other former occasions, freely and gratuitously offered their services, and might be seen at all hours, during the prevalence of the distemper, going to the abodes of the suffering people, and administering the consolations of religion.

CORPORAL WORKS OF MERCY.

I now come to point your attention to their corporal works of mercy, which,

when duly considered and measured by the circumstances of the poverty, the precarious means of existence, together with innumerable difficulties and privations which have been and now are inseparable from their condition, you will feel surprised, not that they have been able to do much, but how they could have done anything. Know, therefore, that the community of Mount Melleray possess neither income, revenue, nor other means, save and except public charity. They commenced their establishment on the side of a barren mountain, unprovided of funds; it was necessary to build even a temporary dwelling. After nine years' labour the establishment, though far advanced, is not completed; depending exclusively on public charity, their works proceed slowly. Their lands are incapable at present to produce corn, other than a poor species called rye; they are, moreover, assessed like other proprietors with county charges, poor's-rates, rent-charge, which you know are tithes, concealed under a new appellation; and yet, with all this heavy burthen, the indispensable necessity of building, providing for their absolute wants, they employ many of their neighbours, paying the wages generally established in the country; they distribute food to the hungry, clothing frequently to the naked — no poor creature suffering for want of food is ever sent from the gate of the abbey unrelieved:

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As to the question, how it happens that the Monks of Mount Melleray, who are themselves extremely poor, contrive to distribute food to so many poor people, who assemble at their hospitable gate? the solution can be obtained by addressing the Abbot or any of the brothers appointed to the care of the poor. I have myself asked the question, and soon discovered that the food given to the poor is part of that which is provided for the community. It is a fact well known among the peasantry of the mountainous district, that during last summer, when sickness had deprived many families of all means of support, they were supplied with necessary food and other things by the Monks, who diminished their own food for that purpose. This fact is related by the people with grateful admiration. As to the censure passed upon the Monks for relieving the poor, I fear it proceeds from a spirit not truly Christian. If the Monks of Mount Melleray deserve censure for their charity — if they are accused of encouraging strollers and vagabonds — the same will apply to every tender-hearted Christian in the kingdom; to all who, yielding to the impulse of charity and the positive injunctions of the Gospel, relieve their neighbour in distress. Hospitality, for which Ireland has been ever so proverbially admired, must be abolished — public charity, compassion for the distressed, these beautiful flowers of Christianity must be plucked by the roots from the soil of our country; every individual extending the hand to administer door relief must be held up as an encourager of strollers and vagabonds. Why, the concoctors of the now manifestly onerous, crushing, impotent, defective poor-law, never thought of extending their sagacious views half so far; they made no law prohibiting the poor to ask, nor their less distressed brethren to give relief.

RECAPITULATION.

I will here recapitulate in few words what I have said during our amicable conversation:

Firstly — The Monks of Melleray Abbey pray fervently and daily, many times each day, for their benefactors and friends; for whose prosperity they offer the Holy Sacrifice every morning. They pray for the whole kingdom, for all classes in society, for every state and condition of men, friends and enemies, for the entire body of the clergy and their flocks, for the whole Church of Christ, in every kingdom and nation on earth.

Secondly—They have allotted a part of their church to the use of the people, where all, without exception, are furnished with every means to discharge their Christian duties.

Thirdly—They give public instructions on Sundays and festivals to adults, which is followed by teaching the ordinary catechism to the poor children who attend for that purpose.

Fourthly—They give employment to many of the poor peasantry, protect and assist them, frequently with considerable inconvenience to themselves.

Fifthly—They relieve the poor and distressed who come to their Abbey, from various parts of the kingdom, never refusing to share with them their own necessary food.

Sixthly—They assist the secular clergy of the parish in cases when called upon, and administer the rites of the Church in other cases of imminent danger, when the circumstances are of a character so urgent as not to allow time to call in the parochial clergy.

THE JESUITS.—FATHER CLIFFORD.

VOLTAIRE had said repeatedly that he could not subvert Christianity until he had destroyed the Jesuits. Their suppression was at last effected; partly by his own impious writings, and partly by the intrigues of kept mistresses at the different courts, who joined their influence to the already enormous power in the hands of the infidel ministers of the day. The woes unutterable which these poor followers of Jesus Christ had to endure, at the hands of the wretches who had caused the breaking up of their order, seemed to have made no alteration in their disposition; for, on my arrival at Stonyhurst, I found them mild and cheerful, and generous to all around them. During the whole of my stay with them (and I remained at their college till I was nearly twenty years old,) I never heard one single expression come from their lips that was not suited to the ear of a gentleman and a Christian. Their watchfulness over the morals of their pupils was so intense, that I am ready to declare, were I on my death-bed, I never once had it in my power to open a book in which there was to be found a single paragraph of an immoral tendency.

My master was Father Clifford, a first cousin of the noble lord of that name. He had left the world and all its alluring follies, that he might serve Almighty God more perfectly, and work his way with more security up to the regions of eternal bliss. After educating those entrusted to his charge with a care and affection truly paternal, he burst a blood-vessel, and retired to Palermo, for the benefit of a warmer climate. There he died the death of the just, in the habit of St. Ignatius.

One day, when I was in the class of poetry, and which was about two years before I left college for good and all, he called me up to his room. "Charles," said he to me, in a tone of voice perfectly irresistible, "I have long been studying your disposition, and I clearly foresee that nothing will keep you at home. You will journey into far distant countries, where you will be exposed to many dangers. There is only one way for you to escape them: promise me that, from this day forward, you will never put your lips to wine or spirituous liquors. The sacrifice is nothing," added he; "but in the end it will prove of incalculable advantage to you." I agreed to this enlightened proposal, and, from that hour to this, which is now about nine and thirty years, I have never swallowed one glass of any kind of wine, or of ardent spirits. [*Waterton.*]

THE AGE OF UNBELIEF.

[ABRIDGED FROM THE BRITISH CRITIC.]

Nothing is more difficult than to determine whether society is advancing or retrograding: in another view, whether there is more good or evil in the world; which of them is increasing the most rapidly, and which is predominating. Perhaps it is a question which it is beyond the province of sound wisdom to endeavour to decide. Perhaps it is wiser to leave all comparisons, and to combat evil and promote good simply, wherever the opportunity may be found. It is difficult also to compare past time with the present, and to resolve upon the whole balance sheet of failings and improvements, whether the present times are worse or better than those which have last or long before preceded them. "Say not, Why were the former days better than these; for thou dost not enquire wisely concerning this."

Nevertheless, in particulars we may praise or blame, and hold up the mirror to society, and show to it its features in all their beauty and deformity, actual and comparative; and if our own opinion should creep out of all or each of them, why we shall not care much to disguise or qualify it, when we see that a good purpose may be served by the disclosure.

We will first exhibit then in outline the broad and prominent features to which those men refer who would contend that the world is advancing, and on which they rest their case, that it is tending to perfectibility. We will then state some of the most obvious appearances and circumstances which make it reasonably to be doubted whether we be indeed advancing so generally and rapidly towards perfection as many sanguine theorists delight to hope, and venture to be assured of.

One thing that we are the most assured of is the great advance in civilization: the morals and manners of the world are year by year much refined and softened. We have especially the testimony of an officer who has been thirty years in India; and he assures us that people's manners are very greatly improved. Among the rich there is less swearing, drinking, indecency of habits, conduct and conversation. At table or in the club-room not an improper word is uttered, and religious topics may be discussed freely. In the streets the common people are well-behaved and orderly, and both in language and manners are becoming and decent. This is confirmed by other septuagenarians.

Look at the order with which the business, and the vast concerns and trade of this mighty empire and its metropolis, are conducted; the ten thousands of vehicles, and the hundred thousands of persons who daily crowd each other in our streets and offices, almost without inconvenience or impediment, uninterrupted by the pressure and importunity of thronging mendicants, and the sight of squalid misery—and say is not this the triumph of civilization! Look at the increased width of our main streets, the magnificence of the shop-fronts (2000 pounds for the front of a gin-palace, and 120 guineas for a single pane of glass), the splendour and taste and beauty of the articles exposed in them—the sewers, the water companies, the gas lights, the wood pavements—and say are not these the triumph of civilization! Look at the general diffusion of comforts and luxuries—the lowest orders well clothed, and making common use of the productions of the East and West Indies—the increased length of life, and great improvements in surgery and medicine—the accumulation of wealth, the extension of empire, the steam-engines, the rail-roads, the new sciences, the rapid discoveries, the increase of the fine arts, the power of machines, the triumph of mind over matter, the exaltation of the human mind, the triumph of intellect—and say is not all this perfect civilization!

But there are other points which philosophic and thinking men will approve still more highly than these. The progress in legislation and legislative wisdom stamps the era with a still higher character. The broad base which is being given to political government, by the extension of rights to the people—the elevation of the people to a fitness for those rights by political knowledge and education—the greater cheapness of knowledge—the appetite and effort to enjoy it in mechanics' institutes and other societies—the disposition to associate in large and friendly bodies for common purposes, whether clubs or otherwise—the wonderful simplicity and uniformity (the very triumph of mechanic art) now being introduced into administrative government—the solution of the deep perplexing problem of the poor, and poor relief—the substitution of a simpler and better scheme of provision for the Church than that of tithes—the expediting and cheapening of law proceedings—the humanizing and softening the public mind and disposition by a more lenient code and less frequent executions, by reformation instead of punishment—all these are proofs of unexampled progress in legislative wisdom and operation. And even these are exceeded by the ground gained in establishing the grand principle of toleration, the emancipation of the human mind from the dogmas of sects and the authoritative opinions of churches in matters of religion, which can never attain to its power and perfection except under the perfect freedom and unfettered exaltation of the human mind and intellect—the great doctrine of liberty!

Let the still more sober and serious thinking observer reflect on the decline of avowed infidelity—(scarcely such a person is to be found as a professed unbeliever)—let them consider the much greater activity of the clergy—let them witness the increased number of church-goers, (not women only, but men)—the vast subscriptions for building churches which are rapidly growing in number on every side—the increase of charities—the greater attention to the poor by visiting societies, and to their children in the factories—the missions extending into and rooting themselves in all parts of the world, as though the conversion of the nations were now immediately to be accomplished—the free, rapid and constantly growing communication between the most distant parts of the earth—the emancipation of slaves!

We must be dull and obstinate not to be convinced by all these evidences. But nevertheless, as there must always be two sides to a question, we will at first mention a few of the most obvious points which render the conclusion less certain at least: afterwards we shall enter more searchingly into the particular principles by which the question must ultimately be resolved, whether we be indeed advancing, by long and hasty strides, to perfection—or to ruin.

One thing is certain: that we are progressing rapidly. Whether in luxury and wealth, or knowledge, or art, or invention and discovery, or liberty and liberality—all must confess that the ratio of advance has been and is increasing, and must increase with accelerating velocity; and that the tendency, if not the end of all this, must very soon prove itself, for good or for evil. We endeavour to outstrip the very rapidity of this flight by a free but reasoned anticipation.

We will now invite attention to a few most prominent points, which make it doubtful whether our improvement in morals, religion, and real prosperity, be really so rapid or general; reserving the more particular and detailed enquiries, which must determine, upon grounds of reason and principle, whether in each department and topic, and on the general balance of the movements of the social machine, things are in reality progressing towards a good or a bad conclusion.

The general morals are improved ; but drunkenness is so increased that 30,000 persons are estimated to die annually from intemperance. The general manners are softened ; but crime continues to increase,* and a new police force is required, both in town and country, to repress the increasing crime and turbulence of the population. "The riots and alarm consequent upon public meetings have increased the demands for the military force." And as my lord John Russell goes on to say, in moving, July, 1839, for the rural police, "Many districts have in the present time become peopled with a manufacturing and mining population ; and in one of them the want of a police force has been so much felt, in consequence of the great increase in the number of crimes and depredations, and in the lawless habits of the disorderly part of the community, that, after two or three years' complaints, two bills have been introduced into parliament during the present session, with the view of meeting the evil."

The wealth of the nation is increasing vastly ; but the revenue is hardly collected : the public debt increases in time of peace, and the country is more and more pauperized annually and hourly. Trade is more active and extensive, and shops are more splendid ; but profits are every where lowered—the difficulties of trade are greater, and bankruptcies are increased and multiplied. Luxuries and comforts are more in number in houses and dress ; but rents are lower, and every one has greater difficulty in living, and maintaining himself in his own station. The poorest persons have shoes and stockings, and the labouring classes have comfortable and elegant clothing ; but labourer's wages are reduced from the value of twenty-four loaves to that of twelve or fifteen, in a period of a hundred and fifty years. Where once was sociable and merry England, we have care and caution in the countenance of the rich man—in the working man discontent—in the poor man misery and depression. Hospitality is well nigh forgotten. Education is extended, and political knowledge ; but classes are more separated and distinct from one another—men are more solitary, selfish and individualized ; and chartists and socialists and pantheists rise up to deny the principles of society and humanity ; and the only excuse we have for it is, that we must go through great struggles and evils before we can arrive at the happy consummation. The struggles continue, but the end is not seen.

Our political wisdom has taught the world to cultivate the arts of peace ; but the largest standing armies are maintained that ever existed : the train is laid for war, and lighted, with every neighbour of our vast empire, and others than our neighbours ; and of late we were ready to fight with our most powerful ally for the mode of effecting an object in which we were agreed. The emancipation of slaves is a great measure ; but let us look at the children in our own factories. Longevity is increased among the richer classes ; but in Glasgow the mortality has grown from 1 in 36 to 1 in 25, in 17 years ; and in other towns nearly in proportion.

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To proceed then to another most important test of religion—want of faith is the very characteristic of this generation. Concurrent and consistent with this

* Committals for trial increased between 1821 and 1832 from 13,115 to 20,929 per annum, i. e., 58·8 per cent. ; while the population of Great Britain increased, from 1821 to 1831, 14 per cent.—[Col. Sykes' Paper, Transactions of London Statistical Society, 1837.] Between 1834 and 1840, the committals in England and Wales increased from 22,451 to 27,187 ; and the convictions from 15,995 to 19,927.—[Tables showing the Number of Criminal Offenders, presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty, dated, Secretary of State's Office, Whitehall, 30th April, 1841.]

is a want of charity: that charity which believeth all things. We have no charity, or kindness, or confidence in our reception of other people's assertions and evidence; but our study is to guard ourselves against deception—to receive as little as we can, and as much only as is forced upon us by imperative proof and irresistible conviction. Not that we receive and act upon no more than this—this is not the fact, since it is impossible;—but that we endeavour after this, and profess it to ourselves, and believe that we act upon it. It is a system of war and defence that we maintain; and, as in the case of war, our interchange of goods and useful produce is greatly impeded, and to our infinite loss fettered by it and restricted; but, nevertheless, there is much traffic in contraband goods, which are both smuggled and adulterated.

But the want of faith is more open and direct than this, and the most obviously and pointed upon religious subjects. The Bible is boldly and practically denied in every particular. No class or body of men believe and obey it; and, strange as it may seem, it is by no nation, or people, or churches, or sects of men less implicitly believed and followed, than by those very people and sections of the Church who talk so much about it. There are no persons less obedient to the plain sense and mandates of the written Word of God, than those who most speak of and uphold it as the sole authority and standard, and reject all assistance from the history of the Church and what is called and spoken against as tradition. Every class of persons reject some portion or other of the sacred Scriptures. If you talk to some of temporal honour and rewards, and the observance of a day of rest, and the patriarchs, they will say, Oh! that is the Old Testament, and is abrogated. If you speak to others of good works, Oh! they will say, that is only in the Gospels; and the Epistles carry us much beyond that, and are superior to it. Unitarians, again, receive a bible of their own: that is, just so many passages are excluded as ill suit their own belief and purpose. Others, of numerous sects, dwell each upon some half dozen chapters, or passages, or phrases, or words of Scripture, of the Epistles especially, and dwell upon them idolatrously and devotedly, to the exclusion of all the rest, as far as the authority of Scripture is concerned, from belief and practice.

This is even in the religious world—the thinking and the reasoning world. Let us now turn our observation to the world itself—to the working and practical.

The Bible is denied in every particular. Men do not believe that we are really to be Christians—that we are to imitate our Lord. They do not believe that the world could possibly go on if all men were to act upon pure Christian motives, and up to a perfect Christian rule—if they were to forgive and forget injuries—if they were not to resent an affront—if they were to give to people because they asked them—if they were to lend money without looking for interest—if we were all to give up luxuries, and style, and costly furniture and equipage—if we, our cattle, and servants, were strictly to observe the day of rest. How many are they among us who believe that the “tree of knowledge” is not an absolute good? or, that we ought to receive the Gospel with the simplicity of little children? Who is there that acts up to the precept, that we ought not to judge others in their conduct and character? How many are there who appear to believe that it is not right and proper to be anxious about the future; that riches are not a good thing; that the entrance into heaven is easier to the poor man; that slavery is not unfavourable to the knowledge and dispositions becoming a Christian; that we ought to return a tenth to God; that it would bring a blessing to give freely and largely to the poor; that children are a blessing and a gift from the Lord, and that the

man is happy who has his quiver full of them? It is evident that in all these points the Bible is disbelieved, and is practically denied; and does not control or guide us in our habits and principles of life and society.

Still less do we believe that the public measures, the laws and government of the state, and the intercourse with other nations, ought to be, or can be carried on and conducted upon Christian principles. What number or classes of persons believe that righteousness exalteth a nation; and that we are punished according to the national sins of the people, and for the sins of the rulers; and that, if wicked and irreligious men preside over our councils, we shall as a nation suffer the penalties of it; for that the conscience of the government is the conscience of the people, and that our rulers are bound to take the first care of the pure religion and morals of the country, and that if they so do, their righteousness will bring down a blessing upon the nation?

To come again to more direct practice, and to our own habits of life. Who is there who thinks *first* what is right, and according to the pattern of Christ, and after the will of God, in what he is about to do, and not what is wise and expedient? Who seeks first the kingdom of God, and God's rule of righteousness, and trusts that all good temporal consequences will follow upon it? Who is there who thinks and abides *only* by the rule of what is right and commanded? We may almost answer in the words of Scripture, "There is none righteous — no, not one." Who believes in and trusts to the assistance and suggestions of the Spirit in his designs and undertakings, and believes, and acts, and writes, and thinks as believing that the most useful and important and influential suggestions of our thoughts and invention, come to our mind by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, more than by our own cleverness and exertion and memory; and prays for divine help upon commencing every task, or writing, or undertaking, accordingly? Who forbears strictly and expels at once all thought and every suggestion of the mind in worldly matters on a Sunday, with confidence and faith that the same and more useful thoughts will be supplied on the succeeding week days; and that the unqualified dedication and sanctification of the Lord's day will make the labour of the six days more effectual and fruitful than would be that of the seven? Who would believe now that a Sabbatical year would not necessarily be impracticable and ruinous; or that a populous country could exist under such a rule; or that it would not produce a debasing and demoralizing idleness?

To mention a few more subjects, though further examples seem to be almost unnecessary. We no longer believe and obey the precept, to use the rod to the child; for that we shall save him body and soul. Now we have discovered and believe that such correction is against the dignity of human nature, and is injurious and degrading to the character. The commandment, Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed, is not now respected. We find various temptations and excuses which render it not imperative; and in political and wholesale murders in general, it is now as of course acknowledged that capital punishment ought not to follow, for that enough blood has already been spilt. Again: who can bear to believe now, that St. Paul was mean-looking and not eloquent? Who believes that Solomon was really the wisest man that has ever lived, and respects and studies his writings more than those of other teachers of wisdom and prudence accordingly? Who believes, practically or theoretically, that riches, honour and life come by the fear of the Lord, and humility?*

* Prov. xxii. 4.

It may be well to mention here two or three cases and examples just to show what faith is, lest it should by disuse have altogether lost its meaning.

It would have been faith in the Jews, for all the male population to have gone up three times a year to Jerusalem; not fearing that their affairs must necessarily go wrong while they are away, or that their enemies might invade them, according to the promise given them in Exodus, xxxiv. 24. It would have been faith in them, not to have sown on the seventh year; believing that the six years would then produce an abundance for them. It was faith, not to gather of the manna more than the food of one day, though they had no other store or reserve, or resource against hunger; and to gather double on the day before the Sabbath, not fearing that, as on other days, it would stink and become corrupt. It was faith in a poor woman to give away her last sixpence, saying that she knew that God would return it her; and the next day somebody gave her a shilling. It would be faith in a man, when he found that his affairs had prospered, and that his returns were large beyond his expectation, to consecrate a considerable portion of it in charity, saying that God will provide, and feeling that in so doing he was making more than by investing the whole of it. It is faith to believe that our successful efforts, that our clever thoughts, and answers, and inventions, and writings, and acts of memory, are from God; and that we shall prosper more in them for depending upon his assistance; and pray accordingly for it on the commencement of every undertaking or act, however small, and upon every occasion.*

It would be faith in a nation to forbid all trading and labour on Sundays and other holy days, except where necessity and mercy require them; to discourage luxury and extravagance, and immoral and demoralizing trades and practices, however seemingly prejudicial to trade and commercial undertakings; believing that it would result in the real increase and advance of prosperity in the nation.

The prevailing want of faith in religious truth and precepts results in and concurs with a general sceptical disposition in all other matters and evidences. We mistrust one another. We set aside whole authors as false and worthless, on occasion of some one or two subjects of doubt—as Herodotus, Bruce, Du Halde, Baronius, and most writers of a different sect or party or school of philosophy from ourselves. The result of such practice is ignorance and credulity in the greatest measure, independent of the error and bigotry and impenetrable conceit, which are the more obvious and acknowledged fruits of such a system.

Not to enter again upon the denial of the Scriptures, and the number of passages and relations which must needs be subjected to forced interpretation, in order to suit them to our present belief, and the experience of the existing generation—as, the sons of God, giants, God walking upon the earth, witchcraft, demoniacs—disbelief of matters of history and fact, and consequent ignorance, has been the characteristic of the last century; and the credulity of the same period has of necessity run parallel with its ignorance, for the following reasons:

The rejection of the entire writings of an author, upon the ground of certain erroneous parts of them, proceeds upon the supposition that a man's works are uniform; and that faulty statements or reasoning, in some parts and passages, are conclusive against all the rest as a fit study or authority. This is founded upon an entire mistake and ignorance of human nature, the first quality of which is imperfection, and want of consistency and uniformity. But the

* Prov. xvl. 1.

belief that a whole author is to be rejected on account of certain imperfections and blemishes, is necessarily accompanied with the idea that there are some authors which may be perfect; and the consequence is, that those books and writings which are approved and admitted to favour, are embraced with an entire confidence and ardour of belief, and as free from all suspicion and imperfection. Such works and authorities are received with a respect and confidence quite beyond their merit, and with a credulity approaching to worship. Even sceptics cannot but believe some things to be true; or at least they must follow something, and trust to it as if they believed in it. Therefore, rebels against authority and power, and political apostates, follow their party leaders and demagogues blindly, and with an abject servility. In snatching at entire liberty they fall into perfect slavery. Those who mistrust and rebel against the authority of the Church, place their implicit reliance upon some master of their own choosing, and submit themselves under the power of so many unauthorized popes. Those who assert an entire liberty of private opinion, and conscience, and reason, to the deposing of Scripture truth and the authority of revelation, worship all of them some of their fellow contemporary mortals, and those often the very worst of men. So sceptics are the most afraid of any in the dark, and the most credulous and suspicious of influences which they cannot understand or interpret.

THE EFFECTS OF THE REFORMATION ON LITERATURE.

[FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.]

THE pontificate of Leo the Tenth commenced in 1513. His patronage of literature is too well known to be long dwelt on; yet, during his life, literature was fated to receive the severest check which it had yet experienced. This was occasioned by the Reformation, whose dawn, while it shed light (!!!) upon the regions of theology, looked frowningly on those of profane learning. In fact, the all-important controversy then at issue so thoroughly engrossed the minds of men as to divert them, for a while, from other studies. The quick eye of Erasmus perceived this, and casting down the weapons of theological strife, which he had grasped in the enthusiasm of the first onset, he left the field, exclaiming in a tone of heartfelt anguish — “*Ubiqunque regnat Lutheranismus, ibi literarum est interitus! Evangelicos istos, cum, multis aliis, tum hoc nomine, præcipue odi, quod per eos, ubique languent, fugiunt, jacent, intereunt, bonæ literæ, sine quibus, quid est hominum vita!*” — [Epist. M V I. DCCCCXVI., A. D. 1528.] — which, for the benefit of the English reader, we translate: “Wherever Lutheranism prevails, there literature perishes. Although I hate these evangelicals on many accounts, on this especially, because that through them polite literature — without which, what is life! — languishes, and is lost; lies prostrate, and perishes.”

“Men,” says Hallam, “who interpreted the Scripture by the spirit, could not think human learning of much value in religion; and they were as little likely to perceive any other advantage it could possess. There seemed indeed a considerable peril, that through the authority of Carlostadt, or even of Luther, the lessons of Crocus and Moselanus would be totally forgotten. And this would very probably have been the case, if one man (Melancthon) had not perceived the necessity of preserving human learning as a bulwark to theology itself against the wild waves of enthusiasm. It was owing to him that both the study of the Greek and Latin languages, and that of the Aristotelian philosophy, were maintained in Germany.” — p. 465.

AVE MARIS STELLA!—(HAIL, STAR OF THE SEA!)

[FROM THE PORTUGUESE.]

Star of the wide and pathless sea!
 Who lov'st on mariners to shine,
 These votive garments wet to thee,
 We hang within thy holy shrine.
 When o'er us flash'd the surging brine,
 Amid the warring waters tost,
 We called no other name but thine,
 And hoped when other hope was lost:
 AVE MARIS STELLA!

Star of the vast and howling main!
 When dark and lone is all the sky,
 And mountain waves o'er ocean's plain
 Erect their stormy heads on high:
 When virgins for their true loves sigh,
 They raise their weeping eyes to thee—
 The Star of Ocean heeds their cry,
 And saves the foundering bark at sea:
 AVE MARIS STELLA!

Star of the dark and stormy sea!
 When wrecking tempests round us rave,
 Thy gentle virgin form we see
 Bright rising o'er the hoary wave.
 The howling storms that seem to crave
 Their victims, sink in music sweet;
 The surging sea recedes, to pave
 The path beneath thy glistening feet:
 AVE MARIS STELLA!

Star of the desert waters wild!
 Who, pitying, hear'st the seaman's cry,
 The God of Mercy, as a child,
 On that chaste bosom loves to lie—
 While the soft chorus of the sky
 Their hymns of tender mercy sing,
 And angel voices name on high
 The Mother of the Heavenly King:
 AVE MARIS STELLA!

Star of the Deep! at that blest name
 The waves sleep silent round the keel;
 The tempests wild their fury tame
 That made the deep's foundations reel—
 The soft celestial accents steal
 So soothing through the realms of woe,
 The newly damn'd a respite feel
 From torture in the depths below:
 AVE MARIS STELLA!

Star of the mild and placid seas!
 Whom rainbow rays of mercy crown;
 Whose name thy faithful Portuguese,
 O'er all that to the depths go down,
 With hymns of grateful transport own,
 When gathering clouds obscure their light,
 And Heaven assumes an awful frown,
 The Star of Ocean glitters bright:
 AVE MARIS STELLA!

Star of the Deep! when angel lyres
 To hymn thy holy name essay,
 In vain a mortal harp aspires
 To mingle in the mighty lay!

Mother of God! one living ray
 Of hope our grateful bosom fires,
 When storms and tempests pass away,
 To join the bright immortal choirs:
 AVE MARIS STELLA!

CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS OF ITALY.

[FROM THE DUBLIN REVIEW.]

It is now several years since, under a title similar to the present, we attempted a brief notice of the munificent public charities of Rome.* In order to compress within the compass of an ordinary article a subject so varied and comprehensive, it was necessary to overlook many important and interesting particulars, and to treat the rest with a degree of brevity which almost reduced our notice to the form of a catalogue. Indeed, those who have had the happiness of visiting these admirable institutions, and witnessing the practical working of the active benevolence that characterizes their system, will feel the impossibility of doing justice to the subject within such brief limits; and even Mgr. Morichini, whose delightful work we attempted, in our former notice, to methodize and condense, has found it necessary to add another volume to the new edition which he has just published. We have long been sensible that the interest of the subject was far from being exhausted, and entertained the idea of resuming it at some convenient opportunity, but circumstances have occurred to prevent the fulfilment of our purpose; and even now, instead of following out the account of the Roman charities into further detail,† we prefer to pursue the subject through the other cities of Italy — as Genoa, Naples, Florence, Milan, Turin, and Venice.

Since we last addressed ourselves to this grateful task, it has pleased Providence to bring about, silently, and as if without human agency, in the public mind of Britain, a revolution which not even the most sanguine could have anticipated. We recollect that, upon that occasion, before entering upon the particulars of the present condition of public charity in Rome, we thought it necessary to examine, at some length, a prejudice which then existed, and for which we were sorry to produce one of the most popular authorities in our modern literature — that it is to the Reformation, and to the enlightenment which it carried in its train, the world is indebted for that active spirit of benevolence which is displayed in the modern institutions of public charity throughout Europe.‡ We thought it right to go to the pains of testing the truth of this assertion by the history of the public charities of Rome; and that we might make the case against ourselves as unfavourable as it could be made, and thus render the refutation more satisfactory, we selected for the enquiry the three centuries before the Reformation — a period of the greatest

* See vol. vi. pp. 111, &c.

† For this interesting subject we refer the reader to Mgr. Morichini's *ISTITUTI DI PUBBLICA CARITÀ IN ROMA*. It has been translated into French within the last year. "The new edition of this most interesting work may serve to shew that the charity of Rome is at this moment as active, if not more active, than at any former period. It contains an account of many new institutions, founded since the publication of the last edition (1835). We may mention the new Deaf and Dumb Institution, the asylum for the cholera orphans, the Penitentiary of the Holy Family, the Conservatorio of the Sacred Heart, and that founded by the saintly and indefatigable Abbate Pallotti."—p. 1.

‡ See *Edinburgh Encyclopedia*, xii. 122.

anarchy and frequent distress in Rome. Yet, even with the limited means of information then at our command, we were able to trace, during this short period, the origin of no less than twenty different foundations, all the fruit of public or private benevolence, all purely devoted to charitable purposes, many of them of great extent and rich endowments, and the greater number existing to the present day, living monuments of the philanthropy and munificence of those calumniated ages.

We cannot return to the subject without expressing our humble gratitude to Him in whose hands are the hearts of men, for the happy change which has taken place since we last wrote. A more intimate knowledge of the history and social character of the middle ages has done much to remove this and many similar prejudices. It would seem as if the two opposite extremes of public opinion had met upon the ground. The writings of Hurter, Voight, and even of the more insidious Ranke, have had their influence upon the philosophic party; and among the members of the new school of high-church men, the reverential study of the history of those times in contemporary monuments, and the researches of such generous and enthusiastic spirits as Digby, Rio, and Montalembert, have carried numbers in advance of many a degenerate Catholic, with whom the sneer of a shallow philosopher, or the sophism of a worldly-minded utilitarian, outweighs the true Christian wisdom and the warm and uncalculating piety which distinguished the social institutions of our simple forefathers. We doubt not that there are many who, when we last sought to disprove the silly calumny to which we referred to above, would most probably have turned the page with indifference, if not contempt, and who, notwithstanding, are now prepared to go the entire way with us in acknowledging the benign influence of the Catholic religion, as the only true source, and the only solid foundation of social happiness and civilization.

Among the cities of Italy, the charitable institutions of Naples certainly merit, by their number and munificence, as well as by the variety of the wants to which they are intended to minister, the first place after those of Rome. But Genoa is an old favorite of ours; and we trust our readers will pardon us, if we indulge the pleasurable feelings which a recent sojourn of a few days has created, by laying before them, in preference, while our recollections are yet fresh, a brief account of the principal public charities of this queenly city.

And indeed we may claim this honourable place for Genoa upon less personal grounds. How many a thrilling recollection, not inferior in interest to those of any other Italian state, does the name of the old republic recall — from the day when, a century and a half before our era, the Roman republic was called in to arbitrate between her and the Veturians, till that on which, in common with the rest of Italy, she was swallowed up in that overgrown and unnatural empire which, for a season, all but overran the world, when

“France got drunk with blood, to vomit crime!”

How many a brilliant name does it number in its annals! — Fieschi, Grimaldi, Boccanegra, Brignole, Doria, Spinola, Pallavicini — names familiar to the student of general history, but possessing a more tender claim upon the memory of their countrymen, in the monuments of charity and religion which they have left behind. Few cities contain a greater number of public edifices erected by the munificence of private individuals. They meet the stranger at every turn. The hospital of the Pammatone, the Albergo dei Poveri, the Ponte Sauli, the Biblioteca Civica, each in its way conveys to the visitor some idea of the truly royal munificence of the merchant-princes of the old republic. But this spirit

is seen in the churches more than in all the rest beside. A great proportion of them were built or restored by private individuals, or by public bodies. The Church of S. Maria di Castello, built by the noble family whose name it bears, dates from the first introduction of Christianity into the city. The magnificent church of the Nunziata was erected by the Lomellini. San Matteo was entirely restored by the Dorias, and the sword presented to the famous Andrea Doria by Paul III. is still preserved in its treasury. The gorgeous, though unfinished fabric of the Carignano was the work of the Sauli in 1552. San Pietro is a monument of the public gratitude of the city, for its deliverance from the plague of 1579. San Francesco Xavierio was built by the Balbi in 1600; and, still more recently, S. Maria del Remedio was founded in 1650, at the expense of a private individual, Gian Tommaso Invrea. These and many similar monuments, all lying within the compass of a morning stroll, make one feel the connexion between the Genoa of to-day and that olden city which filled Europe with the fame of her enterprise and her riches. Like Venice, Genoa is truly a city of palaces. But they are not, like those of Venice, palaces of the past. They possess all the majesty and grandeur of Venice, without its melancholy desolation and decay; and if there be some of them which the political revolutions of latter times have transferred to strange hands, a great proportion of them are still tenanted by the families of those to whom they owe their origin.

But the reader will have already perceived that we mean to confine his attention to a single branch of this interesting subject. The object which we proposed to ourselves in the pages which we devoted to the public charities of Rome, obliged us to enumerate all, or nearly all the institutions. We do not think it necessary to follow the same plan in the present article. Seeking rather to display the spirit by which the truly Catholic charity of Genoa is animated, than to exhibit the full detail of good which it is enabled to effect, we shall be content to select a few of the principal among them.* And indeed, so much is this interesting point in the religious character of Italy overlooked or concealed, that we fear there are many to whom even a cursory sketch will possess but too much novelty; for, although some of the Genoese institutions, even considered as works of art, are so splendid that the merest sight-seer cannot pass them by, yet it is impossible to form any just estimate of them from the books of our English guides and tourists: if they advert to them at all, it is merely with the eye of an artist or a connoisseur — to criticise Piola's colouring, or the expression of the bas-relief of Michael Angelo. Madame Starke devotes but one or two sentences to the Pammatone and the Albergo dei Poveri. Mr. Faber, who wrote last year, and from whom we might naturally expect the contrary, in his notice of Genoa, which is otherwise very interesting, has overlooked them altogether; and even Eustace, though he extols the splendour of the ancient establishments, "observes with regret that he is speaking of past, not present times. The edifices to which the names of hospitals are annexed, still stand, but stand rather as the monuments, than the actual mansions of charity: the funds have been swallowed up in the exactions of the French armies, and the mere titles remain, like the name of the republic, and even like the city itself, deprived of its commerce, its riches, and its independence."†

* For example, we shall not advert at all to the subject of confraternities, which have been already described with some detail in a former article. It may be well also to observe, that at Genoa the variety of separate institutions is not so great as in Rome — the same establishment frequently combining three or four different characters, as an asylum, a conservatory, an hospital, and an orphanage.

† Classical Tour iii., pp. 480-1.

Of the works which stand at the head of this article, the first and second are the ordinary guide-books which are put into the hands of every stranger who visits Genoa—the one in Italian, the other in French. Neither can be said to possess any literary merit; but the Italian, though not so prolix as the French, is more satisfactory, and practically useful. The third, though resembling the others in title, promises to be a work of a very different order. As yet only the first number has appeared; but, from the manner in which it is executed, it is easy to infer that, when completed, the work will deserve a place among the most interesting local histories and guides of the Italian cities. The present *fascicolo* is entirely devoted to the Albergo dei Poveri, and enters with great minuteness into the history of its foundation, progress, and completion. We cannot do better than commence with a brief notice of this noble institution. In order to give some idea of the author's manner, we shall dwell more upon it than on the other institutions.

The Albergo dei Poveri, though in its present form and locality rather modern, may yet be considered among the most ancient charities of the city. From the earliest times there are traces of similar establishments, although far less extensive, and differing from the Albergo in being intended merely as asylums for the aged and infirm. But in the year 1515, we find a decree of the senate increasing the revenues, and augmenting the number to whom relief was to be extended; and towards the middle of that century, a change of considerable importance was introduced. The year 1539 was a year of extraordinary scarcity throughout the entire of southern Europe; and in Genoa, the poverty and distress, which before had been left to the undirected charity of the humane, became so extreme as to call for the direct interference of the state. An association of the most distinguished nobles of the city, eight in number, was formed towards the close of that year, and in 1540 was sanctioned by a decree of the senate, and incorporated under the title of *Offizio dei Poveri*. A new *Lazzaretto* was built under their direction; but in progress of time, partly from public grants, partly from the charity of private individuals, the resources of the institution outgrew the place which had been selected as its site; and in 1652 the senate approved of a new purchase upon the hill Carbonara, better suited, by its locality and its extent, to the necessities of the establishment. The great mover of this pious and charitable project was the celebrated Emmanuel Spinola, and to his unwearied exertions Genoa owes this monument of national benevolence—among the most splendid in Europe.

The difficulties attending the purchase of the site delayed the commencement of the work till 1556, in which year the first stone of the edifice was laid. But, while the foundations were still in great part open, it underwent a melancholy interruption in the following year, by the outbreak of the great plague. The mortality in Genoa was very great. While it was at its height, seven hundred victims were daily carried off; and, the ordinary places of burial being soon completely filled, it became necessary to provide new space for this melancholy want. By a singular destiny, the deep and capacious pits which had been sunk to receive the foundations of the Albergo, were employed, by anticipation, in a more melancholy work of mercy, and under the direction of the devoted Spinola, whom no danger could dismay, no less than ten thousand corpses were interred under the foundations.

In gratitude for their deliverance from the awful visitation, the citizens, in the following year, decreed to erect a church under the title of the Immaculate Conception of our Blessed Lady, which had been vowed while the pestilence was at its height. According to the original plan, it was intended that the church should be erected in the centre of the Albergo; and, in order to com-

bine the works of religion and charity, it was now resolved that the new church should form part of the building already commenced, and be devoted to the religious uses of the asylum. The doge, attended by all the state functionaries, went in solemn procession to lay the foundation. Thirty thousand livres were voted as a public grant for the purpose, and Emmanuel Spinola set the example of private contribution with such effect, that this portion of the work proceeded rapidly and successfully. However, in 1661 the funds began to fail. As the condition of his new contribution, Spinola, with that large and undistinguishing benevolence which was his great characteristic, required that the institution should be open to all applicants, without restriction of country or creed, even to those who had been refused admission at the other hospitals of the city. In 1664 they had advanced so far as to be able to receive the poor who before had been lodged in the Lazaretto of the Carignano, which was thenceforth merged in the new establishment. In the following year the south line of the building was finished; and in 1665 the beautiful church, being at last completed, was erected into a parish, which continues under separate jurisdiction to this day.

From this time the building has been gradually enlarged, till at length, in 1740, the original plan was completed (with the exception of a portion of the front), in the gigantic proportions which it now presents. To the zeal and perseverance of the inimitable Brignole, whom no labour could dishearten, and no difficulty dismay, the city is mainly indebted for the success of the work. He lived but for works of charity and love. The intimate friend of St. Vincent of Paul, he drew, it is natural to believe, many of his projects for the improvement of the condition of the poor from his saintly counsel, and the pious exercises of the community are still regulated according to a rule prescribed by the saint. The following notice of Brignole's manner of life will show that his munificence towards the poor was accompanied by the practice, in his own person, of the most rigid self-denial:

—"At the age of about twenty-three, having lost his beloved father, he remained under the care of his guardians. On the expiration of his minority he received a portion of his paternal inheritance, which he was unwilling to keep unproductive, and embarked in a banking speculation. In 1646 he sold to his brother, Giovanni Carlo, the third part of his property which he inherited from his father in Sestri; and having entirely separated his interests from those of his brothers, he lived along with them and his mother until 1660, assigning a fitter proportion to her and to his sisters for their maintenance and dowry. He himself living in this manner, with a single servant, was enabled to add to his property the annual profits, as well of the revenues of his paternal inheritance, as of those which he derived from commerce. This he soon very much extended, engaging also in maritime speculations; and all his enterprises were very prosperous, either because he at the same time employed his gains in providing for the wants of the poor, or because he intended to devote his property to the erection of an asylum for them. An enemy to all ostentation and voluptuous ease, he laboured to prepare himself by his merits for the most useful service of his country. His fellow citizens very soon availed themselves of his great talents, and deputed him first to the care of the poor in the Lazaretto, whom, though at a great distance from the city, he visited with the most indefatigable zeal. The esteem in which he was held may be easily inferred from the measures taken in 1653, in which year he was charged, as we have seen, with the purchase of a site for the erection of a new asylum. He was at the same time one of the protectors of the poor girls of our Lady of Refuge on Mount Calvary, who were then divided into several houses, but

afterwards united by the foundress into one establishment. His love towards the poor was universally known; and when a disastrous season or year of famine occurred, he was sent along the coasts to distribute relief, at the public expense, in order that the inhabitants might not perish by famine; and he himself was wont, by collections among his relatives and friends, to add to the public grant designed for this purpose by the 'Magistrato di Misericordia;' and it frequently happened that, there not being sufficient for the necessities of the poor, he added almost as much more from his private property."—*Bancheri*, pp. 14-15.

This admirable man had not the happiness, however, of living to see the completion of the great work to which his life was devoted. He died, universally lamented, in 1678, in the seventieth year of his age; and his last will, which he had prepared many years before, is, like every other act of his life, a monument of true Christian charity and benevolence. He bequeathed the large proportion of his ample fortune to his beloved poor, and, with that humility which characterized his life, prohibited, under pain of forfeiting the inheritance, the erection of a monument to his memory, or any similar attempt to perpetuate his name. There is one clause of this interesting document too noble to be passed over in silence: "He wills that his body be interred in the parochial church of the new Albergo dei Poveri, on the Carbonara, near the high altar, at that spot by which the poor are wont to go down into the hall to their devotion, in order that his dead body may ever lie under the feet of the poor, whom he dearly loved during life. He orders that his funeral be performed with humility, and in the following manner: his body shall be clad in the habit of the poor—that is, in the dress of a labourer—and accompanied to the tomb by the reverend parish-priest and chaplains of the Albergo, by a like number of the religious of the parish, each with a lighted torch, and by the young and old inmates of the house with lighted candles in their hands."

It would be tedious to enumerate the names of those whose charity followed up to its completion the pious work which this admirable man had begun,* many of whom seemed to be actuated by the same humble spirit which animated Brignole. Several of the contributions and bequests were anonymous. A single individual, through the hands of Brignole, made a donation of 100,000 livres.

The funds of the institution, like those of every other pious work in Italy, suffered severely by the revolution. Though nominally protected by two imperial edicts in 1807 and 1809, the establishment was reduced to great straits; but after the restoration its independence was restored, and it has since continued in a flourishing condition.

The site of the Albergo is extremely picturesque. We shall transcribe the description copied from Bertolotti:

—"The precipitous mountains on which a great part of Genoa is situated are in many places intersected by deep valleys. In one of these valleys, at the place called Carbonara, outside of the old circle, rises the great monument of Genoese charity. A long piazza, shaded by leafy trees, and lined with stone benches, stands in front of the Albergo dei Poveri. Several villas crown the surrounding eminences in which it is embosomed. The two rivers of the valley are employed to irrigate the gardens and pleasure grounds. Unlike the other parts of Genoa, in which the gay and smiling generally predominate, every thing here leads the mind to solemn recollection, although not unaccom-

* A descendant of the illustrious founder completed the work within the few last years, by the erection of the western tower, which had remained unfinished since 1740.

panied with sober joy. The loftiness, extent and magnificence of the Albergo dei Poveri astonish the observer, and the noble *tout ensemble* of the edifice makes him overlook, or pardon, a certain false taste in the ornaments of the façade, the base of which is of the Tuscan order, while the Corinthian upper story and pyramidal pediment give a mixed and broken character to the front." — *Bancheri*, p. 17.

But the very circumstances which contribute so much to the picturesque beauty of the locality, rendered the erection of an edifice so stupendous a matter of great labour and difficulty. The physical obstacles which they had to overcome are enumerated in a very elegant inscription placed above the principal entrance :

"AVSPICE DEO,
CIVIVM PROVIDENTIA
ET LIBERALITATE
MONTES DEIECTI, VALLIS COAEQVATA,
FLVENTVM CONCAMERATVM
ALVEVS DERIVATVS
EGENIS
COGENDIS, ALENDIS,
OPIFICIO PIETATE INSTITVENDIS,
AEDES EXTRVCTAE
ANNO SALVTIS MDCLV." *

The external appearance of the building is magnificent and imposing in the extreme :

—"It presents the form of a rectangular parallelogram, occupying an area of nineteen thousand six hundred metres, and including four large piazzas designed for the recreation of the poor. There are five upper stories with spacious courts, vast dormitories, work-rooms, and every thing that is necessary for the community, which has not unfrequently exceeded the number of eighteen hundred individuals. It would be very desirable that the donations of the citizens could raise a sum sufficient to enable them to level the mountain upon the western side, and thus obviate the damage which the building sustains from the violent rains and secure the salubrity indispensable for such establishments. By a most commodious platform you pass to a terrace which leads into a vast portico; and thence, by two superb staircases, you ascend to the majestic vestibule of the edifice. Upon the stairs, as well as in the corridors above and the gallery of the church, are seen inscriptions under the busts and statues of marble or plaster, which attest the piety and charity of our ancestors." — *Bancheri*, p. 18.

As these inscriptions have been characterized as "pompous and uniform,"† we are induced to say a word upon the subject. Ordinarily speaking, indeed, it is one of little interest. But those of our countrymen who have visited Italy cannot fail to have been painfully struck by the contrast between the public inscriptions of the two countries — here, tawdry, fulsome, in bad taste, seldom venturing beyond the humble vernacular; and if in a classic language, cold, stiff, formal, and unnatural: there, chaste, easy, elegant, and of a Latinity that might put our universities to the blush. The lapidary styles of England

* "By the mercy of God, and the generous charity of the citizens — the mountains having been levelled, and the valleys filled up, the river bridged, and its bed changed — this house was built in 1655, for the purpose of sheltering, nourishing, and instructing, in art and piety, the destitute poor."

† Forsyth's Italy, p. 6.

and Italy might, in some points, be taken as not inapt representations of the national characters of the two people. However, our business is not with the *form* of the inscriptions in the hall of the Albergo; but they breathe a spirit which to us appears extremely beautiful and simple, as well as touching in the highest degree. No empty enumeration of the styles and titles of the benefactor; all is devoted, with the utmost simplicity, to the history of his charity. A favourite idea, which struck us forcibly as running through them all, is Job's holy boast, that he was the "*father of the poor*." One man, dividing his inheritance, makes the poor co-heirs with his children; another consoles himself for the failure of male issue in the idea that it is happier to be father of the poor than founder of a numerous race; a third voluntarily observed a life of celibacy, that he might possess in the poor a more numerous progeny. There is in all, too, a beautiful facility of adopting the phraseology of Scripture, which is extremely charming. The "treasures in heaven," the "hundred-fold reward," the "hidden treasures," are introduced with the happiest effect. Everywhere you meet most appropriate mottoes from the sacred page: "*Pater eram pauperum*" — "*Videant pauperes et latentur*" — "*Dispersit, dedit, pauperibus*" — "*Neque dicas, non est Providentia*."* Nor is that retribution in prayer for the living, and suffrage for the dead, forgotten, which Catholic piety teaches us to expect from the poor whose wants we relieve. May not the Christian simplicity with which the inscription transcribed below† as it were enforces this spiritual contract, put to shame the fulsome stuff in which most of our monumental panegyrics tell of the charities of the deceased — dwelling upon the past alone, without one thought for the future, and almost forcing upon the mind the startling fear, "*Amen dico vobis, receperunt mercedem suam*?"‡

The church of the Albergo dei Poveri is very beautiful, and arranged with great judgment and consideration for the convenience of the inmates. To secure the separation of the sexes — a principle rigidly maintained — and to prevent the possibility of all communication with externs, the church occupies the centre of the building, which is in the shape of a Latin cross; and thus forms the meeting-point of four extensive halls, from each of which the altar, sanctuary, and pulpit are distinctly visible, while, by means of open lattices, as well as of the elevation of the church above the level of the halls, it is rendered impossible for the occupants of either hall to see those who are in the remaining three. The hall to the left of the altar is assigned to the females — that upon the right, to the males — the rear is set apart for the old and infirm, while the front is open to the public at large. In these halls the inmates are assembled for morning and evening prayer, for the adorable sacrifice, and for the other stated devotions of the day, as well as the duty of catechetical instruction. The prayer, which they recite in common, is that composed by St. Vincent of Paul; and we cannot conceive a scene more affecting than the evening service of this destitute, but not forgotten flock — at which we once had the happiness to assist. Puget's exquisite figure of the Madonna of the Immaculate Conception, which surmounts the altar, appeared almost preternatu-

* "I was the father of the poor" — "Let the poor see and rejoice" — "He divided, and gave to the poor" — "Say not, there is no Providence."

† The Signor Emmanuel Brignole, of pious memory, in his last will received by the Notary, John Baptist Camere, in the year 1677, that the following prayers be offered up in this hospital for the good of his soul: On the anniversary day of his death, a solemn mass; on which day the poor are to pray for his soul; and on the first Sunday of every month, they are to recite the SALVE (REGINA) and the DE PROFUNDIS, before the Litany of the B. V. M.

‡ "Amen I say to you, they have received their reward."

rally beautiful. The mellow light of the hour softened all its outlines. It seemed as if it were the protecting angel of the little family. The alternate recitation of the verses and responses from the opposite halls, in which every variety and pitch of voice—young and old, boy and girl—was brought into contrast, and all blended into harmony; the occasional outburst of common prayer, in which every voice united in the recitation; and, above all, the sweet and touching nature of the prayers themselves—which, while they breathe all the fervid and sublime devotion of their sainted author, are admirably adapted for the young and unlettered minds for which he designed them—all combined to produce upon our mind an impression which we never can forget. It spoke to us of the great triumph of the Gospel, of that true Christian benevolence which unites religion with charity, which recollects that man's nobler nature should ever be the first object of Christian solicitude, and that it is but a low-minded and ignoble charity (if indeed it deserve the name), which contents itself with consulting for the physical wants of those whom it undertakes to cherish and protect.*

It remains to speak of the internal arrangement and administration of the institution. It is capable of accommodating above two thousand persons, and the actual number of inmates amounts to eighteen hundred. Like the Ospizio of San Michele in Rome, it is open for the relief of almost every variety of distress—the poor, the aged, the orphan, the foundling, the disabled, find admission within its ample halls; and it is even employed, in certain cases, as a house of correction for delinquents of a particular class. Nor are its benefits confined to those who live within its walls. In virtue of a number of charitable bequests, the administration is charged with the distribution of gratuities in bread, broth, clothes, bedding, and money, to extern paupers who present themselves for relief; and, by other similar bequests, provision is made for bestowing dowries upon virtuous and deserving young females—trifling, perhaps, in our eyes, but sufficiently considerable when we regard the simple habits and limited wants of the humble classes in Italy, for whom they are intended. The pleasing task of dispensing the alms thus allocated was sometimes reserved to the family of the donor. "The noble family of Kugara," says Eustace, "were accustomed to lay out, each day, a sum equivalent to thirty-two pounds English in providing food for all the poor who came to claim it. Another nobleman, having no heirs, devoted his whole property, even during his own life, to the foundation of an asylum for orphan girls, who, to the number of five hundred, were educated, and provided with a settlement for life, either married or single, at their option."†

The right of admitting to the institution is vested in the administration, and, like all their other executive powers, is exercised by the majority of voices. In conformity with the will of the founder, no distinction of country or religion should be made; but it has been found necessary, since the revolution, to confine the privilege of admission to natives, or, at least, residents of Genoa. The infirm are admitted at every age; boys, from three to fourteen; females to a still more advanced age (as long, indeed, as their poverty may be supposed to expose them to danger); and the old of both sexes, from sixty upwards. These are the classes to whom it is principally sought to administer relief. The able-

* We need hardly direct the attention of those among our readers who may chance to visit Genoa, to the exquisite bas-relief, by Michael Angelo, of our Lady imprinting a kiss upon the forehead of the dead Christ. To those who have seen, or are about to see, his *Madonna della Pietà* in St. Peter's, it possesses very great interest.

† Eustace, *Classical Tour*, iii. p. 480.

bodied, except in particular cases, are regarded as inadmissible. Those who enter at an age sufficiently early, are instructed in whatever trade they may themselves prefer; and when the ordinary time for their removal comes (their education being completed), the well-conducted and meritorious are allowed the option of remaining in the asylum or going into the world. The females, in case of their marrying, or entering a religious state as lay-sisters, are entitled to a dowry of two hundred livres, and in some cases a larger sum.

The manufactures of the institution are well worthy of attention, especially those of silk, calico, woollen cloth, and carpets. A capital of two hundred thousand livres is employed by the institution in these manufactures; and the profits, except a certain portion which goes to the support of the institution, are divided among the inmates, according to their proportion of labour. There is an annual exhibition of the manufactures, and prizes are distributed to the most successful in each department.

The boy-schools of the establishment are entrusted to the Brothers of the Christian doctrine; those of the females, to the "Sisters of our Lord on Mount Calvary," commonly called Brignoline—an association resembling our Sisters of Mercy, except that their vow is not perpetual. The neatness, order, and decorum of the entire are beyond all praise; and the internal arrangements, without exception, are truly worthy of the charity and good taste of Genoa.

"The windows are large and airy, the floors are all of marble, as are also the numbers inscribed over the head of each bed, and the slabs which are fixed in the wall, to hold whatever is necessary for the use of the patient; and to preserve them from the cold of the marble when they have occasion to get out of bed, the space between the beds is covered with little carpets. The beds are of iron, painted green, and I might almost call them elegant, being closed in with hangings of white and azure stuff. The infirmarians, both male and female, are numerous. There is an altar for the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice, at which the men and women have an opportunity of assisting. The care of the sick is entrusted to the pious 'Sisters of our Lady of Refuge on Mount Calvary.' The different quarters of the poor are furnished in the same manner, with the exception of the curtains and mattress, which are provided only for the sick. These things remind one of the Ospizio of the *Fate bene, fratelli*, in Milan, another city proudly distinguished by its numerous asylums of charity and beneficence. It must be observed that the sick are ordinarily sent to the hospital; and it is only by special exception that individual cases are permitted to remain in the infirmary; either those slightly attacked or those who are suffering from chronic maladies, and cannot find ready admittance to the Hospital of the Incurables, and, in the judgment of the Rectors of the house, deserve special attention, or those who, being seized with sudden illness, could not be removed to the hospital without danger. The internal government of the females, which has been entrusted since the establishment of the institution to the 'Sisters of our Lady of the Refuge on Mount Calvary,' commonly called Brignoline (because they were, in a certain sense, founded by our Emmanuel), cannot be sufficiently commended. They carry with them the piety of almost two centuries. An ecclesiastical prefect and a secular, with several assistants, watch over the good conduct of the men. A parish priest superintends the spiritualities and the church, and is assisted by four chaplains and confessors. All these are dependant on the rector, who is subject to the managers of the establishment."—*Bancheri*, pp. 13–14.

To those who have read of the charitable institutions of Rome, the name of "Conservatorio" cannot be unfamiliar. Like Rome, Genoa is amply provided with these blessed retreats, in which the young female is protected at that age

when the worst dangers beset her upon every side, rendered doubly formidable by the poverty and destitution from which it is the Conservatorio to rescue her. The Conservatoria delle Fieschine takes its name from Dominico Fieschi, a Genoese noble, by whom it was founded in 1763. It is a magnificent building, which, from its commanding position, cannot fail to attract the notice of every visitor. In form it is an oblong square, five hundred feet in the length of the greater side. It is capable of accommodating six hundred persons. Unlike many similar institutions in other countries, this admirable establishment continues its protecting care long beyond the time when it is absolutely necessary for the physical wants of the inmates. The piety of Genoa would revolt at the idea of casting them out upon the world the moment they are capable of providing a maintenance for themselves; and they have the option of remaining in the Conservatorio until a suitable marriage, or, if they should feel disposed for the religious state, the adoption of the religious habit, places them beyond the reach of danger or distress: in either case, they receive a dowry of five hundred livres. The inmates, besides an excellent religious education, are trained in embroidery, needle-work, and the other branches of female industry. There is one in which, as our lady readers are well aware, they particularly excel—the manufacture of artificial flowers. The flowers of the Fieschine of Genoa are celebrated throughout Europe for their delicacy, elegance, and natural simplicity. The profits of their labour are divided into two parts, one of which goes to the support of the establishment, the other is placed at their own disposal.

The Fieschine may be taken as a specimen of the Conservatorj of Genoa, which in every respect resemble those of Rome, described in a former article. But there are several others. The Madonna del Rifugio was founded in 1641. It owes its origin to the piety of a noble Genoese lady, a member of the Centurioni family, though better known by the name of into that which she married, the Grimaldi Bracelli. The object and plan of this asylum are very similar to those of the Fieschine, and it is capable of accommodating three hundred inmates, whose wants are all amply supplied while they remain in the institution, with the same charitable and judicious provision in case of their marrying or entering a religious life. There is another Conservatorio attached to the hospital of the Pammatone. But we must refer to the author for a detailed description.

It hardly comes within our present plan to speak of the schools and educational institutions of Genoa; but there is one to which we must briefly advert. It is true there can be but little novelty in the description of a deaf and dumb institution; but while we are upon the subject of the charities of Genoa, it would be injustice to the memory of the admirable man to whom we owe the deaf and dumb school of the city, to pass it over in silence. The name of this meritorious individual was Ottavio Giambattista Assarotti. Like the immortal Abbe Sicard, he was an humble ecclesiastic; and his zeal appears to have been stimulated by reading of Sicard's labours and success. His first essay was made in 1801, and was entirely unaided, except, perhaps, by the contributions of a few friends; but the success which attended his disinterested efforts induced the government, in 1805, to assign to him a house, with funds for the maintenance of twelve children. Owing, however, to the unsettled condition of politics at that period, it was some time before this disposition took effect, and he continued to struggle on with the limited means which he was himself enabled to command. In 1812 the noble house which they now inhabit, beyond the Acqua Sola, formerly the Convent of Mercy, was assigned to them, and has since been much improved and adapted to the necessities of its new occupants. After the restoration, the establishment was taken into the royal pro-

tection, and placed under the management of a commission, of which the cardinal archbishop for the time being is the head. Since 1824 the utility of the institution has been much increased, by the formation of a school for extern pupils. The inmates are at present about sixty in number, of whom thirty-seven are boys. Of these, eighteen are supported by the king, two by the civic body, and the rest by the charity of private individuals. The extern pupils are nearly as numerous, though their number is more variable. The age for admission is from ten to sixteen, and the time spent in the establishment is ordinarily five years. The course of instruction is judiciously accommodated to the disposition of the pupil; and, when promising subjects are found, is often very extensive. Many of these interesting children are intimately acquainted with the Italian, French, English, Spanish, and German languages, and are able not only to read, but even to write in them with ease and correctness. The boys who are found deficient in literary talent are instructed in those arts or trades for which they may manifest a disposition. Painters, engravers in wood and copper, scriveners, and draughtsmen of very considerable merit, have had their education in this admirable institution. Four of the principal engineers and designers in the employment of the government were among the pupils of the pious Assarotti. Each of the trades, too, has its representative among them; as printers, bookbinders, shoemakers, carpenters, tailors; and the females are instructed in needle-work, embroidery, and the manufacture of artificial flowers, in which Genoa is so distinguished.

In 1827 the institution sustained a severe loss in the universally-lamented death of its benevolent founder. The present superior, the Abbate Boselli, had long been his intimate friend and assistant; and in naming him to succeed the Abbate Assarotti, the king, in testimony of approval of his past services, conferred upon him the honourable distinction of the order of SS. Maurice and Lazarus. The administrative staff consists of the director, four priests, who direct the religious instruction and watch over the morals of the pupils, four mistresses for the female pupils, and six servants. The prefects of the several subordinate departments are selected from among the deaf and dumb children formerly trained in the establishment.

The system of charitable loans, known by the name of Monte de Pieta, was early established at Genoa. It would seem that the most ancient Monte de Pieta was that founded at Perugia towards the commencement of the fifteenth century. We find the system introduced, with the papal sanction, at Orvieto in 1464, and at Viterbo in 1471. The Genoese government was not slow to follow the pious example. In 1483 a decree was passed by the senate, placing the bank under the direction of a public officer, and drawing up such regulations for its management as would enable the poor to derive the greatest amount of benefit from the allocation of the funds at its disposal. Much of its early prosperity is due to the zeal of an humble Franciscan, Francesco Angelo da Cranerio. By his pious and eloquent exhortations, numbers of his wealthy fellow-citizens were induced to offer their redundant wealth—some gratuitously, some at the lowest rate of interest—to form a capital for circulation among the poor. Numberless bequests and donations were added to the fund, and in progress of time the bank had a capital of six hundred and seventy thousand livres, and was able to circulate above a million. But, unhappily, the rapacious and turbulent spirit of the French party in Italy proved as fatal to the Monte de Pieta at Genoa as to the other pious establishments of every country to which their arms extended. In 1806 they were obliged to suspend their business; nor was the bank reopened till 1810. It has since slowly recovered from its embarrassments, and, at this moment, is again in full activity; and the

amount of good effected by it can only be estimated by those who, familiar with the habits of the Italian people, are able to understand the nature of their wants, and the severe privations to which the temporary withdrawal of their humble and precarious means of subsistence must subject them.

It remains to close this notice, already extended beyond the brief limits we originally proposed, with a short account of the principal hospitals of the city. The most ancient hospital of Genoa is the *Spedale del Pammatone*, an establishment which, in its magnificence and utility, may take a place among the noblest institutions of Europe. Like most of the other charities of Genoa, it owes its origin to the benevolence of an individual. A celebrated lawyer, *Bartolomeo Bosco*, erected it at his own expense in 1420, and in 1427 bequeathed his entire property for its maintenance, confiding the administration to the pious care of his wife, the partner, or rival, of all his projects of charity. It was originally designed for females alone: but in 1441 the addition of a large pile of building enabled the directors to extend its advantages to males also; and, after some time, the government undertook the principal burden of its maintenance, till, by successive additions, the building gradually extended to its present colossal proportions—the admiration, not only of Italy, but of Europe. It is a rectangular building, about three hundred and thirty feet in length, by two hundred in breadth; but the length of the wing which looks towards the north is considerably greater, this wing having been prolonged to the west, for the purpose of affording accommodation for an hospital of convalescents. The principal gate leads into a magnificent hall, sixty feet in length, on either side of which are the medical and surgical laboratories of the establishment. From this hall the visitor, by a majestic staircase of white marble, ascends to a spacious court, surrounded by twenty doric columns; on the left of this beautiful square are the anatomical hall, the school of anatomy, and the fever ward, with a distinct hall for those cases which require peculiar and separate treatment; and on the right is the surgical ward, with the school of the surgical lectures. But it is only in the portion of the building assigned to the female patients one can form an idea of its extent and magnificence. It occupies the entire second floor of the hospital, extending around the four sides of the rectangle. The floors are of marble, the white coverlet and hangings of the beds presents a very pleasing appearance; and the perfect neatness, order, and indeed elegance, of the arrangements, completely divest the scene of the painful and oppressive character which we are apt to attribute to such receptacles of human misery.* As in the *Albergo*, the walls are decorated with a profusion of statues, busts, and inscriptions, to the memory of the benefactors of the institution. Within fifty years from its foundation, its revenues, from private contributions only, had swelled to four hundred thousand livres.

From the dimensions given above, it may be inferred that the number of patients to whom relief is afforded must be immense. But the utility of the *Pammatone* does not end here. Its ample halls are open for the reception of foundlings of both sexes. The boys are maintained and educated till they grow up to maturity, and are capable of providing for themselves: and the females, till they choose to leave the establishment for the purpose of marry-

* The *Maggazzino*, or store-house of the hospital, is well deserving of a visit. The tasteful arrangement of the linens, &c., upon the shelves which surround the apartment, produces a very singular but pleasing effect; and (*EX PEDE HERCULEM*) the scrupulous neatness of these minute particulars may serve as an evidence of the attention which is paid to the essential wants of the inmates.

ing, or entering a religious state. The number of orphans and foundlings is of course variable, but has frequently exceeded three thousand.*

Notwithstanding the vast extent of the Pammatone, which is open to all nations, without distinction, there is a class of patients whom, as in most similar institutions, it is found necessary to keep apart from the ordinary cases admitted into the hospital. Accordingly, in 1524, the Hospital of Incurables was founded by a nobleman named Hector Vernassa. Since that time many successive additions have been made to the building, which thus, from want of uniform plan, presents an irregular, though not unimposing appearance. The female hospital is a separate establishment, connected with the other by an arcade. The main building itself is very much broken up into separate wards; and indeed a casual visitor could form no idea of the enormous extent of the hospital, which only can be conceived after a careful and leisurely inspection. This immense institution, as well as the Pammatone, is under the care of religious sisters in every way resembling our Sisters of Charity and Mercy. The spiritual wants of the patients are tended by the good Capuchins of a neighbouring community; and a thousand little offices of charity and tenderness are discharged by the members of several religious confraternities in the city, which rival those of Rome in their devotedness and zeal.

It would carry us beyond the space at our disposal to particularize several other institutions, less splendid than those already specified, but each, in its own sphere, the centre of incalculable good, and all in themselves extremely interesting. "The hospitals of Genoa vie with its palaces in magnificence, and seem more than sufficient for all the disease and misery that could exist in so small a state."† But we cannot omit at least to mention the new Manicomio, or lunatic asylum, which has just been opened, and which may well challenge competition with even the most glorious charities of the olden city.

In concluding this brief notice of the principal charitable institutions of Genoa, there is one feature characterizing them all, to which we cannot help adverting—the thoroughly religious character which they all present. It is impossible to enter a Genoese hospital or asylum without feeling at once that, if there be suffering there, it is not of that dark or gloomy cast which leads to despair. Wherever you turn, every object reminds you that the charity which here ministers to the wants of its fellow-creatures, is the true charity of the Gospel. Religion has everywhere set its stamp. No matter what may be the nature of the distress which seeks relief, or the sorrow which asks for consolation, every object speaks the consoling admonition which is inscribed upon the wall of the Albergo, "*Neque dicas non est Providentia.*" What a contrast between the purchased and perfunctory attendance of the nurses of an English hospital, or the hired menials of an English work-house, and the loving and gentle ministrations of a sister of mercy in the Pammatone, or a pious member of those confraternities which devote themselves to the care of the Albergo! It is not alone by the amount of physical comfort provided for the poor that the charity of the donor is to be estimated—this would be a low and unworthy standard;—it is by the spirit in which it is done, and the self-devotion which it bespeaks. And indeed there is everything in the arrangements of the Genoese institutions to prove that the adoption of the touching title of the "Father of the poor," in the inscriptions on the walls, is no idle boast. Enter one of

* Starke's Italy, i. p. 170. In the Conservatorio attached to the establishment is a beautiful chapel, in which the body of St. Catherine Fieschi is preserved upon the precise spot in which she died in 1510.

† Forsyth, p. 7.

those noble establishments. Everything which meets your eye reminds you that, amply as all the temporal wants of the inmates are tended and relieved, the more important concern of their eternal interest is still more anxiously watched over. The thousand little devices, simple, though solid, which Catholic piety has invented, to keep before our eyes the recollection of God's presence, and of our own immortal destinies, are here employed with the most consoling effect. The holy altar, distinctly visible from every bed, in every part of the hospital; the little image of our blessed Lord upon the cross, or of her whom from that cross He gave to be our Mother; the words of hope and consolation which are printed upon the walls, and meet the eye of the sufferer whithersoever he turns; still more the tender and unfailing attentions of the pious sisterhood, who watch every look, and hang upon every word of the patient that gives hope of conversion to God; are admirably calculated to soften the most obdurate heart, and draw it back to religion, however long and wayward its wanderings may have been.

We remember to have met, in one of our English tourists, a sneer at the pious attentions of the Italian clergy to the spiritual wants of the sick in the public hospitals. The writer was speaking of the hospitals of Genoa. His philosophical benevolence could not reconcile itself to this intrusion upon the quiet of the dying hour; and his sensitiveness was shocked to find "priests and choristers in the hospital of the incurables, chaunting between two rows of wretches, whom their pious noise would not suffer to die in peace."* We are sure there are few who will admire the tender-heartedness of this sentimental scoffer; and we are satisfied there are still fewer who will covet for their last hour the peace which is purchased at such a price. For our own part, we can never forget the impression which our first visit to an Italian hospital produced upon our mind. The calm and contented looks of the poor inmates told us that, whatever were their physical sufferings, at least there was peace within. Here and there, by the bed-side of the patients, were seated the Capuchin confessors of the establishment, whispering consolation and counsel into the ear of the dying man. Sisters of mercy, with noiseless step, were flitting from place to place, like angels of peace; now ministering to some of the sufferers, now stopping to address an enquiry or an exhortation as they passed along, followed by the grateful looks and thankful benedictions of those to whom they were thus devoting their lives. Members of the confraternities, in their peculiar habit, which effectually conceals the person, and levels all distinction of rank, were praying with those whose danger was most imminent, and where the stole (the sign of jurisdiction) placed upon the foot of the bed, indicated that extreme unction had been administered, there stood the chaplain, the sentinel of the church in this last hour—a post which he is bound by his office not to desert till the final struggle is over. The frescoes and paintings which decorated the walls were well calculated to assist and encourage the pious impressions thus produced. They hold forth to those who were in grievous pain, holy Job upon his dunghill; to the desponding they pointed to our Lord healing the mother-in-law of Peter, or calling Lazarus from the dead; to the impenitent they denounced the terrors of God's judgment in another life; to the despairing they shewed Magdalen, or the woman taken in adultery; to all they told of the mystery of our Lord's love for us, and hushed every motion of doubt or despair, by the consoling example of the thief upon the cross, and the last words of our Lord for his enemies and persecutors.

We shall not stop to contrast this blessed scene with the picture which we

* Forsyth, p. 6.

might draw of one of our London hospitals, or compare this "pious noise" with the peace in which the unhappy sufferers are there "permitted to die." We are well assured there are few, even of those who differ from us in creed, that will hesitate as to the preference. Nor shall we place the tenderness and delicacy with which every want is there relieved, so as to divest property, as far as possible, of its humiliation, with the barbarous principle of English charity, recently introduced in our Irish poor-houses—to give to the poor the least possible degree of relief, and throw every possible obstacle in the way of their receiving it. For ourselves, we frankly acknowledge that this solicitude for the spiritual welfare of the sick and the poor, this happy and judicious union of charity and religion, is in our eyes the great charm of the public institutions of Italy; and that it far outweighs the munificence (though this, too, is beyond all praise), which has always distinguished the nobles of this misrepresented country, "whose chief gratification has always consisted in amassing wealth, for the laudable purpose of expending it on public works and public charities."^{*}

EDUCATION IN ROME AND BERLIN.

IN Catholic Germany, in France, and even in Italy, the education of the common people, in reading, writing, arithmetic, music, manners, and morals, is at least as generally diffused, and as faithfully promoted by the clerical body, as in Scotland. It is by their own advance, and not by keeping back the advance of the people, that the popish priesthood of the present day seek to keep ahead of the intellectual progress of the community in Catholic lands: and they might, perhaps, retort on our Presbyterian clergy, and ask, if they too, are in their countries at the head of the intellectual movement of the age? Education is in reality not only not repressed, but is encouraged by the popish church; and is a mighty instrument in its hands, and ably used. In every street in Rome, for instance, there are, at short distances, public primary schools, for the education of the children of the lower and middle classes in the neighbourhood. Rome, with a population of 158,678 souls, has 372 public primary schools, with 482 teachers, and 14,000 children attending them. Has Edinburgh so many schools for the instruction of those classes? I doubt it. Berlin, with a population about double that of Rome, has only 264 schools. Rome has also her university, with an average attendance of 660 students: and the Papal States, with a population of two and a half millions, contain seven universities. Prussia, with a population of fourteen millions, has but seven.—*Laing's Notes of a Traveller.*

* Starke's Italy, ii. p. 171.

SUPERFICIAL TRAVELLING.

[FROM THE DUBLIN REVIEW.]

If we wished to describe two countries standing in strong contrast one with the other, we think they might not unfairly be described something in this manner: the first should bear an impression of antiquity in all its parts—the other of novelty. There, old cities, and the ruins of their predecessors, memorials of people beyond people, back into days of fable: here, all of yesterday—log-houses smoking through the exhalations of a newly cleared morass, and towns composed of “white wooden houses, sprinkled and dropped about, without seeming to have any root in the ground”^{*}—the mushroom growth of a *monumentless* people. In one, the arts of refined life should have their home—painting, sculpture and poetry of every class, a history and a literature perfectly national: in the other, the utilities should be supposed to domineer over the graces, and the practical over the imaginative. This one should have its governments right royally established—the monarchical principle consecrated in every way, by venerable descents and by sacerdotal election, illustrated by every variety of name and title, from the imperial diadem to the ducal coronet; and the other should be the very type of democracy and ideal liberty—from the fireside at home, to the national government, which should be a great compound republic, containing other republics, and they again subdivisible, according to the laws of matter, into homogeneous particles *ad infinitum*. In fine—not to carry our contrasts on for ever—we should see in one country a religious principle—and one, too, both stringent, practical, and universal—which pervades institutions, customs, feelings, the inside and outside of things, the higher and the lower, the general and the particular: while the other should be perfectly untrammelled by any such bond, and neither law nor usage require the stamp of such a principle to give worth to any act; nor the constitution of the country much distinguish between Turk and Christian, infidel and believer.

Now if we wished to propose such a contrast, it would not be at all necessary to draw upon the imagination for it. We have it in truth, in actual existence; and the two works which we have joined together at the head of our article, do really affect to describe them. Italy and America present every one of the points of comparison enumerated in the preceding paragraph. And for this very reason it is, that they are the favorite fields of writing tourists, gentlemen and ladies, who perambulate the land, pencil in hand, to the consternation of the inhabitants, and the plague of all quiet people. America is fertile from its very novelty—Italy from its long cultivation. In the former, the traveller, who boldly strikes into its interior, has a good chance of alighting on a new *city* just starting from the mud, with some magnisonant name from Egypt or Greece, which the last publishing traveller (two years before) never heard of; or he may even get within the frontiers of a new state, only staked out a few months before, but already an infant Hercules, speaking big words, and ready to go to war with all the world, and over head and ears in debt—without, perhaps, much intention of paying it. In Italy, on the contrary, though there is much that would be new to the touring world, if it chose to look for it, no one thinks of going out of the rich beaten path, where all think they can pick up something new, where the herbage is abundant from ages of tillage, and the soil seems inexhaustible, from the very abundance which it yields. Along this beaten path all hurry, one after the other; till at last—neither the words nor application are our own—“the land will not

* Dickens, vol. i. p. 61.

bear a blade of decent grass, or even a thistle, for any stray donkey that may be passing. It must be a bold donkey," continues our lady tourist, after quoting the above from Capt. Hall, "you will say, who, after this, shall venture to bray about Italy? But . . ." (vol. i. p. 2.) In truth, the danger is, that such roadsters, with abundance of untouched food around them, will persevere in tossing over and over the provender which hundreds have been busy at before them, or will try to crop and nibble exactly where all has been clean shaved to the root. Almost every page of Mrs. Trollope's work would give us an illustration of this remark.

But why, it may be asked, bring these two writers together under one classification, when the scene of their adventures are so far asunder, and of such different characters? Because, in truth, they both belong to one very common class of travellers—of travellers who skim over the surface of the land, who see it out of carriage windows, and visit its sights by the guide-book, who penetrate no further than the very shell and outside of things, get no deeper than the paint upon the buildings, or the coat upon their inhabitants; who give us, indeed, often their own notions of things, but not the things themselves; tell us what *they* thought and felt, but can have no serious intention that we should think or feel as they did.

Thus, Mr. Dickens has produced a book, which undoubtedly must be termed *amusing*. It is very pleasant reading; it is lively and clever. But we plodding people look into a book of travels in hopes of making the acquaintance of men and things in foreign lands: we are dull enough to look, among all the amusement, for some information. While he writes for us under his monosyllabic name, we are content to take him for what he professes to be, an amusing writer—a caterer to the monthly craving after a new chapter and two engravings; and when the lunar divisions have run up into a yearly cycle, as the author of a lively and interesting romance. But when he comes forward by his own proper title, and sits deliberately down to write, not a fiction, but truth—what he has himself seen and heard—we begin to look serious, and expect a specimen of his mind, rather than of his imagination. We wish to see how he has looked and listened, as well as what he has seen and heard. We may pardon a smart and witty repartee to a domino, though we know who it is, which we might resent from the same gentleman in his own frock-coat. And so we look for different manners from Dickens than we care about in "Boz." Now, we think the *tour de force* of his travels, the great effort of his genius in the work before us, has been to produce two volumes upon a civilized country, from which we can gather no notion whatever as to whether or not there be in that country any religion, science, literature, or fine arts; any army or navy; any agriculture, commerce, or trade; any income, expenditure, or taxation; any great men or good men; any professions, or ranks, or states (save those of slave and master); any education (except for the deaf and dumb), moral instruction, religious, or professional; any magistracy, municipal, or provincial government; and codes or forms of law (beyond imprisoning); any progress or decrease in states, in opinions, or in creeds; such things as riches or poverty, success or failure, and in what proportion: in fine, from which has been carefully excluded anything illustrating, or improving our acquaintance with, the geography, the natural history, the productions, the politics, the prospects of the immense and highly interesting country, which he has visited. Something, indeed, we learn; yea, all about some things. We know all about American travelling in great and rich variety, steam-boats and railways, omnibuses and stage-coaches; we know what is to be had for breakfast in each and every sort of travelling; we make acquaintance with a certain

quantity of unknown and nameless individuals, generally of a low comical character; we are initiated into the whole mystery of the least sufferable of American peculiarities, the mastication of the "vile weed," and its consequent abominations. We have, moreover, some light and gay descriptions of cities, especially at the outset, which are clever and amusing. And, as a redeeming trait, we must not omit the notice of some charitable establishments at Boston, and some very painful accounts of prisons and houses of correction. The gem of Mr. Dickens' work is in his narrative of a deaf, dumb, and blind girl's instruction and education. Similar cases, we know, have occurred in other countries, as in Belgium, for instance; but still we are thankful for any account of such interesting matters.

We do not think we have been unjust in thus epitomising the contents of Mr. Dickens' work: we mean of course with reference to the amount of information which it contains. As a piece of writing we mean not to speak of it. The style is not what we like. An immense quantity of words to express a very simple thought, and a most studiously grotesque imagery — that is, the comparison of one thing with some other the most dissimilar possible — are defects which weary one when encumbering two volumes. We may be amused for once; but simplicity and naturalness can alone carry us through a long string of trifles, and make us interested in adventures of an every-day and every-hour character.

Indeed, we always observe that these *outside* travellers have an irresistible impulse to make out adventures from incidents, which those who do not keep journals would never dream of. If one read their narratives (otherwise, that is, than as *travellers'* accounts), one would indeed be warranted in concluding that the public is most ungracious and most ungrateful, in its estimation of their services. To think that Mr. Dickens exposed himself to such terrible dangers as those of twice crossing the Atlantic, of being frequently blown up in high-pressure boats, of being tumbled over precipices on the Alleghany mountains, or of being swallowed up in the quagmires of a Virginian road, not from any ambitious views, or for the sake of traffic, or to procure a settlement in the back woods, nor yet from any thirst of knowledge, nor for any other flighty aim, but simply and expressly for the amusement of his English readers; to see how Mrs. Trollope consented to encounter terrible perils on the roads to that unknown part of the world, Vallombrosa; (by-the-bye, she is not the *first* lady, nor the hundredth, we suspect, that has got up there;) how she could allow herself to be almost broiled alive among the Appenines, or fatigued to death in the desperate attempt to ascend the portico of our Lady's Church at Bologna, or almost drowned in crossing the Po in the public ferry-boat; or, still more, risk to be buried in a snow-drift on Mount Cenis, in the unheard-of enterprise of crossing it, when the couriers could do so; and all this in order to write a book for our entertainment: — one cannot but feel that such heroic devotion — not for our interest or good, but for our very idlest amusement — deserves a public crown, or some other attestation of our generous sensibilities. And this feeling ought surely to be enhanced by the consideration, of how, not magnanimously only, but light-heartedly, nay, how thoughtfully of us, such perils were encountered! For if the storms which Mr. Dickens suffered on his outward passage were such as he describes, if the conflict of the elements was so terrific, the writhings and convulsions of the frail bark so like those of a mortal agony as he represents them — perhaps over the silent grave of the hapless "President," itself a catacomb below the waters, one cannot but admire — though unenvious — the thoughts which could be occupied, at such a time, in dressing out its horrors in a playful garb, and which could see, for our

sakes, "who sit at home at ease," nothing but the ludicrous and the laughable in its dismal circumstances. And so likewise one is necessarily led to admiration of the lady's taking care to be "not wholly insensible to the strange magnificence of the scene," while she was "seriously frightened" (ii. p. 394), and noting down all the terrible adventures of the awful passage over the mountain; although, strange to say, our alarm, having been greatly excited, on reading that it was the heaviest fall of snow known for years, "and that the conductor looked sadly pale," and the *cantonniers* refused to say that the road was safe, and uttered mysterious hints about avalanches, and how she heard not a sound while this "race of giants," these "friendly monsters" (the scene is in *Italy*), "set to work" with their "enormous wooden spades," and shovelled our adventurous traveller out of her difficulties, we were much relieved, and brought to our ordinary scale of nervous tension, on finding, at the end of the narrative, that all the way soldiers were quietly marching on the road, which we had thought almost impassable for horses and sledges, aided by an escort of gentle giants! "Poor fellows!" exclaims our traveller, speaking of the soldiers, "they looked miserable enough! Yet I felt, as I watched them, that they probably felt much more at their ease than I did."—(p. 395.) No doubt they did—they were not going to publish their travels. In fact, this sort of "romance of travel" is very much cut up by one's knowing that every year, A. and B. and C. have gone just over the same ground, or the same water, or the same snow, and yet have met nothing particular in the way of adventure, but have had a mere ordinary guide-book journey; little thinking how much might have been made of a puff of wind, or a fall of snow, or deep ruts, or—a powerful imagination, in dishing up their tour, had they been so disposed, for the public.

We know not whether Mr. Dickens will follow Mrs. Trollope from America to Italy: they have served their travelling apprenticeship in the same country; but we hope the ill success of the one, in her further prosecution of the business, will deter the other from continuing it. Before, however, taking leave of Mr. Dickens, with what probably is the extent of acknowledgment which he expects from his readers, that we have been, if not instructed, at least amused, by his book, we must express feelings of the most decidedly opposite character, regarding one passage of his work, which is a dark foul blot upon it, an odious contradiction to the general humane and good-natured tone of this, as of his other writings. The passage to which we allude is the following:

—"Looming in the distance, as we rode along, was another of the ancient Indian burial places, called the Monk's Mound; in memory of a body of fanatics, of the order of La Trappe, who founded a desolate convent there, many years ago, when there were no settlers within a thousand miles, and were all swept off by the pernicious climate: in which lamentable fatality few rational people will suppose, perhaps, that society experienced any very severe deprivation."—vol. ii. p. 139.

And again:

—"In due time we mustered once again before the merchant-tailor's, and, having done so, crossed over to the city in the ferry-boat: passing, on the way, a spot called Bloody Island, the duelling ground of St. Louis, and so designated in honor of the last fatal combat fought there, which was with pistols, breast to breast. Both combatants fell dead upon the ground; and, possibly, some rational people may think of them, as of the gloomy madmen on Monk's Mound, that they were no great loss to the community."—p. 140.

So that, in Mr. Dickens' estimation, there is little difference between the

man, who murdering is murdered, and the inoffensive recluse who is willing to act as the pioneer of civilization, and devotedly throws himself forward, as the forlorn hope of an advancing colony. Whatever Mr. Dickens' notions may be about "lazy monks," &c., he knows, or ought to know, that the Cistercian, or Trappist order, is essentially an agricultural one; it consists, in fact, of a monastic peasantry, who differ from the ordinary cultivators of the soil, not by less diligence or intelligence, but by their expecting no profit; by their selecting always those very spots from which money-seeking enterprise would turn away in disdain; by their ever feeding the poor around them, and receiving hospitably every stranger; and, in fine, by their sanctifying the labour of their hands by prayer and sacred psalmody.* For the "merchant-tailor," who sets up his watch-box on the edge of a noisome morass, Mr. Dickens has not a word of reprobation; for the settlers, who go, axe in hand, into the backwoods, and clear them, in order to make a fortune, he has no hard words; but for the representatives of those who, by patient toil, made Crowland from a fen become a garden; who are now, with thankless labour, driving the plough into the granite ribs of the Charnwood forest, he has no better name than "fanatics"—no more sympathy or regrets, than for the double murderer! In humanity's name, let Mr. Dickens never again write anything but fiction. In *that*, at least, he shews he has better feelings.

But now let us return over the Atlantic, and follow Mrs. Trollope over the beauties of Italy. We never read a work which, professing to be gossip, seemed to us to be more an effort than her's. She has, as we before remarked, chosen the beaten track; and yet she always wants to say something new on it. The moment she gets before a statue or a picture—a hundred times described—her mind seems thrown into a working fermentation, out of which issues a world of frothy crudities, generally composed either of exaggerated amazements or of unexpected disappointments. She owns herself ignorant—very ignorant; her senses are quite bewildered; she trembles, or shudders, or weeps, before the production of art; and words heaped together in every ejaculatory variety of phrase, are all that we, at a distance, can get for our sympathy.

Now, were Mrs. Trollope's peculiar mode of seeing and describing confined to such objects as the Medicean goddess (which, in a manner that to us sounds profane, she compares with a representation of the purest and holiest of Eve's daughters—vol. i. p. 160), we should never have thought it worth while speaking so severely. But when we find her carrying her light and supercilious observations into more sacred ground, and talking of the religion which forms our happiness, at once with ignorance and with flippancy, we must not allow ourselves the pleasure of being lenient, but must speak out plain.

Thus she writes of the sacred temples of the living God: "*The pleasantest morning lounges now are the churches*; for there, comparatively speaking, the air is cool; and it is possible, when you can stand no longer, to sit down, which *is not the case at the Medicean gallery*." (Ibid. p. 204.) Again: describing a pic-nic party to the convent of St. Gallicano, she tells us of one young lady who retreated into the church for shade, "with such an air of lovely, languid gentleness, that, could the remote shrine have ever possessed *such an image*, a vast deal of pilgrim idolatry must have been the consequence" (what follows is too gross for our pages); when "two of the cavaliers entering the

* The French government is at this moment sending out a community of Trappists into Algeria, as the best way of establishing an agricultural colony. The Sardinian government has taken a similar step in regard to the island of Sardinia.

church after her, the one bearing in his hand a bottle of wine, the other furnished with a crystal cup, sparkling half way to the brim with the precious treasure of the rocky spring; but ere the tempting draught was mingled and tasted, murmurs anent '*desecration of the church*' made themselves heard from the lips of some stray brother of the much reduced society, who had seen the somewhat unusual entry of the gentlemen: but an immediate retreat perfectly satisfied the good monk."—(p. 325.) Such is her idea, and such her feelings, about a bacchanalian party trying to make a *cabaret* of the place in which those, whose property they sacrilegiously invaded, believed that the Holy of holies, and the Lord of lords corporally resides! This is the way in which the most sacred feelings of those meek men are outraged and trampled on. Now, if the two gentlemen had been put into the stocks, or the whole party driven down the hill again by a few sturdy peasants, they would not have got more than they deserved. And yet Mrs. Trollope is severe—and we thank her sincerely for *that* part of her work—upon our countrymen who so shamefully misbehave in the Roman churches. Is such behaviour wonderful, when its very censurer seems to think so little of the house of God?

In the same tone does she ever speak of our holiest functions. First, she evidently knows nothing about them: she acknowledges herself unable to appreciate the splendid music of Palestrina.—(p. 270.) The matter which seems to have most engaged her attention, in the majestic services of the papal chapel, was the homage of the cardinals. Twice she speaks feelingly on the subject. Thus, of the Sixtine chapel she says: "I cannot say that I was greatly edified by the peculiar ceremonies of this papal worship (I speak as a heretic); but I could not admire or approve the disproportion which seemed to exist between the time bestowed on prayer, and that devoted to the homage offered by each cardinal to the pope."—(p. 270.) And of the high mass on Christmas Day, she makes a similar remark: "The religious part of the ceremony," she writes, "bears no proportion to it" (the homage—p. 365). What on earth she means we are at a loss to comprehend. If the pontifical mass at St. Peter's lasts two hours, the homage does not occupy above ten minutes, during which the solemn function is *not* interrupted. But manifestly she does not know what the mass is, nor what prayers are recited in it, nor what is the meaning of its ceremonial.

But, besides not knowing any thing on the subject whereon she writes, Mrs. Trollope is too manifestly unable to appreciate any religious function. It is not in her way. She can understand a drive in the Cascina at Florence, or eating "ices and strawberries"—quite a standing dish with her—or going to a concert or a theatre; but as to the truly picturesque, venerable, moving and holy offices of the Church, she has certainly no sort of feeling. Mass is to her a musical performance; and her judgments pronounced on it are whether it was long or short, and the music good or bad—that is, according to *her* taste.

As to the Papal government and the practical morality of the Catholic Church, all she knows is, that she utterly condemns them. No one can doubt that she was perfectly capable of judging on such subjects, and that she took great pains to collect information on them, when we see how well she understood what was passing about her, and what every body knows. Thus, she found out that "the reverend court of cardinals" is "called the *Propaganda*" (p. 274), and that cardinals are not paid up their salaries on account of "the poverty of the *Propaganda* coffers" (p. 367). And as to cardinals, she makes them at pleasure; for she transforms, by the stroke of her pen, the good Trappist monk, father Geramb, into one (p. 368), and tells us, most satisfactorily, that among several new cardinals about to be made, was "an English gentle-

man of the name of Weld" (p. 366); that said "gentleman" having already been cardinal, and having departed several years before, to receive, we trust, the full reward of a most virtuous life. And so, with equal felicity, she elevates the learned principal of the English college to the episcopal rank (p. 300). But further, Mrs. Trollope has given us the new and important information that "many Roman families have hereditary rank of bishop in the Church" (p. 366).

Now, while a person can blunder in matters so palpable and easy to ascertain, it is *not* wonderful that she should slashingly cut to pieces that of which she *could* know nothing. She talks of the ignorance of the people with whom she manifestly never conversed, and of the workings of a system, religious and political, which she certainly never investigated. On her way from Rome to Naples, she, shut up in a carriage, and hurrying on from stage to stage, could see "ignorance and superstition as prominent features that meet the observation of the traveller" (p. 203). Really! how does this ignorance so clearly show itself? Is it in the faces of the people, or on their sign-boards, that "they who run may read it?" "Of schools," she goes on, "I could hear nothing." Does Mrs. Trollope think that schools are to be kept in inn-yards, for the special accommodation of lady travellers? Or did she look out for "National School" on the front of some house, and was disappointed in her search? Now we can tell Mrs. Trollope that she did not pass through a single village (she is speaking of the Papal States beyond Rome) in which there are not a boys' and a girls' school—aye, and gratuitous ones too. But on this subject of education she gives us the portentous intelligence, that the pope has abolished at Bologna, and in all his dominions, all "professorships of logic, metaphysics, *morals* (!), algebra, and geometry" (p. 28). And then, after some mysterious points, she adds: "It was from Bologna that professor Orioli was banished." One would really imagine that this demigod (for some such thing he appears in the first volume) had been *banished* for teaching some of these dark sciences, perhaps *morals*! But Signor Orioli was *not* banished, but most patriotically ran away from Bologna, after having excited his scholars to sedition and rebellion, raised a revolution which brought down misery on his country, formed, we believe, part of its provisional government, and when the hour of peril arrived, acted on the philosophic principle, that the better part of valour is discretion, and disappeared. One thing this worthy junta took care not to leave behind them—the public chest. Such are Mrs. Trollope's favourites in Italy; for, while she is a thorough enemy to all revolutionary and *sans culotte* movements and parties in England, she worships them in Italy.

Her theories on religious matters are extremely profound. Thus the "idleness" of the Italians is owing to the "eternal recurrence of Popish fetes and festivals" (p. 203), on which subject we would recommend her to consult Lord John Manners: and the splendid churches of Venice are not to be wondered at, because "it is natural to expect, that in a Roman Catholic country, where numerous incentives to the love of pleasure are led on by the possession of abounding gold, churches should be built, enriched, and beautified, to atone for the irregularities so produced" (p. 121). In which theory, we presume that it is the "atonement" that one must consider peculiarly Catholic, not the "love of pleasure" or "the gold:" otherwise London or America ought to have the best churches.

But truly never did writer or traveller stuff his or her pages with strange mistakes more fully than our learned lady. Scarcely an Italian word or name is spelled right, scarcely a phrase given (*save* in quotations) is correct; yet

she tells us long and brilliant conversations which she must have held in Italian. She wonders why the *campagna* is not made to produce corn (p. 103): and it so happens that it does, not only to fill the granaries of Rome, but to export it to other countries. She looks for the Clitumnus at Spoleto (not *Spolito*), and, marvellous to say, she finds it without a drop of water (p. 171), for the very good reason that the Clitumnus never was, nor will be, at Spoleto. It was full of water when Mrs. T. drove for at least two miles along its banks, and she might have seen it gush out in full stream from under the road, able in its cradle to turn a mill near the village of Le Vene. In her ecclesiastical history she is "sadly to seek." She tells us she was "grilled like St. Anthony" (vol. i. p. 45), scarcely more accurately than elegantly: she has never heard of our Lady's "presentation in the temple," and therefore transforms Titian's splendid painting of the subject at Venice into our Saviour's presentation "at the age of eleven or twelve" (!) and corrects Mrs. Starke's right explanation of it (p. 103). And when she visits the venerable basilica of St. Ambrose, at Milan, she is shown, she tells us, a relic of "the brother of St. Satyrus. Why the bedstead," she adds, "of a saint's brother should be held in such veneration, we were not informed" (p. 384). Truly not: because you were told no such thing as you tell us. The better informed reader will smile as he sees through the mistake, arising, no doubt, from imperfectly understanding the guide. St. Satyrus was the brother of St. Ambrose, and St. Marcellina, about whom Mrs. T. is equally in the dark, was the sister of both. Among the curiosities of this church, she stumbled upon a very extraordinary one—a coffin! And whose does the reader think it was? for it was "in a dark and obscure little chapel." Why the guide, looking at Mrs. Trollope, "said with a sort of jeering smile, 'it is *only* the body of Monsignore the bishop, who died yesterday, and will be buried to-morrow.'" (p. 385.) See how cheap these good papists of Milan hold their bishop! However, as his eminence Cardinal Gaysruck still occupies, as he did long before Mrs. Trollope's visit to Italy, the archiepiscopal throne of that city, we will not puzzle ourselves or our readers with inquiring, either how he got into that coffin the day before, or how he got out again the day after, Mrs. Trollope's visit to the church. We will rather lay this to the score of some little misunderstanding.

With such abundant data in her mind for rightly judging of the Catholic religion, we must be greatly beholden to our lady authoress for so kind a judgment as the following:

—"I was left to decide for myself, whether it is not possible for a person of perfectly enlightened views in politics to be still a faithful Roman Catholic. I have heard many people, and of more nations than one, deny the possibility of this; and declare that freedom of mind, on any subject, was perfectly incompatible with Popish restraint; but I doubt the truth of this doctrine. I see no reason why a Roman Catholic, because he conscientiously believes the creed that has been taught him, should therefore be incapable of forming a rational opinion upon the wisest manner of regulating the affairs of men."—vol. ii. p. 302.

Truly this is consoling—nay more, it is flattering: and the spirits of such men as Bossuet, Stolberg, Fenelon, and Schlegel, may well be soothed by the doubt, which Mrs. Trollope entertains, whether they *were* really incapable of forming rational judgments.

But we must really draw to a close; for we are tired with plucking and arranging flowers, where the ground is so rich. Mrs. Trollope herself solves a problem which seems much to puzzle her—the difficulty of getting hold of Italians. Wherever she goes, she meets plenty of English, French and Germans—but no Italians. (vol. i. p. 154.) She finds them at Venice quite

exclusive. She hopes for them at Rome; but somehow or other they do not come. Yet she courts them, she wants them; and, moreover, she is surrounded by them, she is in the midst of them, night after night, at "Donay's" coffee house, and at the Cascina; but in vain. Is it wonderful? Mrs. Trollope did not know, perhaps, that they have had enough of note-takers and book-makers among them, from our country, to stand in dread of any more. They have admitted English ladies into their society, who have violated the holy laws of hospitality, and have held up to contempt the good-natured people who have been civil to them. Whether Mrs. Trollope's American reputation may have helped her in this matter or no, we cannot pretend to say — we should doubt whether her name is much known in Italy. But burnt children dread the fire, or, as the Italian proverb better expresses it for our purposes, "the scalded man dreads even cold water." English people have been excluded from true Italian society on account of the liberties which some of them have taken with its reputation. Mrs. Trollope's work shows that in her case they were right. She has contrived to malign their religion and their country with the help of the scanty and blundering materials which she has collected; what would she have done if she could have got at more?

ST. LOUIS CATHEDRAL.

THIS noble edifice was consecrated on the 26th of October, 1834, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Rosati, the estimable Bishop of this diocese, to whose architectural taste and persevering energy his flock are indebted for its design and execution. The few faults in its architecture are overlooked in its general beauty and symmetry. The length of the whole building is one hundred and thirty-six feet, and its breadth eighty-four. The front is of polished free stone, and fifty feet in height. It has a portico forty feet wide, supported by four columns of the Doric order, with corresponding entablature, frieze, cornice, and pediment. The frieze has the following inscriptions in bas-relief: "In honorem S. Ludovici. Deo Uni et Trino. Dicatum A. D. MDCCCXXXIV." The spire rests upon a stone tower, which rises from the foundation to a height of forty feet above the pediment, and is twenty feet square. The shape of the spire is octagon, and it is surmounted by a gilt ball and cross, ten feet high. There is a fine chime of bells in the steeple, consisting of three large ones, weighing severally three thousand six hundred, one thousand nine hundred, and one thousand five hundred pounds, and three of a smaller size. There is also a large clock in the tower, which was made in Cincinnati. It now keeps accurate time, and strikes the hours and quarters on the large bells. There are inscriptions on each side of the portico, and on slabs of Italian marble, over the three doors opening from it into the church. Corresponding with the pediment, a cornice, frieze, and entablature, extend from it to the corners of the front, and about twenty feet along the sides, surmounted by a parapet wall, on which there are six stone candelabra of classic design, about nine feet in height. The porch is enclosed in front by a heavy iron railing, and is ascended by a flight of steps from the east and from the west, rising six feet from the pavement. The appearance of the entire façade is truly beautiful. On entering the interior from the centre door, the *coup d'œil* is most imposing. The eye first rests with pleasure upon the magnificent chancel. It is elevated nine steps above the floor of the nave, from which it is separated by a heavy balustrade, surmounted

by a wide communion rail, and is forty feet by thirty in size. In its centre is beheld the altar, raised three steps above the floor of the sanctuary, with its tabernacle and rich ornaments. The altar-piece is a large painting representing the crucifixion, and on each side of it there are two fluted Corinthian columns of rich blue marble, with gilt capitals, supporting a gorgeous entablature of the same order. This is surmounted by a corresponding pediment, broken in the centre, to admit, before an elliptical window, a transparent painting representing the Dove, the emblem of the Holy Ghost, surrounded by a glory, and cherubs appearing in the clouds. At either side, on the pediment, an angel is represented supporting the tables of the old law and of the gospel. These are the objects that first arrest the attention on entering the church. We then discover, on the western side of the sanctuary, the Bishop's chair, with a rich mahogany canopy, and hung with crimson damask. Opposite it, is a large and valuable painting of Saint Louis, titular saint of the Cathedral, presented by Louis XVIII. The sides of the sanctuary are adorned by pilasters of the Doric order, richly painted in imitation of marble, and variously ornamented with emblematical figures. All the details within the sanctuary are finished in the most perfect manner, and present a scene of richness and magnificence seldom surpassed. When the eye is sated with this spectacle, it is attracted by two rows of Doric columns, which separate the nave of the church from the aisles. There are five on each side. They are four feet in diameter, and twenty-six feet high; are built of brick, and covered with stucco, which is painted in imitation of rich marble. The pulpit is attached to one of them on the eastern side, and is built of mahogany and curled maple, of octangular form, and overhung by a rich mahogany canopy, surmounted by a gilt cross. There are four rows of pews in the nave, divided by a passage through the centre, and separated from the aisle pews by one on either side. In each aisle there are two rows of pews, with a passage between them, and each is terminated by a chapel, at the same elevation as the sanctuary, and enclosed by a balustrade. The one on the east is dedicated to the Blessed Virgin; a beautiful image of whom, with the infant Saviour in her arms, adorns the altar. Above it is an oil painting, resting upon an entablature supported by two fluted columns with gilt capitals, and within the pediment broken to receive it. The chapel on the west is of course similar in its architecture; and the subject of its altar-piece is the founder of the order of Sisters of Charity — Saint Vincent de Paul — saving a child that has been abandoned to perish in the snow, and holding another in his arms. In this chapel also, a beautiful oil painting fills the recess above the altar. There are seven arched windows on each side of the church, eighteen feet high; and between them are oil paintings representing the different stages of the passion of our Divine Saviour. The walls are colored and adorned with arabesque and emblematical ornaments, harmonizing in tint and design with the general plan. On casting the eye back to the entrance, we discover two spacious galleries over the doors; and in the recesses on either side, are confessionals and a baptismal font. There are several valuable oil paintings in the church, of great merit and antiquity. Beneath the altars of the aisles, are entrances to a commodious chapel, eighty-four feet by thirty in size, extending under the sanctuary. In the centre of the northern side, is an altar of the Tuscan order.

The organ was made in Cincinnati. It cost nearly \$5,000, and is surpassed by few in the United States for size, power, and tone, although its effect is impaired by the situation of its loft behind the altar of the Blessed Virgin, and communicating with a small gallery appropriated to the choir on the eastern side of the sanctuary. A similar gallery, on the western side, is used by the

Sisters of Charity who have charge of the Orphan Asylum contiguous to the Church. The entire building is fire-proof, the roof being covered with copper and the spire with tin; and in the solidity of its walls and strength of materials, is probably surpassed by no building in the country.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

PROVINCIAL COUNCIL.

THE fifth Provincial Council of Baltimore was solemnly opened on Sunday, 14th May. The prelates and inferior clergy dressed in appropriate robes in the residence of the Archbishop, and thence formed a magnificent procession, which, passing around the church, advanced up the middle aisle to the sanctuary. The Right Rev. Bishop of Mobile, at the request of the Most Rev. Archbishop, celebrated the Pontifical Mass, assisted by Very Rev. John Timon, Visitor of the Congregation of the Mission, as Priest assistant; Rev. G. Raymond, President of St. Mary's College, as deacon; and Rev. Mr. M'Claskey, as sub-deacon. The Bishop of Boston preached after Mass, on the Triumphs of the Church. The Most Rev. Archbishop, assisted by Very Rev. Louis Deluol, D. D., V. G., opened the Council; the Rev. Charles J. White singing the Gospel. The Bishops of New York, Richmond, Natchez, the Administrator of Detroit, the Coadjutor of St. Louis, and the Vicar Apostolic of Texas, severally made the confession of faith, at the foot of the altar.

The following officers were appointed: Bishops of Mobile and Natchez, Promoters; Rev. E. Dampoux and Rev. C. J. White, Secretaries; Rev. L. Lhomme, Master of Ceremonies. There were present in the choir sixteen prelates. Right Rev. Benedict Fenwick, Bishop of Boston; Rt. Rev. Michael Portier, Bishop of Mobile (*celebrant*); Rt. Rev. Francis Patrick Kenrick, Bishop of Philadelphia; Rt. Rev. John Baptist Purcell, Bishop of Cincinnati; Rt. Rev. Guy Ignatius Chabrat, Bishop of Belena, Coadjutor of Louisville; Rt. Rev. Anthony Blanc, Bishop of New Orleans; Rt. Rev. John Hughes, Bishop of New York; Rt. Rev. Richard Pius Miles, Bishop of Nashville; Rt. Rev. Celestin De La Hailandiere, Bishop of Vincennes; Rt. Rev. Matthias Loras, Bishop of Dubuque; Rt. Rev. John Joseph Chanche, Bishop of Natchez; Rt. Rev. Richard Vincent Whelan, Bishop of Richmond; Rt. Rev. Peter Paul Lefevre, Bishop of Zela, Administrator of Detroit; Rt. Rev. Peter Richard Kenrick, Bishop of Drasis, Coadjutor of St. Louis; Rt. Rev. John Odin, Vicar Apostolic of Texas; Very Rev. Richard S. Baker, Administrator of Charleston. Of the Superiors of Religious Orders were present: Very Rev. Father P. J. Verhaegen, S. J.; Very Rev. John Timon, Vis. Cong. Mission; Very Rev. P. E. Moriarty, Commissary General, O. S. A. Among the Theologians we noticed: Very Rev. Thos. Heyden, Very Rev. J. M. Henni, Rev. J. M. Lancaster, Rev. T. J. Donahoe, Rev. A. Penco, Rev. Father H. Pozzo, O. P.; Rev. J. Ryder, S. J.; Rev. J. B. Tornatore, C. M.; Rev. P. N. Lynch, Rev. P. Schreiber, Rev. J. Hoerner, Rev. J. Hickey, Rev. Mr. Mazzuchelli, Rev. Mr. Coskery, and others whose names we have not ascertained.

The Coadjutor Bishop of St. Louis preached in the afternoon on the "Unity of the Church." The Bishop of Cincinnati preached on Monday afternoon; the Bishop of New York on Tuesday; and each evening is to be occupied by the discourse of some Bishop. The Bishop of New York was engaged to preach at the second session, which was to be held this day. [Catholic Herald.

WM. G. READ, Esq.—This distinguished gentleman delivered an eloquent discourse on the landing of the Catholic pilgrims on the shores of Maryland, before a highly respectable and numerous audience in the Philadelphia Museum, on Wednesday evening, 10th inst. For nearly an hour and a half the audience hung on his lips, whilst in glowing language he portrayed the generous character and liberal views of the original colonists, especially of Lord Baltimore. In his description of the kind indulgent spirit of the illustrious Calvert, a convert to the Catholic faith, it was easy to recognize the model of his own enlightened piety. We forbear offering an analysis of the discourse, as we understand that it will be published.

On Thursday Mr. Read was entertained at a public dinner, given him by the Catholics of this city, in testimony of their high esteem. His health being drunk, he delivered an eloquent and fervid address. The Bishop of New York, Joseph R. Chandler and Wm. A. Stokes, Esqs., severally spoke with great eloquence in reply to special toasts. The honorable Judges Randall and Campbell, and Clement C. Biddle, Esq., were among the numerous company. [*Catholic Herald.*]

SR. LOUIS.—On the 8th of May the new Catholic female free school, attached to the church of St. Francis Xavier, was opened under the charge of three Sisters of Charity of Emmitsburg community. Owing to the want of room, only one hundred and thirty girls are admitted. Great number of applications have been postponed till the new and large edifice, which is rapidly in progress for that purpose, will be finished.

On the 19th of May, arrived in this city, Fathers Tarbinatti and Soderini from Rome, Father Toset from Switzerland, and brother Magri from the Isle of Malta—all members of the Society of Jesus, and destined for the Indian missions.

On the 25th instant, left this city, Father R. P. Verheyden, S. J., for the Indian missions, among the Pottawattamies, Ottawas, and Chippewas.

A letter has been received in this city from Brussels, in Belgium; in which we are informed, that upon the request, both of the Belgian Government and of the Belgian Ecclesiastical Hierarchy, the missions of the new Belgian colony in Guatemala, South America, are entrusted to the Jesuits of the Belgian province. Father C. Waldack, with another father of the same Society, was about to set sail for the American shore.

THE ST. LOUIS MEDICAL AND SURGICAL JOURNAL. Nos. 1 and 2. Edited by Professor LINTON, of the Medical Department of the St. Louis University. Published by DUNNIES & RADFORD. Monthly: 2 00 per annum.

WE understand this is the first medical journal published west of the Mississippi. It is devoted to the medical and surgical reports of the St. Louis Hospital, interesting cases in private practice, original essays, concise reviews of new medical works, and selections from medical journals; and is published under the belief it will contribute to the advancement of science and humanity. Among the contributors, we notice the names of the editor, Professors Hall and Prather, and Doctors Fourgeaud, Brown, Reyburn, H. Lane, Adreon, and Hocken. The article on Auscultation, in relation to women and children, translated from the French by Dr. Fourgeaud, is the longest contribution, and we presume the most important. It evinces an intimate acquaintance with the subject, and an ability on the part of the translator, that we hope will be frequently employed in presenting to the public translations of valuable scientific papers. The meteorological observations, by Dr. B. B. Brown, must give the work a circulation among men of science, generally, as well as in the medical profession. It undoubtedly deserves liberal patronage.

THE
CATHOLIC CABINET,
AND
CHRONICLE OF RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

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NO. 3.

FULFILMENT OF PROPHECY—THE CHURCH.

THE confident announcement of the approaching end of the world, which forms a prominent feature of what is called "Millerism," excited no little attention during the last few months. While the sober-minded part of the population—including all the Catholics—disregarded it as the result of fanaticism or imposture, it awakened very serious apprehensions in the minds even of many who cannot be considered as having adopted it; and those who have attached themselves to the new denomination, have a conviction of its truth, that has, in many instances, led to the most disastrous results. For our parts, we cannot conceive how any rational man can refuse to recognize in this extraordinary fact, a striking proof of the necessity of having some certain authority to guide men in religion. It is to no purpose to say, that Miller's interpretation of the prophecies, to which he so confidently refers, is absurd, and his calculations erroneous; for, however true this is in itself, it would be no very easy matter to persuade either him or his adherents that such is the case. Besides, those who oppose him, supply the very basis on which his calculation is founded; and the operations by which Mr. Miller has arrived at his conclusion, are just as rational as those by which his adversaries have drawn other consequences, not a whit less absurd than his favourite theory.

From the beginning of the unhappy schism of the sixteenth century, mis-called "the Reformation," up to the present moment, the prophetic writings of the Old and New Testament have proved a rich mine, from which brainless zealots and learned enthusiasts have dug out theories, and constructed systems, in which not only the extinction of Catholicism, under the polite appellation of "Popery," held a prominent place; but, connected with this event, the end of the world, and commencement of the millenium, were confidently anticipated. How often has not the very year been pointed out, in which all this was to take place; and how often has not the prophet lived to witness the non-fulfilment of his prediction! And yet the mistakes and disappointments of the past have not checked the growth of seers among us, and that for a very obvious reason. The principle from which all these various vagaries sprung is yet maintained; and according to the different temperament of those who act on it, will never fail to lead either to incredulity of various degrees, or fanaticism of every conceivable or inconceivable description. We would wish to see a history of the human mind under the influence of this principle for any quarter of a century since the reformation; for we are satisfied that the best, and probably the only effectual, remedy for the evil will be found in the facts which have resulted from this erroneous principle, as undeniably as the fountain proceeds from the source by which it is fed.

It is the property and privilege of truth to derive fresh strength from the efforts made to destroy it; and we are deeply impressed with the conviction that much good will result from all the religious absurdities of which, both to the east and to the west, the land is replete. Error being nothing more than truth disfigured, the arguments by which the former is sought to be maintained, are, for the most part, little else than misapplications of the principle by which the latter is established. Thus, there can be no doubt that the most glorious prophecies of the Old Testament have regard to the Messiah, and to the Church he was to establish on earth; but by a strange infatuation, some men seem to think that Christ either did not establish such a spiritual kingdom, or, if he did, that it was after some time destroyed, or, at least, withdrawn from human eyes; whereas, they defer to the time of his second coming, the fulfilment of those predictions which denote the stability of the society he was, according to the prophets, to form among men. This is a mode of interpretation forced on their minds by the unhappy persuasion in which they are, that the Church he founded did apostatize; that the society which claims to be that established by him, is a synagogue of Satan; and that its officers, who claim to derive their powers from those whom he sent to preach, are so many impersonations of that evil being, so familiar to their ears by the name of Antichrist. This is the true cause of all that misdirected zeal to interpret the prophecies so as to find in them a confirmation of the above theory; and which, by the absurdities it has produced, has gladdened the eye of impiety and reddened the cheek of modesty and faith. If, before looking out for the Pope in the man of sin, or the characteristics of the Catholic Church in the features of "the beast," these deluded people would quietly examine whether or not the great majority of the Christian world, or the most ancient Church in Christendom the scarlet lady of Babylon, they would probably find their success in deciphering the mysterious symbols of the prophets not quite so easy as they at present imagine; but their disappointment would be abundantly compensated for by the discovery, that they had unwittingly condemned those whom, perhaps, they would be now inclined to extol. But as the very prophecies which are so generally misunderstood, to the disadvantage of the Catholic Church, are among the most glorious of her titles to be regarded by men as the tabernacle of God with them, we have thought that it would not be without its utility, especially at the present moment, to give such an explanation of some of them, as may serve to undeceive those who have misconceived their meaning, and at the same time afford an argument for the truth of Catholicism, which, for many of our readers, may have the character of novelty.

The second and seventh chapters of Daniel, and the seventeenth chapter of the Apocalypse, contain predictions which are generally supposed to relate to the same events — the rise and fall of four great empires, and the establishment of the kingdom of Christ. We propose, then, to examine these three passages in as many distinct papers, in which we shall endeavour to shew that there is every probability that the true key to their interpretation is rather to be borrowed from the history of the past, than to be expected from the hopes or apprehensions of the future; and that, so far as they apply to the Catholic Church, she has nothing but triumph to expect from their legitimate application. But, lest it might be supposed that we were about to act on the principle we have already condemned in the preceding observations, by giving our own interpretations of the inspired predictions of Daniel and St. John, and claiming for them a preference over the systems of those from whom we dissent, we deem it necessary to state, at the very beginning of our inquiry, that we shall but repeat the language of some of the most distinguished writers of the

Church, who lived more than a thousand years before the change of religion in the sixteenth century, and who, as they were removed from the discussions which at present divide the Christian world, cannot be suspected of any bias not resulting from devotion to truth.

In the second chapter of Daniel, it is related that Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, had a dream, in which he beheld a great statue, the head of which was of gold, the breast and arms of silver, the middle part of brass, and the lower part of iron, mixed towards the extremities with clay. While looking on this extraordinary object, "a stone was cut of a mountain without hands, and it struck the statue upon the feet thereof, that were of iron and clay, and broke them in pieces. The stone that struck the statue became a great mountain and filled the whole earth." This is a summary of the description of the king's vision given by Daniel, as found in the twenty-ninth and thirty-fifth verses of the second chapter of his prophecy. In the thirty-sixth verse, he commences the interpretation of the mysterious vision, which continues down to the forty-fifth verse. The great statue composed of such various materials, is declared to denote four great kingdoms; which are generally believed to be the Assyrian, over which Nebuchadnezzar then reigned; the Persian, which succeeded it; the Grecian power, which destroyed the Persian empire; and the Roman, which swallowed up the Grecian empire of Alexander and his successors. Some interpreters understand the fourth kingdom to be the various dynasties founded by the successors of Alexander, out of the vast dominions which he had acquired; but this opinion is not the one generally received, and is liable to very serious objections. After having thus described the great statue, the prophet continues to shew, what is to be understood by the catastrophe by which it was to be destroyed. His words are — "But in the days of those kingdoms, the God of heaven will set up a kingdom that shall never be destroyed: and his kingdom shall not be delivered up to another people, and it shall break in pieces, and shall consume all these kingdoms, and itself shall stand for ever. According as thou sawest that the stone was cut out of the mountain without hands, and broke in pieces the clay and the iron, and the brass and the silver and the gold, the great God hath shewn the king what shall come to pass hereafter."

A Catholic finds no difficulty in applying this remarkable prophecy. Following the interpretation of the greatest biblical scholar of Christian antiquity, St. Jerome, he sees in the four kingdoms, symbolized by the great statue, the power of man, as exhibited in the four great monarchies of antiquity already enumerated. Great as was this power, it was to pass away like all the works of man. To this highest exhibition of human courage, energy, and wisdom, God was to oppose a kingdom which he himself was to found, which, small and insignificant in its beginning, was to destroy the kingdoms of earth, was to acquire universal dominion, and was never to be destroyed. This kingdom was to be spiritual, because such a kingdom would be alone worthy of God, and because it was to be the kingdom of the Messiah, which he himself has taught us "is not of this world." The Church which Christ established is, then, the kingdom of which the prophet Daniel speaks. Weak and insignificant in its origin — its founder, the crucified Jesus — its preachers, a few poor illiterate fishermen — its members, for the most part, taken from the poor, the ignoble, and the unwise of this world — it is evidently the little stone cut from a mountain without hands; for, to all human appearance, no adequate cause can be discovered for its starting into existence. Did it not struggle with the colossal power of the world? What else can be called that contest between the Roman empire and the Church of Christ, during which the blood of eleven

million Christian martyrs flowed, who, like their Divine Master, for dying, overcame the power that appeared to crush them? How often did not the Roman emperors raise monuments to commemorate the victories by which they vainly boasted to have extinguished the religion of Christ! What was the result? We shall relate it in the words of a modern writer, whose testimony may derive some additional weight with our protestant readers, from the fact that he does not belong to the Church whose triumph he so eloquently describes.

— “ ’Twas the solemnest epoch in the life-time of man — that, when the civilization of two thousand years, unionized into one gigantic fabric by the power of Rome, so that the whole trust and worth of nations was by compulsion made to rest thereon, began visibly to break down. ’Twas the sultriest hour of time. The sweat-drops of terror fell, and made echo in their fall. The loosing of the chariot-steeds of barbarism was heard afar, and men knew not what it meant, for they had never heard the like before. Vague feelings of their helplessness and danger — vague forebodings of unknown evils, overcast their sapless hearts. They had time to fly — but whither? They had hands and brains, but the hands were nerveless, and ‘the formidable *pilum*, which had subdued the world, dropt from them’ — the brains were crammed full of controversial logic, so that there was no room in them for manly thoughts. Men had been bent and bowed for centuries to believe the lie, that one arch of power is enough for all Mankind — that it is safest and best for many nations to trust all to one. All rivalry or competition was not only dead, but it was a thing forgotten: it had come to be a rude, uncivilized, unenlightened thing. There stood but one world-spanning arch — but one only tolerated or known bridge over anarchy. . . . Downward it totters — crumbling down, with its multitudinous load. They sink wailing; sink with whatever they possess of valuables — valuables as they called them; and doubtless dragging with them much also of true value into the unwritten grave. Yet is not *all* lost. Christianity remained a refuge for the drowning civilization of antiquity. The Church sank not. Since the unannal’d days of the first flood, when the primitive science, art, and knowledge of mankind were destroyed, there had been nought within comparison so appalling to this unsheltered world as this Scythian tide; and, as in the elder tempest, there was no salvation but in an ark of safety of no human providence or contriving. The Church alone outrode the storm. When its surging crest of ruin rose most high, the cross rose with it, and above it still. The barbarians embraced Christianity; and when the vanquished felt that between them and their conquerors there was one tie — that of a common faith — they said within themselves, ‘surely the bitterness of death is passed.’ It was the Church that saved whatever could be rescued from the universal wreck: in her sanctuary were preserved for subsiding times, the laws, and a few hastily snatched up records of a drowned antiquity. On, on, with force as if forever, the gush of Scythia and Burgundia roars. All political power is overwhelmed in its weltering wave. The Church alone sinks not. It alone presumes to beard and to reprove — to rebuke and to restrain its rage. Immortal faith saves human hope from dying. All this is assuredly no scoffing matter. Sceptic sarcastic Gibbon was no man to write its history: when next it shall be written, pray that it fall into far different hands. Can we imagine anything so crushing of all hope of progress, as the state of things that would have been, had antiquity been entirely lost? Can we conceive a more exalting proof of a superintending wisdom in the affairs of men, than the provision whereby religion was made to guard that perilled treasure? Let us recollect, that had the Christian era fallen five centuries later, no common ground of

mercy or of pity would have been found at the invasion of Italy; and thus the experience of the whole period, from the records of Moses down to Justinian, would be now a guess field or a blank. That human nature would have created its work anew, we doubt not; but the difference to us this day had been immeasurable."—*McCullagh, On the Use and Study of History*, pp. 288–292.

In the above passage, the eloquent lecturer regards the Church merely as surviving the downfall of the empire; but this is not an adequate view of the event. It was the Church, or kingdom of Jesus Christ, that crushed the power of Rome—the barbarians were only the ministers of God's vengeance, which the blood of the saints, slain by that guilty power, had at length provoked. This was that irrepressible impulse which Attila felt, and which urged him forward, almost against his will, to the destruction of the imperial city.

The rapid diffusion and universal extent of the Catholic Church is an obvious fulfilment of that part of the prophecy, in which the little "stone that struck the statue became a great mountain and filled the whole earth;" while the continuance of that Church is as clear an accomplishment of the prediction, that the kingdom which God himself set up was never to be destroyed—was never to be delivered up to another people: and while it should consume all opposing powers, itself should stand for ever. Will any one pretend to deny that the history of the past, as well as the experience of the present, does not shew that such is the Catholic Church? At all times, we love to cite the testimony of protestant writers in support of the principles we maintain, or the assertions we may have to make; but we do this with greater pleasure, when, as in the quotation just made, and in that we are about to give, the force of argument is accompanied by all the graces of cultivated genius. Listen, then, to one of the first English writers of the day—Thomas Babington Macaulay—whose words, although often cited, are here so peculiarly appropriate, that we cannot withhold them.

—"There is not, and there never was, on this earth, a work so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church. The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon; and when cameleopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday, when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. The line we trace back, in an unbroken series, from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century, to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends, until its origin is lost in the twilight of fable. [This is tantamount to saying, what the prejudices of the writer prevented him from explicitly acknowledging, that at no time subsequent to the age of the Apostles, is there wanting evidence to prove the existence of the Papal power.—*ЕД. СЛѢД. СЛѢД.*] The republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the republic of Venice was modern when compared with the Papacy; and the republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains, not in decay, nor a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigour. The Catholic Church is still sending forth, to the furthest ends of the world, missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustin; and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisitions in the New World have more than compensated her for what she has lost in the Old. Her spiritual ascendancy extends over the vast countries which lie between the plains of the Missouri and Cape Horn—countries which, a century hence, may not improbably

contain a population as large as that which now inhabits Europe. The members of her communion are certainly not fewer than a hundred and fifty millions; and it will be difficult to show, that all the other Christian sects united, amount to a hundred and twenty millions. Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments, and of all the ecclesiastical establishments, that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain — before the Frank had passed the Rhine — when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch — when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigour, when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge, to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.

— “We often hear it said, that the world is constantly becoming more and more enlightened; and that this enlightening must be favorable to Protestantism, and unfavorable to Catholicism. We wish that we could think so. But we see great reason to doubt whether this be a well-founded expectation. We see that during the last two hundred and fifty years, the human mind has been in the highest degree active — that it has made great advances in every branch of natural philosophy — that it has produced innumerable inventions tending to promote the convenience of life — that medicine, surgery, chemistry, engineering, have been very greatly improved — that government, police, and law, have been improved, though not quite to the same extent. Yet we see that during these two hundred and fifty years, Protestantism has made no conquests worth speaking of. Nay, we believe that as far as there has been a change, that change has been in favor of the Church of Rome. We cannot, therefore, feel confident that the progress of knowledge will necessarily be fatal to a system which has, to say the least, stood its ground in spite of the immense progress which knowledge has made since the days of Queen Elizabeth.

— ‘bleibt stets von gleichem Schlag,
Und ist so wunderbar als wie am ersten Tag.’”

— “The history of Catholicism strikingly illustrates these observations. During the last seven centuries, the public mind of Europe has made constant progress in every department of secular knowledge. Four times since the authority of the Church of Rome was established in Western Christendom, has the human intellect risen up against her. Twice she remained completely victorious. Twice she came forth from the conflict bearing the marks of cruel wounds, but with the principle of life still strong within her. When we reflect on the tremendous assaults which she has survived, we find it difficult to conceive in what way she is to perish.” —

We need scarcely notice the almost inconceivable delusion of regarding, with Macauley, the phenomenon of Catholicism as being a master-piece of human genius. Is error more durable than truth? or has the enemy of our race provided more effectually for the preservation of falsehood, than God has for the perpetuation of truth? But we shall not run the risk of detracting from the force which this view of the Church must be felt to have, by a single observation. This illustrious society bears on its very front the impress of the Divine Hand by which it has been formed; and in its enduring existence

* “It remains the same as when first created, and is as wonderful as when it first appeared.”

a proof, which no sophistry can elude, that, however weak and lowly are the elements whereof it is composed, God has breathed into it a breath of life, which no internal corruption can expel, no external violence extinguish.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN RUSSIA.

[FROM THE DUBLIN REVIEW.]

It is the lot of Christ's Church to be ever an object of persecution; and kings and emperors, who should of right be its foster-fathers and guardians, are too often, if not generally, the authors of such trials. These persecutions vary in character and in instruments. There is a persecution of violence, and a persecution of cunning; there is a persecution which attempts to crush, and one which seeks to extinguish; there is a persecution *en masse*, and there is a persecution in detail; there is a persecution which breaks and bruises, and one which wearies and sickens to death; there is, in fine, a persecution which destroys the body, and there is one which strives to weary, to pervert, and to kill the soul. Which is the worse? Surely not that in which the mask is thrown off, and the sword unsheathed, and the poison poured out from a labelled phial: better, far better, is this than the covert, artful, and disguised hatred, which strikes with the sceptre instead — yea, with the golden sceptre of affected clemency — and dribbles out its hemlock under the name of medicine. The first of these was the persecution of those sad blunderers at their work, the Roman emperors. They put a bold face upon their cruel designs; they openly avowed their intention of extinguishing the Christian name throughout their empire; they issued decrees to that effect; and they most injudiciously displayed their racks and cauldrons in the public squares. An open enemy can be boldly met. Thousands of generous champions came forward; their numbers wearied persecutions edge; their blood, which flew round from the tormentor's or executioner's stroke, was of a baptismal efficacy — whom it touched it seemed to cleanse; and it was found that the axe was the best pruning-knife of the Lord's vineyard, and disciples' blood its most fruitful seed. Experience taught worldly, or rather worse than worldly wisdom. The apostate Julian was the first scholar in this evil discipline, and the Arian persecutors followed it to advantage. To sap and undermine, to wear and to weary, to remove, under specious pleas, strong-minded and conscientious adversaries; to send — not to the scaffold, oh no! — but to the gentle labours of the Chersonesan mines (the Siberia of the empire), or to the wild seclusion of the Pontian island, such refractory bishops as dared to despise imperial edicts, and to place weak and timid, or ambitious and servile, minds in their place; to make ecclesiastical matters the subject of cold-blooded, meddling, and arbitrary state enactments; such was the policy which, too successfully tried by ancient autocrats, has given the rule and the ready plan to heretical despots of succeeding ages, who wish to destroy the Church of God, with all the air of kind and conscientious protectors. Into the Grecian character, of old so stamped with double dealing and breach of faith, the perfidy of the intriguing and worthless Photius seems to have kneaded a still more bitter leaven — that of religious cunning and duplicity, wherever the interests of his unhappy schism came into contact with the claims, however just, of the true spouse of Christ. Even the favour of Turk or infidel has been basely courted, to oppress the Catholics of the east; money has been lavished to purchase

persecution on the poor Armenians or United Greeks at Constantiople; Mahound and Termagaunt have seemed worthy of worship, if they would only help to crush the pope and his adherents.

There wanted only one ingredient more to give these unenviable attributes full play — power and strength to second the designs of religious animosity. What a noble field for the dark and subtle arts of him who entertains it, would an empire be — one, too, in which scarce a limit is placed to the arbitrariness of tyranny, and where national feelings could be brought to conspire with religious ones, in reconciling the majority of the population to the grinding, crushing oppression of a helpless minority — where political antipathies could be worked in alliance with ecclesiastical estrangement! The vast, overgrown, heterogeneous combination of various races, tribes, and hordes, which Providence has been pleased to permit in modern times, under the name of the Russian Empire, has unhappily been able to make the tremendous experiment. It is the manner in which it has been conducted, from its commencement till the present period, that will occupy us in this paper. For, unfortunately, too many imagine that Russian oppression has been confined to generous, but fallen Poland, or that it has arisen under the iron sway of the thoroughly Russian-hearted Nicholas. In other words, the persecution which has been avowedly carried on against Catholics in that empire, has been looked on as one of a political, rather than of a religious character; and thus, neither its extent nor its duration — neither its wide-spreading calamity nor its wearing length, has been duly appreciated. Again — we have been left to pick up our acquaintance with this heavy and galling scourge, only through the chance notice of some of its cruel strokes by the periodical press; and we hardly know, at least so as to heed it, that it has been wielded for half a century with equal violence, excepting some intervals of peace. From the unwomanly reign of Catharine II. to that of the present emperor, it has worked, with the regularity of a machine, up and down — ascending to excite hopes, and falling down to crush them — with unwearying perseverance of evil purpose. Cunning has raised it, that cruelty might better impel it down.

In unfolding the sad history from the documents before us, our object is to excite sympathy, not hatred. In every conflict of the Church with her enemies, when they prevail for a season, a double object is presented to our feelings. “In cujus glorioso agone duo nobis præcipue consideranda sunt; indurata videlicet tortoris sævitia et martyris invicta patientia: sævitia tortoris ut eam detestemur; patientia martyris ut eam imitemur.”* (S. Aug.) But if by our narrative we shall occasionally excite the more painful of these feelings, it is not for them that we write. We wish every Catholic heart to grieve, to admire, to excuse, by turns, our brethren so long worried, persecuted, and tormented; to strengthen that bond of charity which unites us to the Church, and forms, by its delicate fibres, that nerve through which the thrilling sensation of Catholic sympathy vibrates, from member to member of the mystical body of Christ.

We must premise a few words respecting the works from which our materials will be derived. The first on our list is above either our praise or our censure. It is an authentic document emanating from the highest authority in the Church; its assertions have been carefully weighed; its expressions accurately measured; its tone and manner scrupulously regulated. Nothing is

* “In whose glorious conflict, two things are to be considered — the cruelty of the torturer, and the unconquerable patience of the martyr: The cruelty of the torturer, that we may detest it; the patience of the martyr, that we may imitate it.”

advanced without its voucher, and no charge made which severe justice will not approve. It, however, confines itself chiefly to the later calamities of the Catholic Church in Russia; and valuable as its documentary evidence is, it does not enable us to survey the long annals of blood and crime which modern Russian Church history presents. The French work upon our list we must acknowledge to be, in some respects, a disappointing one. Not that it contains not enough to arouse our feelings, whether of sympathy or indignation, or documents sufficient to justify its heavy charges; but that its tone is sometimes more declamatory than we could have wished, and that far the greater portion of the volume is taken up with doctrinal arguments, and a history of the Greek schism, which is not what we expect on taking up the volume. But with all these imperfections, Catholics have reason to be grateful for the work, which has been very well received on the continent. The work of Father Theiner is the result of that great research which is to be found in all his works, and which becomes the continuator of Baronius and Raynaldus. It enters most minutely into details; gives the biography of the principal actors in the scenes which it describes; makes use of local memoirs and rare publications, as well as of official documents; and thus presents a full and comprehensive, as well as a painfully finished, view of the eventful history of religion in Russia. At the same time, he writes with an earnestness, a feeling, and a warmth, which engages the heart as well as the understanding of his readers, in the sacred cause of truth and virtue. We shall therefore follow him chiefly as our guide.

It is not necessary for us to enter into any account of the earlier condition of religion in the Russian empire, before it obtained this title, and when it was only an inferior principality, further than to contradict an idea which we believe to be very prevalent—that the Church of Russia is an offspring of the schismatical Greek Church of Constantinople, and has been, ever since its origin, separated from the communion of the apostolic see. This is an error. The holy patriarch, St. Ignatius, was the first whom the Russians recognized. From his time (A. D. 867) till about 1120, no trace is discoverable of any breach of communion between the Russian Church and the holy see; although attempts have been made, by means of documents bearing on them the clear stamp of modern Greek forgery, to prove an earlier alienation. About that time, the metropolitan Nicephorus I, a Greek from Constantinople, composed a treatise against Rome. But it produced no effect: neither clergy nor laity took part with him in his views. Latin priests came freely into the country to assist in the labours of the Church; and the Russian communion to this day commemorates, on the 6th of August, the virtues of Abbot Anthony, *the* Roman, who, coming from Lubeck to Novogorod, established, two wersts from the city, the convent which bears his name. In fine, with occasional and temporary interruptions, such as happened even in the western countries of Europe during the middle ages, Russia continued in communion with Rome till the fifteenth century: so that its defection may, with historical accuracy, be thrown into the mass of schism which, about and after that period, was allowed, in the unsearchable judgments of God, to detach itself from the Rock of Peter. We need not enter into particulars; it can hardly be necessary to say, that when the miserable event did occur, craft, ambition, avarice, haughtiness, and every other vice, were the qualities displayed by those who caused and forwarded it. In 1415 a division took place in the heart of the Russian Church. In consequence of the deposition, by the bishops of a part of Russia, of the worthless patriarch Photias, and the election in his place of Gregory Zambak, the Church became divided into two parts, or rather two patriarchates, that of Moscow

and that of Kiew. To the latter adhered the bishoprics of Bransk, Smolensk, Peremuischel, Turow, Luzk, Wladimir, in Volhynia, Polozk, Chelnisk, and Haliz. The former continued to be held by Photias, the enemy of the Latins. A few years later, the two sees were again united in the person of Isidore, whom the good patriarch Joseph sent from Constantinople into Russia, as metropolitan of both. Devoted, like him who sent him, to the great object of restoring the separated parts of Russia to Catholic communion, he obtained leave from prince Wassili III. to proceed to the Council of Florence, which had begun its sittings at Ferrara, for the purpose of reuniting the east and west. On his return in 1439, he arrived at Buda, and now bearing the title of Apostolic Legate, sent before him a pastoral, communicating the happy intelligence that the union had been accomplished. It opens with these joyful words—"Rejoice ye in the Lord! The Eastern and Roman Churches have entered into a perpetual unity, and have restored their ancient peace and harmony. All ye good Christians of the Constantinopolitan Church, ye Russians, Servians, Walachians, all who believe in Christ, accept this holy alliance with jubilee and rejoicing. Be from henceforward true Christian brethren of the Roman Church. There is now only one God, and one Church! May peace and love ever reign among you!"*

In Kiew and its dependencies, Isidore was received with triumph and joy; in Moscow with very different feelings. He boldly faced all dangers, and proceeded thither in the following spring. He entered processionally the Church of Our Lady in the Kremlin, and, after mass, the deacon from the pulpit read the decree of union passed at Florence. The people listened in silence, and gave no sign of satisfaction. The prince received with coldness from Isidore's hands an autograph letter from the pope; said he would hear of no such union; and seizing the person of the patriarch, put him in confinement. After two years' durance he escaped to Rome, received much honourable employment, and died patriarch elect of Constantinople in 1463, universally respected, and was buried in St. Peter's. The two sees of Kiew and Moscow were separated once more: the former remained faithful to Rome, the latter was the head of the schism. But, unhappily, before 1520 the unceasing efforts of the see of Moscow had prevailed, and the whole of Russia was plunged into the same unhappy condition.

Shortly after this event, an occurrence took place which considerably affected the position of the Russian Church. Jeremias II, patriarch of Constantinople, drained the resources of his see in out-bribing his competitors, Metrophanes III, Pachomius, and Theolept, to gain the interest of the Porte, chiefly through the influence of the harem. It was one of the most disgraceful struggles for church preferment that has disfigured the annals of even that Church, in which, with the exception of those bishops who kept communion with Rome, the most worthless succession of prelates for centuries held sway. After being several times imprisoned and deposed, Jeremias prevailed in the unholy contest, crushed his rivals, or pensioned them off, and found himself sole patriarch, with an exhausted treasury, and a large debt. He determined to appeal to the charity of his fellow Greeks, and took a journey into Russia to solicit contributions. Here he agreed to consecrate the newly appointed archbishop Job, and to bestow upon him the patriarchal dignity. The consecration took place at Moscow, in the Kremlin; but the czar reserved to himself the right of conferring the patriarchate. He, with his own hands, invested him with splendid robes, put a white mitre upon his head, and delivered to him the pat-

* Theiner, p. 51.

riarchal staff: then addressed him in these solemn words — “Most holy father, most worthy patriarch! father of all fathers, first bishop in all Russia, patriarch of all Russia, &c.! Hereby I command and announce to thee that thou hast precedence of all bishops; that henceforward thou shalt wear the robes of a patriarch, the coif of a bishop and the kalabuk or mitre, and that every one in my dominion shall honour thee as patriarch, and brother of the other patriarchs.”

How much alike are all tyrants of the Church! How natural that speech would be in the mouth of Henry VIII, addressed to Cranmer. Not that the prince himself was evil-disposed, for he is described as of a mild and gentle disposition; but he was under the influence of those who made the Church subservient to mere worldly purposes. Jeremias sold this dignity for a large sum of money: his companion and impartial chronicler, who has written a journal of the expedition — Dorotheus, of Monembasia — foresaw even then its consequences; the more immediate one of the separation of the southern from the northern bishoprics, and the more remote one of the entire defection of Russia from obedience to Constantinople.* Thus was the Russian patriarchate simoniacally established in 1589. God, however, from this evil drew forth splendid good. During a period immediately preceding the one which we have reached, the Church of Russia had been subjected to the brutal tyranny of as great a monster as ever disgraced a throne — Iwan IV. He had plundered the clergy, butchered priests and religious to the number of five hundred with great barbarity; sewed up Leonidas, archbishop of Novogorod, in a bear’s skin, and had him worried by dogs, for refusing to unite him to a fourth wife contrary to the Greek canons (he had three more after her), murdered his own son, and massacred in the course of his reign, sixty thousand people. Yet he held ecclesiastical synods, and presided and decreed — and, in fact, was the head of the Russian Church! He was, moreover, strongly infected with German reformation ideas. Again, we repeat, how alike all Church enslavers and oppressors are! It was his successor who created the first patriarch. In addition to these temporal calamities, a frightful heresy had sprung up, attacking the very foundation of faith, impugning the very divinity of our Lord himself. The bishops who had formerly enjoyed the communion with the holy see, remembered how much happier their lot had been, than it was now in communion with so degraded and so corrupted a Church as was that of Russia; they remembered, too, how strong a protection that communion had afforded them against the dissensions and heresies which were now assailing them. They sighed for return to their former happier state; and, with the generous resolution of the repentant prodigal, decided at once upon returning to their father’s house. *Their* language, too, may not be without a lesson for modern times. They met under the metropolitan of Kiew, Michael Rahosa, and drew up a declaration of their wishes. They begin by observing, that “Christ our Lord had strongly enjoined unity in religion, and it is the duty of good shepherds to exert themselves to promote it; especially at a time when heresies are daily increasing, and men are even abandoning faith in the blessed Trinity. This proceeds from no other cause than their own separation from Rome; but, although they had *prayed* constantly for unity in faith, they had not seriously taken steps to restore it, *looking as they did to their superiors, and waiting to see if they would begin to be desirous of such return to unity. But not seeing them move, and seeing all hopes from them only diminish, they, moved by the Holy Spirit, considering, with immense grief, the evils resulting*

* Published at Venice in 1676.

from want of union between churches, a union which from the time of the apostles, their predecessors had held (acknowledging one supreme pastor, who was none other than the bishop of Rome); that so long as they had remained in unity with him, heresy had no power to hurt them or make inroads into the Church; but from the moment that new masters were established, discords and schisms had sprung up, whence heretics had derived new power; they had determined to return to the obedience of the holy see.* This interesting document is subscribed by the metropolitan, six bishops, and an archimandrite, and dated Dec. 2, 1594. The archbishop and several of his suffragans went in solemn deputation to Rome, and the reunion of a large body of Ruthenian Christians was completed, and confirmed by pope Clement VIII, in his constitution *Magnus Dominus*. Here was a noble example given, of how easily a Church, separated from the only true centre of unity, may, by a vigorous effort, return to it; and here, moreover, is proposed to future times a lesson of wisdom and humility, as well as of firm faith, and true love of Catholic unity, in the conduct of these prelates who, rightly estimating the causes of the religious calamities which had visited their Church, lost no time in vigorously and completely removing them, and regaining thereby their true position. Alas! we have lived to see the union, so happily and so cheerfully effected, miserably broken again asunder after more than two hundred years, by the arts and violence of the Russian autocrat.

The Churches thus united to the Catholic communion, will be known in this article as the United Greek Church of Russia. Job, the patriarch of Moscow, and head of the schismatical Church, summoned a council, and launched his impotent censures against the union: but while Michael Rahosa enjoyed a tranquil government over it, and died at length in peace, leaving a name and memory "in blessing," Job heaped crime upon crime; crowned as czar the murderer Gudenow; became the tool of all his iniquities, and was at length imprisoned and strangled in 1604. Michael's successor, Joseph Rudski, was justly called by Pope Urban VIII, the "Athanasius of Russia," and the "Atlas of the Union." He strenuously laboured to extend and consolidate it, in spite of endless sufferings, and even perils to his life. But though he escaped the cruel designs of the Russian schismatics, they found means to wreak their vengeance upon his friend and fellow-labourer in the good work, Josaphat Kunciecwicz, archbishop of Polosks. On the 12th of November, 1623, a party of his enemies surprised him in bed, stabbed him with swords and other weapons in the most brutal manner, and after several hours' torment, chopped off his head. His body was ignominiously dragged through the streets by a mob of Russian clergy and laity, and cast into the Dnieper. The body, like that of St. John Nepomucen, shone with a heavenly light, was taken out by the faithful, and carried in procession to the cathedral. God wrought daily miracles at his tomb, and he was duly beatified by Pope Urban in 1643.

These particulars we have deemed important, for properly introducing the later history of the Catholic Church in Russia. We only regret that we have been obliged to content ourselves with a meagre outline, where so much interesting incident would have allowed us more deeply to engage the reader's attention. We hasten forward to a most important epoch, the reign of Peter the Great. Well as he may be judged to have deserved this epithet for his legislative efforts, he would certainly have merited it, in its superlative degree, had he carried into execution, what, through his life, was a fondly cherished desire—the reunion of the Russians to the Catholic Church. To labour for

* Theiner, part ii. p. 8.

this, he was encouraged by the Emperor Joseph I, and by his predecessor Leopold. One of his first steps was to admit the Jesuits and Capuchins freely into his states, allowing them to build houses and churches, and assisting the former to open a college, expressly for the education of the nobility of his empire. When the patriarch Adrian remonstrated with him, observing that by this means many would be led to embrace the religion of their instructors, he replied, "You are jealous of these good fathers, as you blockheads understand nothing about the education of youth. If in course of time, any of my young nobles embrace the Catholic religion, so much the better for them; I shall be very glad of it." He gave permission to Catholic missionaries to pass through Russia to Turkey, and he sent a magnificent embassy to Rome, several members of which, and among them his friend General Sczremet, embraced the Catholic faith. Peter himself often assured his friends, that the time was not far distant, when the Roman and Russian Church should be but one; and to forward this great end, he held, in 1717, many conferences with the divines of the Sorbonne in Paris, upon the subject. In this noble design he was assisted and supported by his bosom friend, Bishop Stephen Jaworski, who was devoted heart and soul to Rome, and wrote a powerful work, not published till after his death, entitled *Petra fidei*, chiefly extracted from Bellarmine's writings, and thoroughly Catholic. As he advanced in years, Peter became more and more earnest in this pursuit, and almost the day before his death he was engaged in struggling for it. But in vain. The prejudices of his ignorant clergy were too strong; they resisted all his efforts, and he punished them severely for it. After the death of the patriarch Adrian, he had resolutely refused to fill up the office. This no doubt he did advisedly: for he knew what an obstacle the existence of such an office in Russia would be to his favourite object. At length, in January 1720, he convoked a meeting of all the metropolitans, archbishops, and bishops, of the national Church at Moscow, and strongly urged upon them the necessity of a reunion. They refused. Peter solemnly rose up, and with a stern mien pronounced these fatal words — "I know of no other true and lawful patriarch besides the patriarch of the west, the Bishop of Rome; and as you will not obey him, from henceforth you shall obey me alone."* With these words, he handed to them the statute already prepared, abolishing the patriarchal dignity, and appointing the "Most Holy Synod" (!) in its place. This is a sort of assembly like the upper house of convocation, composed of bishops, but presided over by an *Ober-procuror* or president, who is always a layman appointed by the emperor, often like the present one, Count Pratassow, an officer in the army. The synod is entirely under his control, and has little to do than to publish the wishes of the czar in an ecclesiastical form, and give any decision which the imperial will may require. It is not many years since it pronounced valid and lawful the marriage of the grand duke Constantine with a second wife, his first being living; and quoted for its authority the eighth canon of the severe St. Basil. It is needless to add, that the canon has not a word to justify such an atrocious assertion.† By this creation of Peter's, the Russian Church was thoroughly enslaved to the royal will, humbled and degraded to its present shameful condition. So true it is, that whenever a Church throws off the yoke of Christ's Vicar, it is sure to fall into the hands of the civil power, and become the servant of the state.

We come now to a period at which we must divide our subjects; treating

* Theiner, p. 120. He satisfactorily answers several objections against Peter's sincerity in these efforts to restore unity.

† *Persecut. et souffrances*, p. 19.

first of the history of the United Greeks, and then of the Catholics of the Latin rite. No very great change took place in ecclesiastical affairs, that regards our portion of Russian history, till the accession of Catharine II, in 1762. This wicked woman, whose participation in her husband's cruel murder it is almost impossible to doubt — who feared neither God nor man, believed in nothing, and honoured the names of Voltaire and Diderot, beyond those of the holiest men — of course conformed to the Russian religion, to gain the crown; and became as diligent an observer, as she was a hearty despiser, of her new faith. She knew well how to turn to good account the prejudices of her subjects. But her religious persecutions are so interwoven with her political intrigues, that we are compelled to follow her through her crooked policy, to arrive at a clear knowledge of them.

She had scarcely ascended the crown, when she joined Frederick — to whom the world, to its shame, has given the epithet of the Great — king of Prussia, in a conspiracy to overthrow the unhappy and tottering kingdom of Poland. Peter the Great had secured to the house of Saxony the hereditary possession of its throne; so to spare the country, and all Europe, the disasters which its elective monarchy had so often produced. A secret treaty was entered into between this worthy pair, to restore the elective form to the kingdom whose doom they had already sealed, and whose ruin they knew would be thereby secured. The death of the good king Augustus III, in 1763, gave a favourable opportunity for carrying out their design; and by their joint influence, the weak and inexperienced Stanislaus Poniatowski was raised to the throne. Their expressions on the occasion are recorded by Rulhiere: "He will remain on the throne as long as I please," said Catharine. "And I," replied Frederick, with characteristic elegance, "will crack his skull with his own crown."* The very day, observes Dr. Theiner, that the unfortunate prince took the kingly oath, the two allied powers hurled the firebrand into his dominions. They scattered in it the seeds of a religious civil war, the most dreadful of all social scourges.

The kingdom of Poland contained between thirteen and fourteen millions of Catholics, whether of the Latin or Greek rite, and about four millions of Protestants and Russo-Greeks. The Catholic religion was, and always had been, considered that of the country and people. All other forms enjoyed most perfect liberty of worship, but their members were excluded from certain offices; and this was only in accordance with what, at that time, was practised in every other state. The two infidel sovereigns proclaimed themselves the protectors of the dissenters of Poland, painted their imaginary abjection in the liveliest colours, and appealed to all Europe to establish perfect equality, while every Protestant state held its Catholic subjects under greater oppression. On the very day, as we said, on which the king of Poland swore to the constitution, the worthy representatives of Catharine — the cruel and worthless Repnin, and the mean and intriguing Kaiserling — presented him their memorial, claiming perfect equality among all classes of his subjects. A similar one was presented by the Prussian envoy. Immediately after the same poor king's coronation, Frederick sent in another remonstrance, containing three propositions, the last of which was, that "the Russo-Greek bishop of Mohilew should have a seat in the senate, on equal footing with the Latin prelates." The man thus modestly thrust forward was a creature of Catharine's, who had promoted him to his present dignity; and it must be further observed that the Catholic-Greek bishops had not a place in that assembly. When this and other unrea-

* Theiner, p. 154.

sonable demands were pressed upon the king and senate, the members of the latter, headed by the pious and intrepid bishop of Cracow, Cajetan Soltyk, encouraged Stanislaus to reject them, though in gentle terms. He added that the bishops should be empowered to deliberate and declare to what extent the dissenters could be allowed a relaxation of the existing laws, without endangering religion.

Catharine, on this refusal, threw off the mask; commenced a series of intrigues with those whom she had now thoroughly disaffected; sent secret emissaries through the country to excite them to rebellion, and gave them a promise, under her own hand, to furnish them with arms, and to support them by her troops. In earnest of her promises, she ordered an army of forty thousand Russians to advance to the confines of Poland. Prussia also threatened to send a body of twelve thousand troops for the same purpose. Still the Polish government stood firm, and the shameful acts and intrigues of its enemies increased; bodies of two thousand Russians invaded several towns, and forcibly compelled persons to join the confederation, as it was called. The separated Greeks showed themselves most unfavourable to these attempts, and almost uniformly declined joining the league. Even among the Protestants many were found, who loudly protested against this uncalled for interference, and declared that even supposing that they had been oppressed, which they did not feel, it was better to suffer some injustice from their own brethren, than betray their country into the hands of strangers. But in spite of every effort, the allied powers pushed on their plans, till they united many in what now took the name of the confederation of Radom.

A new calamity now awaited the Catholic Church, by the death of the venerable, virtuous, and resolute Ladislaus Lubienski, archbishop of Gnesen. Repnin had the audacity to try to force on the king, as his successor, one of the most despicable of men. This was Gurowski, a man loaded with every vice; a notorious drunkard and debauchee, once court-fool to Peter III, then a spy to the episcopal envoy of Russia at Warsaw, who gave him the tonsure one day, ordained him priest the next, and wished to make him primate on the third! Weak and enslaved as the king was, he recoiled in horror from placing the mitre on the head of such a beast; but Repnin had perhaps thrust him forward, only to facilitate the appointment of another, not so grossly licentious, but perhaps more suited to the purposes of his court. Irreligious, immoral and reckless, but at the same time clever, and always able to gain the ascendancy, Count Gabriel Podoski was just the man to betray his religion and his country to the enemies of both. Catharine contrived to deceive the authorities in Rome; and in spite of the efforts of the most zealous Catholic bishops, Podoski was appointed primate. This was the death-blow to the Catholic religion in Poland. Catharine expressed her joy, by sending him a present of sixty thousand rubles. He in return proved his gratitude by faithfully serving her evil designs, and pushed on the confederation, after he had corrupted and turned into his tool, the once honest prince Radziwil. He deceived many, by urging that resistance to Russia was at present useless; that it was better to yield for the present to her wishes, in hopes of better times. As the stream increased, it drew into it many who had not courage to brave the certain persecution of that hostile power; even the bishops at last, though with conditions and protests which neutralized their concessions, found it necessary to yield.

Repnin was not satisfied, but demanded from all who joined the league, a written declaration, in frightfully strong terms, whereby they subjected themselves to attainder, loss of rank, goods and life, and any other penalty which he might choose to inflict, if they held intercourse with any senator, minister,

or delegate opposed to his plans, or if they did not support these in the diet. Such as refused saw their castles surrounded by soldiers, and were compelled to endure every enormity. Solytk, bishop of Cracow, was, however, inflexible; and sent a most moving circular to all the delegates or representatives, entreating them to stand fast to their country and faith. The ambassador, enraged, let loose a party of soldiers upon his estates, completely plundered them, and all his property; seized for himself his finest horses, and drove about Warsaw in triumph, in the good bishop's state-carriage. But this virtuous and noble-minded man heeded not these gross injuries and insults; but at once exhorted the Catholics to be true to their holy cause, and showed himself the kindest and most conciliating of men towards the dissenters. He called together their deputies, addressed them in the most affectionate manner, and laid before them the deceits practised on them by Russia and Prussia, which were goading them on to the ruin of their country. His words made a salutary impression; and to bring matters to a right understanding, he invited them to a banquet, to meet the bishops of Kiew and Kamienincz, and the leading Catholic senators. But on the appointed day, one deputy after the other sent an excuse, having been commanded to do so by Repnin, under pain of severe consequences. The bishops received a threatening message that they would be sent to Siberia, if they again attempted such a step. They took no notice of this conduct, but bore all with patience, and ordered prayers in all churches, to beg of God that He would turn his anger away from Poland, and make the approaching diet serviceable to the good of their country and religion.

The bishop of Kamienincz, Krasinski, bowed down with years and sorrow, secretly left the scene of conflict, and the other two intrepid champions had to fight the good fight alone. A few days before the opening of the diet, (Oct. 1, 1767,) Repnin called the bishops before him, and informed them, "that this time the claims of the dissenters must pass; that the honour of the empress was here concerned; that if the Poles were strong enough to drive out the Russians, they were welcome; but if they were not, they must obey, or prepare for chastisement and vengeance." He then issued a manifesto, which, as Theiner observes, would have done credit to the Jacobin club at Paris. What would the emporor Nicholas say if his Catholic subjects, or if Austria for them, were to proclaim, as among other matters this document does, the principle of the perfect equality of all religious bodies, and their right to participate in all civil honours and distinctions without exception? It was on this principle that his family ruined and conquered Poland: it is on its contradictory maxim that he is now crushing and destroying it. Either end of the baton is an equally good handle in an oppressor's grasp; the wolf can find his reasons for devouring the lamb in either the upper or the lower portion of the stream. The bishops, unmoved, held a meeting in the house of the wretched primate Podoski; and, with his sole exception, resolved to undergo every extremity, rather than betray their country. The nuncio Darini eloquently harangued the diet against the proposed measures, and Solytk prefaced his address by a most solemn act. As one about to doom himself to death or exile, he publicly made his will, leaving his property to his country, and making all proper arrangements for the government of his diocese. He then unfolded the designs of Russia, with a bold and patriotic energy which carried all before it, and engaged his countrymen manfully to resist its treacherous schemes. At the close of the day's session, a troop of soldiers broke into Solytk's house, and that of his seconder Rzwuski, palatine of Cracow, and carried off all that remained after the former spoliation; including Solytk's church-plate. The

next day Zaluski, bishop of Kiew, followed in his footsteps, and was supported by the palatine's son, undaunted by his father's sufferings. The king closed the sittings. Warsaw was immediately filled with Russian troops, and the work of vengeance commenced.

Soltyk was just sitting down to supper, in the house of his friend count Meikek, when the doors of the palace were broken open; the house itself was surrounded with guards, and the apartments were soon filled with them. One outlet, however, had been overlooked, but the generous bishop disdained to fly. He had just time to throw some important state-papers into the fire, when an officer at the head of a troop entered the room, and informed him that he had orders to seize his person. The venerable bishop replied, in the gentlest manner, "that he regretted much not having about him the gold snuff-box which he had prepared as a present for the person who should be charged with this commission; as he had left it at home, expecting to have there been taken prisoner." Having embraced his kind host, he cheerfully followed his appointed jailor. Zaluski and the two Rzewuski were seized at the same time. Zaluski, the most learned man of his nation, revered for his virtues, was surprised by the guards kneeling before a crucifix, and offering himself up to God for the ransom of his people. Upon his being seized, his attendants fell in tears round his feet; he lovingly gave them his blessing, and moved the very hearts of his captors by the meekness and nobleness of his behaviour. The prisoners were marched off, under a guard of two hundred men, into the interior of Russia. On their way they were treated with all possible harshness and severity; and having, to a man, rejected an offer of liberty on condition of their yielding to the imperial will, they were carried in solitary captivity into the heart of Siberia.

But in spite of all these generous sacrifices, and noble victims, the doom pronounced upon that ill-fated country by the divine justice held its course. The claims of the dissenters were granted, and every other demand of Russia was complied with. A reaction took place; a Catholic league, the confederation of Bar, was formed, which entered a solemn protest against the unjustifiable interference of Repnin in national affairs. The Poles, animated by the exhortations of the brave and noble Pulawski, determined to defend themselves, and flew to arms. But they were no match for the hordes of barbarians let loose upon them by Russia; though from time to time they gained advantages and intercepted the rich booty which they were carrying off to Russia. In spite, however, of such partial successes, Cossacks were seen returning in triumph to their own country, laden with costly spoil, and sometimes trailing the corpses of slaughtered noblemen, through the streets of Warsaw, behind their horses.

Repnin let slip his leash, and turned the dogs of war — of religious war — loose upon the unhappy country. Its dismal horrors, its brutal cruelties, we will not trust ourselves to record. We will simply translate Dr. Theiner's narrative; premising that for many of its almost incredible atrocities there are, alas! too good authority; and if he has not more specially alluded to some of them, there may be good reasons for it. We know their source, and can vouch for their validity.

— "Courage and despair now rose on both sides to the highest pitch. Repnin disarmed Poland entirely; and in order to nourish the hatred and cruelty of the Russians still more against the unfortunate inhabitants of this country, he proclaimed, by order of the Empress, a war of religion against the Poles; which, as Raumer remarks, has not been equalled in savage cruelty in the records of modern history.

— “Catharine now made the affairs of Poland a matter of religion, and represented the Poles as the oppressors of the Russian faith. Her reprobate sense knew no bounds; every thing was allowable provided she attained her end. She drove the wild tribes of Zaporagian Cossacks from the neighbouring steppes of the Don, and the Haidamacks, dwelling in the Mobtian swamps, against the confederates, commanding them to burn and butcher every thing before them. These murderous hordes acknowledged neither law nor mercy; they were inclined to the Greco-Russian faith, although they mixed up much heathenish doctrine and ceremony with it.

— “Catharine, on the 20th of June, 1768, published a manifesto to these savages, whose sole delight was to quench their thirst in human blood; and inflamed their fanaticism and cruelty in a way that makes one shudder. All is done in it to excite them to a general massacre. Catharine scorned not to turn to her purpose the prejudices of the people, in order the better to urge these hordes to the spilling of blood. Therefore she imputed to the Poles the toleration of the Jews as the greatest crime. It is well known that her predecessor, the Grand Duchess Elizabeth, had driven out of Russia 40,000 Jews, because they introduced luxury among the Russians by their trade. These wretched people found an asylum in Poland. So likewise did 60,000 Roskolnicks (Russian separatists), who, flying from the bloody persecution of the orthodox Russians, of their own accord retreated from Russia in the reign of Peter the Great, and sought refuge in Poland. Catharine used every means to entice them back, but all her endeavours proved abortive. Yet, nevertheless, in her proclamation, she accuses the Poles of the most cruel intolerance. In fact, on reading this manifesto, it appears incredible that a Christian soul could fall into such an abyss of reprobation. The manifesto runs as follows: ‘As we evidently conceive with what contempt and disgrace, we ourselves and our religion are treated by the Poles and the Jews, and how the defenders of our Greek faith are persecuted, oppressed, and put to death; and as we will no longer submit to similar misusage and persecution, alone owing to our religion, we order Maximilian Zulasnick, colonel and leader of the Zaporagians, with his own followers and our troops, and the Cossacks of the Don, to march into Poland, in order to uproot and destroy, with the help of God, all Poles and Jews, traitors to our holy religion. By these measures, we shall put an end, once for all, to the complaints which are perpetually made to us against these murderers, perjurers, breakers of the law — these Poles who, while protecting the false faith of the wicked Jews, oppress a faithful and innocent people. We command you, in your passage through Poland, to annihilate their name and the memory of them.’

— “These savage tribes now fell like wild beasts and ravenous vultures upon the Poles. At their head marched Russian priests, goading them on, by the promise of heavenly and earthly reward, to their deeds of rapine and murder. They promised the dissenters admission into the senate and into government offices. All those who did not embrace the Greco-Russian faith, fell under their murderous hands: no one was spared — old men, women, children, nobles, servants, monks, priests, and Jews, were butchered without distinction. With this revolting cruelty was joined the most impious mockery. Gallows were every where erected, and a nobleman, a monk, a Jew, and a dog, were hanged together on them with the superscription, ‘all alike.’ Some hundreds of men were buried up to their necks in the earth, and their heads mowed off; women far gone in pregnancy had their wombs ripped open, the fruit of them torn out, and living cats sowed up in them. The children of these savages were encouraged by their fathers to strangle and to pierce, and

in other horrible ways to murder, poor victims who had their hands bound behind their backs. If a stranger came across them who concealed his faith or religion, they forced him to murder with his own hands, noblemen, priests, and monks. Villages became desolate, and the fields covered with dead bodies, and wells filled with the corpses of strangled children. Three towns, fifty villages, many thousands of farms were reduced to ashes. The small fortified town of Human, in the government of Kiew, as yet remained in possession of the confederates. In this place a vast number of women, children, and old men, had sought refuge, to escape from murder and robbery. Here the nobility of the country had brought all their valuables, their gold and silver. Maximilian Zulasnick and Peter Kalnizenski, the leader of the Zaporagians and Cossacks, marched their bands against the place, but were driven back by the confederates. Kalnizenski now endeavoured to get possession of it by stratagem; and, disguised as the commander of the troops of the Palatine of Kiew, he presented himself at the gates of the town, requesting provisions for his army, in order to drive away the Zaporagians and Cossacks. No treachery was apprehended, the gates were thrown open, and at the same instant troops of Cossacks and Zaporagians came out of their concealment, stormed the town, and falling upon the inhabitants, commanded them to bring forth all their treasures into the market-place, if they wished to have their lives preserved. Boundless wealth was given up into their hands; and soon the work of murder and robbery commenced. Not a life was spared: sixteen thousand fell victims to their cruelty. The town itself was rased to the ground.

—“Two hundred thousand souls, it is calculated, perished during these bloody days. The Russian account naturally diminishes the number to fifty thousand. Russia playing the hypocrite, pretended to punish the Zaporagians and Cossacks for their acts of cruelty: but all she did was to despoil the robbers of their booty, and turn it to her own use.”—pp. 224-228.

Bar, the seat of the confederacy, fell into the hands of these savages, and one thousand two hundred men, taken in it, were sent in chains into Russia. While the Russians were exercising every cruelty on their captives, the venerable bishop Krasinski, who now, in the hour of danger, returned from concealment, issued a manifesto to the confederates, entreating them to use the prisoners who fell into their hands with all lenity and kindness, “And thus, he adds, “disabuse Europe, deceived by your enemies, and show it that you, at least, are not carrying on a religious war, but only acting in self-defence.” Although Russia became involved in war with Turkey, and the latter power took the interests of Poland deeply to heart, the barbarities practised upon the unfortunate Catholics, instead of decreasing, only increased. “There was no cruelty, writes Dr. Theiner, “however grievous and revolting, which was not practised on the poor wretches who fell into their enemies’ hands, or who voluntarily surrendered themselves, in hopes of finding some compassion. Never can the name of the Russian colonel Drewitz be spoken without shuddering! He executed the most unheard of atrocities with real delight. Often he bound his prisoners naked to trees, and made them targets for his barbarians to shoot at with darts or muskets. At other times he chained together multitudes of such victims, and then amused himself (for this was a pastime in his carousals) by having their heads knocked off in a brutally ludicrous way. He had both hands chopped off from whole troops of them, and drove them to wander over the country, till they fell dead through loss of blood. Finally, he flayed many alive, and so that their skins and flesh should represent the national costume!” Several public manifestoes, issued in 1769 and 1770, allude to these atrocities, and are given in Dr. Theiner’s Appendix of Documents, p. 187, and the following pages.

Three years after, the first division of Poland took place, under an express stipulation that the Catholics should remain in full possession of all their ecclesiastical rights. As a good foundation for the faithless dealings held towards them, it may be well to quote the fifth article of the Treaty of Warsaw :

— "*Les Catholiques Romains utriusque ritus jouiront dans les provinces cedees par le present Traite de toutes leurs possessions et proprietes quant au civil ; et par rapport a la religion, ils seront entierement conserves in statu quo, c'est a dire, dans le meme libre exercice de leurs culte et discipline, avec toutes et telles eglises et biens ecclesiastiques, qu'ils possedent au moment de leur passage sous la domination de sa Majeste imperiale . . . et sa Majeste imperiale et ses successeurs ne se serviront jamais des droits de souverain au prejudice du statu quo de la religion Catholique Romaine, dans les pays susdits.*" —

Yet scarce was the ink dry upon this treaty, when a reckless persecution commenced against the Catholics, especially the United Greeks, by the Russo-Greeks. Immense possessions belonging to monastic orders were seized, and adjudged, without any pretence of title, to the crown. A host of Russian priests now invaded the country ; and, supported by the troops, drove the Catholic clergy from their churches, and took possession of them. When remonstrance was attempted, it only brought down cruel ill-treatment. In the official complaint presented by the bishop of Posen, the venerable and holy Młodziejowski, to Count Stackelberg, Russian envoy at Warsaw, he instances several such instances of unjust and cruel aggression. One of the cases specified is that of the Dean of Braclaw, who, after having been severely beaten by an apostate, assisted by two Cossacks, was tied by the neck to a tree.* Another contemporary document thus speaks of these barbarities : "*Les vexations de ces fanatiques stupides et ignorants n'ont pas diminue. Ils maltraitent les pretres du rit Grec-Uni partout ou ils les trouvent, et leurs donnent ce qu'ils appellent l'onction des Freres non-uni, c'est a dire autant de coups de batons qu'ils en peuvent supporter.*"† Twelve hundred churches were at this period forcibly snatched from the Catholics, and taken possession of by the schismatics. So much for the faith of treaties!

The second and the third division of this ill-fated country soon took place. Catharine had, in the meantime, lost no opportunity of carrying on her anti-catholic and most unchristian policy. While she was undermining the remaining part of Poland by her secret spies and intrigues, she was exercising her cruelty upon those of the clergy whom she had carried off into Russia. They were harassed and ill-treated ; till, unhappily, their constancy was worn out, and many at last conformed to the schismatical communion. At the same time, she did all in her power to bring about the same effect among those who had been left in her newly-acquired dominions. For this purpose she published an ukase in 1779, to the effect, that whenever a parish of United Greeks fell vacant by the death of the incumbent, the congregation should have it put to their choice, whether they would have a Catholic or Russian priest for his successor. This was equivalent to thrusting in the latter ; for the voice of the congregation was, according to Russian fashion, represented entirely by the magistrates : and these being of imperial nomination, and always schismatics, they took care to put in their own clergy.

In the meantime, the see of Polock became vacant ; and Catharine, well knowing the advantages to her schemes, of such a condition, took care not to fill it up. It remained without a pastor for four years ; and so well did she manage the plan just described, by filling up vacant curacies, and by other arts,

* Docum. xlix. (pa. ii.) p. 190.

† Theiner, p. 265.

that in this period, the holy pontiff, Pius VI, assures us, that in that diocese alone, eight hundred churches were taken from the Catholics, and handed over to the schismatics, and that one hundred thousand souls were driven to apostasy.* Catharine at length thought of filling up the vacant see; but by a Russo-Greek, or schismatical bishop! The intrepid pontiff just mentioned raised his voice, and awed even the unfeeling empress into a better mind. Heraclius Lisowski was named to the bishopric in 1783. He had scarcely taken possession of his see, when *Field-Marshal* Czernyszew (a strange minister for such a purpose) communicated to him an order, that in every solemn religious service, a prayer should be offered up for the empress, the heir to the throne, and the *holy synod* — that is, the supreme council of the Russian Church! To this third demand, the bishop positively refused to accede. The soldier had more feeling than the woman; and would not enforce her decree.

But Catharine now imagined another notable scheme for destroying the united Greek church, and thus proving the sincerity of her promises to preserve the Catholic religion *in statu quo*. This was to subject it to the jurisdiction of the *Latin* primate of Russia, the archbishop of Mohilew. The individual who at that time bore the title, was a fitting instrument for her work. This was Stanislaus Siestrzencewicz: who, from 1772 till December 1826, was a disgrace and a scourge to the Church which he governed. A sketch of his history will not be out of place. He was born of the noble, but poor, family of Bohucz, in Königsberg, and educated in the Calvinistic creed. He entered into the Hussars; and having lost a finger, was admitted a tutor into some family. The bishop of Wilna induced him to embrace the Catholic faith; but there is too much reason to fear that he never renounced Protestantism in his heart. He now turned his thoughts to the ecclesiastical profession; and, in an evil hour, was admitted to orders. To serve the empress, he became a deadly foe to his own country, and was one of her best, or worst, instruments in the ruin of Poland. In reward for his services, he was named to the newly-established see of Mohilew. His Protestant brother lived with him in his palace, and the archbishop gave one of his daughters in marriage to a schismatical priest; while his chancellor was a nominally-converted Jew, who carried his profane traffic into the sanctuary, and openly and shamelessly exposed to sale church benefices and preferment. The bishop himself was an unprincipled, haughty, covetous, and ambitious man; a declared enemy of the holy see, and a protector of any heretical or schismatical scheme. Thus, he consented to become one of the vice-presidents of the bible society, and forced one of its preachers, a worthless German, who soon after apostatized, into Catholic churches. But the great object of his ambition, besides the cardinalate, which successive popes refused to bestow on him, was to become head of all the Catholics in the Russian empire, Latin and Greek. Now his plan admirably forwarded the anti-Catholic views of Catharine. He not only invited United Greek priests, but pressed, and almost forced them, to pass over to the Latin rite. From the time of Urban VIII, pope after pope had strongly reprobated and forbidden this change of rite, which had been ever most pernicious to the interests of religion. In fact, the gradual passage of most of the Polish nobility to the Latin rite, had left the Greek Catholics comparatively defenceless. The evil working of this system will easily be understood in the present case: Siestrzencewicz allured, and almost compelled, many pastors of Greek Catholic flocks to adopt the Latin liturgy; and when they were so ignorant of its

* Brief to the Rector of the Greek College, of the 7th June, 1782. Ap. Theiner's p. 296.

language as not to be able to read it, went so far beyond his powers as almost to concoct a new liturgy, or to grant dispensations in a variety of ways. Thus, sometimes the rubrics were put in the vernacular tongue; and many said mass entirely in Slavonian, only reciting the words of consecration in Latin, and having even these written in their own characters. What was the consequence? The congregation, attached to their own ancient rites and ceremonies, perhaps more than to the treacherous clergy who abandoned them, would rather go, or would be easily drawn to, a schismatical church, where they saw them all practised as they had been accustomed to see them. And thus were many led to apostacy.

These slow proceedings, however, did not satisfy the wishes of Catharine. In the treaty of Grodno, made on occasion of Poland's second dismemberment (13th July 1793), the eighth article again guaranteed to "the Roman Catholics *utriusque ritus*," their religious rights, in the following explicit terms: "Sa Majeste l'Imperatrice de toutes les Russies promet en consequence, *d'une maniere irrevocable, pour Elle, ses heritiers, et successeurs*, de maintenir a perpetuite, les dits Catholique-Romains des deux rits, dans la possession imperturbable des prerogatives, proprietes, et eglises, du libre exercice de leur culte et discipline, et tous droits attaches au culte de leur religion: declarant pour Elle et ses successeurs de ne vouloir jamais exercer les droits du Souverain, au prejudice de la religion Catholique-Romains des deux rits dans les pays passes sous sa domination par le present traite." In the very same year Catharine summoned her council at St. Petersburg, to deliberate upon the following question, proposed to them by her minister of state, Alexis Iwanowitsch Mussin-Puschkin: "What will be the best and most convenient way to bring back the united (Catholics) in late Poland to the profession of the orthodox Greek faith?" The best method proposed and adopted, was the formation of a schismatical mission, directed by a Russian bishop. Victor Sadkowski, archbishop of Kiew, was appointed its chief; and an endowment of twenty thousand silver rubles was allotted it. Let not the reader be deceived by names which have a Christian sound. Let not the word mission, when written of Russian clergy, convey to him the idea of mortified men, who issue from their meditative and prayerful cell, with the crucifix in their hands, and the eloquence of zeal and truth upon their lips, and go from place to place, awakening the torpid conscience, and rousing long slumbering thoughts to terror of judgment and to tears of repentance. No, no; the knout was the symbol in the hands of these missionaries; savage Cossacks their attendant lay-brothers; scorn and virulence their persuasiveness; and plunder, robbery, and tyrannical vexation, their meek ends. Polock, Minsk, and Luck were favoured with detachments of these martial apostles. To support them in their zealous efforts, Catharine issued an ukase, addressed to Passek, governor of White Russia, and the governor of Minsk, and other provinces, to the effect, that all families which had joined the Catholic Church since 1595 should be compelled to abandon it; that the registries of churches should be searched, and if it could be discovered that they had been originally built by the schismatics, they should be restored to them; and finally, that there should be no Catholic church in any village where there were not a hundred hearths or families; but that such villages should be united with the neighbouring parish. The consequence was, that, the population in Russian Poland being exceedingly thin, *one-half* the Catholic parishes were suppressed; a crowd of poor priests were driven to beg their bread; and thousands of people were placed out of the reach, especially in winter, of the consolations of religion. In effecting these cruel measures, no barbarity was spared. The gentle missionaries, backed by their escort of

executioners, plied their knouts and scourges with true Russian zeal, and when blows and stripes failed, the cattle of the poor recusants was driven away; their little farms pillaged; their houses sacked; and in many instances their ears and noses were cut off, their hair plucked out, and their teeth shattered with a club.*

By these truly Christian means many were indeed got over; the palatinate of Kiew, and the province of Volhynia, lost nearly all their Catholics, and the Russian Archbishop of Mohilew boasted, in a circular, dated May 25, 1795, that "through the wise councils of her imperial majesty, he had brought back, in the space of one year, no less than a million of souls." In Podlachia they had little success; thanks to the noble resistance and pastoral vigilance of the great and good bishop Peter Bielanski, a name which every Catholic may pronounce with reverence, gratitude, and affection. He was bishop of Lemberg, but part of his diocese extended into the Russian dominions. To counteract the wicked efforts of the Russian missionaries, he visited again and again this portion of his diocese; instructed and encouraged his clergy in the discharge of their duties; and where their churches had been seized, empowered and enjoined them to make use of the domestic chapels of the nobility, or to celebrate the divine mysteries in their own houses. Complaints were soon carried to the throne against the holy prelate, and General Sjernmetew, governor of the province, communicated to him an imperial order, dated March 21, 1795, whereby his jurisdiction over the Russian provinces was interdicted, and he was commanded not only to desist from his course of action, but to recall what he had done, and forbid his clergy to act in opposition to the royal will. The venerable bishop knew his duty too well to obey; he boldly replied, on the 8th of April, in a noble document, which enumerates the treacheries and violations of the most solemn compacts of which Catharine had been guilty, in her treatment of the Greek Catholics.

The persecution, however, rather increased than diminished. By the third division of Poland (Oct. 14, 1795), the whole of the Catholic Greek dioceses fell into the hands of Catharine, excepting those of Lemberg and Przemyśl. Her first step was at once to suppress all their sees, with the exception of that of Polock, and to adjudicate their revenues to the crown, except such portions as she gave to the generals and others, who had most distinguished themselves in the work of proselytism above described. The bishops of Wladimir, Luck, and Minsk, received pensions of 150*l.* per annum, and the metropolitan of Kiew, one of 300*l.*; and Catharine divided the ecclesiastical jurisdiction, after Russian fashion, into four great eparchies. At the same time all the monasteries of the Basilian monks were suppressed, with the exception of a few for schools; and all the churches, without exception, were ordered to be taken from the Catholic clergy, where they would not apostatize, and given to schismatical pastors. By an act, ludicrously entitled an "Act of Grace," such priests as would not conform, had their choice either to leave their country, or to retire on pensions of from fifty to one hundred rubles, *i. e.* from 2*l.* 10*s.* to 5*l.* a year! So generous an offer was not indeed accepted by many: the majority preferred exile with the free exercise of their religion, and went over the borders into Gallicia, where the emperor Leopold II hospitably received them, and gave them occupation among their brethren in the former Polish dioceses. In the meantime the persecution went on; and though the diocese of Polock partly escaped, owing to the greater mildness of its governor, the bishop of that see has recorded, that in those of Kiew, Wladimir, Luck, and

Kamieninecz, out of five thousand united Greek parishes, only two hundred were left Catholic.

While things seemed to have reached their worst possible state, a higher destiny stepped in, and cut short at once the persecutor and the persecution. Catharine was called to give an account of her murderous and impious reign, before a more righteous tribunal than that of men. It is indeed a melancholy reflection, how much religion in modern times has had to suffer from sovereigns of that sex, to which the Church has given the epithet of "devout," and in which one naturally expects to find gentler and purer sentiments, than in the sterner breasts of men. Elizabeth in England, and Catharine in Russia, are two odious proofs, how religion may be made the excuse for treachery and bloodshed, where ambition, pride, and selfishness form preponderating elements in the female character. The present state of Spain and Portugal — where the spoliation of the Church, the suppression of religious orders, the oppression of the clergy, and the attempt to usurp ecclesiastical jurisdiction, which have driven religion indeed to her truest home, the people's hearts, but yet have left her naked and defenceless, have reduced the country to an almost infidel aspect, have robbed the crown of its brightest jewels, the throne of its firmest support, and royalty of its noblest titles — are proofs scarcely less painful, of how much religion may suffer, when womanly weakness is not supported by high religious principle, and where the sceptre is valued more for the gold of which it is made, than for the cross of Christ which crowns it. The unfortunate Paul, Catharine's successor, during his brief reign, repaired to some extent the ruin which she had brought upon the Greek Catholic establishment. A personal friend to the magnanimous Pius VI, he received with honour and joy, the legate whom, at his request, he sent; one, whom afterwards we remember, honoured with the purple, venerable and holy, and esteemed by all who knew him, the noble and virtuous Cardinal Litta.

Negotiations were entered into between the holy see and the Russian court, and a new hierarchal system agreed upon. The archbishopric of Polock was confirmed, and Lisowski continued in it; and the bishoprics of Luck and Biecz were restored. To the last of these sees was appointed the venerable and saintly bishop Josaphat Bulhak, whose truly apostolic conduct, we shall have occasion more fully later to describe. Many abbeys and other monastic houses were likewise restored. Further, the synod, or *college*, as it is called, for the transaction of ecclesiastical affairs, was re-established. It is a species of council composed of bishops, and holds its sittings at St. Petersburg. The laws which govern it are laid down in an imperial ukase, issued by Alexander I in 1801: and breathe a spirit of justice and moderation. Under this good monarch the Catholic Greeks enjoyed comparatively peace and protection; and in part recovered from the wounds inflicted on them by his cruel female predecessor. The first years of the present emperor's reign showed similar principles and feelings: but from 1834 dates a new and more terrible persecution. This we reserve, in both its branches — that is, against both Greeks and Latins — for a separate and fuller consideration in another article. For we shall find it necessary to give documents more at length, and to enter into greater details. But before leaving this portion of our subject, we will give our readers a calculation, whereby to estimate the losses of the United Greek Church, under the persecutions we have described.

In 1771 a statistical account of this Church was drawn up by the metropolitan Felician Wolodkowicz, from which we extract one line of the following table. In 1814, the emperor Paul laid before the papal nuncio Arezzo, a similar official return as far as the Russian dominions went. By adding to this

the numbers in the Austrian portion of ancient Poland, we shall have the gross returns for all the countries to which the first statement refers. The results will appear from the following table :

Parish Churches.		Monasteries.	Persons.	
1771-----	13,000	251	-----	12,000,000
1814— In Russia 1388 }	-----3684	91 } -- 105	1,398,478 }	3,535,144
In Gallicia 2296 }		14 }	2,136,666 }	
Loss-----	9316	-----146	-----	8,464,856

A frightful loss truly, and most afflicting to every Catholic heart.

The Latin Church, or the *Roman*-Catholics, as they are called in Russian official documents, never experienced from Catharine the same savage treatment as their Greek brethren ; on the contrary, she seemed to extend to them kindness and protection. But she was silently preparing the way for the later usurpations and oppressions of the reigning emperor. Her principal stroke of policy was the erection of the see of Mohilew, and the appointment of the unworthy Siertrzenecwicz to it. Pius VI long refused to acknowledge either ; till at last the nuncio Archetti was appointed to treat, and a compromise was effected. The extravagant limits assigned to the new diocese were restrained, by the provision of making the jurisdiction only temporary, until the holy see should otherwise provide. It was likewise made criminal by the empress, for any one to embrace the Catholic faith.

Paul, at the same time that, in accord with the holy see, he appointed new sees for the Greek Catholics, likewise divided the Latins into six bishoprics. One of the last acts of Alexander's life was to shew kindness to the Catholics of both rites, by granting them permission to build new churches.

Here then, for the present, we conclude ; but only to continue, in our next number, the review of the valuable documents before us ; and to trace the sad picture of treachery and oppression down to these later times. A sickening task it has been to us so far ; and by no means an enticing one in the portion that remains. One hope, however, breaks, like a gleam of distant light, upon the sorrowful prospect which we have brought around us. The Catholic religion is a strong and vigorous plant, and drives its roots down deeper into the soil of a country, than tyrant's sword or oppressor's edict can reach ; and when the larger fibres have been plucked up, there are finer and almost imperceptible threads, by which it clings and holds to its former place, till a season of respite comes, when they push forth, with no other tillage than the dew of heaven can give—the tillage of Paradise, before sin brought down rain. Poor Poland has been overrun, confiscated, recolonized with strangers to her language and creed. Well, let her take comfort—so has Ireland been, not once, but many times, treated ; and yet she is Catholic Ireland still. The very settlers who came to take the place of her sons, have, almost everywhere, more or less, yielded to the influence of her Catholic spirit, and embraced the faith which they came to supplant. Poland has seen her religious houses destroyed ; her churches seized, and desecrated by a schismatical worship—and so has Ireland : yet three hundred years' experience has proved that all this suffices not to make a people Protestant. Poland sees her children smitten with every sort of penal disability, proscribed, banished, calumniated, and persecuted. Let her turn to her sister in the west, and learn from her how all these things may be endured, and that for centuries, and yet a people come forth from the crucible more purely refined, and more brightly burnished, than they who have not passed through such fiery trial. A day of retribution will come, when the blessedness of those who suffer persecution for justice' sake shall be made manifest. There are beatitudes for nations, as well as for individuals.

APPENDIX TO FOREGOING ARTICLE.

As in the course of this paper we have not spoken very respectfully of the proceedings of the Russian clergy, we have thought it right to give some account of them, as described by one who has the best opportunities of knowing them. We extract the following from the conclusion of Part I. of Kohl's "Russia," London, 1842. Their ease in fraternizing with German Protestants we particularly recommend to the notice of some of their Anglican admirers.

— "If any one ask a Russian who may have already dined, to eat again, he will often answer, 'Am I a priest that I should dine twice over?' This almost proverbial way of expressing themselves refers to the running about of the popes (priests) from one funeral feast, or christening banquet, to another, at which they enjoy themselves more than any one else. A Russian driving out and meeting a pope, holds it so bad an omen, that he will rather turn back, if he have not, by immediate spitting, warded off the evil influence.

— "In no class of our society do more terrible things happen, and among none does what is scandalous in itself take a more revolting form, than among our priests,' was the assurance once made to me by a Russian, and he supported his assertion by a number of abominable tales, which it would not be becoming in me to repeat. If we heard only such proverbs, stories, and assertions, concerning the Russian priesthood, it would be better to take no further notice of such a body; but when, on the other hand, we consider they have some good qualities, of which good nature and toleration are not the only ones; that in these times new lights are breaking in, which give hopes of a brighter future; and that the class has produced many excellent individuals; it may not be advisable to turn a deaf ear when our indulgence is solicited, or to refuse a nearer consideration of what we may at first be inclined to pass over as a hopeless desert. * * The priests enjoy no great personal influence or consideration. A priest's advice is seldom asked in family matters; even the domestic chaplains are there to perform divine service only, and never penetrate into the interior of families, as the Catholic clergy do. The peasants with us know no better counsellors than their pastor; but the Russian peasant, in cases of difficulty, rather turns to his saint's pictures, and invokes the sacrament rather than the priest who comes with it. One cannot help wondering how little the people in the streets and houses of public entertainment seem held in check by the presence of a priest. Rarely is one seen appeasing a dispute, or exerting any moral authority to restore order; he passes on like any other indifferent person. Moral influence, indeed, they have little or none; only with the saints in their hands are they feared or respected — only as directors of religious ceremonies — not as interpreters of the living word of God. * * * * * The priests naturally reap as they have sown. As they preach no lessons of reason or morality, they have no moral lever to put in motion; and as they only inspire reverence in their magnificent pontificalibus, little or none by their example or personal qualities, the hem of their gold embroidered *yepitrahkis* is constantly kissed, while their brown every-day tunics, we are assured, often meet with hard knocks. The government uses them no better. The temporal power sometimes makes considerable inroads on the spiritual, without calling the priests to counsel; and priests, like other public officers, are liable to hard reprimands and severe punishments. They may be sent to Siberia, or degraded to serve as common soldiers. * * * * * So much for the outward condition and position of the Russian clergy. For the inward, it must be owned, when we consider the whole system and its fruits during the course of three centuries, and when we compare their deeds with those of

the priesthood in other countries, they are a very insignificant body. They have done nothing superexcellent for the arts or for science, nor produced men who, in any respect, have done humanity great service. They lived, eat, drank, married, christened, buried, absolved, and died; and, on the whole, they have not done much else. There are, it is true, notabilities among the Russian clergy, but they are such only in Russia. In the list of Russian authors, enumerated in the Academical Calendar for 1839, the clerical profession had contributed only one hundred and two; of these sixty-six were patriarchs, metropolitans, and bishops: the rest were monks. * * * Some things, however, are to be said in praise of the Russian priesthood. They are not less than other Russians distinguished for their toleration in matters of religion. It is true the matter does not lie very near their hearts, because they have few thoughts or ideas connected with it, which have become firm convictions and are maintained as such; they are therefore peaceful, not so much out of dislike to quarrelling as from a want of zeal and energy. It is a merit in them nevertheless. Nowhere does this tolerant spirit appear in a more favourable light than on the frontiers of the Russian and Polish provinces. Here there are in many places only Greek and Roman Catholic priests, and no Protestant pastor. Should it happen that a foreign Protestant is in want of spiritual advice in sickness, or should the body of a Protestant require burial, it is almost invariably the Catholic, who, in an inhuman and unchristian manner, refuses his spiritual aid, while the Russian gives his without hesitation. In such cases foreigners always apply to the Russian, rather than to the Catholic priest. Seldom is an unkind word heard from Russian priests, when speaking of a person of a different faith; and those who understand German will even go frequently to the Protestant Churches to hear the preachers. In the Baltic provinces, when the military, who happen to be stationed there, have no Russian Church within reach, the Russian priests never hesitate to perform divine service in a Protestant Church; and in the interior it has happened that they have lent their own churches to Protestants. In Austria, Protestant churches are only called prayer-houses: in Russia the priests treat them as on an equal footing with their own. Neither do they hesitate to bury their dead in the same church-yard with the Protestants. The cultivated part of the priesthood, who understand German, are much more inclined to the Protestant than to the Catholic party — more to rationalism than to mysticism. Their libraries prove it: Niemeyer's works, his Bible, the *Stunden der Andacht*, Schleiermacher's writings, Neander's Church History, are frequently met with; here and there I have even seen Strauss's *Life of Christ*. The works of the other party are, on the contrary rare. When some recent occurrences in the Baltic provinces and in Poland are called to mind, it may be thought that the Russian priesthood are somewhat less tolerant now than formerly; and in fact it is only natural that, with the proud exaltation of political power, the Church should also begin to lift up her head. As the government seeks to advance the political creed, the Church may endeavour, by more urgent zeal and greater energy, to spread 'the one and only true faith.' But if the Church does take her share in the conquests, and appears to progress in those provinces, it does so certainly far less from its own impulse than in consequence of commands emanating from a higher quarter."

THE CATHOLIC WORSHIP.

OF the Catholic worship I am unwilling to speak: I consider it a subject too grave, to be lightly touched upon. But in general I may assert that it contains no mere forms. Everything there is substance. The spiritual essence is every where indissolubly married by Divine ordinance to the outward symbol. They are not two, but one; even as the human body and reasonable soul make up one man. The very objection which is most commonly urged against the Catholic worship — viz: that it is performed in a learned language — is itself a striking instance of this. The Latin prayers are the prayers of the priest. The worship of those who attended the service, does not consist, and is not intended to consist, in their joining in the prayers which the priest offers for himself, and for the congregation. The service itself is a solemn sacrifice, which we believe to be instituted by Christ himself — a sacrifice not carnal and outward, like the Jewish sacrifices, which prefigured the eternal offering; but a sacrifice at once symbolical and real, at once commemorative of, and the same with, the sacrifice of Calvary — the priest, the victim, the benefit the same. Such is the service: and the devotions of the worshippers are as various as their wants; for though the Catholic Church, mindful of the wants of her children, has supplied them with various forms, which they can use if they feel the need, and which, coming as they do from that authority to which Christ has promised a supernatural guidance in the office of teaching, are received with a certain reverence more than human, yet no worshipper at her altars is bound by a form which does not tend to his own individual edification. And the poor, the illiterate — those whose hard fate is so piteously bewailed in Protestant harangues and sermons — following as they do, in due succession, all parts of the sacrifice — are often more blessed in the prayers which they offer in the silence of their own hearts, than the better educated, for whom more helps have been provided. The very end and the design of the Catholic worship — an end incidentally promoted by the use of the Latin language — is not to fill the mouth, or the natural understanding, with beautiful form of words, expressing accurately and logically all the wants of man, but to nourish a habit of aspiration, of ejaculation, of inward longing and hungering after the true and spiritual food; and most admirably does it answer this purpose. The hardship of the service being in an unknown tongue, can be no object of the indignation of a member of the Society of Friends.* I can barely allude to the awful feeling of reverence with which the Catholic bows his head at the elevation of the Blessed Host, and the deep spiritual impression it necessarily produces on those with whom it is no outward form, but the real presence of the Divinity himself, which they venerate and adore. This spirituality of the daily worship of the Catholics is unnoticed by the sceptical or prejudiced Protestant; who enters a chapel, takes a hasty glance at something strange — he knows not what — and never suspects, that beneath the outward form, which is the object of his jibes and sneers, there lies concealed an inward spiritual treasure, to which the eye of the natural man can never penetrate. [*Lucas' Reasons.*]

* Mr. Lucas was a member of the Society of Friends until within a few years ago, when he became a Catholic.

THE CHURCH.

[FROM THE CATHOLIC TELEGRAPH.]

THE Church—the Church! a hymn for thee,
 Whose glory dwells in ev'ry zone;
 Old Time, the king, must bend his knee
 Before thine everlasting throne.
 A thousand years have flown away,
 Nine hundred more are rolling by;
 But thou dost never feel decay,
 Immortal offspring of the sky!

Thy fold is Truth's embattled home,
 The angels guard thee round about—
 Thy base the earth, thy wondrous dome
 By God's own hand spread nobly out.
 And millions in thy shadows rest,
 And tribes and nations there unite,
 Like rivers in the ocean's breast,
 Swelling, yet lost within its might.

Stand on the threshold—let thine eye
 Along the vast perspective run;
 Where Memory lifts her torch on high,
 And history blazes like a sun.
 Behold! what myriads throng the space—
 What countless hosts from ev'ry clime:
 Where'er you turn, the eye can trace
 The hoary evidence of Time.

From Afric's shore a mighty band
 Before the sacred shrine have met;
 Others from Asia's furthest land,
 And isles amid the ocean set.
 From Europe's soil, with science crown'd,
 They meet in one communion blest;
 And from the earth's remotest bound,
 Where the last sun-beam sinks to rest.

The martyr radiant from the flames—
 The virgins in immortal youth—
 The mitred prelates, with whose names
 Are joined the victories of Truth.
 They come—they come, from every age—
 The poor, the rich, the bond, the free;
 The peasant, anchorite, and sage—
 They come, oh God! to worship Thee.

There shrines the diadems of kings;
 The scholar there his wreath has brought;
 The artist, too, devoutly brings
 His bright realities of thought.
 And Science, with her starry crown;
 And Eloquence, whose words inflame,
 Before thine altars bending down,
 The glory of our Church proclaim.

Hail, hail to Thee, triumphant home!
 Wherein the mystic dove is found;
 Thy hallowed shrines, where'er we roam—
 Thy children's best affections bound.
 Oh! may the nations soon return,
 Which wander'd from thy peaceful fold;
 And Faith, so long extinguished, burn
 On altars where it shone of old.

THE LATE BISHOP OF NEW YORK.*

From a Discourse on the Right Rev. JOHN DUBOIS, D.D., Bishop of New York; Founder of Mt. St. Mary's, and Superior of St. Joseph's. Pronounced in Mt. St. Mary's Church January 24, 1843, on the occasion of a solemn service for the repose of his soul. By Rev. JOHN M'CAFFREY, Superior of the Seminary, and President of the College of Mt. St. Mary's.

THE ways of God are indeed mysterious, and admirable are the designs of his mercy; and beautiful it is to trace, where light is given us to do so, their progress and development. A foreigner, flung by the tempest of an impious and bloody revolution on our hospitable shores, boldly undertakes, with none of the ordinary means and no human prospect of success, and happily achieves the most important works of benevolence: a friendless stranger flying from the wrath of his brethren beyond the Atlantic, adopting customs and institutions quite new and strange, and lisping a language unknown to his youth, becomes the benefactor of the country which adopts him; as Joseph, sold into captivity a sojourner in the land of Cham, received from Egypt's sons the glorious name of "Saviour." In studying the history of the good man, whose example it is my duty to unfold to you, I behold indeed a chosen instrument of divine Providence; but I also behold the noble portrait, which the royal psalmist has drawn with a skilful hand, of him who is truly pious and therefore truly blessed — one who flies the company of sinners, who gives all his affections to the law of God, and meditates on it both day and night, that knowing his heavenly Father's will, he may more and more perfectly accomplish it — one who, in reward for this fidelity of mind and heart, in the midst of "an unbelieving and perverse generation," is inspired with high resolves and great designs, is endowed with vigour, fortitude, and perseverance to execute them, and favoured with manifest signs of divine protection in the signal success of his undertakings.

Bishop Dubois was born in Paris on the 24th day of August, in the year 1764. His parents were respectable, and appear to have been in easy circumstances. They knew that "it is good for a man to have borne the yoke from his youth:"† they knew, that if you train up a young man in the way in which he should walk, "even when he is old, he will not depart from it."‡ They were therefore, or rather his prudent mother (for he lost his father when very young) was, especially careful to implant in his tender breast the seeds of every virtue. From the character of the man we learn the principles instilled into the soul of the child. He was educated at the college of Louis Le Grand — a college which has given to France so many of her most illustrious sons, and which contributed to form the character of him, who longest remained among us, as a grand and beautiful specimen of that august assembly, which decreed our national independence. Among his preceptors were the famous poet, the Abbe Delille, and the Abbe Proyart, author of the life of Decalogne. The memory of that saintly youth, whose example, faithfully pictured in this little volume, has led so many students to give to God the flower of their days, was then so revered and cherished, that the greatest mark of

* This tribute to the memory of a venerable prelate is equally creditable to the feelings and intellectual acquirements of his successor in the presidentship of Mount St. Mary's College. In transferring the greater part of it to our pages, we have taken the liberty of occasionally inserting the word "Bishop" for the word "Mr.," when this latter is applied to the late bishops of New York or Vincennes. We think, with an eastern contemporary, that the word "Mr.," sounds rather awkwardly: besides, it is not the appropriate appellation of a bishop. [ED. CATHOLIC CABINET.

† Lament. 3, 27.

‡ Prov. 22, 6.

confidence and affection which the directors of the college could bestow on a deserving pupil, was to give him, at the opening of studies, the place which Decalogue had occupied. This honour was conferred on the young Dubois, and so highly appreciated by him, that even in old age, when his silvery locks gave dignity to all his words, he could not mention it without tears of joy and gratitude. In the examples of his professors, and of many among his fellow-students, he found encouragement to the practice of every virtue; yet in the same school, and on the same forms with this pious youth, were some who were soon to reach a bad preeminence and act a conspicuous part in the bloody tragedy which his country was preparing to exhibit to the astonished and affrighted world. There, side by side, you might have seen John Dubois and Camille Des Moulins, the frantic instigator of the savage and ferocious mobs of Paris! or stranger still, the meek, benevolent founder of Mt. St. Mary's and protector of St. Joseph's, in contact with the most execrable monster that France gave birth to, even in the wild throes of her guilty revolution — the blood-thirsty Robespierre! "I shall never forget," bishop Dubois was wont to say to his collegiate pupils, "I shall never forget the looks and manners of him, who afterwards proved such a monster of ferocity: he was unsocial, solitary, gloomy; his head was restless, his eyes wandering, and he was a great tyrant towards his younger and weaker companions. I could literally apply to him," added this good old president, "the account which St. Gregory Nazianzen gives of his fellow-student at Athens, Julian, the apostate. We might even then have exclaimed with this saint, What a monster our country is bringing up in this youth!" Between such fellow-students there could be no community of feeling. The one "walked in the counsel of the ungodly, and stood in the way of sinners, and sat in the chair of pestilence:" the other centred his will in the law of God, and made it his delight to learn and keep its precept, and imbibe its spirit. The one became the bloody scourge of his country; the other the benefactor of ours. The one spoke the language of philosophy and philanthropy, and then filled France with widows and orphans: the other preached the gospel of charity, and dried the widow's tears and gave mothers to the orphans. The instrument and emblem of the one was the guillotine: of the other, the Cross of Christ.

Of Bishop Dubois' success in his collegiate studies, I know little more than that he took the prize in Latin poetry, and among many useful acquisitions, made himself thoroughly acquainted with the noble Roman language, which he afterwards wrote with ease and elegance. His parents had destined him for the army; but his Father in Heaven called him to a more honorable service and a better warfare. Listening to the voice which bade him "deny himself, and take up his cross and follow his Redeemer,"* he resolved to consecrate himself entirely to God and entered on his ecclesiastical studies in the seminary of St. Magloire, under the direction of the Oratorians. Here his time was altogether devoted to the acquisition of that knowledge, and the formation of those habits, which, like the columns of a majestic temple, are at once the supports and ornaments of the priestly character. From this time forth, his delight was wholly in the law of God, and on it he meditated day and night. In this calm retreat he laid the solid foundations of that beautiful edifice of christian perfection, which all his life long it was his care to complete and adorn. Here he learned to regard himself as "a miserable sinner" — the title by which he loved to characterize himself in his confidential communications with his pious friends. Here he acquired that ardent zeal and patient self-

* *Matth.* 16, 24.

denial, which made him ever afterwards willing "to spend and be spent for souls, that he might gain them to Christ."* Here he learned to live entirely by faith — that firm, unwavering faith, which does not deign to watch the flitting shadows of this life, but steadily contemplates those things which, though invisible to the eye of flesh, are alone substantial and eternal.† Here piety grew up and flourished in his soul, and his heart was turned entirely to God and received all the sweet influences of divine grace, as the flower opens its bosom to the morning sun and catches the nurturing dews of heaven. He found kindred spirits among his brother seminarians, and with several of them contracted an intimate and lasting friendship — with two particularly, whom he esteemed and loved until they were called away before him to receive the crown of their labors: the Abbe McCarthy, who after the revolution became the first pulpit orator of France, whose eloquence in recommending virtue was surpassed only by his fidelity in practising it, whose fame is a bright gem even in the diadem of the illustrious society of Jesus; and Cardinal Cheverus, the most beloved of pastors, the most amiable of men — who in Boston wrung the highest praise from bigotry itself.

Ordained priest before the canonical age, by a dispensation on the 22d of September in the year 1787, he first exercised the holy ministry in the parish of St. Sulpice, in his native city; and was one of the chaplains of a vast establishment in the rue de Seve, in which the sisters of charity had the care of a large number of insane patients and destitute orphans. But the revolution had begun, and the clergy were among its first victims. The archbishop of Paris, whose esteem and confidence were justly given to the young priest, had fled to Germany for shelter from the storm. The constitutional oaths, which could not be taken in conscience, were tendered and refused; and the firm independence of Bishop Dubois had rendered him especially obnoxious to the impious miscreants who were grasping with bloody hands the powers of government. Like the great body of his clerical brethren, he preferred exile or death itself to any criminal compliance. Acquainted with the family of Lafayette, he obtained from him not only a passport, but also letters of introduction to some of the leading men of the United States; and quitting Paris in disguise, in May 1791, he made his escape to Havre, accompanied by a trusty servant, and landed at Norfolk, in Virginia, in the following July. Bishop Carroll welcomed the faithful exile, and authorized him to exercise the functions of his holy ministry, first at Norfolk, and afterwards at Richmond. Recommended by general Lafayette to the Randolphs, Lees, and Beverleys — to James Monroe and Patrick Henry — he received the kindest and most respectful attentions from these distinguished statesmen and their numerous friends; and, for want of a Catholic chapel, said mass in the *capitol*, and there administered the sacraments to the few scattered Catholics who could avail themselves of his ministry. This liberality, which even at the present day will appear astonishing, is still more surprising when it is remembered that his immediate predecessor in the pastorate of Frederick — father Frambach — was obliged to disguise himself when he visited the Catholics of Virginia — was in imminent danger the whole time — commonly, on such occasions, slept in the stable beside the beast that he rode; and once, at least, was so hotly pursued, that, had it not been for the fleetness of his horse, he would have been overtaken and killed before he reached the Potomac and found safety on the Maryland shore. Bishop Dubois supported himself by teaching French, while he was studying and making himself familiar with English; and he used to acknowl-

* 2 Cor. 12, 15.

† 2 Cor. 4, 18.

edge himself indebted to the eloquent Patrick Henry for many friendly lessons in our language. Fully prepared for taking an active part in all the duties of an American missionary, he was in 1794 called by Bishop Carroll to Frederick in this State, from which Father Frambach had retired on account of his **great** age and infirmities. In this town he found but few Catholics: there **were** some scattered through Montgomery country; a few on the Maryland tract, including the family of Governor Lee, a recent convert to our holy faith; a handful in this neighbourhood, consisting of the families of its original settlers, and a few more in the village of Emmittsburg. Hagerstown required occasional attendance; and both Martinsburg and Winchester, in Virginia, were included in his regular missionary visits. In a word, he was pastor of all western Maryland and Virginia, and for some time the only Catholic priest between the city of Baltimore and the city of St. Louis. Some among my present hearers can yet remember, how the scattered members of his widespread flock, from distances of twenty, forty, even sixty miles, came into Frederick, on foot, on horseback, or in rustic wagons, on the eve of the Christmas or Easter solemnities, to have the happiness of **assisting** at the holy sacrifice and participating in the divine mysteries, celebrated with so much primitive simplicity and fervent piety, in an upper room of their pastor's humble residence.

His labours for the salvation of souls were at this period immense. He had an iron constitution of body; and no man was ever more remarkable for energetic, persevering, indomitable resolution. He allowed himself no idle moments — no respite from toil, or relaxation after fatigue: and it seemed to be his constant determination to compensate, by his own personal exertions, for all the disadvantages under which the faithful depending on his spiritual ministration then laboured. He was incessantly engaged in passing from station to station, hearing confessions, preaching the word of God, celebrating the divine mysteries, visiting the sick, comforting the afflicted, helping the distressed, edifying all by his own good example, and infusing into the hearts of all a sincere love of "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are modest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are holy, whatsoever things are amiable, whatsoever things are of good repute."* Not content with his sermons and other instructions on Sundays and festivals, during the week he visited the retired farm-house, immediately summoned the children and servants to his presence, heard them repeat their catechism and recite their prayers, explained the mysteries of faith and their christian duties in such simple and familiar manner as suited their capacity, gave some mark of approbation to those who answered best, some gentle reproof most sweetly administered and mixed with much encouragement to the negligent, and a kind word and amiable look to all. By his extraordinary attention to the children, he was sure to win the hearts of the parents. He thought the catechising of the young a more important matter than preaching to the grown, and he was afterwards most careful to impress this maxim on the ecclesiastics whom he trained up to the duties of the holy ministry, so many of whom have since proved its correctness and experienced its blessed results. Highly systematic in his labours, he regarded punctuality to his engagements as a duty paramount to every personal consideration. "The shepherd," he used to say, "must never disappoint his flock: it would cause their dispersion and ruin, if he did." Hence, when he had once made an appointment — no matter what difficulties intervened, no matter how inclement the weather, how long the journey, or how

* Philip, 4, 8.

bad the roads — when the appointed hour came, Bishop Dubois was there. On one occasion, he had just arrived at Emmittsburg, much fatigued, on a Saturday afternoon, and was going to the confessional, when a distant sick-call came. Before leaving Emmittsburg, he directed the usual preparations to be made for the celebration of mass on Sunday, saying that he would be back in time. He returned to Frederick, and thence proceeded to Montgomery county; administered the consolations of religion to the dying person; and after a journey of nearly fifty miles, after twice swimming his horse across the Monocacy — the last time at the risk of his life, for wearied nature caught a snatch of sleep while the noble animal was breasting the angry stream — he was again in the confessional at nine o'clock on Sunday, without having broken his fast, and sung mass and preached as usual at a late hour in the forenoon, and with so little appearance of fatigue, that the majority of the congregation never even suspected that he had stirred abroad in the interval. Efforts nearly as great as this were by no means uncommon with him. There was no species of hardship — no inconvenience or discomfort — which he did not cheerfully endure: for he knew how to turn all sufferings to good account. He was inflamed with zeal for the honour of God and salvation of souls; and choosing to be poor in this world, he was covetous of those riches which men too often neglect and despise — he was determined to lay up riches in Heaven, where the thief cannot enter nor the moth consume. “Filled with the knowledge of God’s holy will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding,” he strove to “walk worthy of God, being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God, strengthened with all might, according to the power of his glory, in all patience and long-suffering with joy; giving thanks to God the Father, who made him worthy to be partaker of the lot of the saints.”* Habituated to the elegant refinements of the most polished society in the world, he was, in the discharge of his pastoral duties, as much at home with the rude and illiterate, as if he had been brought up among them, and that without ever forgetting for a moment the sacred dignity of his character, or the true politeness of a christian gentleman. He was affable, familiar, kind, but paternal: “He made himself all to all, that he might win all to Christ.”† All the members of his flock looked up to him with filial affection and with filial respect. His influence, as the pastor, the friend, the father of all, was very great: among you, my brethren, in this rural parish, it was almost unbounded. You can bear witness, that it was exerted only to promote virtue and piety, and domestic happiness and universal good will. Even in matters of a mixed nature, or which seemed to relate more to your temporal than to your spiritual welfare, how beneficial to you was that authority which his virtues conferred upon him. You can remember how strenuously and effectually he laboured to preserve among you a proper simplicity of manners; how firmly he set his face against the frivolous fashions, the follies, and dissipations of the world; how vigorously he crushed the many-headed monster of extravagance. Which of you dared, while he was your pastor, to bring the trappings of worldly vanity into the house of God? Mild and amiable as he was, yet how severe was his rebuke of the silly affectation of wealth — the show without the substance of prosperity! He was not a lecturer on political economy, and he moved in a sphere far above the low and selfish strife of party politics; but in recommending always economy, frugality, and industry, as virtues required in the christian, and in denouncing, as I have heard him do most unsparingly, the cancerous system of contracting debt without a clear foresight of the means of payment, he was inculcating the true policy, both for your temporal and eternal interest. Nor was his influence confined to those who acknowledged

* Col. 1, 9. 10. 11. 12.

† 1 Cor. 9, 12.

him as their pastor. The upright Protestant referred his cause to him, as to one "clad with justice, and who clothed himself with judgment as with a robe and a diadem :"^{*} for "he was an eye to the blind, and a foot to the lame, and the father of the poor ; and the cause which he knew not, he searched out diligently ; and he sat as a king, with his army standing about him, and as a comforter of them that mourned."[†]

Bishop Dubois had that bold and sanguine spirit which is required in the founder of important institutions, or the leader in arduous enterprises. When he undertook to build the first Catholic church in Frederick, he no sooner exhibited his plans, and an estimate of the expenses, than every body predicted that the undertaking must fail. "We all thought" — to repeat the words of one of his parishioners, who now fills with honour the first judicial station in our government — "we all thought that the means could never be raised to pay for such a building ; that the church would never be completed ; and if it were completed, it would never be filled with Catholics." Bishop Dubois thought differently, and he persevered. He built the church, paid for it, and lived not only to see it filled, but to celebrate the divine mysteries in that much more spacious and more splendid temple, which has been erected by his present worthy successor in the pastorship of that congregation. In like manner, when he spoke to the people of the great plan which he was revolving in his active mind, of establishing a college for the education of their children and the supply of the holy ministry, there were few, if any, who could enter into his views. Most persons listened with looks of surprise, or smiles of incredulity, and some privately pronounced him crazy : and many a laugh and jeer went round, when, amid difficulties which we can scarce conceive, he was bringing together, in the midst of a dense, miry, and almost inaccessible thicket, the rude materials of his first humble school-house. Need I now ask, who was right — the bold, indefatigable, heavenly-inspired projector, or the idle, short-sighted scoffers ? After all, both were right. They took the natural view of things : he viewed the matter in the light of divine faith ; they said, it is humanly impossible — he said, this thing is indeed impossible with men, but it is not so with God. "He" — to use the beautiful language of the psalmist — "He dwelt in the aid of the Most High : he was overshadowed by his shoulders, and in his wings he trusted."[‡] Yet, while he trusted entirely in the help of God, he laboured as if all depended on himself. It was a curious spectacle, to see this polished gentleman and dignified ecclesiastic sharing, with the hardy sons of toil, the meanest drudgery, to further his humble improvements : following the ponderous wain, over difficult and dangerous roads ; cheering the woodman, whose axe made the forest ring ; plying the spade, with hands more fit to wield the crosier ; and presiding at the fête, in honour of the successful raising of a log building, with manners that would have graced the saloons of his native city. But it was by such means that he commanded success, when another would have yielded to despair.

During the fourteen years that he resided at Frederick, he was accustomed to visit this neighbourhood once a month, celebrating mass alternately at Emmitsburg, and in the old chapel, which was but a room in the farm-house of the first settler here ; for, after the Protestant revolution in Maryland, a Catholic church could not be erected in the province. He had improved and decorated the little church in Emmitsburg, erected a short time before by a zealous priest from the "Island of Saints," liberally seconded by the few Catholics of that village. He had selected, in the midst of a dense forest, a

* Job 29.

† Job 29.

‡ Psalm 90.

site of unrivalled grandeur and beauty, and on it reared, by immense personal exertions, the church in which we are now assembled. The time had come when his great project of establishing a college was to be carried into effect. A friendless foreigner, lisping "a language which he had not known" — an exile flying from the sword of persecution — a penniless priest — undertakes alone to do that, which the authority and treasures of the State of Maryland have scarcely been able to accomplish. And, my brethren, he succeeds. By his own exertions, without one dollar of endowment or donation from the State, with no munificent grant, no rich bequest, nothing but his own energies and the help of God to rely on, he triumphs over every difficulty and succeeds beyond all expectation. Go back in fancy to the year 1809, when the first log building stood there below, with a very narrow clearing in front, and the wild fox and wolf howling in the distance. Contrast that with the present state of things; and look at the corresponding increase of blessings and advantages derived from the toils and struggles of Bishop Dubois, and then, if you can, refuse your tribute of gratitude to this distinguished benefactor to the cause of education, of charity, and of religion. Do you ask the secret of this wonderful success? Simply this, my brethren: the divine blessing prospering all his labours. Yes, "the finger of God was there."* He was but the instrument of Him who "chooses the foolish things of this world, that he may confound the wise; and the weak things of this world, that he may confound the strong:" "for that which is foolish of God is wiser than men, and that which is weakness of God, is stronger than men."†

His primary object was to establish a seminary for ecclesiastical education. The Catholic Church in the United States was as yet almost entirely dependent on Europe for the education of its missionaries. Bishop Carroll consecrated to the see of Baltimore, which then occupied the entire Union, in the year 1790, immediately set himself about establishing a seminary, and called from Europe those learned, pious, and venerable members of the society of St. Sulpice, to whom our country at large, and this diocese in particular, are so greatly indebted. Bishop Dubois wished to associate his labours with theirs, and for a time conducted his little institution as a branch of the Sulpitian Seminary. But difficulties rather than advantages growing out of this union, the parties, who had a common object, though they might differ as to the means, agreed, like Paul and Barnabas, to go their several ways in peace; and the divine blessing attended them both. It was most signally bestowed on Bishop Dubois' undertaking. From the little nursery which he had planted by the mountain's side, he was soon able to present to his bishop, as the first fruits of his zeal, several pious youths, fully prepared for the study of theology, and destined to shine among the ornaments of the sanctuary. Ere long he is surrounded by a crowd of aspirants to the holy ministry. The Queen of Sciences is enthroned at Mt. St. Mary's, and counts a larger retinue of suitors here than in any other institution in our country. He is seconded by a brother priest from France, of spirit akin to his own — a man who unites the most profound and varied learning to the highest genius; but whose genius and learning are surpassed by his piety and zeal. Need I name the saintly bishop of Vincennes, the lamented Bruté? — the memory of whose virtues, in the minds of all who knew him, is like a bank of fragrant flowers in spring; whose character was truly "as a massy vessel of gold, adorned with every precious stone."‡ Thus supported, he was able to supply the missions of our country with many pious and enlightened pastors, including a fair proportion

* Exod. 1, 19.

† 1 Cor. 1.

‡ Eccles. 50, 10.

of our present hierarchy. Before he left Mt. St. Mary's, he could count more than forty priests, who were chiefly, if not entirely, indebted to him for their ecclesiastical education : and to him surely, if to any one, it was given to view with enviable feelings the progress of true religion in our country — episcopal sees created, churches and altars rising, and congregations springing up in every part of the land ; as a watcher of the skies, when twilight fades away, sees at first but a few dim stars, then another and another shining forth, until the heavenly host, by their number and brightness, gladden his sight and illumine the vast firmament with their glory.

He was no less attentive to the education of those destined to secular pursuits. He selected the retired site of his college, then much more difficult of access than at present, partly from considerations of health, and of the importance of a vigorous development of mind and body : but still more, as I have already intimated, in the hope of shutting out the demon of worldly dissipation and the seductions of vicious example. He knew, that piety is the safeguard and ornament of every state of life ; that " it has the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."* He knew, that without piety, there can be no solid virtue — religion being the only foundation on which the moral edifice can be securely erected. He therefore made piety the basis of his system ; and what he did for the education of boys at Mt. St. Mary's, he powerfully co-operated in doing for female education at St. Joseph's. Experience is daily proving which is the right system — the worldly or the christian one. The teachings of reason, of analogy, and of the law of God, may not be despised with impunity. The young steed, that has been trained and disciplined, may fling his rider and rush madly to danger and destruction ; yet he feels the old impression of the bit, and will return to subjection. But the wild horse of the prairie : who will tame him ? who will curb his fiery neck ? and who will subject to the yoke of the law of God, the spirit that has not known the early discipline of heavenly wisdom ?

Knowing that the first fruits of life — even its opening buds and vernal flowers — are the most acceptable present to Heaven, he was peculiarly careful to secure the offering of the youthful heart to God. Who that ever witnessed it, can forget his mode of preparing children for their first communion, and rendering the impressions of that happy day, on which they first opened their hearts to let the King of Glory in, decisive of their destiny for life ? What eye was tearless here, when the sweet voice of childhood's piety was heard reciting that beautiful act of atonement and of consecration of the soul to God, which he prepared for this interesting occasion ? What heart so hardened that it was not moved, when this venerable priest addressed his simple, pious, persuasive exhortations to his children, who with angelic countenances listened to his words, as they would have listened to the voice of an angel ; and, like little angels themselves, knelt before the table of the Lord, that they might receive the bread of angels from his hands ? Oh ! you may find a sinner hardened in guilt, apparently insensible to every motive of virtue, and dead to every feeling of piety ; but, if he made his first communion at Mt. St. Mary's under the direction of Bishop Dubois, be assured that there is yet one chord in his heart which will vibrate to the touch of religion. Speak to him of that happy day ; remind him of the pure joys he then experienced, and the vows he then made to heaven from an innocent heart ; and you will see the tear-drop starting in his eye, and you will justly hope that he may yet prove the returning prodigal, and give joy to heaven by his conversion.

Anxious to neglect no means of inspiring and preserving youthful piety, he was particularly eager to infuse into the young breast his own tender devotion to the Mother of God. To *her* he dedicated his church, his college, and his seminary. The hill, the spring, the woods — every thing around him was sacred to Mary. To *her* honour, his labours and his life were devoted: and beautiful were the lessons which he taught us, by word and example, of respect for the exalted virtues and prerogatives of our Most Blessed Lady — of love for this purest and most tender of mothers, of confidence in the intercession of our most powerful advocate and patroness. Oh, Mary! spotless Queen of Heaven! most gracious patroness of our Mount! may we never cease to practise his admirable instructions!

He spared no pains to give the youths entrusted to his care, all the literary and scientific advantages which his means enabled him to compass. To exhibit all that he did for this end, would be to relate the early history of the institution which he founded. I will only remark, that amid his other duties, however numerous and burthensome, he found time to teach not a little himself. Sole pastor of this congregation, chief pastor of Emmittsburg, confessor or superior of St. Joseph's, and sometimes both at once — president, procurator, and treasurer of the college — building, gardening, farming, directing great improvements and projecting new ones, giving a personal attention to every thing — he was yet teaching daily a class of Latin, and sometimes one, sometimes two of French, and, in the absence of Mr. Bruté, filling the chair of theology. He was the life and soul of the establishment over which he presided; holding with a firm hand the reins of discipline; approving the best, encouraging the good, urging the tepid, and spurring or correcting the indolent or the unruly; as a mild, but watchful and determined, father in the midst of a numerous family, governing each and extending equal care and affection to all.

And while his own immediate family seemed to engross his time and toil, there was another wide-spread family, looking up to him, on a hundred different occasions, as their common Father. You, my brethren of the congregation, did not pronounce an unmeaning word, when you gave him that respectful and endearing name. Not only was he your spiritual director, into whose sympathetic bosom you could pour the sorrows of a repentant soul; but which of you was in trouble that did not come to him for consolation? — which of you in want that did not apply to him for relief? Where was the afflicted father, or broken-hearted mother, that did not call on him to reclaim the ungrateful, wandering child? If servants were unruly, did not the master refer them to him? If the master was hard-hearted, to whom could the servant go for redress, if not to the pastor, the father of all? in whose kind and charitable heart there was no respect of persons, no regard to fortune or to colour; all alike were his children: and while he pointed out to each the duties of his station, and required him to do them, what other desire had he than to lead all alike to heaven, and on the great accounting day to present you all, not one soul missing from your number, to his and your heavenly Father, able to say, "Lo, here am I, and the children whom thou gavest me!"

Time will not permit me, my brethren, to speak to you as I would wish of his large instrumentality in establishing in this country the admirable society of the *Sisters of Charity*. He was, as I have heard Bishop Bruté express it, "the true father of that institution from the beginning." When mother Seaton first came to this neighbourhood, he gave her a home upon this very hill. He freely shared his limited means with them: he supported them when other support they had none. He was their confessor and director during the first

years of their existence as a society. To him Archbishop Carroll entrusted all that related to them. He instructed, trained, directed, formed them all: he initiated them into the practice of the rules laid down by St. Vincent of Paul. He consoled, encouraged, and sustained them, amid trials and difficulties which would have shaken souls less generous than theirs or his; and from the scanty stores of his own poverty, he supplied them with bread, when, but for him, they had no alternative but to abandon their undertaking and disperse, or to perish for want of food. Tell me not, my friends, of heroism on the battle-field: tell me not of that wonderful man, who at this very time was leading half a million of slavish followers to the cannon's mouth, and exercising such a strange ascendancy over their maddened minds, that, while blood was spouting from their death-wounds, they would stifle the groans of agony and summon all their remaining breath to shout "long live the emperor!" There was more true heroism exhibited in St. Joseph's vale, when this man of God had taught that delicately-reared and softly-nurtured mother, and her little band of resolute associates, to suffer without complaint, day after day, and month after month, the gnawing pains of hunger, confident that He who feeds the ravens would not forget them, and in the hope that they might yet grow up into a community, and one day be able themselves to feed the hungry, to rear the forsaken orphan, to nurse the destitute sick, to throw themselves, like tutelary angels, between the raging pestilence and its trembling victims. That hope has been realized! Yes, departed benefactors of the poor! — Dubois! Seaton! — thousands of orphans, rescued from want and misery, and death or worse than death, have raised their grateful hands to Heaven, imploring blessings on you — a thousand orphans will this night remember you in their prayers!

I have spoken of the rude beginnings of Mt. St. Mary's College. In a few years the scene had changed, as if by magic. The thicket was cleared; the stumps of trees removed; the grounds enclosed and broken into terraces. The water, "taught a better course," flowed through artificial channels to the spot where it was needed; the garden bloomed with flowers, and presented to the eye the fruits of many climes: there were shady walks along the mountain's side, or on the margin of the murmuring brook; the rude arbour, the moss-grown rock, the rippling stream, the wild notes of warbling birds, allured the lover of books, and, with the grand and beautiful and hallowed scenes around, converted him into a lover of nature and of God. The adjacent village had largely improved: the neighbourhood was gladdened with signs of increasing prosperity. The two institutions, the seminary and sisterhood, like brother and sister had grown up together, or, sister-like, the latter was maturing the faster. Scholars had gone forth from both mountain and valley to tell their friends what beautiful things were a-doing in a wild sequestered spot by the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountain. A noble edifice, the fruit of so many years' unparalleled exertions, was on the point of completion, and a hundred youthful students were ready to occupy it. The feast of Pentecost, on the sixth day of June, 1824, came and passed away. The last rays of a bright sun, ere it set behind St. Mary's Mount, had gilded the cross which rose from the cupola of this majestic structure. When that sun again appeared in the east, it threw its cheerless beams on blackened walls and smouldering ruins. Startled by alarming cries at the dead of night, from the tranquil slumbers which visit the good man at the close of a well-spent day, Bishop Dubois beheld at a glance the ruin of his hopes. What think you, my friends, were the first words that escaped his venerable lips? Did he impeach the justice of Heaven? Did he call down vengeance on the head of the cruel incendiary? Ah! it was a

beautiful sight to see, even by the light of a disastrous conflagration, that good old man, heart-broken, as you may suppose, arming himself deliberately with the sign of the cross, meekly bowing his head in token of submission, and exclaiming with patient Job, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."* His spirit quailed not through that dreadful night: his characteristic fortitude did not forsake him. Conquering the agonies of despair, he calmly gave directions, or observed in silent grief the progress of destruction. Soon he pointed out some defects in the plan of the flaming edifice, *which he would remedy in the next*: and this too, though the snows of sixty winters had whitened his head, and he had gone beyond his present means in erecting the building, which was destroyed. And again he realized his prediction. He had the public confidence and sympathy. God prospered all his labours; and a new college arose, like the fabled Phoenix, from the ashes of its predecessor. He not only finished it, though he remained but two years longer here, but he also presided over the erection of a still more spacious academy at St. Joseph's.

He was then called to the vacant bishopric of New York. It was hard to leave his dear mountain and beautiful valley; to tear himself away from the spot which he had found a wilderness and made a paradise. It was hard to enter on new and untried fields of labour, when declining years and increasing infirmities entitled him rather to seek repose amid the beautiful creations of his own religious zeal and charity. But he was never known to shrink from toil or hardship, and he bowed to the decision of that authority which forms the very keystone of the grand arch of Catholic Unity. He was consecrated to the see of New York in the autumn of 1826. His career as a bishop, was one of unostentatious, but active and untiring benevolence. He visited frequently every portion of the vineyard entrusted to his care. He was a kind father to his clergy, a friend and benefactor to the poor, a pastor full of solicitude to supply abundantly the spiritual wants of his extensive diocese. He won the hearts of many by his paternal kindness and the charm of his engaging manners. He edified all by the regularity of his pious conduct, his pure disinterestedness, his charity and fervent devotion. Many obstacles he had to encounter; but he overcame them by patient meekness and unconquerable resolution. And if this good prelate was forced to witness scenes which wounded his paternal heart, he also saw much, when he looked over his great field of labour, to console and gratify him: new congregations arising, religion continually advancing, institutions of charity multiplying around him, the co-operation of many zealous labourers in the vineyard, and among them, of gifted and exemplary priests, whom he himself had educated. He saw sisters of charity, whom he himself had trained, labouring in their angelic vocation in the asylum, in the school-room, in the hospital. He saw continually some hundreds of orphan children, to whom he had been a provident benefactor: and this good and holy bishop, though far from his native country and kindred, was encircled by a numerous, devoted and affectionate family, depending on his spiritual care, looking up to him for counsel and direction, and imploring the divine goodness to scatter blessings on his path, and prolong and brighten the evening of his days. When the charge of his great and populous diocese had become too weighty for his shoulders, bent by age and weakened by infirmities, he sought a coadjutor among his children of the Mountain, and placed the heavy burthen on shoulders that are able to bear it. There, too, he had erected a college for ecclesiastical and secular education, and seen it ruined by devouring flames. Yet he lived to behold his fond hope realized, in the establishment of an institution founded on the plan, governed by the rules, and directed by the children of Mount St. Mary's.

PASTORAL LETTER

Of the Most Rev. the Archbishop, and the Right Rev. the Bishops of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States of America, assembled in Provincial Council at Baltimore, to the Clergy and Laity of their charge.

VENERABLE brethren of the Clergy and beloved brethren of the Laity : Grace to you, and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ.

Encouraged by the assurance of our Divine Redeemer — “ Where there are two or three gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them ” — we have assembled in council, according to the most ancient practice of the Church ; and having humbly invoked the Holy Ghost, we have deliberated on various matters appertaining to the good order of ecclesiastical affairs, and the advancement of piety. Before separating, we feel impelled to address you, with a view to impart to you some spiritual grace, to strengthen you, and stir you up, by admonition to labour the more, that, by good works, you may make sure your vocation and election. We can add nothing to the divine deposit of revelation, committed to the special guardianship of Peter and the other apostles, and preserved in the Church of God, which is the pillar and ground of the truth ; nor dare we take away an iota from it : but it is our duty to exhort you to stand fast in faith, and to beware lest, being led away from the error of the unwise, you fall from your own steadfastness. God requires you to captivate every understanding in obedience to Christ, and not to be wise more than it behoveth to be wise, but to be wise to sobriety. The pride of man is always ready to revolt against the truth of God. Confidence in the strength of our intellectual faculties, leads us to scan the depths of heavenly mysteries, and investigate the works of God ; but he that is a searcher of majesty shall be overwhelmed with glory. The homage of humble faith is required of us, when evidence is presented of the fact of divine revelation ; and we must adore all that God reveals, however it surpass our comprehension. Of all the errors that assail divine truth, the most dangerous, because the most insidious, is that which appears to respect it, while it holds it in question, as if it were impossible to ascertain it with certainty. It were unworthy of God to have made a revelation, and left it without such marks of its origin as would satisfy the sincere inquirer, acting under divine influence ; and it is absurd to suppose that we can with impunity reject any thing of which we have evidence that God is its author. There is one Lord, one faith, one baptism. Without faith it is impossible to please God. Beware then, brethren, of preferring, in the least point, the dictates of your erring reason, to the truth, wisdom, and authority of the Most High.

It is your duty to make public profession of the faith, whenever the divine honour or the edification of your neighbour is in question ; for “ with the heart we believe unto justice, but with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.” Public worship and private devotion must be regulated by the revealed law of God, as declared by his Church ; for God must be worshipped in spirit and in truth. You should, therefore, never make acts of religion mere matters of courtesy, wherein the good pleasure of your fellow-men might be regarded rather than the sovereign will of God. It is on this account, and to avoid all participation in error, that the Church commands her children not to communicate in spiritual things with those who are out of her fold. It has nevertheless come to our knowledge, that the consciences of many in dependent situations are aggrieved by vexatious measures, adopted to coerce them into conformity under the penalty of wanting bread, and that in various public institutions attendance at protestant worship is, in many instances, exacted of Catholics,

notwithstanding the liberty of conscience which is guaranteed by the constitution to all citizens. We are aware that mere considerations of order have induced this custom ; but as it is repugnant to the genius of our institutions, as well as to the spirit of our religion, we trust that the proper authorities, on respectful remonstrance, will afford relief to afflicted consciences.

The transmission of faith to their children was a special object of the solicitude of our fathers : for which they thought no sacrifice too great. It must be your care, brethren, to let the precious inheritance descend without diminution. You must, therefore, use all diligence that your children be instructed at an early age in the saving truths of religion, and be preserved from the contagion of error. We have seen, with serious alarm, efforts made to poison the fountains of public education, by giving it a sectarian hue, and accustoming children to the use of a version of the Bible made under sectarian bias, and placing in their hands books of various kinds replete with offensive and dangerous matter. This is plainly opposed to the free genius of our civil institutions. We admonish parents of the awful account they must give at the divine tribunal, should their children, by their neglect or connivance, be imbued with false principles, and led away from the path of salvation. Parents are strictly bound, like faithful Abraham, to teach their children the truths which God has revealed ; and if they suffer them to be led astray, the souls of the children will be required at their hands. Let them, therefore, avail themselves of their natural rights, guaranteed by the laws, and see that no interference with the faith of their children be used in the public schools, and no attempt made to induce conformity in any thing contrary to the laws of the Catholic Church.

We would have you, brethren, most condescending in every thing that principle and duty will allow, in order the more effectually to cement together, and unite all classes of citizens in mutual affection. Yet we cannot dissemble that faith and morals are exposed and endangered by objectionable associations. All societies are to be shunned, by whatsoever name they may be called, the objects whereof are not distinctly declared, and wherein the solemnity of an oath, or any corresponding engagement, is employed to veil the ends of the association, or its proceedings, from the public eye. It is plainly a rash use of the name of God, where the object for which it is employed is not distinctly understood : and since all just objects may be openly avowed and pursued, the mantle of secrecy is needlessly thrown around them. We would not judge unkindly of any body of men, or of any individuals, professing to have in view objects of philanthropy and mutual aid ; but we cannot conceal our apprehensions, that, by assuming mere natural principles as their guide, they insensibly prepare themselves for discarding revealed religion, so that some find themselves divested of faith, before they are conscious of the tendency and influence of the society with which they have connected themselves. We, therefore, feel ourselves bound to renew thus solemnly our admonitions to all who claim to be members of the Church, and to remind them of the several decrees of the sovereign pontiffs in regard to secret societies, and to declare anew that sacramental absolution cannot be lawfully or validly imparted to persons continuing to profess themselves members of such societies. We conjure all our children in Christ, by his tender mercies, to shun all such associations, and through no consideration of interest or fear, to continue in a connexion so opposed to the positive laws of the Church, and so dangerous to the integrity of faith. The privileges of membership in the great society of the faithful are granted on condition of obedience to the laws of the Church ; and are forfeited when acts are done to which the penalty of privation is attached.

In calling on you, brethren, to avoid these dangerous associations, we mean

not to weaken, but rather to strengthen, your social relations to your fellow-citizens generally. No difference of religious sentiment varies the eternal rules of justice; no errors, nor even crimes, deprive any one of his claims on your charity, in virtue of the law of Him who said, "love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, bless them that curse you, and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you." "If it be possible," says the apostle, "as much as in you lies, have peace with all men." "Do good to all men;" and if especially to those who are of the household of the faith, yet to others likewise, with sincere, effectual beneficence. To you we trust for the practical refutation of all those atrocious calumnies which deluded men, severally or in odious combinations, constantly circulate by every possible means against our holy religion. Your strict integrity in the daily concerns of life, your fidelity in the fulfilment of all engagements, your peaceful demeanour, your obedience to the laws, your respect for the public functionaries, your unaffected exercise of charity in the many occasions which the miseries and sufferings of our fellow-men present; in fine, your sincere virtue, will confound those vain men whose ingenuity and industry are exerted to cast suspicion on our principles, and evoke against us all the worst passions of human nature. Let, then, your entire deportment be good, "that whereas they speak against you as evil doers, considering you by your good works, they may glorify God in the day of visitation. For so is the will of God, that by doing well, you may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men." Whilst you justly prize the civil rights which you enjoy in common with your fellow-citizens, be mindful of the allegiance which you owe to the King of kings and Lord of lords. Give to God what belongs to God—the homage of enlightened faith, and the cheerful obedience of your wills. "As free, and not as making liberty a cloak of malice, but as the servants of God." (1 Peter, ii. 16.)

The enormous evils of intemperance, which no tongue can pourtray, have given occasion to the adoption of a remedy apparently extreme. Millions in Ireland, and many thousands in this country, have publicly pledged themselves to abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors. We cannot but approve the determination thus taken by such as have had the misfortune to contract this dreadful vice; for we have rarely seen the drunkard reclaimed, except by the total abandonment of the occasion of his sin: we also highly applaud the generous charity and zeal of such as, through compassion for the unfortunate, have stepped forward to share with them the privation; but we deem it right to guard against the possible abuse of so excellent an institution. It must be distinctly understood and avowed, that the moderate use of wine, or any other liquor, is of itself perfectly lawful, since "every creature of God is good, and nothing is to be rejected which is received with thanksgiving, for it is sanctified by the word of God and prayer." (1 Tim. iv. 4.) It would not be advisable to impose, or to assume generally, the obligation of total abstinence, since, considering human frailty, it might become a snare of souls, and change a lawful act into sin, and add to the sting of conscience the terror of despair. We will, therefore, that the pledge usually made, be regarded as a resolution, which, whilst it affords to those who take it the advantages of mutual examples and prayers, imposes no new moral obligation, so that the person who should fail in its observance, sins only by excess, or by exposing himself to danger in consequence of his peculiar frailty. Let each one, at the same time, remember, that it is only through the grace of Jesus Christ that we can effectually overcome temptation, and practise virtue unto salvation. "Unless the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it: unless the Lord keep the city, he watcheth in vain that keepeth it." (Psalm cxxvi. Let no man presume on the

strength of his determination, or on the restraining influence of public opinion. The torrent of passion easily sweeps away these human barriers. Prayer, vigilance, the reception of the sacraments, the flight from the occasions of sin, are necessary in order to give effect to our good purposes, which themselves must proceed from the inspiration of divine grace; for "we are not sufficient to think any thing of ourselves, as of ourselves, but our sufficiency is from God." (2 Cor. iii. 5.) It is on this account we warn you against uniting in societies not based on religious principles, nor directed by the ecclesiastical authority, or otherwise organized in such a way as may suppose mere human influences and means.

These things, beloved brethren, we have thought necessary to place before you that you may proceed in all things with enlightened faith, and trusting in God who strengthens the humble, resist with untiring efforts every temptation. "And that knowing the time: that it is now the hour for us to rise from sleep; for now our salvation is nearer than we believed. The night is passed, and the day is at hand. Let us, therefore, cast off the works of darkness, and put on the armour in light. Let us walk honestly as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and impurities, not in contention and envy. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh in its concupiscences." (Rom. xiii, 11.)

We deplore the enormous scandal of some who, having already contracted marriage, enter into new engagements during the life-time of their lawful consorts. Others, though few in number, have sought from the civil authority a divorce from the bond of matrimony, and have ventured to pass to a second matrimony, notwithstanding the indissoluble character of the marriage-tie — God having prohibited the separation of those whom he has united. We are determined to employ the severest authority of the Church against persons guilty of so heinous a crime, and to cut them off from her communion, delivering them over to Satan, that, by humiliation in time, their spirit may be saved in the day of Christ.

We give thanks to God for the wonderful blessing which he has vouchsafed to his Church in these United States, where, within half a century, the number of bishops has increased from one to seventeen, and the faithful are daily seen to advance in piety as well as numbers. One or two painful instances of insubordination to ecclesiastical authority, which have recently occurred, are exceptions to the general docility and obedience of our flock; and we trust that the parties concerned will use all their efforts, by affectionate submission, to cause the scandal of resistance to be forgotten. Our power is given us by the Lord for edification, not destruction: we lord it not over you, by reason of your faith; we seek your salvation, not the display of authority. The deluded men who occasionally resist the divine ordinance, and violate the order which God has established, disturb the peace of the faithful, and spread scandal and disorder, under the pretext of defending popular rights, whilst in reality they deprive the faithful of those spiritual privileges which are their most precious inheritance. It has been already declared and defined, in the first provincial council, that the appointment and removal of pastors are the rightful prerogative of the bishop, and that it is the duty of the congregation to make a reasonable and just provision for the support of the pastor so appointed; the resistance to which right would force the bishop to a severe exercise of the ecclesiastical authority.

We cannot withhold the expression of our consolation at the success which has crowned the apostolic labours of missionaries of the Society of Jesus in the vast regions occupied by Indian tribes, especially in the Oregon territory

west of the Rocky Mountains. With zeal worthy of the brightest ages of the Church, they have gone to these children of nature to civilize them, and impart to them the knowledge of salvation, and God has confirmed their word, and made it fruitful. "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings and that preacheth peace; of him that showeth forth good, that preacheth salvation, that saith to Sion, Thy God shall reign. The voice of thy watchmen: they have lifted up their voice, they shall praise together; for they shall see eye to eye when the Lord shall convert Sion. Rejoice and give praise together, O ye deserts of Jerusalem; for the Lord hath comforted his people—he hath redeemed Jerusalem. The Lord hath prepared his holy arm in the sight of all the Gentiles; and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God." (Isa. liii, 7.) Whilst the sons of Ignatius emulate the apostolic labours of Xavier, two devoted ecclesiastics from two of our dioceses, have generously consecrated themselves to the salvation of the coloured emigrants of the United States in Africa, and the natives of Western Africa. Foregoing all the comforts of civilized life, they have resolutely encountered all the difficulties of an undertaking that presents no flattering prospects of success. Pressed forward by the charity of Christ, they only considered the degraded condition of man in the country marked out for their labours, and they hasten to afford him the succours of religion, content with whatever measure of success it may please God to grant to their efforts. Let us pray, beloved brethren, that a blessing may be given to the apostolic prelate now charged with this mission, and the faithful band associated with him in the arduous undertaking. Your prayers should ascend to God for this end, and your alms cannot be better applied, than in enabling ministers of religion to meet the heavy expenses of their journeys and missionary establishments among the Indians and Africans. We recommend both missions to your generous charity and zeal.

Whilst we exhort you to extend your charity to the distant children of our common Father, we would not have you neglect more immediate objects. It is by placing the ecclesiastical institutions, in the respective dioceses, on solid foundations, that you will secure, for yourselves and your children, the perpetuity of the blessings wherewith it has pleased God to enrich you in Christ Jesus. Those to whom the wealth of this world has been given, cannot better employ a portion of it than in providing for the education of ministers of the altar. We are far, however, from meaning to undervalue the offerings which faith may inspire for the erection of temples to the glory of God, or charity may present for the clothing and maintenance of the orphan. We exhort you, brethren, to follow the impulse of the Holy Ghost in the various good works for which your charitable co-operation is solicited, and to remember in the day of your abundance, that whatever you set apart to the glory of God, in the exercise of charity, is so much secured against the caprice of fortune. Be not then high-minded, nor hope in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us abundantly all things to enjoy: do good; be rich in good works; distribute readily; communicate; lay up in store for yourselves a good foundation against the time to come, that you may obtain true life.

We cannot conclude without expressing our gratitude to God for the admirable change which his grace has wrought in the minds of many in England, and the effects whereof are seen even in this country. We are not disposed to exaggerate this moral revolution, or to form sanguine calculations as to its immediate results. It is not for us to know the times or the moments which the Father has placed in his own power, but we love to hope that the days of perfect unity may be not far distant, when the nations whom the violent pas-

sions of men have torn from the Church, will return repentant, saying to each other, "Come and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and to the house of the God of Jacob, and he will teach us his ways, and we will walk in his paths." (Isaiah ii, 3.) At all events, it is our duty to pray for so desirable an object, conformably to the example of our divine Redeemer, who at his last supper prayed that all who believe in him might be one, even as He and the Father are one. Brethren, if you ask the Father any thing in his name, he will give it you. "If two or three of you agree together on earth, concerning any thing whatsoever, it shall be granted you." How much more, then, if from the two hemispheres, the supplications of fervent faith and charity ascend from innumerable multitudes, to obtain light for those who wander amidst errors, that they may see the whole truth, and courage that they may confess it, that with one mind and with one mouth they may with us glorify God and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"We beseech you, brethren, rebuke the unquiet; comfort the feeble-minded; support the weak; be patient towards all men. See that none render evil for evil to any one; but always follow that which is good towards each other, and towards all men." "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you. Amen."

Given at Baltimore, in the fifth Provincial Council, on the fifth Sunday after Easter, in the year of our Lord, MDCCCXLIII.

- † SAMUEL, *Archbishop of Baltimore.*
- † BENEDICT JOSEPH, *Bishop of Boston.*
- † MICHAEL, *Bishop of Mobile.*
- † FRANCIS PATRICK, *Bishop of Philadelphia.*
- † JOHN BAPTIST, *Bishop of Cincinnati.*
- † GUY IGNATIUS, *Bishop of Bolena, and Coadjutor of the Bishop of Louisville.*
- † ANTHONY, *Bishop of New Orleans.*
- † MATHIAS, *Bishop of Dubuque.*
- † JOHN, *Bishop of New York.*
- † RICHARD PIUS, *Bishop of Nashville.*
- † CELESTIN, *Bishop of Vincennes.*
- † JOHN JOSEPH, *Bishop of Natchez.*
- † RICHARD VINCENT, *Bishop of Richmond.*
- † PETER PAUL, *Bishop of Zela, and Administrator of the Diocese of Detroit.*
- † PETER RICHARD, *Bishop of Drasis, and Coadjutor of the Bishop of St. Louis.*
- † JOHN M. *Bishop of Claudiopolis, and Vicar Apostolic of Texas.*
- RICHARD S. BAKER, *Administrator of the Diocese of Charleston.*

THE LEGEND OF SANCTAREM.

[FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.]

PART I.

Come listen to a monkish tale of old —

Right Catholic, but puerile some may deem,
Who all unworthy their high notice hold
Aught but grave truths, and lofty learned theme;
Too wise for simple pleasure, smiles and tears,
Dream of our earliest, purest, happiest years.

Come listen to the legend; for of them

Surely thou art not — and to thee I tell
How on a time, in holiest Sanctarem,
Strange circumstances, miraculous, befell
Two little ones, who to the sacred shrine
Came daily, to be schooled in things divine.

Twin sisters, orphan innocents, were they —

Most pure, I ween, from all but the older taint,
Which only Jesus' blood can wash away:
And holy as the life of holiest saint
Was his, that good dominican's, who fed
His master's lambs with more than daily bread.

The children's custom, while that pious man

Fulfilled the various duties of his state,
Within the spacious church, as sacristan,
Was on the altar steps to sit and wait,
Nestling together, ('twas a lovely sight!)
Like the young turtle-doves of Hebrew rite.

A small, rich chapel, was their sanctuary

While thus abiding, with adornments fair,
Of curious carved work, wrought cunningly,
In all quaint patterns, and devices rare;
And even then, above the altar smiled,
From Mary — mother's arms, the Holy Child:

Smiled on his infant guests, as there below,

On the fair altar steps, those young ones spread
(Nor naught irrev'rent in such act, I trow,)

Their simple morning meal of fruit and bread.
Such feast not ill beseeemed the sacred dome —
Their father's house is the dear children's home.

At length it chanced, that on a certain day,

When Frey Bernardo to the chapel came,
Where patiently was ever wont to stay

His infant charge, with vehement exclaim,
Both lisping creatures forth to meet him ran,
And each to tell the same strange tale began.

"Father," they cried — as hanging on his gown,

On either side, in each perplexed ear
They poured their eager tidings — "He came down" —

Menino* Jesu hath been with us here!
We prayed him to partake our fruit and bread,
And he came down, and smiled on us, and fed."

* Menino — i. e. Little.

"Children — my children! know ye what you say?"

Bernardo hastily replied. "But hold!
Peace, Briolanja! — rash thou art alway:
Let Iner speak." And little Iner told,
In her slow, silvery speech, distinctly o'er,
The same strange story he had heard before.

"Blessed are ye, my little children!" with devout

And deep humility, the good man cried:
"Ye have been highly favoured. Still to doubt,
Were gross impiety and sceptic pride.
Ye have been highly favoured, children dear!
Now your old master's faithful counsel hear:

"Return to-morrow with the morning light;
And as before, spread out your simple fare
On the same table; and again invite

Menino Jesu to descend and share —
And if he come, say, 'Bid us, blessed Lord,
We and our master, to thy heavenly board.'

"Forget not, children of my soul, to plead
For your old teacher — even for His sake,
Who fed you faithfully — and he will heed
Your innocent lips; and I shall so partake
With his dear lambs. Beloved! with the sun's
Return, to-morrow: then, His will be done."

SECOND PART.

"To-night! to-night! Menino Jesu saith,
We shall sup with him — Father! we and thee."
Cried out both happy children in a breath,
As the good Father entered anxiously,
About the morrow's noon, that holy shrine,
Now consecrated by special grace divine.

"He bade us come alone; but then we said,
We could not without thee, our master dear.
At that he did not frown, but shook his head
Denyingly: then straight, with many a tear,
We pleaded so, he could not but relent,
And bowed his head, and smiled, and gave consent."

"Now God be praised," the old man said, and fell
In prayer upon the marble floor straightway,
His face to earth; and so, till vesper-bell,
Entranced in the spirit's depths, he lay;
Then rose, like one refreshed with sleep, and stood
Composed among the assembling brotherhood.

The mass was said; the evening chaunt was o'er;
Hushed its long echoes thro' the lofty dome;
And now Bernardo knew the appointed hour
That he had prayed for, of a truth was come.
Alone he lingered in the solemn pile,
Where darkness gained space from aisle to aisle;

Except that thro' a distant doorway streamed
One slanting sun-beam, gliding whereupon
Two angel spirits, (so in sooth it seemed,
That loveliest vision) hand in hand, came on,
With noiseless motion. "Father, we are here!"
Sweetly saluted the good father's ear.

A hand he laid on each fair sun-bright head,
 Crown'd like a seraph's with refulgent light,
 And "Be ye blessed, ye blessed ones," he said,
 "Whom Jesu bids to his own board to-night!
 Lead on, ye chosen — to the appointed place
 Lead your old master." So, with steadfast face,

He followed, where those young ones led the way,
 To that small chapel. Like a golden clue,
 Stream'd on before, that long, bright sun-set ray,
 Till at the door it stopt: then passing through,
 The master and his pupils, side by side,
 Knelt down in prayer before the Crucified.

Tall tapers burnt before the holy shrine;
 Chalice and patten on the altar stood,
 Spread with fair damask. Of the crimson wine
 Partaking first alone, the living food
 Bernardo next with his dear children shared —
 Young lips; but well for heavenly food prepared.

And there we leave them. Not for us to see
 The feast made ready, that first act to crown;
 Nor to peruse that wondrous mystery
 Of the divine Menino's coming down
 To lead away the elect, expectant three,
 With him that night at his own board to be.

Suffice it, that with him they surely were
 That night in Paradise; for they who came
 Next to the chapel, found them there in prayer
 Still kneeling — stiffened every lifeless frame,
 With hands and eyes upraised, as when they died,
 Towards the image of the Crucified.

That mighty miracle spread far and wide,
 And thousands came the feast of death to see;
 And all beholders, deeply edified,
 Returned to their own homes more thoughtfully,
 Musing thereon; with one great truth impress —
 That "to depart and be with Christ is best."

CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY.

LET us consider for a moment the mighty spectacle displayed in the harmonious and gigantic circle of the lofty, useful, consoling, in a word, the varied truths which the Almighty reveals to us through the simple light of reason: let us cast a glance at Christian philosophy. I shall rapidly sketch its plan and its exact proportion with the convictions so essential to man, and the principles so indispensable to his true happiness. You will then be left to judge whether any thing can vie with it in consistency, clearness, and solidity. I denominate it a Christian doctrine, because its substance and ground-work have been religiously preserved in our Saviour's church since its first origin. It essentially consists of unerring truths respecting God and man. Now, in despite of the subtleties of the middle age, those truths have ever maintained themselves, unimpaired, beneath the shelter of faith. Any innovator who should have dared to infringe them, would have been forthwith rejected out of the sacred society, and all would have turned a deaf ear to him.

It is evident that whosoever desires to penetrate the depths of philosophical science must, in the first place, endeavour to discover where certainty resides, what constitutes certainty, or the means by which he may acquire the conviction of its presence. To deviate from this course would be tantamount to building a castle in the air. We have not far to go in search of those striking land-marks which indicate what does not admit of doubt: such characteristic features are deeply engraved in an innocent nature. With a view to explain my meaning, and to remove the slightest obscurity from so grave a question, I shall bring the clearest terms and the most obvious examples in aid of my object.

When I hear these expressions — *a circle is not a triangle, the sun rises in the east, and closes its course in the west, Rome or Constantinople exists* — I feel within me a deep and invincible impression which excludes every doubt from my mind. I do not say that my nature disposes or inclines me to believe. Assuredly not: it conveys to me a far livelier and more powerful impression, and utterly excludes all hesitation — it bears away my consent in spite of, and, as it were, without me. This is, unquestionably, an all-sufficient motive for my firm and absolute acquiescence. The instances I have just adduced exhibit the resistless power of evidence, of the assent of our inward feelings, and in countless instances, of the testimony of men. The other principles of certainty, two or three in number, are readily discovered by a similar process. Who would venture to demand a firmer basis whereon to establish his judgement? what blindness to mistrust such solid supports! It were easier for us to divest ourselves of our being than to refuse our belief, when possessed of such warrants, which regulate alike the determinations of the learned and of the people; and any one who should disown them, would be deemed by common accord as standing more in need of medical care than philosophers' reasonings.

Certainty can go no further in this world; and that light is amply sufficient to guide us. If it fail to satisfy, the very sun would be cavilled at: we should be affirming that we were in darkness, because other rays emanating from another world, the creature of our imagination, have failed to convey their light to our eyes.

This has been the point overlooked by the German school, which has too many proselytes amongst us. How can it have escaped them that this separation of *self* from *non-self*, so much talked of, is removed by nature, which has dispelled the fancied *bridge* invented by them — an empty and frivolous labour? How truly we may apply in this place the language of scripture in reference to certain minds: "*They give birth, with much labour, to inventions which the wind blows away.*" (Eccles. v. 15.) And again: "*They have vanished away in their thoughts.*" (Rom. i. 21.)

I have therefore unerring means of becoming assured of the truth. But what is the first use I should make of those lights and resources? Can there be a moment's hesitation in a heart conscious that its existence is not self-derived? Impelled by a sense of gratitude and dependence, does not man first raise himself towards his Creator, in order to feel impressed with the reality of that Creator's existence, his greatness, his favours, his infinite perfections? How great is this treasure, this indescribable conquest of the knowledge of God, so easily derived from the consideration of the great first cause, of the self-existing Supreme Being! What, in fact, do we see in this abyss of life and glory? The Being who unfolds himself, and spreads on all sides, without ever encountering any limits. The plenitude of existence is His lot; He discerns in himself, without measure and without end, all that

heightens existence, embellishes and perfects it: in other words, His infinite and adorable attributes. These truths are by turns proclaimed by the harmony of nature, and the wonders of the visible world. Lastly, they are consecrated and rendered perpetual by the faith of mankind and its canticles of adoration. I no sooner hold this first link than the rest fall readily within my grasp: I proceed from *light to light* (2 Cor. iii. 18); a crowd of truths unfold themselves before me, and nothing is left for me to fear but my own voluntary blindness.

After reaching this comprehensive and majestic point of view, I stop a moment to contemplate the course I have already run. I was aware that my nature had been my faithful and assured guide; nevertheless, I admire the splendid gifts bestowed upon man, whilst admitting that divine truth bestows a fresh authority upon the evidence and other legitimate motives of belief; since those impressions which a God, eminently true, has implanted in my breast, can never be a snare nor an instrument of error.

God is known to us: he is the source of all truths. All that are necessary to us may be said to present themselves spontaneously to our acceptance.

Does there exist another life? Yes; for it is impossible that, under a just God, virtue, ever persecuted and bathed in tears, should in the end share a kindred fate with the uniformly successful criminal. Our moral world is a frightful picture. In order that it may be rendered worthy of God, it is requisite that the Supreme Being should re-model, correct, perfect it, in short, in a future existence.

Is Christianity divine? Yes; because if numerous prophecies fulfilled, well authenticated miracles, other causes which have converted the world, and are therefore so much within the reach of my natural intellect, were to deceive me, I should be entitled to impute my error to God himself—an impossible thing.

Lastly, is the ancient religion of our country entitled to the respect and love of so great a people? Who can doubt it? For what are we told? That the true church of our Saviour fell to pieces a few centuries after its birth! and that Catholicity has, for a long time past, been no more than a corrupted, disfigured, broken-down Christianity. Let me ask, however, how can we suppose a God to have been so unskilful an architect as to raise a tottering edifice, which was calculated to crumble to ruins shortly after its being erected by His adorable hand? It is moreover attested by a thousand indications, that nothing essential has been changed; and the series of Peter's successors, which unquestionably ascends to its first origin, is ample warrant that all has been transmitted to us through that channel—the authority of the word, the remission of sins, the grace of the sacraments, and generally all spiritual gifts brought by the Man-God into the world. It is readily understood that I do not aim at sifting the proofs on which I rely, and that my only object is briefly to demonstrate the link of ideas composing the philosophy of true Christians, and afterwards the perfect harmony of their belief.

Let us conclude. Reason is a splendid vestibule, in which we could wish to find more majesty, elevation, and extent. When I consider nature's rapture towards an infinite object, I find the dimensions of man too great to be kept in their first boundary: should he in fact make a proper use of his intellects, he steps beyond the threshold, and that portico where he at first tarried introduces him into a venerated sanctuary, which is religion. He has no sooner entered than his sight takes a far wider range: his looks penetrate to the skies, where a throne arrests the view. It will be the limit of his cause, and the reward of his virtues. Yes, religion is that house of God (Gen. xxvii. 17)

which leads us to our end — that of rest after fatigues, of joy after sorrow, of immortality and perfect bliss.

Happy is he, I venture to assert, who can feel impressed with the doctrine I have just laid down. It has ever been that of the Church; and I add, in the words of St. Paul, “has the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.” [*Bishop of Chartres.*]

THE HERMITAGE OF CAMALDOLI.

[FROM THE LONDON AND DUBLIN ORTHODOX JOURNAL.]

ON the declivity of Monte Tusculano stands the hermitage of Camaldoli. About half a mile above it rises a bare but lofty eminence, known as the site of the citadel of ancient Tusculum. Around it stretches a thick and extensive wood of chesnut, beech, and ilex, which throws a gloom and quiet round the place favourable to prayer and meditation. Their thick, dark foliage, is relieved by the paler and brighter green of the vine and the olive — the usual accompaniments of industry and luxury — that skirt the foot of the hill. An almost perpetual silence reigns around, that gives additional sanctity to the place: even the bell seems to impart a tone of devotion, as it breaks the stillness of the midnight air calling the brotherhood to matins. For a brief space during autumn, the silence of the woods is broken by the enlivening shouts of the youthful villagers, who range the woods to collect chesnuts for their winter store. At the same season *may be heard from the distant vineyards*, the hymn or the litany of Our Lady sung by pious groups, as they collect the grapes for the vintage: perhaps to uncatholic ears, *io Bacche! io triumphe!* might form a more pleasing melody. Yet, beautifully situated as is this hermitage, which may be denominated the abode of the dead living, it lacks the beauty of our ancient English monasteries. We miss the rivulet, or the turbulent mountain stream, rolling along at its foot, that adds so much to the convenience and picturesqueness of our old ruins. We miss the large pointed window of the church, with its stained glass; the spacious refectory, and the magnificent and elegantly-adorned chapter-house. Nor have we the chasteness and simplicity of a Greek building to compensate for this want of grandeur. Camaldoli consists of a number of detached cells, of a hall for guests, of an infirmary, and of a large pile, embracing the church, the library, and the chapter-house. It was founded by Pope Paul V. in 1611: the church was re-built in 1772. Every hermit has a small garden, which he plants and arranges according to his own taste, and four little cells; one of which serves for his bed-room, another for his study, a third for his chapel, and the fourth is merely a closet for his winter store of fire-wood. The one through which we were shown (it was the guest-master's) was adorned with numerous appropriate and well-executed prints, all of a nature to deaden the mind to worldly objects and awaken in it pious and holy thoughts. In the garden were numerous fragments of ancient statues, inscriptions, and an altar, with the words *Dis manibus*, to whom it was dedicated: they were probably the remains of the tomb of the Furii, which anciently stood within their inclosure on the *via Tusculana*. Unless in time of sickness, they are not allowed to say mass in their little chapels; but they have a large and elegant church, containing numerous altars, in which they say mass. Out of a community of thirteen, they number six priests.

They have a common library, well stored with theological and ascetical works. The present doors of the sacristy formerly belonged to the confessional of the subterranean church of St. Peter, in which the relics of St. Peter and St. Paul were kept. On the erection of the present stupendous basilica of St. Peter, the gates were removed by Paul V. and given to Camaldoli.

This order owes its existence to St. Romuald, who was of the family of Honeste, dukes of Ravenna. Disgusted with the world, and grieved at having been a spectator of a duel, in which his father Sergius slew a relation with whom he had a contract about an estate, he embraced a monastic life in the order of St. Benedict. He afterwards added several observances and austerities to this rule, and formed a new order, in which he united the cenobitic and eremitical life. The monks and the hermits do not live together. The first monastery was erected by St. Romuald, near Arizzo in Tuscany, thirty miles east from Florence, about the year 1009: the hermitage is two miles distant from the monastery.* With the hermitage of Camaldoli, near Frascati, there is no monastery connected; the nearest monastery of the order is on Monto Celio, Rome, occupying the site of the monastery from which St. Augustine was sent to the conversion of England. The rules of the hermits are very severe: they live within perpetual inclosure, but they are allowed the free range of the grounds, which are inclosed by a wall. Any woman entering this, except with the permission of the Pope, is excommunicated *ipso facto*. They never taste flesh meat, unless when ordered by a physician in time of sickness, and then they are obliged to remove to the infirmary, which is at a short distance from the huts of the hermits. They rise at midnight,† winter and summer, to assist at the divine office; they confess their faults publicly in chapter every week; and from St. Martin's-day to Christmas, and during Lent, they observe a rigid silence. During the rest of the year, they are allowed to speak from prime till complin, on Tuesdays and Thursdays. They wear wooden clogs, but no stockings. Formerly, they wore a black habit, like the Benedictines; but after St. Romuald saw, in a vision, his monks mounting up a ladder to heaven all in white, he changed their habit from black to white.

Lured by the charms of solitude, Cardinal Passionei retired to this hermitage, built and adorned cells with beautiful prints, formed a wood with interesting walks, in which he placed a collection of ancient marbles, containing eight hundred inscriptions, and collected a good library. Whilst living in this retreat, he had often for a guest James III. of England, who lived at a villa in the suburbs of Frascati;‡ and in 1741 he was visited by Pope Benedict XIV. After the Cardinal's death, his apartments, and so forth, were destroyed. For the accommodation of visitors and strangers, there is a guest-hall; and one of the hermits is appointed to receive them, accompany them, and wait upon them. During the short time that we remained in the neighbourhood, they

* The first and most famous monastery founded by St. Romuald, was called Camaldoli from the Lord Maldoli, to whom the site belonged. It is a contradiction from Campo Maldoli.

† Mr. Eustace, with his easy, accommodating spirit, tells us that it is easy, in a hot climate, to rise at midnight, especially after having taken a *SIESTA*, or nap, after dinner. We have had more than one summer's experience of the refreshing influence of a siesta, but we have still found it as difficult as before to rise even several hours after midnight. We doubt whether Mr. Eustace ever tried the experiment of rising at midnight to recite his breviary.

‡ Jacobus III, with a long inscription on a marble slab, is still standing above the door of the house which he formerly occupied: above the outer gate are two stone lions. The house, in size and appearance, seems more suited to the style and title of a country gentleman than an exiled king.

were visited by the dowager queen of Sardinia, and by his holiness the Pope, who, before his elevation to the purple, was a monk of this order. We wish those who so often rail against solitaries for depriving the world and society of their services would visit this holy retreat. The church, the cells, and the gardens are extremely neat and cleanly. There reigns such a bewitching silence, and the monks, with their white dress, long snowy beards, and benevolent and placid countenances, look so like angels, that you are tempted to believe yourself in the anti-chamber of heaven. In a few minutes you almost forget that there is a world without, and you would fain believe that you could live there for eternity.

EDUCATION WITHOUT RELIGION.

[FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.]

NOTHING can be more plain, therefore, than that the great panacea of the Liberal party — this regenerator which is to banish sin from the world, and fit men for the important duties of self-government — is a total delusion; and that mere intellectual education, so far from qualifying the masses for political rights and the safe exercise of democratic powers, in reality renders them more than ever unfit for them — by increasing, on the one hand, the restless activity of their minds, and augmenting, on the other, the depraved tastes, corrupt desires, and unbridled passions, which lead them to turn that activity to wicked purposes. This fact, which utterly bewilders the whole Liberal school — which is, literally speaking, to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness — with which Lord Brougham and all those smitten by the education-mania are sore perplexed, without knowing how to extricate themselves from its weight — is perfectly intelligible to, and was all along predicted alike by, the calm observers of nature, who took experience for their guide, and the simple believers, who, without going farther than the gospel, were aware that in religion alone, was an antidote to the poisonous fruit of the tree of knowledge to be found. Miss Edgeworth shewed her knowledge when she put into the mouth of one of her characters — “*Education* will do a great deal, but it won’t change the *natur* that is in them.” History in every age has taught, that it was in the latest ages of society that knowledge was most generally diffused, and corruption most widely spread. Experience every where around us shows, that in those situations where the human race is most densely massed together, instruction, at least on political subjects, is most common, and depravity of every sort most abundant. Coupling these facts together, the result of observation, alike in the past and the present, is, that it is not in the cultivation of the intellectual faculties that an antidote to the corruption of our nature is to be found, but that the only real regeneration, either of society or of its political institutions, must begin with those measures which augment the spread and increase the influence of that faith, which, setting itself in the outset to root out the seeds of evil in the human heart, can alone prepare men, by successively governing themselves, to take a useful part in the direction of others.

The way in which general instruction, when unaccompanied with a proportioned cultivation of the moral and religious feelings, acts in this way, is, to any person practically acquainted with the middling and lower orders, perfectly *apparent*. It extends the desires of the heart and the cravings of the pas-

sions to a degree inconsistent with the destiny of the great majority of mankind upon earth. In numbers of the working classes it induces a disinclination to physical labour, by which alone they can be rendered comfortable, and a desire for intellectual pleasures or exertion, in which line they cannot earn a decent livelihood. It drives them, in consequence, into those desperate circumstances, and induces that recklessness of conduct, which is at once the parent and the excuse of crime. In all ranks it engenders an uneasy restlessness and dissatisfaction with their condition, which is the fruitful parent of disorders both private and political. By magnifying to the imagination the pleasures of wealth, while it induces a dissatisfaction of bodily labour, it both strengthens the temptations to vice and weakens the habits by which alone competence can be safely and honestly acquired. By clothing in a more voluptuous and seductive form than they naturally possess the pleasures of sense, it adds fuel to a flame which already burns fiercely enough in the human heart. By strengthening the imagination more than moral or religious principle, it in effect adds to the force of the antagonist powers which assail integrity, while it gives no additional strength to the counteracting dispositions, by which alone they can be restrained. The pleasures of intellectual labour are, by the constitution of the human mind, accessible only to a small fraction of the human race. When Lord Brougham said he did not despair of seeing the day when every poor man should read Bacon, and Cobbett added, it would be much more to the purpose if he could give them all the means of eating it, the one showed as great ignorance as the other evinced knowledge of the intellectual capacity of the great bulk of mankind. In no rank of life or condition of society did any man ever find a tenth part of his acquaintance, in whom the pleasures of study would form a counterpoise to the excitement of the imagination or the seductions of sense. Education can do almost all to magnify the influence of the latter: to a few only can it strengthen the former. Thence its universal and now generally-experienced failure as a substitute for religious principle, and its total inadequacy to counteract the temptations to sin, which itself has so greatly increased.

THE HOME OF THE CROSS.*

[FROM THE CATHOLIC HERALD.]

LEAVE us the Cross! for we have kept it long—
Have sealed that emblem with our martyrs' blood:
Saved from the whirlwind and the invader's song
The temples where God's infant altars stood.

Leave us the Cross! for on our shields came down,
In early times, the fury of the strife:
Like HIM our fathers wore the thorny crown,
Amid the tempest of this desert life.

Leave us the Cross! its dawning light was shed,
With feeble beams, upon a star-led band;
In mountain caves the holy flame was fed,
Far from the fury of the bigot's hand.

* To understand the meaning of the above lines, it is necessary that the reader should be informed that a cross has been lately placed on the new spire of St. Peter's Church (Episcopalian), Philadelphia. [ED. CATH. CAB.]

Leave us the Cross! along Time's sinuous stream,
That sign has shadow'd, with its angel-wing,
All those who live within that single beam,
Or draw their draughts from MIRAH's sacred spring.

Leave us the Cross! ye, who have told the world
That we bow down in mute idolatry
Before the smoke of incense, when it curl'd
Around this token of the Deity.

Leave us the Cross! ye who, when danger came,
Shrunk from the conflict with the biting blast;
Hid from the world your emblem and your name,
And calmly waited till the tempest pass'd.

Leave us the Cross! and we will guard it well:
Its home that bosom where it first was prest —
Shrined o'er that altar like a heavenly spell,
Shall be the image of our final rest.

PHILADELPHIA.

CLAUDE.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

ST. LOUIS. — The festival of St. Aloysius was celebrated in the new church of St. Francis Xavier on the 21st June. At early mass, about two hundred boys approached the holy communion, and edified those who were present on the occasion by the deep feeling of piety with which they discharged this sacred duty. At eight o'clock, High Mass was chaunted by Rev. Father Vandeveldt, assisted by deacon and sub-deacon. After the Gospel had been sung, the Coadjutor Bishop preached on the virtues of St. Aloysius. The church was filled, principally by youth of both sexes. After mass, the boys and girls who attend the free-school proceeded, in different directions, and under the charge of their respective teachers, to some short distance from the city, where they dined and spent the remainder of the day. On Sunday the 25th ult., the Bishop of New Orleans officiated at High Mass in the Cathedral. At five o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, the same prelate solemnly blessed the corner-stone of the proposed German Church of Our Lady of Victory, at the corner of Third and Mulberry streets. The Right Rev. Dr. Odin, Vicar Apostolic of Texas, and the Coadjutor Bishop of this diocese, assisted at the ceremony. A large number of people assembled to view the interesting ceremony: the Hibernian Benevolent Society was also on the spot. Previous to the ceremony, the Coadjutor Bishop addressed the assemblage on the nature of the rite at which they were about to assist. Father Cotting, S. J., preached in the German language after the conclusion of the ceremony. The collection taken up in aid of the new church was \$149.

ACTS OF THE COUNCIL. — *Le Canadien* observes, in relation to the Council of Baltimore, that there was probably some movement made for the erection of a bishopric in the missionary regions of Columbia or Oregon. We understand that it was thought advisable to recommend to the Holy See to appoint an apostolic vicar, with the episcopal character, to the charge of the entire territory. The *Catholic Telegraph* mistakes in reference to the establishment of a bishopric in the Oregon territory, which was deemed premature.

— "PROVINCIAL COUNCIL. — The late Council recommended bishoprics to be established at the following places: Milwaukee; Chicago; Oregon Terri-

tory; Little Rock, Arkansas; Hartford, for Connecticut and Rhode Island; Pittsburg; also, a bishop for Charleston and two coadjutors."—

We take all this as authentic (with the exception of the Oregon bishopric), since our watchful cotemporary generally has early intelligence. The *New York Freeman's Journal* says that no credit is to be given to newspaper reports about the proceedings of Council, and that the news from Rome must be waited for. [*Catholic Herald*.]

ENGLAND. — On Sunday 21st May, Dr. Pusey preached a sermon in Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford, in which he avowed his belief in transubstantiation and the doctrine of the Mass. A copy of the sermon has been demanded by the University authorities. Dr. Pusey has given it to them; and a good deal of anxiety is evinced to know what steps the college-heads will take in consequence. [*European Times*.]

We learn from unquestionable authority, that the Oxford investigation has terminated in a complete vindication of Dr. Pusey, who has produced, out of St. Cyprian, the *ipsissima verba* of a passage which Dr. Faucet had accused of heresy. [*Times*.]

THE FRENCH CHAPEL. — The Lent of 1843 will form a memorable era in the annals of the French Chapel in Little George street. I address you as one deeply impressed and sensibly alive to the effects produced on his hearers by the brilliant confidence displayed, and instructive lessons conveyed in the Rev. Abbé Montani's diversified discourses from the pulpit of that chapel. This zealous and pious orator grounded his wise and clearly expounded controversy on historical facts and the soundest logic: under their auspices, having history and reason as his supporters, he deduced and imparted to his hearers, under the guidance of the Gospel, instructions both luminous and sublime, with that exquisite simplicity, the undeviating concomitant of truth, infusing into the souls of his auditors the triple benefits of hope, consolation, and peace! Let it not, however, be forgotten by those who heard him, that while enforcing the tenets of our religion, faithful nevertheless to its enlightened principles of Christian benevolence, he failed not to cover with the mantle of charity all those who have dissented therefrom, or who oppose its dogmas. It was gratifying to witness the marked support given to the pious efforts of this zealous missionary in the crowded state of the chapel, filled even to inconvenience by persons moving in the highest classes of society, and among the number, the only two Roman Catholic Bishops then in London.

LIVERPOOL. — A large and splendid church is about to be commenced at Edge-hill, under the patronage of St. Anne, from the designs of C. Anson, Esq., which, when finished, will be perhaps the only pure specimen of church architecture in Liverpool.

PENZANCE. — This mission has, with the approbation of Bishop Baines, been confided, by the Rev. W. Young, its founder, to the Society of the Immaculate Virgin Mary, a society expressly established for sending Catholic missionaries in all directions. Since the opening of the new chapel numbers of Protestants attend at service, in order to learn the real tenets of Catholicism.

AIGBURTH, NEAR LIVERPOOL. — The Catholic school at this new mission, lately completed and furnished, was opened on the 8th May. A treat was given to the scholars by a benevolent Protestant, the lady of Joseph Bullen, Esq., who, with Mrs. Chaloner, the lady of Peter Chaloner, Esq., of Aigburth, regaled them with "all sorts of good things:" tea, lemonade, cakes, oranges, &c. &c.

CAMBRIDGE. — Thirty adults, the majority of whom were adults, received confirmation on 7th May, from the hands of the Right Rev. Dr. Wareing.

Consecration of the new Catholic Chapel. — The following account of the consecration of the above chapel is taken from a Cambridge paper: "On the festival of St. George, the building situate in Union-road, New-town, which has lately been erected and used as a Roman Catholic place of worship, was formally consecrated by the Bishop of Ariopolis (Dr. Wareing), celebrant, assisted by the deacon and sub-deacon, assistant-priest, acolytes, thurifers, and choir, together with the mitre and crosier-bearers. These being arrayed in the gorgeous and spotless robes pertaining to their office, presented a very imposing and (from the fact of the ceremonial taking place in Cambridge, a university town, for the first time) a very novel appearance. The church dedicated to God, in honour of St. Andrew, was built by A. Pugin, Esq., whose eminent taste as an architect is universally acknowledged. It is in the early English style. Every feature is real, genuine, and natural. The screen, with its cross and figures; the altar, so beautifully carved; the open seats; in fine, every thing connected with the church, recalls to our mind the old times when the Catholic religion was all-in-all. About nine o'clock, the procession entered the church, with cross-bearers, acolytes, thurifer, deacon and sub-deacon, assistant-priest, choir, &c., and the Right Rev. Dr. Wareing, the Bishop of the Eastern District. The consecration occupied about two hours. After this was finished, a solemn High Mass was commenced, and then Dr. Wareing. The ceremonies were most appropriate, and although different from those of the consecration, yet they were quite in accordance with the service. Parts of the mass were chaunted by some of the students of St. Edmund's College, Old Hall Green, the plain chaunt being used. After the Gospel, the Right Rev. Dr. Wiseman (Bishop of Marpotamus), so celebrated for his zealous and talented advocacy of Catholic tenets, made his appearance at the altar. He took his text from the twenty-eighth chapter of Genesis, and the eleventh, twelfth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth verses, detailing Jacob's dream, and his erection and anointing of the altar. We are informed that it is very probable the sermon will be published, under the authority of the Bishop. At its conclusion the mass was continued. When the mass was finished, a solemn 'Te Deum,' in thanksgiving to God, was chaunted by the choir; and then the Bishop and his attendants left the altar, and proceeded down the church in procession, in the same order as they had entered."

COVENTRY. — Mr. Hamsom is now erecting a "large and noble church" (to quote the words of Bishop Walsh in his last pastoral) in this place, in the early English style, which is justly considered a beautiful revival of a large parochial church.

Puseyism is spreading tremendously in England. The correspondent of the *Mercantile Advertiser* says: "There is, at all events, one thing progressing in England — it is Puseyism. Rely upon what I tell you when I say, that it is spreading throughout the land."

A letter from Rome, dated February 7th, describes a meeting there at Melga's Hotel, of fifty-four members of the universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin. [*Tablet*.]

INDIA. — A school for the Catholic children of the station is about to be established at Bellary: the officers quartered there have come forward generously in its behalf. Besides the useful institution just mentioned, a poor-house has been also established at Bellary: in the superintendence of it the Rev. Mr. Doyle receives the most liberal and cordial co-operation from the Protestant chaplain at Bellary. Among the native population in the vicinity,

who are chiefly under the care of the Rev. Mr. Perozy, a Genoese priest who has submitted to the Vicar-Apostolic, religion is making great progress. Within a short period about two hundred of the natives have been baptized, by the excellent clergyman whose name we have just mentioned. [*Bengal Catholic Herald*.]

The following paragraph is from the *Bengal Catholic Herald* of March 14: "On Sunday last we had the happiness to witness assembled, at the Dum-Dum Chapel, one of the largest congregations we have seen collected together at divine service for a long time. This great increase in the numbers of the Catholic military at Dum-Dum is occasioned by the circumstance that that station has been selected for her Majesty's 49th Regiment, until they shall embark for Europe in the course of the present month. To accommodate so large a number, it was necessary to remove the benches from a greater part of the nave, and to allow admission into the choir to so many as could be conveniently accommodated there. The evening service began about half-past six o'clock, and it was at once both gratifying and edifying to us to find that several of the male and female portion of the congregation joined in singing vespers, with a taste and efficiency that would be creditable in any of our Calcutta churches. We were moreover greatly delighted at the serious and recollected devotion displayed by all present, and especially at the decorum and becoming neatness of dress, for which the numerous children who assisted were conspicuous. As soon as vespers had terminated, the Bishop opened his discourse in favour of the Orphanage with the following suitable text: 'Religion, clean and undefiled before God and the Father, is this — to visit the fatherless and widows in their tribulation, and to keep one's self unspotted by this world. James i. 27.'"

The advances made in Christianity in India cannot fail to be gratifying to all. We hear, therefore, with much pleasure, that a little community of Catholics is flourishing at the foot of the Neilgherries, the congregation of the little chapel there comprising full three thousand souls. [*Planter's Journal*, Feb. 22.]

At the first meeting of the Madras Auxiliary of the Catholic Institute, on the 11th of January, the Right Rev. Dr. Fennelly in the chair, it was stated in the report read by the secretary that the treasurer's account exhibited the sum of Rs. 251-10-11 as the amount of subscriptions received from one hundred members and one hundred and forty associates of the Institute; that there were about thirty-one persons who had enrolled themselves as members and associates, but had not then paid up their subscriptions. The disbursements for printing and other charges amounted to Rs. 30-14, leaving a balance of Rs. 220-12-11 in the hands of the treasurer.

An interesting description of the opening of Seal's College, Calcutta, on the 1st of last March, is thus given in the *Bengal Catholic Herald* of the 4th of the same month: "A very large party of European and native gentlemen met at the residence of the munificent founder, Baboo Muttyloll Seal. Among the gentlemen present were Sir Lawrence Peel, the Chief Justice; Sir J. P. Grant, Mr. Lyall, the Advocate-General; Mr. Leith, and other principal members of the Calcutta Bar; Captain Birch, Superintendent of the Police, Mr. George Thompson, Baboos Dwarkanath Tagore, Ramcomul Sen, and Russomoy Dutt. The Catholic Bishop and all the clergy of the Catholic Cathedral, as well as all the Professors of St. Xavier's College, were likewise present. Nearly the whole of the dissenting ministers and missionaries of Calcutta and its neighbourhood also attended.

SPAIN. — During the sitting of the Senate on the 26th ult., the Bishop of Cordova boldly defended the rights of the Church against some propositions

made by Senor Ochoa against doctrine and discipline. The Prelate declared that the bishops, the clergy, and the laity, would never recognize as pastors those individuals whose appointments had not been confirmed by the Vicar of Christ. He expatiated on the benefits which the Pope's supremacy during the middle ages had conferred upon nations, and quoted in proof of his statements the testimonies of several Protestants. The same Prelate has been presented to Rome for the Archbishopric of Granada. But he has had the courage to declare that if the Spanish Government cannot get its nominations confirmed, it has to blame only itself for it, and not the Holy See. After having adverted to the goodness displayed by the Court of Rome towards Portugal, he asserted that Spain did not even ask for the bulls of confirmation of the Bishops presented by it; how could the Spanish Government, then, address any reproaches to Rome on that score? The ecclesiastical authorities at Madrid have energetically demanded from the Minister of Justice the suppression of an infamous libel, entitled the "History of the Popes," which has been translated from the French.

The *Reparador*, a Catholic paper of Madrid, has become a daily one. In its number of the 26th ult., it gives a description of the solemn ceremonial, which, according to custom, take place annually during the *Cuaranta Horas* in the Church of St. Thomas. An immense crowd filled the sacred edifice, in which the Bishop of Cordova, the Patriarch-elect of the Indies, officiated. After the triple benediction of the Holy Sacrament, he delivered an affecting apostolical exhortation. More than twenty-two thousand persons approached the Holy Table during the solemnities. The offerings deposited at the door of the church produced the sum of 23,000 reals, about £230. The Bishop of the Canaries, who is confined to Seville by a decree of the tribunal, administered the Sacrament of Confirmation in the absence of the Cardinal Archbishop, who has been expelled from his See by revolutionary persecutors. The authorities of the Canary Isles demand the presence of their pastor, but it is not known whether the Government will accede to their demand.

LISBON, May 8, 1843. — We have at length official information from Government that the Pope has ratified the choice of H. M. F. Majesty, and confirmed her nominees to the Patriarchate of Lisbon, the Archbishopric of Braga, and the Bishopric of Leira. The respective bulls, indeed, have not yet arrived, but are daily expected.

POLAND. — The Russian Government perseveres in its system of propagating the Greek schismatic religion in the kingdom of Poland. Still it appears that the Cabinet of St. Petersburg feels the necessity of being better with the See of Rome. In fact, M. de Boutenieff is charged with the task of opening negotiations with the Holy See for the purpose of establishing more amicable relations between both states. M. de Boutenieff is to leave Constantinople for Rome as soon as M. Titoff, at present on leave, returns to his post. [*Augsburg Gazette*.]

NORFOLK ISLAND. — The *Australasian Chronicle* of October 21st, publishes the reply of the Rev. J. M'Enewe, to the address presented to him by the Catholic prisoners of the above island, previous to his departure. On the day on which he left, the prisoners evinced the feelings of their hearts by running to the boat harbour to witness his embarkation. With tears in their eyes, they followed the boat he was in to the edge of the bar, until driven away by the surf, and then gave deafening cheers, after which many returned with evident grief depicted in their countenances. The following is an extract from the Rev. gentleman's reply: "The kind expression of feelings conveyed to me by you, as a congregation, has given me some consolation and hope that the

'word of God,' which I came to sow amongst you, has produced fruit according to the dispositions with which you were prepared to receive it. I have had charge of several congregations in several parts of the vineyard of our Lord, and I can say with safety, that I have found as sincere penitents amongst many of you as I have ever met with. Your conduct as a body has given me satisfaction, as also to your benevolent superintendent, and I shall not fail to make a favourable report of the same in a higher quarter. My return will of course depend on the will of our beloved Bishop. I like this mission well."

NOVA SCOTIA.—The last packet brings us interesting intelligence, connected with the progress of religion in this rising diocese. Instead of two Masses, as formerly, in Halifax, there are now at least *six* on every Sunday, since the beginning of last November; and there is a High Mass at the Cathedral every Sunday at eleven o'clock, and vespers and sermon at three o'clock. There is an additional and spacious school opened at the north end of the city (in addition to the College), which is in a prosperous state. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Walsh, aided by the zeal of the clergy and of the faithful, has procured, at the other end of Halifax, a large church, of the necessity of which the author of the "Complete Catholic Registry-Directory and Almanac," speaks so strongly. His lordship has also built a very fine and handsome vestry for the Cathedral. It will contain four or five hundred persons; has ample room for confessionals; for parish meetings on ordinary occasions; and, above all, for a daily winter chapel: for this purpose a neat altar is *here being erected*. In addition to the *Register*, which eminently subserves the cause of religion and literature, an interesting and most diversified little Catholic journal, entitled *The Cross*, has been published since the beginning of Lent. It has a great sale, and is exceedingly popular; and the tact, talent, and piety of the gifted Bishop are conspicuous in almost every page. The great object is to make it suit the means of the mass of the people, and to render it subservient to the purposes of the branch of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith, which has been established with so much effect in Halifax.

WEST INDIES.—For the following communication we are indebted to a Catholic Priest at Dominica: "We are *three* Catholic rectors in this island, and *one* curate, which last (as well as myself) is an Irishman, though not appointed to labour under me, but in the chief town, Roseau. *In no place* in the West Indies are the Catholic clergy more beloved or better supported. The earthquake, so terrific at Antigua, and more particularly at Guadaloupe, was comparatively nothing here; though *even here*, the shock was so great as to make every one's heart almost die within him. Much has been done in British Guiana, Barbadoes, and elsewhere, to alleviate the distress and misery of the surviving sufferers at Antigua and Guadaloupe. Blessed be God, and thanks to the all-powerful prayers of his spotless Mother, the visitation proved here a peculiar mercy and salutary admonition to many poor erring souls! The blessed tribunal of penance, pardon, and peace, has been eagerly resorted to by multitudes, and I have every confidence that much good to the cause of religion and morality will be the cheering result. My instructive and confessing ministrations are performed, almost invariably, in the French language. But the commendable ambition to speak and to be considered *English* is, happily, on the *advance*."

IRELAND.—*The Month of May* opened in Ireland with all the devotion which religion inspires! The pious exercises in honour of Mary commenced in the different parishes, where this devotion is established with great solemnity. In the Franciscan Church of Wexford, after the Vespers on the 30th ult., the Rev. James Lacey delivered an excellent sermon on the nature and advantages

of honouring the ever-blessed Virgin. In the Church of St. Andrew's Bridge-street, Dublin, the devotions for May commenced on the 1st inst. with all the solemnity due to the occasion. A Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by the Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor. The Rev. Dr. O'Grady preached an instructive and pathetic sermon on the occasion, and a solemn benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament terminated the exercises of the day. In the Church of St. Francis of Assisium, Merchants' Quay, these devotions commenced on the 3rd inst. at eleven o'clock. A solemn High Mass was offered by the Rev. Wm. Meagher, of the Metropolitan Church. The choir was peculiarly effective, and the sermon by the Rev. Dr. Murray, of Maynooth College, was remarkable for its emotion, piety, and solidity. There was a solemn Benediction of the most holy Sacrament, and the exercises were delivered with every mark of dignity and devotion. In the Church of Lusk, Mass, sermon, and exercises, and a Benediction of the most blessed Sacrament concluded the exercises of the day. In the Church of SS. Mary and Peter, Rathmines, the devotions commenced on Sunday with great effect, and were continued every morning and evening by the Rev. Mr. Collier. The attendance was most numerous and respectable. The associates are rapidly multiplying.

The Catholic Missionary College of All-Hallows, Drumcondra.—The following letter has been recently addressed to the Most Rev. Patron of this establishment:—"Randalstown.—*My Lord*, I feel much pleasure in transmitting £2, 5s. to aid the College for Foreign Missions—the most valuable and interesting Catholic Institution ever founded in this kingdom. To concur, by direct and efficient means, in the enlightenment of those "who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, is assuredly the practical accomplishment of the object and end intended by our adorable Redeemer. The friends of truth contemplate with delight, and increased joy, the successful progress of such an evangelical enterprise, which, dating its commencement under your Grace's auspices, will impart additional lustre to a distinguished episcopacy, and enlarge that crown of justice which the Lord—the just Judge—will render to you in that day, in common with all who love his coming. I remain, my Lord, with the highest respect and esteem, your Grace's obedient servant, DANIEL CROE, P. P.—Most Rev. Dr. Murray, &c. &c.

—The monthly meeting of the clergy, forming the committee of management, took place on Monday last in the Presbytery of the Metropolitan Church. In the unavoidable absence of the venerable Archbishop, now in the country, the Very Rev. Dean Meylor, V. G. presided. The amount of the subscriptions—nearly £2800—was duly acknowledged, other important business transacted, and the gratifying intelligence received that already twenty-six ecclesiastical students have been, after due examination, received into the college for the distant missions.

The Grand Chapter of the Carmelites was held in the Convent attached to the Church of Mount Carmel, White Friar street, in the month of May. The Very Rev. Richard Colgan was elected Provincial of the Calced Camelites, in Ireland, and the Rev. Edward Rorke, Prior of the Convent in Dublin. This chapter was the largest held for many years in Ireland.

A Chapter of the Augustinians of Ireland is to be held in Dublin in the present month of July. A chapter of the Franciscans, in Ireland, is specially summoned to be held in Dublin, in the present month of July. At those meetings the Provincials and the Priors, or Guardians, for those orders will be elected, and other important business transacted.

PORTUGAL.—In pursuance of the instructions of which I announced to you the receipt from Rome by Monsignor Capaccini, the Internuncio has officially

communicated to the Government, and the Government to the Chamber, the confirmation by His Holiness of the Royal nomination of the Patriarch Elect of Lisbon, Archbishop of Braga, and Bishop of Leiria. The first of these prelates will henceforth enjoy the full style of Patriarch, and will most probably be made a Cardinal. The three nominations in question constitute the first section of these episcopal appointments which entered into discussion; and there will be little difficulty in arranging the remaining terms of the concordat. The reconciliation between the two churches may now be complete. The decision was arrived at in secret consistory at Rome on the 3d instant. The processes of the remaining prelates had not then arrived. His Holiness at the same time proposed and carried the concession of the pallium to the Patriarch of Lisbon, and the Archbishop of Braga.

ROME. — A letter from Rome says, "The Chevalier Blondeel Van Cuelebrouk, Consul-General of Belgium at Alexandria, has just arrived at Rome. He has made journey in the interior of Abyssinia, which will prove equally interesting to religion and science. No traveller had yet explored the countries which he has visited; not content with following the route of the celebrated Bruce from Abyssinia to Sennaar, he penetrated through a thousand dangers and incredible suffering to Condron, in the country of the Sallas. He visited in the south of Abyssinia seven or eight empires, wholly unknown to geographers. In the religion professed by those numerous people, he found almost all the dogmas of christianity. The Pope, who honoured M. Blondeel with particular kindness, when he was Charge d'Affairs of the King of the Belgians at Rome, has been pleased to hear from the young and intrepid traveller's own mouth the details of his journey, which are especially interesting to religion. The congregation of the Propaganda has had two extraordinary meetings to receive the valuable information of M. Blondeel on the state of religion in those distant and hitherto unknown countries. It is intended to send missionaries thither. M. Blondeel has already laid the foundation of this good work, the future consequences of which may be immense. He has established a mission at Kartoun, the capital of Sennaar."—*Copied from a Brussels paper into the Morning Herald of the 23d May.*

FRANCE.—The workmen employed on the restoration of the Sainte Chapelle adjoining the Palais de Justice, having discovered (on the 18th inst.) behind the high altar dedicated to St. Louis, a leaden box, M. Duban, the architect, on being informed of the discovery, made it known to the Archbishop of Paris, who sent his grand vicars to inspect what had been found. The box contained a heart, and with it a writing on parchment, on which it was recorded that the contents having during some repairs made in 1802 been found, in another box, completely decayed by rust, it was again enveloped in lead, and re-deposited in the same spot. This document is signed by M. Camus, Archivist General of the kingdom, M. Terrasse, Keeper of the Archives, and the Secretary of that office. As Moreri, the historian of France, affirms that the heart of St. Louis was carried to the Sainte Chapelle, and placed behind the high altar, it is expected that the investigation ordered by the Minister of Public Works will establish the remains now found to be that sacred relic.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

ORIENTAL MISSIONS. — A letter from Mesopotamia states that the rivalry between the protestant and Catholic missions continues with much ardour on both sides. Two American Methodist missionaries, assisted by a Nestorian bishop, are erecting a large house and schools among the Caldean mountaineers. They perfidiously assured the intention of preaching a new religion, for his

religion was good, and their sole purpose was to civilize his people. To conceal more effectually their real intentions, they publicly observed the fasts, abstinences and other practices of the Nestorian church. They even went so far as to receive the communion from the hands of priests—they who neither believe in the real presence nor in the divine institution of the priesthood. But it appears that any means that will but further their schemes seems to them both just and laudable. It is thus that they interpret the admirable lesson of Saint Paul, that *we must be all in all with one another*. The missionaries caused to be published in the English and United States Journals that they had, in a great measure, converted the entire Jacobite population. A reinforcement of three other missionaries was immediately sent off to their aid; but what was the surprise of the Jacobites when they heard the strange missionaries lay claim to the direction of their own church. “We do not know you,” replied the Nestorians, “we will not belong to neither the American church nor the English church.” A negro bishop, whom the American missionaries had brought at a great expense from India, and whom they hoped to impose on the Jacobites drew upon himself, on this occasion, the animadversions of the whole country, and was obliged to fly. It was discovered that he was sold to the Protestant missionaries, and he was chased from the country. But another incident, not less curious, has fixed our attention. It appears that the English missionaries are real Puseyites, and the Methodists find that they are too favourable to Catholicism; consequently divisions have sprung up among them, and there seems little probability of their coming to a reconciliation. In this dilemma they have divided the mission into two parts; the American will take the mountains of Kurdistan, and the English will reserve to themselves the town of Maesoul and its environs. It is not thus with the Catholic missionaries. Although they belong to different nations and are members of different religious orders, yet their symbol and their object are the same, and they are united in one common bond of indissoluble charity. The Italian Dominicans, and the Spanish Capuchins, and the French Lazarists, all labour with the same zeal in the destruction of the common enemy, and in spreading abroad the conquests of unity.—*Univers.*

APPROBATION.

THE CATHOLIC CABINET is published with my approbation, and appears to me calculated to promote the interests of the Catholic Religion in this diocese.

† PETER RICHARD,

Bishop of Drasis, and Coadjutor of the Bishop of St. Louis.

JUNE 30th, 1843.

TO AGENTS.

WE shall feel thankful to those gentlemen who have consented to act as Agents for the Catholic Cabinet, to favor us, as regularly as possible, with monthly remittances.

THE CATHOLIC CABINET,

AND

CHRONICLE OF RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. I.

ST. LOUIS: AUGUST, 1843.

No. 4.

DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

Our *Prospectus* promised that among the contents of the CATHOLIC CABINET would be found contributions towards the Ecclesiastical History of the United States, especially of the western dioceses; and we now propose to attempt, at least, a partial fulfilment of that engagement. Nothing is more astonishing than the fact, that hitherto so little has been done to snatch from oblivion the few records yet extant, that throw light on the early history of the Catholic Church in this portion of the North American continent. This inattention is the less excusable, as, we believe, the subject is one that has frequently suggested itself to the minds of many among our clergy, some of whom were eminently qualified to supply the acknowledged desideratum; but whether from the necessity of giving undivided attention to the more immediately important duties of a missionary life, or from a want of proper encouragement, or from some other undiscoverable cause, certain it is, that, with the exception of a few desultory sketches in our Catholic Journals, we are at the present day as far from the realization of our hopes in this regard, as we were twenty years ago. We are not, however, about to assume the character of an historian, much as we desire to see the desideratum of a regular and authentic history of the Church in the United States soon and respectably supplied. We are too much impressed with the consciousness of our inadequacy to the undertaking, to think of attempting its realization. We aim at something more suited to our capacity, and merely intend to collect whatever materials our own slender researches may discover, or the kindness of our friends may contribute to our pages, wherein they may be preserved more effectually than in the portfolios of individuals, and where they may await, in comparative security, the action of some master hand, in order to assume all the grace and dignity of historic composition.

The discovery of the magnificent river which has been so appropriately named "The Father of the waters," is the subject of the present paper. In relating the introduction of Catholicity into the west, this event naturally presents itself to the mind, as first in order of time; and from the circumstances in which it was effected, may justly claim a place in ecclesiastical history. The Mississippi may be said to have been twice discovered, first by the Spaniards, about the year 1541, and subsequently by the French, towards the latter end of the seventeenth century. The first Christian missionary who is known to have visited our shores, was a Spanish priest, Cabrera de Vaca, who accompanied the Spanish Commandant, *Nervæz*, in the expedition to Florida in 1523,

eleven years after Ponce de Leon first discovered that portion of our continent and took possession of it in the name of the King of Spain.

That the labours of this missionary were neither entirely fruitless, nor limited in their extent, we are warranted in concluding, from the fact, that in the subsequent expedition of Soto, of which we are about to speak, several Indians were found in possession of crucifixes, and other religious objects, which they had received from him.

The expedition of Soto, to which we have just alluded, was organized in 1539; and exceeded in number all those which had preceded it. It consisted of 900 infantry and 350 cavalry soldiers; and although we have no record from which to learn what number of missionaries accompanied them, we cannot doubt but that many apostolic men must have profited by so favourable an opportunity of exercising their zeal. From Florida Soto proceeded in a westward direction, until he reached the banks of the Mississippi, and ascended the river as far as the present site of New Madrid. This enterprising warrior lived not to complete the discovery he had made. He died on the river, and his companions, willing to conceal his death from the Indians, consigned his remains to its slimy bed. "The discoverer of the Mississippi," says Bancroft, "slept beneath its waters."

The death of Soto seems to have terminated the Spanish discovery of the Mississippi, as we do not find that after that event any effort was made by his countrymen to secure for the crown of Spain so valuable an acquisition. Although the honor of prior discovery belongs to the Spaniards, the French are also justly entitled to rank as discoverers of the Mississippi. They do not appear to have had any knowledge of this portion of the success of Soto's expedition, but were led from other circumstances to seek for that river which he found without any appearance of having sought it: they pursued the discovery to its successful completion, and were the first to colonize the banks of this giant stream.

Many years elapsed after the French had established themselves in Canada, before they were aware, that, in what might then be emphatically called the "Far West," there flowed a river, whose waters united the cold and inhospitable climate of the north with the warm and generous regions of the south.—The existence of such a stream was at length made known to some among them by the Indians with whom they trafficked for peltries; and this fact was soon communicated to M. de Talon, at that time Intendant of Canada. From the report made to him, that the course of this great western river was neither to the north nor to the east, he very naturally concluded that its direction must be to the south or to the west; and in either case, it was evident, the vast importance of the discovery could not for a moment be called in to question. To ascertain the accuracy of the report which had been made to him, and, at the same time, find out, if possible, the true course of this mighty stream, Talon requested Father Marquette, a French Jesuit, then occupied in a mission among the Hurons, at Point St. Ignace, north of the peninsula of Michigan, to undertake the discovery. This zealous missionary, who had already entertained the idea, immediately complied with the request; undismayed by the glowing terms in which some of the Indians, among whom he laboured, set forth the relentless cruelty of the nations he was about to visit. "I shall gladly lay down my life for the salvation of souls,"—was the reply with which he silenced every suggestion of affectionate apprehension. With Jolliet, a citizen of Quebec, as his principal companion, and three others whose names have not reached our times, he set out on his adventurous expedition, in a birch bark canoe, from the bay of Lake Michigan—the same, probably, now called *Green Bay*.

Ascending Fox river, in navigating which they encountered considerable difficulty, in consequence of the numerous rapids which obstruct its course, they reached a high point near its source; whence, guided by some Algonquin Indians, and carrying on their backs the canoes that were first to bring white men to the upper Mississippi, they passed over the portage which divided the Fox from the Wisconsin river. Once more they committed themselves to their frail barks, following the course of the river which flows westwardly, until they found themselves floating on the bosom of the Father of Waters on the 17th of June, 1673. All that they had heard of the breadth and depth of this great river, they now found to be in accordance with the fact; and the bold and romantic scenery of its banks at this point of its course,—the Wisconsin entering it at about 43 deg. of north latitude,—afforded them an additional motive of satisfaction at the important discovery they had made. Abandoning themselves to the current, which, in that latitude does not attain the rapidity that marks it lower down, they advanced slowly, and in the vicinity of the river, now called the *Desmoines*, they met with some Illinois Indians—with whom they exchanged the calumet, and to whom Marquette announced the necessity of believing in, and adoring, the great Creator.

On arriving at the junction of the Missouri with the Mississippi, they attentively observed its characteristics; and this rapid and turbid stream received from Father Marquette its Algonquin name of *Pekitanoui*, or Muddy Water, Nine miles below the junction of the Missouri and the Mississippi, our voyageurs found three villages of Illinois Indians, by whom they were received with great kindness and by whom they were treated with marked respect.—The Illinois had long wished to form an alliance with the French, from whom they hoped for aid in repelling the attacks of the ferocious Iroquois, who extended their ravages even to the banks of the great western river. They profited by the opportunity thus so unexpectedly afforded them, of signifying their desire, and received from Father Marquette a promise that their wishes would be communicated to the French Intendant. After a few days repose, our discoverers once more committed their bark to the now rapid waters of the Mississippi, and pursued its downward course, without the occurrence of any incident deserving of mention, until they arrived at the mouth of the Arkansas river, in the 33d deg. of north latitude. In the neighborhood of the Arkansas, they met with some Indians, whose favor they easily conciliated, but in whose possession they were astonished to find fire arms and steel axes—evidences of their intercourse with the Spaniards in Florida, or the English in Virginia.

Father Marquette had now attained the object for which he had set out; he had discovered the great western river, and had floated down its broad expanse of waters upwards of 900 miles. Its unvaried southern direction could not be matter of a moment's doubt; and that it debouched into the great Mexican Gulf was now almost as satisfactorily ascertained, as if he had seen its turbid waters mingling with those of that gigantic bay. He now determined to return,—a resolution which, in itself reasonable, was rendered by circumstances almost a matter of necessity; his diminished stock of provisions giving him a salutary warning not to expose himself and companions to unnecessary dangers. If it were an easy and agreeable task to guide the canoe, while following the river's course, it was one of no ordinary difficulty to breast its impetuous current, and ascend a distance of several hundred miles, every point of which was to be contested with so formidable an adversary. Like all subsequent *royageurs*, who ascended the Mississippi before the introduction of steamboats on its now subdued waters, our adventurous band was obliged to toil patiently for many weeks in accomplishing by the combined efforts of labor and ingenuity—a task,

which, from the nature of its difficulties, might appear almost impracticable.— After a tedious and laborious navigation, they at length arrived at the mouth of the Illinois river, which they ascended until they came to Chicago.

Marquette had now executed the commission which the French Intendant had given to him. He might have had a very natural desire to be the bearer to Quebec of such important intelligence as the discovery of a vast river, flowing for thousands of miles through a rich and beautiful country, and forming a connecting link of inestimable value between the North and South. He does not, however, appear to have been influenced by such considerations. Satisfied with the discharge of his duty, he left to his companions the joyous reward of relating the success which had crowned their perils and efforts, and receiving the recompense which their fidelity deserved. He accordingly sent Joliet to Quebec, to whom he gave his papers, containing observations on all that had been seen : while he himself began a mission among the Indian tribes of the Miami nation, who roamed in the northeastern portion of Illinois. Among these children of the forest he laboured until 1675, when he was obliged, through a call of duty, to repair to Mackinaw. On the 18th of May in that year, having entered the river which now bears his name, on the western bank of Lake Michigan, he halted for the purpose of celebrating the holy sacrifice of the Mass. A temporary altar was soon erected on the shore, and the holy missionary celebrated the Divine Mysteries, with that devotion which characterised him, and which his apostolic occupations so powerfully served to invigorate. When the solemn act of religion was over, at his own request his two companions retired, to leave him at more liberty to commune with God in prayer, undisturbed by the presence of creatures. After half an hour's absence they returned, and found him — dead ! Their grief and surprise at this melancholy event were extreme ; although, it is said, that this latter feeling was somewhat tempered by the recollection of certain expressions that had dropped from the holy man on entering the river, the tendency of which seemed to indicate a strong presentiment of his approaching end. The last sad duties towards the remains of the venerable missionary having been performed, they pursued their journey.

Father Marquette's grave was originally on the southern bank of the river which bears his name ; although the spot, to which tradition now points as that where his remains first reposed, is at present on the opposite side — a circumstance only to be accounted for by the supposition, that some slight change must since have taken place in the river's course near the mouth ; and that, consequently, its waters now mingle with those of Lake Michigan, at a point somewhat to the north of its former mouth. In the following year his remains were removed to Mackinaw. Thus died Marquette, the first explorer, although not the first discoverer, of the Mississippi, and, to use the words of Charlevoix, " one of the most illustrious missionaries of New-France."*

* The Western Messenger, a few years back, contained the following sweet lines of poetry on the touching incident of his death :

" His solitary grave was made
Beside thy waters, Michigan !
In thy forest-shade the bones were laid
Of a world-wandering man.
Discoverer of a world ! he sleeps,
By all the world unknown :
No mausoleum marks the spot,
Nor monumental stone.

As yet, nothing was known of the sources of the Mississippi; and its mouth, although conjectured with tolerable certainty to be on the shores of the Mexican Gulf, had not as yet been actually discovered. No attempt appears to have been made to follow up the discovery of Marquette, until the enterprising La Salle resolved to accomplish what had been so well begun. This distinguished man was possessed of great talents, and was eminently qualified for the lot Providence appears to have assigned him; and which, notwithstanding the fatal catastrophe by which his life closed, has caused his name to be held in grateful remembrance by posterity. The discoveries of Father Marquette becoming known to him, were justly appreciated by his penetrating mind. For a long time the subject engaged his thoughts; and by means of the courtier arts, in which he was not deficient, he eventually succeeded in communicating his own feelings to the Count of Frontenac, then Governor of Canada. It was agreed between them that La Salle should lay his views before Colbert, the celebrated Minister of Louis XIV., for which purpose he immediately sailed, bearing with him the strong recommendation of the Governor. He found no difficulty in succeeding with the French Minister, to whom he easily explained the important results that would necessarily follow the completion of the discovery; and after a short absence he returned to Quebec on the 17th September, 1678, accompanied by an Italian of the name of Tonti, and bearing with him a title of nobility, and what was much more to the purpose, full powers for the successful prosecution of the discovery.

Preparations were now immediately begun for the execution of the project; but so many untoward circumstances occurred to retard it,—so many suspensions of the journey took place at the different French posts that lay between Quebec and the Illinois river, that not before the end of January, or beginning of February, 1680, did Father Louis Hennepin, of the order of St. Francis, accompanied by a person named Du Gay, set out from a fort built by La Salle, near Ottawa, and called Fort *Crevecœur*, from the multiplied trials and disappointments experienced by its founder. On the 28th of February, in the same year, these two explorers entered the Mississippi from the Illinois river: but instead of following its descending course, as Marquette had done, they took an opposite direction, and ascended it, to the 45th degree of north latitude. At this point their farther progress was impeded by the falls, to which Hennepin gave the name of St. Anthony, under whose invocation he had implored the blessing of God on his journey.

About this place they were met by a band of Sioux Indians, who made them prisoners; and, if any credit can be given to an account of their excursion, published under the name of Tonti, they remained so for several months, until

“He died alone! No pious hand
Smoothed down the pillow for his head;
No watching followers reared the tent,
Or strewed the green leaves for his bed.
His followers left the holy man
Beside a rustic altar kneeling—
The slanting sun-beam’s setting-rays
Thro’ the thick forest-branches stealing.

“An hour had passed—and they returned.
They found him lying where he knelt:
But oh! how changed! The calm of death
Upon his marble feature dwelt.
Even while he prayed, his living soul
Had to its native heavens fled;
While the last twilight’s holiest beams
Fell like a glory on his head!”

liberated by some Frenchmen, who had lately come from Canada. According to the same suspicious authority, nothing daunted by the difficulties they met with, they continued to ascend the river until they reached its source in a very elevated region. They penetrated to the Assiniboins lake, from which they descended by the Mississippi to the sea; then ascended this latter and the Illinois river to Fort Crevecoeur, making in all a journey of 9000 miles; all which they are said to have accomplished within a year. This relation contains too many improbabilities to deserve serious attention, and accordingly we find that it is regarded by Charlevoix, and other judicious writers as not authentic.

La Salle had not so entirely committed the execution of his designs to the industry of others, as not to take a personal and active part in the discovery. On the 2nd of February, 1682, he entered the Mississippi by the Illinois river; on the 4th of March he took possession of the country of Arkansas, (the origin of the modern name Arkansas,) and on the 9th of the following April, he reached the mouth of the Mississippi. We can easily conceive the enthusiasm which the sight of the Atlantic must have occasioned in his own breast, and in those of his followers. They had undertaken the discovery from a deep conviction of its important results; they now witnessed the completion of their hopes, and already enjoyed, by anticipation, the rewards of success.

Having now accomplished what he had so long laboured to effect, La Salle began to ascend the river, on his return to Quebec, but, owing to sickness, he did not arrive in that city before the Spring of the following year, 1683. The important discovery he had made was to be immediately communicated to the French Court; and no one, certainly, better deserved to be the bearer of such gratifying intelligence, or was more likely to suggest measures for the securing of the advantages the discovery placed within its reach, than the enterprising discoverer himself. He accordingly once more returned to France, where he was favorably received by the Court, from which, notwithstanding some opposition that was made to the undertaking, he obtained four vessels for the purpose of enabling him to enter the Mississippi from the sea, and securing, by actual possession, the advantages of the recent discovery. Among his companions, about 200 in number, were three clergymen of the congregation of St. Sulpice, one of whom was brother of La Salle, as also four Capuchin Fathers.

It was on the 24th of July, 1684 that this little fleet issued from the port of Rochelle, in presence of a vast multitude, collected by the interest naturally connected with so important an enterprise. They had not, however, proceeded more than 150 miles on their course, when one of the masts of the largest ships suddenly broke, without any apparent cause for such an event, the weather being exceedingly favourable. It was suspected—and, as the sequel shews, not entirely without reason—that the malice of the captain of the ship, Beaujeu, was the cause of this disaster; because he is said to have been discontented with the powers given to La Salle, by virtue of which the commanders of the different vessels were ordered to execute his orders during the voyage, and to afford all possible assistance consistent with the safety of the vessels, in enabling him to land. To these regulations all the calamities of the voyage may be attributed.

It was thus necessary to return to Rochelle, where they refitted, and, after some delay, sailed once more on the 1st of August. Various misunderstandings between La Salle and the Beaujeu occurred during the voyage, which, as will presently be seen, were the occasions of serious disasters to the expedition. On the 27th of September, they made the western coast of St. Domingo, although La Salle desired to make Port à Paix, on the northwestern coast of

that island, in order to deliver some orders of the Minister in France to the lieutenant-general of that place. The consequence of this disregard of La Salle's directions by Beaujeu, was the capture of one of the vessels of the expedition by two Spanish pirates, which misfortune would probably have been avoided but for this circumstance.

On the 25th of November the voyage was resumed, the little fleet having been detained in St. Domingo for nearly two months in consequence of La Salle's indisposition. On the 28th of December they doubled Cape Antonio, on the Florida Coast, when they made for the west until they arrived at the Bay of Matagorda, about three hundred miles west of the Mississippi. La Salle had already perceived the mistake, and had endeavoured to persuade Beaujeu to alter his course; but all his remonstrances were without effect, and he had the mortification of seeing the accomplishment of his plans, for the present, defeated, by the insubordination, obstinacy, and malice of this commander. This however, was, not his only trial: one of the three remaining vessels was lost in the attempt to land, and with her almost all her cargo. On disembarking, his men were surrounded by Indians, with whom they had to contend for their lives; nor could La Salle, even in this exigency, overcome the obstinacy of Beaujeu, who refused to deliver the cannon and ammunition which were intended for the use of the colony.

In these embarrassing circumstances, La Salle hastily constructed a fort, in which he left a small garrison, while he himself attempted to ascend the river, but was obliged to relinquish this design from the frequent attacks of the Indians, made on him from the banks. He gave orders for the construction of a second fort, on a small stream west of the Bay, of which he gave the command to Joutel, one of his officers, and which he called Fort St. Louis. But all these plans had well nigh been defeated by a conspiracy among some of the garrison at the fort, who had resolved to murder Joutel, and then plunder and abandon the fort. This foul design was discovered, just in time to prevent its execution, and the conspirators were imprisoned. Meanwhile, the hostility of the Indians daily increased, and the prospects of the expedition assumed, day after day, a more lowering aspect. In the midst of all these difficulties, La Salle continued to make unwearied efforts for the successful execution of his plan. Under the erroneous impression that the Mississippi discharged its waters into the Bay of Matagorda, he coasted along its shores in two small boats. A severe misfortune now befel the expedition: the only vessel which remained at his disposal ran aground and sunk during his absence. The equanimity of temper with which he bore these accumulated trials, is, perhaps, the most beautiful part of his character; while the perseverance with which he laboured for the attainment of his important design, entitles him to the highest meed of praise.

There was now no hope of safety but in gaining the Illinois river by land; and, notwithstanding the appalling difficulties with which such an attempt was attended, he resolved to make the effort. On the 12th of January 1687, accompanied by twenty men, he left the fort in the possession of his remaining companions, and set out on his adventurous journey. Proceeding in a north-eastern direction, he wandered, during three months, over every variety of country — wide extended plains, and verdant hills; through tangled forests, and unhealthy swamps; exposed to dangers of the most serious character, and enduring all kinds of privation and suffering. We have a relation of the journey, and of the fatal catastrophe which terminated the life of La Salle, from the pen of a contemporary writer, whose narrative we insert:

— "M. La Salle seeing all his affairs ruined by the loss of his ship, and

having no way to return into Europe but by Canada, resolved on so dangerous a journey. He called the inhabitants together, and made so pathetic a speech to them about the necessity he was under to make a voyage to the Illinois country, that he drew tears from every one of the assembly; for he was very much beloved. Then taking twenty men with him, with his brother, his two nephews, father Anastasius, and the sieur Joutel, after public prayer he set out a second time from Fort Lewis, and resolved not to return till he had found the Illinois. M. La Salle set out from the fort the 7th of January, 1687; and having crossed the river Salbonniere and Hiens, with divers others, which were mightily swoln by the rains, they came into a fine country for hunting, where his people refreshed themselves, after their tiresome travel, with excellent good cheer for several days together. He had sent out Moranger, his nephew, his lackey, Saget, and seven or eight of his men, to a certain place where Nika, his huntsman aforementioned, had laid up a stock of wild bulls' flesh, that they might get it smoked and dried to carry along with them, and so not be obliged to halt so frequently to hunt for provisions. With all his prudence, he could not discover the conspiracy of some of his people to kill his nephew: for they resolved upon it, and put it in execution, all of a sudden, on the 17th of March, wounding him in the head with a hatchet. They slew likewise the lackey, and poor Nika, who had provided for them by his hunting, with great toil and danger. Moranger languished under his wound for two hours, forgiving his murderers and embracing them frequently. But these wretches, not content with this bloody act, resolved not to stop here, but contrived how to kill their master too, for they feared he would justly punish them for their crime. La Salle was not two leagues from the place where Moranger was killed, and being concerned at his nephew's tarrying so long (for they had been gone two or three days), was afraid they were surprised by the savages; whereupon he desired father Anastasius to accompany him in looking after his nephew, and took two savages along with him. Upon the way, he entertained the father with a pious discourse of Divine Providence, which had preserved him in the many dangers he had undergone during twenty years' abode in America; when all of a sudden father Anastasius observed that he fell into a deep sorrow, of which he himself could give no account. He grew mighty unquiet and full of trouble — a temper he was never seen in before. When they were got about two leagues, he found his lackey's bloody cravat, and perceived two eagles (a common bird in those parts) hovering over his head, and at the same time spied his people by the water side. He went to them and inquired for his nephew: they made him little answer, but pointed to the place where he lay. Father Anastasius and he kept going on by the river side, till at last they came to the fatal place, where two of the villains lay hid in the grass — one on one side, and one on the other — with their pieces cocked. The first presented at him, but missed fire; the other fired at the same time, and shot him in the head, of which he died an hour after (March 19, 1687). Father Anastasius seeing him fall a little way from him with his face all bloody, ran to him, took him up in his arms, and wept over him, exhorting him, as well as he could in this conjuncture, to die a good Christian. The unfortunate gentleman had just time enough to confess part of his life to him, who gave him absolution, and soon after died. In his last moments he performed, as far as he was capable, whatsoever was proper for one in his condition, pressing the father's hand at every thing he said to him, especially when he admonished him to forgive his enemies. In the meanwhile, the murderers, struck with horror at what they had committed, began to beat their breasts and *etest their rashness*. Anastasius would not stir from the place till he buried

the body as decently as he could, and placed a cross over his grave. Thus fell the *Sieur de La Salle* — a man of considerable merit, constant in adversities, intrepid, generous, ingenious, learned, and capable of every thing. He had formerly been of the Society of Jesus for ten or eleven years, and quitted the order with consent of his superiors. He once showed me a letter, written at Rome by the general of the order, testifying that the *Sieur La Salle* had behaved himself prudently in every thing, without giving the least occasion to be suspected of a venial sin. He had the illhap to be massacred by his own servants, in the vigour of his age. The pious design he was upon, in relation to the conversion of those ignorant nations, seems to have deserved a better fate; but, as God's ways are not our ways, we must submit to Divine Providence, without troubling ourselves about a vain inquiry into the secrets of God Almighty." —

La Salle's character is thus given by Bancroft: "For force of will, and vast conceptions — for various knowledge, and quick adaptation of his genius to untried circumstances — for a sublime magnanimity, that resigned itself to the will of Heaven, and yet triumphed over affliction by energy of purpose and unflinching hope — he had no superior among his countrymen. He had won the affection of the governor of Canada — the esteem of Colbert — the confidence of Seignelay — the favor of Louis XIV. After beginning the colonization of Upper Canada, he perfected the discovery of the Mississippi, from the Falls of St. Anthony to its mouth; and he will be remembered through all time, as the father of colonization in the great central valley of the west."

Immediately after the melancholy termination of the labours of this great man, his assassins undertook the command of the expedition; and, as might be expected, their first exercise of authority was to seize on the treasury and provisions, which were estimated to be worth about fifty thousand francs. Soon, however, disputes arose among them: two of them fell victims to the violence of their guilty accomplices, and the rest are supposed to have remained among some of the Indian tribes.* Those who yet remained, and who were not implicated in the murder of *La Salle* (seven in number), pursued their journey until the 20th of July, when they arrived among the Arkansas, where they met with two of their own countrymen, in the vicinity of the river of that name. After a short delay — indispensable to persons almost exhausted by so many labours and calamities — they ascended the Mississippi to the mouth of the Illinois river, which they entered on the 3d of September; and on the 11th

* This appears a proper place to correct a mistake into which Mr. Flint has fallen in the relation he gives of *La Salle's* death. According to him, "the two priests became penitent for having winked at the assassination, and furnished these incidents." The two priests, as may be perceived by the above relation, were *La Salle's* own brother (*Cavalier de La Salle*, a Sulpitian,) and Father Anastasius Doway, a Capuchin friar. Is it possible that *Cavalier de La Salle* connived at the murder of his brother? or, on what grounds does Mr. Flint attribute to these clergymen any participation in, or knowledge of, a design which appears from the narration to have been formed in their absence? We say nothing of the conduct of Father Anastasius after *La Salle* had received his death-wound. If the words of Mr. Flint refer to the mutual assassination of the murderers of *La Salle* (for it is not easy to say what exact reference his words have), there is not only no ground for such an assertion, but the detailed account of these bloody scenes supplies positive evidence to the contrary. There is no mention of such circumstance, either in Charlevoix, or the two memoirs of *La Salle's* death which he quotes. Besides, does not Mr. Flint's assertion bear upon its face its own contradiction? He says that these incidents were learned from these two priests. Would these men have betrayed their own guilt? But the insinuation contained in Mr. Flint's words is without any proof: it is contradicted by circumstances that cannot be reconciled with its truth; and there is too much reason to fear, that, in this as well as in other instances, Mr. Flint let his religious antipathies prevail over his sense of justice and love of truth.

of the same month arrived at Fort St. Louis, on Lake Peoria. Here they passed the winter, and on the opening of spring continued their journey to Quebec, where, shortly after their arrival, they took shipping for France. Those who had been left at Fort St. Louis, were taken prisoners by the Spaniards. Such was the result of the first great French expedition to discover the Mississippi from the sea — an expedition which had excited the most sanguine expectations, which had been prepared at such vast expense, and to which so many enterprising men devoted themselves; but which, from the petty jealousies and harsh exercise of authority occasionally displayed by those in it, proved to them the source of fatal calamities, while it left the principal object for which it had been undertaken to be attained by the courage and perseverance of future discoverers.

No further attempts to complete the discovery of the Mississippi appear to have been made by the French Government until the year 1697, when two ships, under the command of Lemoine D'Iberville and Chateamoraud, were fitted out for that purpose. On the 17th of October, 1698, they sailed from Rocheport, and arrived on the 11th of the following December in St. Domingo, where they were hospitably received. After a few days spent at that station, they resumed their voyage, and came in sight of the coast of Florida on the 12th of the following January. In the bay of Pensacola they found a colony of three hundred Spaniards; who treated them kindly, gave them permission to wood and water, but refused them entrance into the port.

Shortly afterwards D'Iberville cast anchor a little to the east of the Mobile river, and landed on an island, which he called *Ile Massacre*, from the human skulls found there, but which afterwards received the more auspicious appellation of *Ile Dauphine*. He next entered the river Pascagoula, which he soon after quitted and made sail for the Mississippi, called by the Indians *Malibouchia*, and by the Spaniards *Palissado*. On the 2d of March he entered this gigantic stream, and enjoyed the satisfaction of having at length discovered the object of so much anxious search. He immediately communicated the discovery to Chateamoraud, who followed him at a distance, and who now returned to St. Domingo to announce the news. In the meantime, D'Iberville ascended the river as far as the present site of Donaldsonville, where he met with the Bayagoulas, a tribe of Indians, who, it appears from the relation of this commander, made use of an idol in their superstitious worship, in which practice they seem to have differed from most of the American Indians. To secure the important advantages resulting from this discovery, D'Iberville built a fort on the bay of Biloxi, and called it by that name.

Shortly after this event, an English ship entered the river, and was met seventy-five miles from sea by Bienville, the lieutenant in command of the fort in the absence of D'Iberville, who had returned to France. The impression made on the mind of the English commander by the representations of the lieutenant, was such as made him immediately return. Thus the infant colony was saved from the effects of a contest to which it might have proved unequal, and the prior right of France to the discovery secured from the disputes in which a successful establishment of the English would have involved it. The better to avoid a recurrence of the same danger, as also to frustrate whatever designs might grow out of the intimacy between the English settlers in Carolina and some of the Indian tribes whose hunting-grounds extended to the Mississippi, D'Iberville built a fort east of the mouth of the Mississippi. While this work was being vigorously carried on, Tonti and twenty Canadians, who had before been stationed in the Illinois, descended the river to the place where their fellow-countrymen had arrived through the waters of the Atlantic.

It need not be said that the joy of their meeting was mutual and intense, or that all combined their efforts for the common security, and the preservation to France of the advantages which were to accrue from their united efforts. When the entrance of the river was thus sufficiently secured, D'Iberville advanced as far as the present site of Natchez, where he planted a colony, to which he gave the name of *Rosalie* — the tragic extinction of which will form the subject of another paper on our early history.

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

[FROM THE (LONDON) CATHOLIC MAGAZINE.]

NIGHT was fast closing on the town of Angers, as two of the Sisters of Charity rapidly threaded their way through its crowded streets. They were already close to the convent gate, when the sound of lamentation attracted the well-accustomed ear of one of those gentle sisters; and turning round, she accosted a little girl, who had followed them, weeping bitterly.

"My grandfather," sobbed the child; "he is dying, holy sisters. Mother is out, and there is no one near him."

The heart of the good sister melted at these words of woe, and she looked at her companion, who was the elder by some years.

"It is not far," said the little girl, in a pleading voice; "and he is dying," she added, still addressing her whose soft voice and gentle mien had won her childish affections in a moment.

The good sisters had walked far that day: they had wandered alternately from the bed of sickness to the house of sorrow, and they were returning home, wearied alike in body and in mind; but not for a moment did it occur to them to reject the prayer of the child, in whom they beheld but an image of their Saviour in distress.

"We will follow thee, my child," said the gentle nun. She took the little girl by the hand, and addressed a few questions to her; but the child sobbed so violently that her answers were inaudible. She led them through a narrow street, and paused before an open door. It was evidently the abode of wretched poverty: but poverty in all its forms was too familiar to the Sisters, to create any observation; and without a remark, they followed her up the narrow stairs, and into a room where a man was lying, evidently within a few hours of his decease. After a few minutes consultation, the elder of the nuns proposed returning to the convent, to procure spiritual assistance for the unhappy man; and when she had departed on this mission, the other advanced to the bed on which he lay. At first he seemed unconscious of her presence; but when his eye fell upon her black dress, and the white cross she wore on her bosom, he exhibited the utmost loathing and abhorrence; and raising himself up in the bed by a wonderful effort of strength, he poured forth a torrent of abuse and blasphemy.

The good nun was grieved, but not surprised. Alas! it was but too often her lot to stand by the death-bed of the despairing sinner. She remained for a time in silent prayer; but when, rather shrieking than speaking, he bade her "begone, and leave him to his master, the Devil," she fell upon her knees, and cried out, in a voice of holy energy, which for a moment awed the sinner into silence, "Man, I will not begone, until you have ceased to blaspheme your God." "Oh! creature of Christ Jesus crucified," she continued, in a voice

so sweet and soft, it was music only to sit and hear it; and rising, she held up the crucifix before his eyes — "Can you behold Him, as he thus hung upon the Cross, His sacred body torn, His spirit wounded because of your transgressions; can you see Him thus, and still offend Him, by the sin of despair?"

Even as the rod of Moses brought waters from the living rock, so did the sight of that holy image soften the hardness of the sinner's heart. He sunk back upon his pillow, and gazed wistfully upon the crucifix; but then again he closed his eyes, and muttered between his teeth, "Judas, Judas."

"Judas," resumed the nun, "betrayed his Master, yet, had he repented, he had even then found mercy. It was the sin of despair which made it better for him that he had never been born. One there was," she added, and her voice grew softer and sweeter, as if the deep love in her soul had found a voice and spoken — "one there was, who anointed his feet at the pharisee's supper, who followed him step by step on his way to Calvary, who knelt at the foot of his cross during the three long hours of his agony, who shared the favour of his last looks on earth, with his sinless Mother and his virgin disciple. Magdalen was her name. She had betrayed her master many times; but many sins were forgiven her, because she loved much."

There was silence in the room, only broken by the sinner's sobs. Sister Agnes placed the crucifix on his bosom. "Wear it round your neck and in your heart," she said; "and take also the image of Mary." She placed a medal in his hands. "She is the refuge and hope of sinners. Entreat her to pray for you; and think not that Jesus will be deaf to his Mother's voice, when she asks him to pardon the creature for whom he once deigned to die."

The priest, who had been sent for from the convent, now entered the room. Agnes was preparing to depart, when the door once more opened, and a young woman entered, who, on beholding the sacred character of those surrounding the sick man, paused, in a mixture of shame and fear. She was young, but the freshness of youth was no longer on her cheek. She had been handsome, and the sad remains of beauty yet lingered around her face and form. Her countenance might once have been full of innocent goodness; for even now it was not an expression of boldness, but of most reckless despair, which betrayed the degraded sinfulness of the poor outcast's life. The sick man saw her, and the keenest remorse was on his face as he said —

"Stay, holy Sister! and holy Father say, what hope of pardon can you give the wretch who sold his child to a life of crime?"

An unearthly shriek interrupted his words. The girl had remained standing in the middle of the room; but on hearing these words, she advanced rapidly to the bed, and falling on her knees, she exclaimed wildly:

"Father! father, do not say so! Oh! anything but that. Do not say that you bartered me for gold!"

The man wept aloud.

"Do not curse me, child! Do not curse me before I die."

"I will not, father — I will not! Oh! why did you not let me be a nun like my sister? What had I done that you should use me thus?"

"Spouse of Christ!" said the sick man, turning solemnly towards Agnes — "the sins of this unhappy child are upon my soul as my own. By the mercy for which you have taught me to hope, save her from the guilt into which I alone have plunged her."

The nun was weeping bitterly: a light had broken on her soul.

"Father," she whispered, "do you not know your child?"

The man gazed earnestly upon her — sickness had dimmed his eyes; but at last he recognized his child, and fell back fainting on his pillow. With some

difficulty he was restored, and then pressing gently the hand of Agnes, he pointed to his youngest daughter, who still remained kneeling with her face buried in her hands, and whispered —

“Be a mother to poor Isabel.”

Agnes bowed her head, and taking her sister's arm, she led her from the room. The priest closed the door after them, and then Agnes folded her sister in her arms. The poor girl neither returned nor rejected these caresses. She did not sob or scream; but the tears fell in torrents from her eyes, and she looked the very picture of shame and sorrow. Then struck by another impulse, she fell upon her knees, as if wholly unworthy to stand in the presence of one so pure as her sister.

“Oh! sister, sister!” cried Agnes, “treat me not thus. Look not as if you had forgotten me — your own sister — your own Agnes!”

The mighty affliction of the poor sinner's soul found voice at last, and falling on her sister's breast, she cried out aloud —

“Sister, I am a sinner!”

“And so was Magdalen — and so are we all!” cried Agnes, her tears falling abundantly on her sister's head. “Oh, sister! let us kneel together, and say once more the prayers that we said in the days of our childhood. We were children then — we are children still! We will tell our Heavenly Father that we are sorry for our sins, and He will not refuse us his pardon and his love.”

Twined in each other's arms, they knelt together, and Agnes prayed aloud. It was years since Isabel had heard that voice, the very tones of which were full of piety and love — it was years since a thought of grace, a hope of pardon, had entered her soul: and now, with the prayer of her innocent childhood ringing in her ears, and the repentant love of a Magdalen burning in her bosom, full of fear for the future and remorse for the past, she clasped her sister more tightly in her arms and sobbed aloud.

“Leave me not, sister — desert me not! Oh! save me from this life of sin, and the God of the sinner and the saint reward you for the deed!”

Agnes folded her sister in her arms.

“My sister, I will never forsake you until I see you restored to God and his holy Church! I leave you no more!”

The priest now recalled them to their father's chamber. He was about to administer the last awful rites of religion to him. Marie assisted in lighting the candles which her religious sister had now brought from the convent; but Isabel fell prostrate on the floor. How could she venture to look upon the Holy of Holies — she, whose life had been full of sin? The priest recited a short prayer aloud, and then, with a heart full of contrition and joy, the dying man received from his hands the awful sacrament of the body and blood of his Saviour and Judge. Afterwards, the priest anointed him with holy oil, upon the eyes, mouth, and so forth, praying aloud, that the sins he had committed through each of the senses might be forgiven in virtue of the sacrament of extreme unction. The poor penitent wept with joy through the whole of this most consoling rite, and answered every prayer in a voice tremulous and broken by emotion. The lights were extinguished, but still the priest remained by the bed of death, and prayed audibly for mercy and grace towards the departing soul. He ceased, and, at a sign from her father, Agnes raised her sister, and led her towards his bed. The dying man raised himself up with difficulty, and extending his hands towards them, he said —

“My children, whom I have wronged, before God and his saints, I entreat your pardon.”

The words were apparently intended for both ; but Isabel felt them to be addressed in a peculiar manner to the injured innocence of her own soul, and bending over his withered hand, she murmured softly —

“ God bless you, father.”

“ Thank you, my child — I die content.”

A smile was upon his lips as he sank back upon his pillow. Then turning towards Agnes, he whispered —

“ Remember this unhappy child.”

He closed his eyes, and a shadow, as of death, fell upon his face. The priest saw that the hour was come, and rising up, he read that awful recommendation of the departing soul to the mercy of its Creator, beginning, “ Depart, Christian soul,” and so forth. Ere his voice had ceased, the man was dead : and kneeling down, he cried out aloud, “ ‘ From the depths I have cried to thee ! — Oh Lord, hear my voice,’ ” and so forth. And thus, in prayer and supplication, he passed the night by the corpse of the repentant sinner.

The sisters stood beside the grave of their father. Agnes in the garb of religion — Isabel in the mourning of the world.

“ And here we part, my sister,” said Agnes. “ We part, but it is to meet again : on earth, in spirit at the foot of the cross — in heaven, I trust, on the bosom of our Saviour.”

Even as she spoke, the priest, who had attended her father’s death-bed, came and took Isabel by the hand.

“ My child,” he said, in a kind but solemn voice, “ am I indeed to understand that you have determined to forsake your evil ways, and to repent of your sins ?”

Isabel fell upon her knees.

“ With all my heart, and with all my soul, I do repent them, Father ! Would to God that all those whom I have scandalized by my life could be witness now of my shame and sorrow !”

“ I believe you, my child !” The good Father hesitated for a moment. “ I have spoken to the Superior of the ‘ Bon Pasteur,’ and she will gladly receive you. You are now, for a time at least, about to leave the world, and in prayer and supplication to ask pardon for your sins. But there is *one* who has a claim upon you : you may see her once more before you depart.”

The unhappy girl covered her face with her hands, and her whole frame shook with violent emotion. It was but for a moment ; then removing her hands, every trace of emotion vanished from her calm, pale face. She said, in a tone of quiet resignation —

“ No, my Father ; the child of sin shall never again bring gladness to the eyes of her mother. I shall see her no more — I commit her to God and Agnes.”

“ She shall be cared for,” said Agnes, in a solemn voice.

The sisters embraced once more ; then Isabel drew her veil tightly over her face, and followed the priest.

There is a convent at Angers ; and the holy sisters who are professed within its walls have devoted themselves to the noblest work of which the human soul is capable — to the protection and reclaiming of the forsaken sinner. Others have devoted themselves to the preservation and instruction of innocence, which naturally awakens pity and love in the human heart ; but these noble beings have given their lives, their fortunes, their talents, their very souls, to the reformation of those, whom the world indeed has rejected with scorn, but whom Christ once suffered, in the person of Magdalen, to sit at his feet. He who reads all the secrets of the human heart, can alone understand

the merit of these holy sisters, who, with their pure hearts and spotless reputations, have devoted their lives to continual contact with coarse ignorance and vulgar crime. He alone can appreciate their sacrifice and reward it, and truly He does reward it, even with the hundred-fold, He has promised to His holy servants upon earth.

Yes! the sister of the "Good Shepherd" lies down at night upon her humble pallet, the prayers and blessings of the rescued sinner falling like softest dew upon her heart. She rises in the morning to teach those to pray who never prayed before, to engrave the sweet lessons of love and hope upon hearts that, but for her, had grown hard beneath the scorn of that world which had lured them to error. The consciousness of many souls rescued through her means from a life of crime, is a charm to make the rough path she has chosen pleasant to her feet; and, at the hour of her death, who shall say these grateful spirits may not surround her bed, like ministering angels, bidding her soul go forth without fear to meet that Judge, whose sorrows she had so often soothed in the sorrows of His poor, whose heaven she had so often made glad, with the joy that angels feel over one sinner doing penance. It was to this blessed retreat from sin and sorrow that the good priest brought Isabel; and as the gates of the convent closed upon her, she felt she had no wish upon earth but to spend the rest of her life in bemoaning her sins at the foot of the cross.*

Years passed away, and the sisters had not met. The one continued in her blessed vocation to hang like an angel of peace over the bed of disease, and to breathe words of contrition and love over the frozen heart of the sinner: the other had entered the order of the Magdalens in the "Bon Pasteur," and had thus devoted the remainder of her days to mourning over the errors of her early youth.

It happened one day, that a young novice, who had been sent on her daily duties under the care of sister Agnes, was taken so seriously ill, that the latter was obliged to ask shelter for her in the convent of the "Bon Pasteur," near which they chanced to be at the time. There she was received with all love and kindness: and a surgeon was sent for, who, upon seeing her, instantly declared that a few hours must terminate her existence. Sister Agnes whispered a few words to the Superior, who replied in a tone of deep commiseration, "Poor thing, poor thing! she shall be sent for directly."

A priest now came and administered the last sacraments of the Church to the young girl, and as he went through the awful forms of extreme unction, a look of heavenly joy was upon her dying face. Perhaps at that moment, her good Angel was suggesting to her the sweetest consolations that the soul can know in the awful hour of its departure from this world. Perhaps he told her that those eyes which the priest anointed with holy oil, had ever been closed upon the vanities of this world — that those ears had ever been open to the voice of distress — those feet been often wearied in seeking its abode — those hands been ever employed in administering to its wants — those lips been only unclosed to instruct its ignorance, or to console its afflictions. Well might her soul rejoice in the anticipation of those blessed words, "What you have done to the least of my brethren, you have done even unto me." Since, in the midst of

* A branch of this convent has settled at Hammersmith. We would earnestly entreat for its support the charity of our readers, in the hope that, by their contributions towards it, they also may be of those who, "instructing others unto justice," shall shine like stars through all eternity. [A house is at present being erected in Louisville, Kentucky, in which the sisters of the Good Shepherd, lately arrived in this country, will devote themselves to the eminently christian object of their institute. ED. CATH. CAB.]

her deep humility, she could not but feel that those senses, for the sins of which the priest was even now imploring pardon, and which by others are so often made the agents of crime, had been used by her but as ministering angels to the sorrow of her Saviour, in the persons of his poor.

So thought those who knelt around her bed; so thought one who lay prostrate at the half opened door, and who, in the depths of her humility, deemed herself unworthy to enter the chamber where a saint was about to depart to the espousals of her Lord! The lights were extinguished, the prayers were said, and then sister Agnes bent over the dying girl and whispered something in her ear. A shadow fell upon that angel face: it seemed as if she had been disturbed in a dream of heaven. But then she looked at the sister with a smile of acquiescence.

Agnes approached the door, and led to the bed-side the tottering form of the Magdalen who had been prostrate there. Isabel gazed one moment upon the holy face of her child, and struck by an awful idea of her sanctity, she fell on her knees and whispered softly, "Spouse of Christ, pray for and bless thy mother."

The girl sat upright in her bed, every feature of her face bright in the holy exultation of her soul, and falling into the arms of her mother, she cried out —

"Mother! my mother! we shall meet in heaven!"

They laid her back upon the pillow, but she was dead. Isabel hid her face in the coverlet, while they read the prayers for the spirit gone to judgment. The rest of the assistants now departed, and the mother was left alone with the corpse of her child. One of the nuns soon came to seek her. She rose, imprinted one last kiss upon those lips, where a happy smile was lingering still, and then she followed the nun, her arms folded meekly on her bosom. Agnes met her at the door — she drew her sister towards her — they gazed wistfully upon each well-known face, and they fell into each other's arms, and lifting up their voices, they wept aloud. It was but for a moment; Agnes withdrew, and the sisters met no more upon earth. But their souls were often blended together in prayer; and in patience and humble hope they awaited the day when they should meet once again upon the bosom of their Lord — that guiltless and that pardoned one!

M. C. A.

Feast of St. Catharine of Sienna.

SEVENTH CHAPTER OF DANIEL.

IN our last number, we passed in review the dream of the king of Babylon, and its interpretation by Daniel, recorded in the second chapter of that prophet; and we are now about to examine a mysterious vision exhibited to Daniel himself, which, as will be easily shewn, is identical in its object with that of the Babylonian monarch. Both visions foretell the rise and fall of four great empires; and in both the overthrow of the last of these four empires is succeeded by the triumph of a kingdom, essentially different from the others, of which God himself was to be founder. Of these two prophetic visions, that found in the seventh chapter is posterior, in point of time, to the one related in the second chapter — the latter having taken place in the second year of the reign of Nebuchodonosor (603 b. C.), and the former in the first year of the reign of Baltassar (555 b. C.). Daniel's vision abounds more in detail than that of Nebuchodonosor — to whom was made known the single circumstance of the succession of the empires typically exhibited to him in the great statue, and in the little stone cut from the mountain without hands, by which it was destroyed: whereas Daniel saw, not only this succession, but also some of the most prominent circumstances by which it was to be attended.

In our next number, we shall see that that portion of the prophecy which remained to be fulfilled after the appearance of Christ on earth, was revealed to St. John in still clearer terms than to the prophet Daniel; whereas subsequently to the date of this vision of the four beasts, this latter was permitted to see many circumstances connected with the history of the decline of the second and rise of the third empires, which were to take place shortly after his time. These are recorded in the eighth, tenth, and eleventh chapters, in such minuteness of detail that, when shewn to him by the high-priest Jadus, made Alexander the Great reverence the God of Israel, and made the pagan philosopher Porphyrius conclude, that the book of Daniel was written after the occurrence of these events, and was, therefore, a history rather than a prediction.

In order to facilitate the understanding of our observations on the seventh chapter of Daniel, we shall insert it entire, that the reader may be spared the trouble of reference.

DANIEL — CHAPTER VII.

1. In the first year of Baltassar, king of Babylon, Daniel saw a dream; and the vision of his head *was* upon his bed: and writing the dream, he comprehended it in a few words; and relating the sum of it in short, he said —

2. I saw in my vision by night, and behold! the four winds of the heaven strove upon the great sea.

3. And four great beasts, different one from another, came up out of the sea.

4. The first was like a lioness, and had the wings of an eagle. I beheld till her wings were plucked off, and she was lifted up from the earth, and stood upon her feet as a man, and the heart of a man was given to her.

5. And behold! another beast, like a bear, stood up on one side: and there were three rows in the mouth thereof, and in the teeth thereof; and thus they said to it: Arise, devour much flesh.

6. After this I beheld, and lo! another like a leopard; and it had upon it four wings, as of a fowl, and the beast had four heads, and power was given to it.

7. After this I beheld in the vision of the night, and lo! a fourth beast, terrible and wonderful, and exceeding strong: it had great iron teeth, eating and breaking in pieces, and treading down the rest with its feet; and it was unlike to the other beasts which I had seen before it, and had ten horns.

8. I considered the horns, and behold ! another little horn sprung out of the midst of them ; and three of the first horns were plucked up at the presence thereof ; and behold ! eyes, like the eyes of a man, were in this horn, and a mouth speaking great things.

9. I beheld till thrones were placed, and the Ancient of days sat. His garment was white as snow, and the hair of his head like clean wool : his throne like flames of fire — the wheels of it like a burning fire.

10. A swift stream of fire issued forth from before him : thousands of thousands ministered to him, and ten thousand times a hundred thousand stood before him. The judgment sat, and the books were opened.

11. I beheld because of the voice of the great word which that horn spoke and I saw that the beast was slain, and the body thereof was destroyed, and given to the fire to be burnt ;

12. And that the power of the other beasts was taken away, and that time of life were appointed them for a time and a time.

13. I beheld, therefore, in the vision of the night, and lo ! one like the Son of Man came, with the clouds of heaven ; and he came even to the Ancient of days, and they presented him before him :

14. And he gave him power and glory, and a kingdom ; and all peoples, tribes, and tongues shall serve him. His power is an everlasting power that shall not be taken away ; and his kingdom shall not be destroyed.

15. My spirit trembled. I, Daniel, was affrighted at these things, and the visions of my head troubled me.

16. I went near to one of them that stood by, and asked the truth of him concerning all these things, and he told me the interpretation of the words and instructed me :

17. These four great beasts are four kingdoms, which shall arise out of the earth ;

18. But the saints of the Most High God shall take the kingdom, and they shall possess the kingdom for ever and ever.

19. After this I would diligently learn concerning the fourth beast, which was very different from all, and exceeding terrible : his teeth and claws were of iron ; he devoured and broke in pieces, and the rest he stamped upon with his feet.

20. And concerning the ten horns that he had on his head ; and concerning the other that came up, before which three horns fell ; and of that horn that had eyes, and a mouth speaking great things, and was greater than the rest.

21. I beheld, and lo ! that horn made war against the saints, and prevailed over them.

22. Till the Ancient of days came, and gave judgment to the saints of the Most High ; and the time came, and the saints obtained the kingdom.

23. And thus he said : The fourth beast shall be the fourth kingdom upon earth, which shall be greater than all the kingdoms, and shall devour the whole earth, and shall tread it down, and break it in pieces.

24. And the ten horns of the same kingdom shall be ten kings ; and another shall rise up after them, and he shall be mightier than the former, and he shall bring down three kings.

25. And he shall speak words against the High One, and shall crush the saints of the Most High ; and he shall think himself able to change times and laws, and they shall be delivered into his hands, until a time, and times, and half a time.

26. And judgment shall sit that his power may be taken away, and he be broken in pieces, and perish even to the end.

27. And that the kingdom and power, and greatness of the kingdom, under the whole heaven, may be given to the people of the saints of the Most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all kings shall serve him, and shall obey him.

28. Hitherto is the end of the word. I, Daniel, was much troubled with my thoughts, and my countenance was changed in me; but I kept the word in my heart.——

A comparison of this prophecy with that portion of the second chapter included between the thirtieth and forty-sixth verses, which formed the basis of our remarks last month, clearly shews that both have reference to the self-same subject; and, consequently, that, in the interpretation of each, we are to be guided by whatever conclusions have been legitimately drawn from the other of these, so to speak, parallel predictions. In both we find mention of five empires, or kingdoms; four of which are the work of men: the fifth, a kingdom which God himself is to establish — a kingdom of a spiritual character; and therefore called in this chapter, a kingdom which the saints of the Most High God are to possess. In both we see the transitory character of all human power contrasted with the enduring continuance of that kingdom of God, which is "to stand for ever," and which is "an everlasting kingdom." In both, also, this kingdom of God triumphs over the fourth kingdom, represented in them under such expressive types; and this triumph is the effect of God's judgment on that fourth empire, and is the result of a collision between the two powers, in which the earthly power exerts all her energies, only to shew how utterly insignificant are all the efforts of man against the works of God.

These observations are not intended as an explication of that portion of Daniel which we have in hand; but they are presented to the reader, in this stage of our inquiry, as worthy of being remembered, especially as they will be found to be of considerable aid in illustrating whatever may be dark or obscure in the details of the seventh chapter. Our remarks on these details we have thrown into the form of a commentary, as best suited to our purpose of giving the literal sense of this important prophecy,—a plan which will also have the advantage of avoiding numerous and embarrassing references, which otherwise would be inevitable.

"2. I saw in my vision by night, and behold! the four winds of the heaven strove upon the great sea."

The four winds most probably denote what is afterwards represented by the four great beasts, it being not unusual to have the same object exhibited under different images (see Gen. xli. 32). According to Theodoret, the great sea is the world; the four winds, the four great empires which form the subject of this chapter; and the commotion excited by the striving of the four winds, the evils produced in the world by the sanguinary contests of these powers among themselves.

"3. And four great beasts, different one from another, came up out of the sea."

These four great beasts are four great empires (see verse seventeenth).

"4. The first was like a lioness, and had the wings of an eagle. I beheld till her wings were plucked off, and she was lifted up from the earth, and stood upon her feet as a man, and the heart of a man was given to her."

The Babylonian empire is designated in this verse; for it is clear that what God shewed to Nebuchodonosor by the head of gold (chapter xi. v. 31.), he shews here to Daniel by the lioness. The head of gold was the empire over which Nebuchodonosor reigned (chap. xi. v. 38). "The kingdom of

Babylon," says St. Jerome, "is compared to a lioness rather than to a lion, on account of its fierceness and cruelty, or on account of the luxurious character of its people. It is said to have the wings of an eagle, to signify the ambition of a most powerful empire, whose king is introduced by Isaiah (c. xiv. as saying: "I will place my throne above the stars of heaven, and I shall be like to the Most High." Whence, also, it is said to him, "Though thou be exalted as an eagle, and though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down, saith the Lord" (Abdias c. i. v. iv.). "Moreover, while the lion is among the beasts, the eagle is among the birds" (*Comm. in Dan.*) This empire is also justly likened to an eagle, on account of the celerity with which its power increased. (Compare Jeremiah iv. 13. xlviii. 40, Ezekiel xvii. 3.) She was "lifted from the earth," when the empire was destroyed, and, instead of the daring flight of impious ambition, her people were taught that they were like other men, and in consequence of this chastisement, received the heart of a man, i. e. sentiments becoming their lowly condition.

"5. And behold! another beast, like a bear, stood up on one side; and there were three rows in the mouth thereof, and in the teeth thereof; and thus the Lord said to it: Arise, devour much flesh."

The Persian empire is denoted here by the bear, on account of the rude and ferocious character of that people, who surpassed the Babylonians in cruelty as much as they were inferior to them in civilization. The three rows in the mouth of the bear most probably denote the three distinct people — Babylonians, Medes, and Persians — of whom the Persian empire was composed. The concluding words of the verse express the sanguinary character of the power, which, perhaps, more than any other of antiquity, was distinguished by its thirst of blood. Jeremiah gives to the Persians that destroyed Babylon the appellation of "spoilers" (Jer. li. 48, 56). There is striking similarity between the words, "Arise, devour much flesh," and the expression of the Scythian Queen, Tomyris, on casting the head of Cyrus, the conqueror of Babylon, into a vessel full of blood: "Glut thyself with the blood for which thou didst so much thirst."

"6. After this I beheld, and lo! another like a leopard; and it had upon four wings, as of a fowl, and the beast had four heads, and power was given to it."

The leopard is a fit emblem of the Greek empire founded by Alexander the Great, who destroyed the power of Persia, which so long threatened the existence of the free states of Greece. The fleetness of the leopard aptly indicates the extraordinary rapidity of Alexander's power, who extended his dominion from the Adriatic Sea to the Indian Ocean and the Ganges, in almost as short a time as it would have then required to pass over the various countries included within his empire. The same idea is represented to the mind by the "four wings." The four heads indicate the state of Alexander's empire after his decease, when it was divided between four of his generals — Ptolemy, who got Egypt; Seleucus, who obtained Syria, including Babylon, a portion of Arabia, Persia, and its Asiatic provinces; Antipater, to whom Macedonia was assigned; and Antigonus, whose power was acknowledged in Asia. By the four heads, also, may be meant the four peoples of whom the Grecian empire was composed — the Greeks, Medes, Persians, and Babylonians. As before mentioned, the eighth, tenth, and eleventh chapters of Daniel contain several predictions regarding the rise and history of Alexander's empire.

"7. After this I beheld in the vision of the night, and lo! a fourth beast terrible and wonderful, and exceeding strong: it had great iron teeth, and

and breaking in pieces, and treading down the rest with its feet; and it was unlike to the other beasts which I had seen before it, and had ten horns."

"8. I considered the horns, and behold another little horn sprung out of the midst of them; and three of the first horns were plucked up at the presence thereof; and behold eyes like the eyes of a man were in this horn, and a mouth speaking great things."

All interpreters agree that by the three first beasts we are to understand the three great empires of Babylon, Persia, and Greece, as under Alexander. With regard to the power denoted by the fourth beast, there is not the same unanimity of opinion. Several among the ancients, and some among the moderns, interpret the 7th verse as foretelling the state of the Greek empire under Alexander's successors. This was the opinion of Porphyrius, who gave the names of ten kings, denoted by the ten horns (See v. 24); and who found the little horn in Antiochus Epiphanes. This system has been adopted by many christian interpreters.

But, however some circumstances in the personal character and public history of Antiochus Epiphanes seem to favour this supposition, this interpretation cannot be regarded as the literal meaning of the prediction, for the following reasons:—1. By the fourth kingdom we are to understand a power entirely different from any which preceded it. (See v. 7.) But the successors of Alexander did not constitute such a power. Like him they were Greeks;—and notwithstanding their mutual contentions, they continued—although in an altered form—the Greek empire which Alexander had formed. 2. The description of the fourth kingdom, given in the 23d verse of this chapter, cannot be applied to the Greek empire under the successors of Alexander. It had not the strength of that fourth empire (See v. 19); it had not the extent assigned to that empire, (See v. 23); and instead of exhibiting greater power than when under Alexander, as it should have done, if it were the fourth empire, its continual discords and the mutual conflicts of its members were every day rendering it less and less like the type of that fourth kingdom, as exhibited in the 2nd and 7th chapters. 3. The fifth kingdom, that of the Messiah, was to arise in the time of the fourth (See Chap. ii, v. 44); and it was to destroy it, (See Chap. ii, v. 44, 47, 26). But the Greek empire had long been swallowed up in that of Rome before the birth of Christ; and, therefore, its destruction cannot be ascribed to collision with the fifth kingdom, unless we choose, with some few interpreters, who are evidently mistaken, to recognize in the Roman empire, that fifth monarchy, "which God himself was to found—which the saints of the Most High were to possess, and which was never to pass away." It is evident, then, that we must look elsewhere for the object typified by the fourth beast.

"The fourth empire," says Jerome, "is that of the Romans which now prevails, of which it is said in the vision of the statue, 'the legs are of iron, the feet part of iron and part of clay'—of which iron mention is also made in this place, in the description of its 'great iron teeth.' It is somewhat wonderful that having described three great kingdoms under the figures of a lioness, a bear and a leopard, the prophet should not have assimilated the Roman empire to any beast; except, perhaps, for the purpose of rendering it more fearful, he withheld its name; thereby to show us that whatever excess of ferocity we could imagine in beasts, would be found in this empire. But what is here omitted, the Jews believe may be found in the Psalms. 'The boar out of the wood hath laid it waste; and a singular wild beast hath devoured it.' (Psalms LXXIX, 14,) or, as the original Hebrew text reads, 'All the beasts of the field have torn it up; for in the single empire of Rome we find

all the empire which were formerly separate and distinct. What follows—'eating and breaking in pieces, and treading down the rest with its feet'—denotes that by it all nations were to be either annihilated or rendered tributary or enslaved." The opinion of St. Jerome is that of almost all interpreters, ancient and modern, Catholic and Protestant.

Having determined what power is represented by the fourth beast, we now come to enquire, what we are to understand by the ten horns, and what by the little horn. Before attempting an answer, we beg to remark, that whatever is to be understood by these signs, is to be found in the history of the Roman empire. These horns are not objects which have a distinct and separate existence from that of the beast on whose front they appear; so that in the supposition, which we regard as fully certain, that the Roman empire was typified by the fourth beast, we must not look elsewhere for the accomplishment of these signs. Thus in the vision which Daniel subsequently saw, as related in the following chapter, the ram by which the Persian monarchy is represented has two horns, "one higher than the other," and the he-goat, which is the symbol of the Greek empire of Alexander has 'a notable horn' between his eyes. It is evident we must seek for the reality of what is thus symbolized in these two monarchies; and no one thinks himself entitled to understand by these signs any powers not identified with those here exhibited. This observation alone removes the foundation of that exceedingly absurd—to use no harsher term—interpretation of this passage of Daniel, which finds the "little horn," with all its wickedness, blasphemies, and violence, in the Catholic Church. Whatever the reader may think of that church, whether he recognize her as the kingdom which God himself was to found—which the saints of the Most High were to possess everlastingly; or whether he regard her as a system of mere human origin, and believes her doctrine to be damnable and idolatrous to boot,—one thing every sane man must grant, that the Roman Catholic Church is not a part or portion of the Roman empire,—or in anywise identified therewith. In our next number we shall show that this empire and the Church were not only different, but antagonist forces; but, for the present, we content ourselves with drawing attention to this principle—that the little horn, as well as the ten horns, are to be found in some character or circumstance of the Roman empire; and that, if we were not able to point out the accomplishment of this part of the prophecy in its history, the only conclusion we could legitimately draw, would be, that we had not as yet discovered in that history what must certainly have existed,—the fact or circumstances symbolized by these figures.

To reply, then, to the question above proposed, we adopt the opinion of St. Jerome, reserving for our explanation of the corresponding passage in the Apocalypse, a fuller development, as well as an attempt at application of the principles embodied in the words we are about to cite from this great doctor of the church. Having refuted the opinion of Porphyry, above referred to, he says; "Let us, therefore, say—what all ecclesiastical writers have taught—that at the end of the world, when the Roman empire is to be destroyed,* there will be ten kings who will divide the empire among them, and that an 11th will arise who will overcome three of these 10 kings, that is, the kings of Egypt, Africa, and Ethiopia, as we shall explain still more clearly in the sequel.—When these three shall have been taken away, then the other seven will submit." Without binding ourselves to adopt every part of this explanation, we

* Both these events seem to have been as intimately connected in the mind of St. Jerome as the end of the world and destruction of Jerusalem were in the minds of the disciples. (See Math. XXIV. 3.

adhere most immovably to the principle, from which it sprung—that the history of the Roman empire must supply us with the only clue that can guide us safely through the obscurity of the prophetic announcement, until we shall find ourselves emerging into the broad light wherein its entire and literal accomplishment may be viewed. The application of those symbols we defer until the next number, when it will more appropriately find its place in our remarks on the 17th chapter of the Apocalypse.

That portion of the chapter under consideration, from the 9th to the 14th verses inclusive, as also the 26th and 27th verses, describe the judgment by which the fourth beast is condemned, and the saints of the Most High put in possession of that kingdom for which they had contended so faithfully with the monster. God is said to judge, and exercise his judgments upon his creatures when he punishes them for their sins. Thus we find the punishment exercised by God on Sennecharib and his impious host, expressed under the same figure of judgment. "Thou hast caused judgment to be heard from heaven: the earth trembled and was still. When God arose in judgment to save all the meek of the earth." (Ps. LXXV. 9, 10.) There is, then, no necessity to suppose, with some, that there is here any immediate reference to the general judgment; or that the kingdom of the saints is to be understood of the celestial paradise, or of any imaginary state of society on earth, such as the millenium, in which we should experience unmixd happiness. All such interpretations are excluded by the nature of the prediction of which this judgment forms a part. In this vision, Daniel saw the same objects that were shown to Nabuchodonosor under the image of a statue, composed of different materials, (Dan. II.) and the prediction concerning the little stone which was to crumble that statue into pieces, was evidently to be fulfilled at the first, and not at the second coming of Christ. Hence it follows that the destruction of the fourth kingdom was to be the consequence of Christ's first coming, and consequently, that the judgment which preceded that destruction, was to be connected with, and precede the same event. We therefore conclude that the judgment here spoken of, the destruction of the beast, and the triumph of the saints, are not to be connected with the final consummation of the world, nor confounded with the general judgment that will then take place—a misconception which, probably, more than any other, has rendered the interpretation of this portion of Daniel, and the corresponding passage in the Apocalypse of St. John, a source of morbid excitement and mischievous fanaticism.

We conclude, then, for the present, by stating in a few words the conclusions we have already established in this and the preceding number.

1. The predictions in the 2nd and 7th chapters have reference to the same objects.

2. The four empires are those of the Assyrians, Persians, Greek, and Romans.

3. The fifth kingdom is the Church of Christ, as it alone can be regarded as the kingdom which God himself was to found—as the kingdom of the saints of the Most High—as one that is to stand forever—an everlasting kingdom.

4. This Church of Christ is that which Christ founded while on earth, because it was to be founded before the destruction of the fourth kingdom, and because it was founded by God, who declared its perpetuity when he said:—"the gates of hell shall never prevail against it." This church is the kingdom of the saints, because all its members, as such, make a profession of sanctity; and hence we find the appellation of "saints" applied by the Apostle Paul to denote christians in general, many of whom were not actually holy. The church which Christ founded is also an everlasting kingdom; because its existence is not limited by time, but when time shall be no more, it will continue in heaven for eternity.

5. The judgment spoken of in this chapter is not the last universal judgment, but the punishment of the power symbolized by the fourth beast.

6. We have purposely abstained from examining what persons or objects are denoted by the ten horns, and the little horn of the fourth beast; because we could not enter upon the subject without anticipating the matter of our next. But we have shown that these—whatever they may be—must be sought for in connection with the history of the Roman empire; and, consequently, every other application of these symbols must be rejected as arbitrary and inconclusive.

THE VESPER HOUR.

It is the twilight's holy hour,—
Mute is the bird, and closed the flower,
The heaven and earth are still and clear,
As if they listened HIS voice to hear!
All is hushed on the ear of night,
Save a fitful breeze, and a beetle's flight—
But hark! that knell,—to the evening star,
The Vesper-bell tolls faint and far.

The Heaven above, and the earth beneath,
Send up His boundless praise,
The tapers are light
On the altar bright,
And the lonely friar
And the holy choir
Their even song upraise!
The stars in the sky
Are His tapers high,
And the flowers of the field
Their incense yield,
And the dew of the night,
Like drops of light.
Earth's holy water, pure and bright.

Glory to Him, who reigns in might,
Where never is bound of day or night,
And all in Heaven's eternal blaze,
Cherubs and Seraphs sing His praise.
Child of the dust, I kneel to THEE!
Angels of Heaven, pray for me.

Thou, who on thy sick bed lying,
Hear'st that sweet bell's blessed sound?
"Lingering, hoping,"—haply dying
Lift thy hand and sign thy brow,
When that faint chime wakes thee now;
Father and mother shall pray for thee,
And the stainless soul of infancy
Mingle its sinless hymn.
And when that bell, and hymn, and prayer,
Rise up to Heaven from earthly air,
The Cherubim and Seraphim
Shall veil their heads in their wings, and join
Their glorious voices to succor thine.

Far away, on the ocean wide,
 Where mariners sad the white wave ride,
 And all unlike this evening still
 The tempest is raving wild and shrill ;—
 Faint in the blast through the waters' roar,
 When the vesper knell comes off the shore,
 The hoary pilot and fainting men,
 "DE PROFUNDIS" shall murmur then,
 And the trembling mates shall say, AMEN !—
 Mother of Mercies ! pray for them !

Deep, in the lonely prison cell,
 Where never the sun the day may tell,
 And many a year of pain and dole,
 The iron has entered the captive soul,
 When to the dungeon's living grave,
 The vesper bell its toll shall wave,
 Beside the ring-bar's steely tree,
 The wasted form shall bend his knee,
 And in the cold and heavy chain,
 To cross his brow the fetter strain ;—
 It may be at that vesper's dim,
 His brother and sister shall pray for him.
 Blessed Apostles and Martyrs dear,
 Beseech in heaven their prayer to hear !

CATH. MAG.

PARISIAN HYMN.

As the sun
 O'er misty shrouds,
 When he walks
 Upon the clouds ;

Or as when
 The moon doth rise,
 And refreshes
 All the skies ;

Or as when
 The lily flower
 Stands amid
 The vernal bower ;

Or on the water's
 Glassy face
 Doth reflect
 The starry space :

“Thus above
All mothers shone
The mother of
The Blessed One.”*

* Hymns translated from the Parisian Breviary. By the author of ‘The Cathedral.’ 18mo. London: Rivingtons, 1842.

THE FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION.

“If nothing delights me, nothing also terrifies me more, than to speak of the glory of the Virgin Mary.”—[St. Bernard Sermon iv. de Assumption.

In honouring the saints of God, we honour Jesus Christ, the head of the saints, who, in crowning their good works, according to the language of St. Augustine, only crowns his own mercies. This remark is specially applicable to the honour we pay to the ever blessed mother of Jesus Christ. We venerate her, because she is His mother—because He honoured and obeyed her throughout his life on earth—and because He adorned her with so many graces and excellences, as made her deserving of honour. The principle of St. Paul—“*honour to whom honour is due*”—(Rom. xii.) is fairly applicable to her. The honour we pay to the mother, necessarily redounds to the Son; and far from being offended with us for venerating her, He would be displeased with us, were we to withhold from her the honour which is her due. He is the great Sun of Justice, and the Sun of the religious world—the only source of the supernatural light of faith, and of the genial warmth of grace. She is the moon—*pulchra ut luna*—which, though it contain no light nor heat of itself, yet has more reflected light than any of the planets. And, to continue the allegory, as the moon sheds her light over the world during the night; so, also, she sheds on us her mild radiance during the night of this life, and especially during the darkness of tribulation.

The church of Christ has ever cherished a most tender devotion towards the Blessed Virgin. In endeavoring to instil this sentiment into the minds and hearts of her children, she has given additional evidence that she is truly the spouse of Jesus Christ, and she alone has accomplished the prophecy made by the Virgin herself, that “*all generations should call her blessed.*” St. Epiphanius speaks of a sect called Colliridians, who carried their feeling of veneration for her to the most unwarrantable length of offering her divine honours, thus grossly insulting both her and her Divine Son. The Church immediately condemned this idolatry, and excluded the Colliridians from communion as heretics.—Perhaps the fact that such a heresy sprang up at so early a period, might be cited as an evidence of the tender devotion cherished by christians of that day for the mother of God. Such a heresy would be impossible among protestants of the present day. When, in the beginning of the fifth century, Nestorius, Bishop of Constantinople, denied that Mary was *Theotocos*, or the mother of God, there was a burst of general indignation throughout the entire christian

world. The third general council of the Church was assembled at Ephesus in 431, in a church dedicated to God under the name and invocation of Mary: the new doctrine was examined and condemned, and so great was the popular feeling on the occasion, that when the decree of the council was made known, the vaults of the church were made to re-echo, and even the streets of the city to resound with acclamations in honour of the *Theotocos*!

This devotional feeling was chiefly manifested on the feasts instituted by the church to commemorate the life and virtues of the Virgin. Of these, the greatest and most solemn was the festival of the Assumption. This commemorated the happy termination of her earthly career, and the glorious consummation of her bliss, by her entrance into the glory prepared for her by her divine Son. While on this day the faithful poured out their hearts in thanksgiving to God for the privileges bestowed on Mary, they were, at the same time, powerfully stimulated to imitate her many virtues, by a view of the brightness of her crown. And while in spirit they accompanied her in her triumphant entry into heaven, and listened to the angelic exclamation, which greeted her—“*who is she that cometh up from the desert filled with delights, and leaning on the arm of her beloved?*”* they did not forget to invoke with humble confidence her intercession in behalf of those who were yet sorrowfully journeying through the wilderness of life, and to enter into the pathetic sentiments of that beautiful anthem, the *Salve Regina*.

Ancient writers are not fully agreed as to the place of the Virgin's death. Some of the Fathers went so far in their reverence for memory, as to deny that she died at all, and to assert that God, to crown his other favors, bestowed on her the gift of immortality, and transferred her to eternal life, without permitting her to taste death. Of this number is St. Epiphanius. But this opinion seems wholly inadmissible, for it is not to be supposed that she received a privilege which was denied to her divine Son. Many think that she died at Ephesus. The chief grounds for this opinion are, 1st, the fact that John, the beloved disciple and the divinely appointed protector of the Virgin, closed his earthly career at Ephesus; and, 2nd, the supposed testimony to the fact of the council of Ephesus in 431, the fathers of which, in a letter to the clergy and people of Constantinople, state that Nestorius had been condemned in the city of Ephesus, and mention as its peculiar patrons, “*John, the Theologian, and the holy Virgin Mary, the mother of God.*”† But neither reason is conclusive.—The second reason rests upon a very uncertain explanation of an obscure passage, and the first upon facts which are, to say the least, very doubtful. Tho' it is admitted, that St. John passed the last of the years of his life at Ephesus, yet it is by no means certain that he fixed his abode there, before the death of the Virgin, which, according to the most probable opinion, occurred about 12 years after our Lord's ascension, or about the year 46. St. Paul seems to have had special charge of Ephesus, as long as he lived. We find him appointing Timothy bishop of that city about the year 64, and about a year later, or shortly before his martyrdom under Nero, he wrote his second epistle to Timothy, in which, without making the most distant allusion to the beloved disciple's being at Ephesus, he requests Timothy to pay him a visit in Rome, where he was confined in prison. Had St. John been in Ephesus at that time, is it not prob-

* Canticles c. 8, v 5.

† Labb Concill, Tom 3. “In qua Joannes Theologus, et Deipara Virg. Sancta Maria.”—Some critics have expounded these words to mean that the tombs, or at least churches erected over the tombs of John and the blessed Virgin were at Ephesus; but the words may mean only that both were held in special veneration by the city, and that churches were erected in honor of both, which we know to have been the case.

able that St. Paul would have alluded to the fact, and perhaps advised his own disciple to seek counsel at his hands? It is, then, not certain that St. John took up his abode at Ephesus, until after the death of the Apostles Peter and Paul, about the year 66: and it does not even appear that he did so until after his return from Rome, on the occasion of his miraculous preservation from death, when by order of Domitian he was cast into the cauldron of boiling oil at the Porta Latina. This happened sometime after the year 80. These reasons have induced many to think, that St. John remained in the vicinity Jerusalem, until after the death of the blessed Virgin, and this being once admitted, the argument above alleged to prove that she died at Ephesus, would prove, if it proved any thing, that she died at Jerusalem. The famous church bearing her name at Ephesus, is an evidence of the early devotion of the Ephesians to her memory, but it is no proof that she died in that city, otherwise we might prove by a similar argument, that she died in a hundred different cities, in which churches were erected in her honour at an early period of the church.

The more common, and we think the more probable, opinion is, that after our Lord's ascension, she continued to live in the house of John on Mt. Sion—that she died in Jerusalem, and was buried at the foot of Mt. Olivet, in the valley of Jehosaphat, near the garden of Gethsemani. On that spot her tomb was exhibited for centuries, and there it may yet be seen. This is the opinion of Andrew of Crete, who lived towards the close of the seventh century,* and of St. Germanus, patriarch of Constantinople, in the eighth century.† It is also the opinion of the Armenian,‡ and of the Muscovite christians. About the year 740, St. Willibald visited Jerusalem on a pilgrimage, and he saw an empty tomb of the Virgin at the foot of Mt. Olivet.§ The venerable Bede places her tomb on the same spot: || as also Adamnan, an Irish monk, who visited Palestine, towards the close of the seventh century.¶

In speaking of the death and subsequent translation to heaven of the blessed Virgin, the ancient fathers and writers on martyrology employ different terms, which, however, imply almost the same thing. The *repose* or *sleep* of the Virgin—the *passage* or *transit* of the Virgin, and her *assumption*, all refer to the same event, viewed under somewhat different aspects. The last epithet, however, which is now common in the Catholic church, seems the most appropriate: for it expresses the *act* of her translation to heaven, by the agency of some power extrinsic to herself; whereas the second, common in the Greek Church, might imply a translation effected by herself, and the first implies no translation at all, but only the fact of her death, under the scriptural image of repose or sleep.

There can be no doubt, that immediately after the death of the Virgin, her *soul* was transferred to bliss eternal. All admit this. No christian can for a moment doubt this proposition. The lofty dignity—the surpassing excellence—and the unspeakable purity of that soul, compel the belief, that it is not only in the realms of bliss, but that it occupies the very highest seat of glory

* Oratio in Dormitione B. Maria. † Orat. in Dormit. Deiparæ.

‡ Concil Armenum A. D. 1342 apud Martene Vet. Script. Tom. viii. p. 351.

§ Apud Canisium Tom. ii. p. 183. || De Locis Sanctis p. 502.

¶ See his Testimony in Mabillon Itinerarium Sect. 3.

We might also add here the authority of Hypolytos Thebanus, whose work—a sort of chronicle of the life of Christ and his Apostles—is published by Schelestrate, from an old Vatican MS. (No. 573.) This old writer says that the B. Virgin lived eleven years after the Ascension of Christ, in the house of John the beloved disciple at Jerusalem, which house was a place of common resort for the early Christians, and is hence called by him quaintly enough, the MATER ECCLESIAE—“the Mother of the Churches.”—See Schelestrate Antiquitates, Vol I. p. 510.

which could be awarded to a mere creature. The exaltation of her soul, and the glories which encircle it, are the chief subjects commemorated in the Feast of the Assumption. And if only the *soul* of the Virgin had been *assumed* into heaven, and the festival had been instituted only to commemorate that assumption, it would have had a full and adequate object. But a very ancient, pious, and venerable tradition, common to the Greek and Latin churches, and held also by the ancient Oriental sectaries, asserts also the *bodily* assumption of the Mother of God. And we will endeavour to show, 1st, that the fact for which that tradition vouches, is reasonable in itself, and such as, from the nature of things, we would naturally be inclined to look for and to admit: and 2ndly, that the historic evidence which sustains the fact is very respectable, and such as itself would render it highly probable, if not wholly certain. We must however remark here, that, though a belief in the bodily assumption of the Virgin is common among Catholics, and is evidently sanctioned by the public service of the Church, yet it constitutes no article of Catholic faith: still its rejection by a Catholic could not be excused from the imputation of imprudence and temerity.*

1. The tradition avers, that the blessed Virgin died, and was interred by the Apostles and disciples of the Lord who were in the vicinity—that, on the third day thereafter, these visited the tomb in which her body was not found, but only her garments, which exhaled a most sweet odour—and that from this public fact, the opinion generally obtained among the early Christians that her glorious body had been transferred to heaven with her soul. This is the substance of the tradition. We have nothing to do with the details—many of them absurd and fabulous—which some have attempted to graft on the original narration. Such are many of the circumstances detailed in an old work on the Assumption, falsely ascribed to Melito of Sardis, but probably written by an anonymous Greek writer of the sixth century, who was as injudicious as he was obscure. All that the church festival necessarily implies, is the simple fact, “that *the body of the Virgin was taken up to heaven.*”

Many reasons *a priori* would incline us to a belief in this anticipated resurrection of the Mother of God. St. Mathew tells us,† that on the death of Christ, “*the graves were opened, and many bodies of the saints that slept arose; And coming out of the tombs after his resurrection, came into the Holy City and appeared unto many.*” It seems certain, then, that on the resurrection of Christ, who was “*the first fruits of the dead,*” many arose in the body. And it is a highly probable opinion, held by St. Ignatius Martyr, Origen, Eusebius, Epiphanius, and many others, that these went up to heaven in their bodies, with our blessed Lord in his Ascension.‡ If this opinion be admitted, may we not infer *a fortiori*, that the Virgin Mother of God was bodily assumed into heaven? If this privilege was bestowed on ordinary saints, and those too belonging to the old dispensation, would it be withheld from the brightest ornament of the New Testament—from the glorious Mother of God? She was by far the purest and most excellent of all God’s creatures—

“Our tainted nature’s solitary boast”§—

She had never been sullied by any, even original, defilement—One of the brightest angels of the heavenly court had been sent on an embassy to her, and he had pronounced her “*full of grace,*” and had declared her the chosen temple of

* Ben. xiv. Defestis, p. 499. † Chap. xxvii. v. 52, 53.

‡ See Benedict xiv. de Festis p. 502, where, with his usual wise moderation, he says that this opinion “*SUA NON CARET PROBABILITATE,*”

§ Wordsworth.

God—"the Lord is with thee." Is it credible, then, that she would have been denied the privilege of anticipated resurrection, which had been awarded to others? Is it credible that her soul would have been transferred to heaven, without the pure and immaculate body which it had inhabited—the jewel without the casket which enclosed it? Again, that body had been the chosen temple of God made man; and she was the Mother of God. Christ ascended to heaven in the flesh—is it not natural to suppose that he wished to see his mother in heaven? Not the soul of the Virgin alone, but the soul united with the body, was the mother of Christ; therefore it is reasonable to believe that the Blessed Mother of God was transferred to heaven in the body. We will conclude this part of the argument in the language of M. Joly, an able defender of the bodily Assumption: "Who," says he, "will deny the power of God to effect such an assumption? Who will presume to question his will to effect it? Who will dare assert, that the Blessed Virgin, whom an angel sent by God himself saluted and declared "*full of grace*," was undeserving of this favour, especially after she had become the Mother of God?"

II. The reasons hitherto alleged, however they may prepare the mind for admitting the fact of the bodily assumption, are not of themselves sufficient to establish its existence. Like all other facts it must be established by evidence. Is the evidence usually adduced to prove it, sufficient to convince a reasonable mind? We think so, and we will endeavor to sustain our opinion, by exhibiting a brief summary of that evidence. We freely admit that there is not extant any *direct* testimony to the fact from any writer who lived during the first five centuries of the Church. We as freely admit, that the testimonies alleged by the learned Canisius§ from writers of that period, are taken from works which more enlightened critics believe to be either spurious, or of very doubtful authority. On the other hand, it is equally certain, that many authorities produced by Launojus and others from writers of those ages, against the fact of the Assumption, are wholly worthless. Truth requires these admissions on both sides; and a good cause can never suffer from the truth.

How, then, we are asked, can we venture to assert a fact of which no mention is made for five centuries after it is said to have occurred? If we were *certain* that no mention had been made of it, by any writer of that period, the argument, though merely negative, and not conclusive, might yet have considerable force. But have we any such certainty? Have all the writings of the Fathers, or even half of them been preserved until our day? How many thousand volumes of them have been lost by conflagrations of libraries and cities, and by other casualties, during a period when it was so easy to destroy works, of which in many cases, but one copy, and in all, but few copies were in existence? How many, think you, of the works belonging to the period in question, perished in the Alexandrian Library, containing 600,000 valuable manuscripts, all of which were burnt in 632, by order of Caliph Omar? How many, or rather how few, of the 6000 volumes which the Great Origen is said to have written, have come down to our days? But there is another consideration which greatly weakens the force of the objection. Most, if not all the fathers, during that period, wrote on subjects in which a mention of, or even an allusion to, the Virgin's Assumption, would have been wholly foreign. How few writers of the present day, even on religious and theological subjects, have occasion to refer to this topic? And what would be thought of the wight, who to prove that a belief in the bodily Assumption of the Virgin is recent in the Catholic Church of the present day, should allege the silence on the subject of

§ Lib. v. c. 5, De Maria Deipara.

nineteen out of twenty of our standard writers for the last five hundred years? Would his line of argument be thought conclusive?

But though we have no *direct*, we have at least *indirect* testimonies of the fact from the first five centuries of the Church. We have the evidence of writers, both Greek and Latin, from the sixth to the present century, many of whom refer to the testimony of previous writers, and nearly all of whom speak on the subject in a tone of confidence, which precludes every doubt, and proves that they are only giving utterance to the general and settled belief of their age—a belief too, not of a new opinion, but of a fact handed down from previous centuries. If such be the characters of the evidence we are about to adduce, it must certainly be viewed as strong, if not conclusive. And that they are such, we think every impartial mind will admit.

Our first witness is St. Gregory of Tours, a writer of the sixth century, and the father of French history. Speaking of the Assumption of the Virgin, he uses this clear and explicit language: * “The Lord ordered the most sacred body of the Virgin to be taken up to Paradise, where now, united with her soul, it is exulting with the elect, and enjoying forever, without any fear of change, the goods of eternity.” Had there been any doubt on the subject in the sixth century, he would certainly have spoken with some hesitancy. St. Ildefonsus of Toledo, a writer of the seventh century, bears evidence to the same belief, though it must be admitted, that he speaks less confidently. He says: † “Nor ought we to omit, what many through a feeling of piety most willingly believe, that she was on this day bodily raised up to the palace of heaven.” Were it deemed important to multiply testimonies to establish what few will deny—the general belief in the bodily Assumption of the Virgin in the Latin Church after the sixth century—we might bring the testimony of Fulbert, ‡ of St. Peter Damian §, and of Peter Blesensis, || who wrote in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. St. Thomas of Aquin, and the scholastic Theologians generally, held the same belief. ¶

The testimony of the Greek Fathers is perhaps more important, because they lived nearer Jerusalem where the fact occurred, and perhaps had access to many sources of information, which may not have been open to those of the Western Church. Many of them in fact appeal to the testimony of previous writers, whose works have since perished. Thus, about the year 630, St. Modestus delivered a discourse on the Assumption, in which he proved the fact from reason, and from the testimony of more ancient authors. This work is cited by Photius in his *Bibliotheca Orientalis*, and was published at Rome by M. Giacomelli in 1760. Towards the close of the seventh century, Andrew of Crete, not only states the fact of the bodily Assumption of the Virgin, but gives it with all the important details referred to above. ** In the eighth century, St. Germanus, Patriarch of Constantinople, bears explicit testimony to the same fact. ††

Among the Greek writers of the eighth century, none was more distinguished than St. John Damascene. As a historian, as a critic, and as a theologian, he stands justly pre-eminent among the writers of his age. He would not surely have hazarded a statement on so grave a subject, without being borne out by the strongest evidence. In the second of his Homilies, “on the sleep of the Virgin,” he relates the following public facts, and appeals to the authority of the Historian Euthymius, as his warrant for the statement. The Em-

* Lib. de Miraculis c. iv. † Sermo vi. de Assumpt.

‡ Sermo 2, de Nativitate. § Sermo de Assumpt. || Sermo 28 de Assumpt.

¶ Summa. Pars iii. Quest. 27, Art. 1. ** Orat. in Dorm. B. M. †† Orat. in Dorm. Deip.

press Pulcheria had erected a magnificent Church at Constantinople, which she had dedicated to God, under the name and invocation of the Virgin. Influenced with an ardent desire to find the body of the Blessed Mother of God, she and her imperial consort Marcian, sent an embassy to Juvenal, Bishop of Jerusalem, desiring him to use every exertion to find the body, which, they had learned, was still preserved in her tomb in the Garden of Gethsemani. Juvenal answered, that the tomb still remained, but that the body was not there—and that on the third day after her death, the Apostles having opened her tomb, found nothing but her garments, which exhaled a most fragrant odor. Marcian and Pulcheria then directed that the sepulchre with the garments, well sealed, should be brought to Constantinople. These facts are also related by Nicephorus, in his history, written in the following century.* Some have attempted to invalidate the testimony of Nicephorus, who further states that the tomb was actually transferred to Constantinople, by alleging the fact that Burchard in his Travels,† and several other writers testify to having seen the tomb of the Virgin in the Garden of Gethsemani, for centuries after the reign of Marcian and Pulcheria, in the fifth century. But this has but little force; for Nicephorus may be understood as implying, that the bier only, or inner portion of the Virgin's tomb, was transported to the Imperial City, and that the tomb itself, or rather the monument erected over it, remained at Jerusalem.

Here then we have a very grave writer, stating a public fact, the actors in which were an Emperor, an Empress and a Bishop, and supporting his assertion by appealing to the testimony of a previous writer, then well known. We also find his testimony confirmed by that of a standard historian of the following century. Would Damascene have hazarded the assertion, under the circumstances, unless the fact had been deemed evident and incontestible? Had he done so, would not some one have contradicted him? Would not the facts, and the documents which he alleged, have been called in question? And would Juvenal, Bishop of Jerusalem, have given the answer he did to the imperial envoys, unless he had been fully warranted in doing so, by the uninterrupted tradition of his Church?

But we have still stronger evidence for the fact we are endeavoring to establish—we have the public and official documents of both the Latin and of the Greek Church, contained in their respective Martyrologies, Sacramentaries, and Liturgies. The bodily Assumption of the Virgin is clearly implied in a prayer prescribed for the Feast of the Assumption, in the Sacramentary of Pope Gelasius, as enlarged by Pope Gregory the Great, towards the close of the sixth century. The old Gothic Missal, edited by Cardinal Thomasius, and republished with notes by the learned Mabillon, clearly asserts the same fact. We must observe, that this Missal is at least as old as the eighth century; for it went out of use early in the ninth, when, by order of Charlemagne, the Roman Missal began to be generally used throughout Germany and France. To the testimony of the Missals and Sacramentaries, we may add that of the ancient Martyrologies. In the old Martyrology of the Latin Church, the Feast of the Assumption is clearly mentioned. It is remarkable, however, that in this, as in many similar ancient documents, two distinct feasts are indicated: one of her *Depositio*, *Dormitio*, or death, which was set down for the 18th of January, and the other of her *transitus*, or Assumption, which was celebrated as at present on the 15th of August.

It is not altogether certain when the Feast of the Assumption was first in-

* Lib. xiv. c. 2, and Lib. xv. c. 14.

† Pax. i. c. 7.

stituted and observed in the Church; nor is it important to our present inquiry.

The fact of the Assumption may have been undoubted, and yet for various reasons, a feast to commemorate it on a special day may have been delayed.—It appears certain, that shortly after the council of Ephesus in 431, several feasts of the Virgin began to be celebrated throughout both the Latin and the Greek churches. It is also certain that the feast of the Assumption was generally observed before the close of the 6th century, when the emperor Mauritius, as we learn from Nicephorus,* published an edict by which he commanded all his subjects to observe this feast on the same day—the 15th of August. About two centuries later, an edict of similar tenor was issued by Charlemagne.—These imperial laws were no doubt made with the express or tacit consent of the bishops, and were designed, not to institute new feasts, but to secure uniformity in the observance of those already in existence. In regard to the feast in question, this uniformity in respect to the day has existed throughout the Greek and Latin churches for more than twelve centuries. The Greek church not only bears evidence to the fact of the Assumption, in her *Menologium*,† or martyrology, but has even gone farther on this subject than the Latin church, and confirmed it, in a public synod held at Jerusalem in the year 1672, under the Patriarch Dositheus. Among the declarations of this council in opposition to the doctrines of Calvin, is found a very strong one in favour of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and of her bodily assumption.

To conclude, we have endeavoured to prove that the belief in the bodily assumption of the Virgin is both reasonable in itself and sustained by strong historical evidence. No valid argument against its reasonableness can be adduced either from philosophy or from Revelation: and from history no positive proof can be alleged against the fact. The unanimous consent on the subject of the Greek and Latin, and oriental churches—the general consent of martyrologies and liturgies—the common opinion of christians attached to all the old churches, and the difficulties of explaining this wondrous agreement, unless on the hypothesis that the fact really occurred—constitute, taken together, a mass of evidence which no reasonable mind can resist. The maxim of Tertullian may be here applied, *quod ab omnibus est creditum, non est erratum, sed traditum.*—"What all agree in believing is not an error but a sound tradition." This is specially true, when this common belief and agreement are found to exist in the bosom of that church which was built "upon a rock," concerning which Christ pledged his solemn word, that "*the gates of hell should not prevail against it*," and to the ministers of which he promised, that "*He would be with them all days even to the end of the world.*"‡ (Math. xvi. and xxviii.

P. F.

We append to the foregoing learned contribution to the pages of the *Cabinet*, the following lines taken from an English Catholic Journal. They will be found to contain a fine poetical description of the Assumption. They were attached to Raphael's picture of the Assumption exhibited last year at the Bristol (England) Institution. The poet, it will be seen, has adopted the opinion, that the Holy Virgin died at Ephesus.

* Lib 17, c 28. † Ad. diem 15, Augusti.

‡ Those who wish to see more upon this interesting subject may consult an essay sur le Trepas de la Sainte Vierge in the cible de Vence, Tom. 12; also, Suarez Tractat de Mysteries B. M. Virginis; the Vindicie Assumptionis contra Launojum, written by an anonymous author, under the fictitious name, Avocat, Thomassin Traite des Fetes liv 2, ch. 20; and Benedict 14, de Festis J. C. et B. M. V. c. 8, and de Canoniz La 1 c. 43, &c. &c.

In Ephesus our Lady dear,
Christ's holy mother, died,
And many a day around the bier
Her mourners watched and sigh'd.

For, O, she wore no look of death
In that long slumber deep ;
But seemed as one whose gentle breath
Forebore to breathe asleep.

Her lips still kept their native red,
Her eyes retained their light,
And round the honours of her head
A glory circled bright.

No wonder, then, her mourners dear
Should common custom waive,
And for a long, long time forbear
To give her to the grave.

At length, by awe and reverence led,
With faith to cheer the gloom,
They made in mother earth a bed,
And gave her to the tomb.

With skill did they the same devise,
And bade the stone record—
"Here waiting resurrection lies
The Mother of our Lord."

Not long, when from the countries round
The bless'd Apostles came,—
The chosen few still faithful found
To spread their Master's name.

And soon they found that sacred place
Where she was laid to rest,—
The hailed as Mary full of grace
By Gabriel the blest.

To Salem all with one accord
They will her body bear,
And lay her where was laid the Lord,
In Joseph's sepulchre.

With pious awe they lift the stone,
That holds her name in trust;
Where late beneath, outstretched and prone,
Was laid her hallow'd dust.

With reverence deep, they bend, they bow,
Look down into the tomb,
And what see they ?—fresh flowrets blow
In all their summer bloom.

The fragrant lily, fair and white,
Profusely flourished there,
'Mong leaves as green, and full and bright,
As ever did earth bear.

While round about, in order brave,
Did roses thickly bloom,

Giving unto the darksome grave
The garden's sweet perfume :

Choice emblems of that blessed one
Who there was laid to rest ;
The Mother of God's only Son,
Our Lord forever blest.

For she was like the lily fair,
And spotless as it snows,
And sweet as is the fragrance rare
Embosomed in the rose;

The first above all woman-kind,
And over all the blest,
The mother dear of Him designed
To give the weary rest;

Who nursed him through His infant years.
Her wonder, hope and pride,—
Who shed for him unnumbered tears,
And mourned Him when He died ;

She might not (did His servants cry,
Belief, their spirit's trust,)
Be left with cold mortality
To moulder into dust ;

And glad and wondering at the sign
To them so strangely given,
They hailed it as the proof divine
Of her ascent to heaven.

This lovely legend Raphael drew,
With his unrivalled dyes,
And set the Virgin full in view
Ascending to the skies.

INCONNU.

Bristol, October 5th, 1842.

CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT MISSIONARIES.

A London contemporary furnishes us with the subjoined extracts from the works of protestant writers, which we have willingly transferred to our pages, for motives which it requires no wizzard to penetrate.

“The Catholic mission is guided by a zealous and well-informed superintendent, under the title of Vicar-Apostolic of the Islands of the western Pacific, settled at Kororarika, where he performs Mass. He has been very assiduous in his duties, and is very sanguine as to the result. With those Mowrees (natives) to whom he is known, he seems popular. He is a native of France, M. Pompaliere : the natives call him the *Pikypo*, for what reason I know not;—

he also employs a schooner and makes the circuit of the Island. He has converted the oldest chief in the Bay of Islands, old Tarryha, his sons and people, although previously attendants on the church mission. His reverence proceeds on one good principle, that of guarding the natives against selling all their land. He says he has not been sent to trade, that he is no buyer of land, unless to assist natives who have been reckless of future wants. Of the actual result of his efforts no opinion can, for some time, be pronounced. When I embarked to inspect a country on the east coast, I was surprised to meet, on joining my ship, Moka, Tarryha's son, with about thirty of his people, men, women and children. During their passage, three times a-day, their discordant voices were raised together, chaunting the mass, or some service of the Catholic faith. Moka told me he was going to the eastward, to his wife's relative's and was commissioned to introduce to the natives the news of the vicar's intended visit to them, to build him a chapel there, and practice the people in such part of the ritual as his own party had learned.

"When they landed on the coast, every one had a good loading of guns and trade, and Master Moka had a store of guns and gun-powder, blankets, and other trade. They reached Opoteekie, where they built a chapel, and the very children were humming over some portion of masses in their play. Twice a day the chapel was crowded, chorusing together, although, perhaps, not 12 of all of them had ever seen the vicar or his curés. The vicar paid them a visit soon after, and many numbers signed their names as of his flock. Moka sent eight fat hogs to him as a present, and paid him great attention. It was rather a curious sight to look at, coming to a remote *pah* (village in New Zealand), crouching in a narrow *tee-why* (boat,) paddled by a half naked Mowree, two priests in their long black frocks and three cornered hats."—"*Hand Book for Emigrants and others, being a history of New Zealand*," by John Bright, M. R. C. S., 1841, p. 126.

"Abroad the protestant missionaries, are accused of having endeavoured to appropriate the entire commerce with the natives. If so they have unjustly interfered, and attended so much to secular pursuits, as to prevent their effecting all the good in their power. In confirmation of this, their accusers say that the chairman and others (of the Church Missionary Society) engage in commercial speculations, having, together with Mr. Clendon, the Consul for America, a ship, the *Tokyan*, engaged in whaling, and they point to the immense territorial possessions of the society, comprising the great part of the north end of the island, and containing an immense acreage of Cowry timber, the most valuable production. And it is also noticed that a very large annual supply of very superior articles of trade are sent out to them, with the society's mark on the packages, which merchandize is expended on their own interests, without reference to those duties they were sent to perform.

"In the first place, their accusers do not sustain, out there, the most perfect characters; in the second, the ministers say, 'We are here for life, and our children have grown here; may we not provide for them? We are in the receipt of salaries, why may we not apply them to our advantage? We have done the best we can for the native, while we have done well for ourselves, and we should have done better for him but for the force of bad example, which you are ready to show and to sanction. We are responsible for our trust on earth to the society's committee, and we render our accounts to them.'

"They have been accused of pride and inhospitality; the former charge perhaps, arising from some airs shown off by the catechists, which had been more charitably reported, for their correction, to the missionaries, than laid at the door of the latter. The missionaries deny having given a low price for their

land, and have rendered themselves obnoxious to several by preventing frauds on the natives. The matters are common talk out there, and are as well mentioned, for many reasons, especially that the new settler may not embarrass himself by entering into schisms.

"The Wesleyans also delegated ministers to labour among the heathens, and were settled down at Wangaroa, whence the outrages of the natives obliged them to flee. Their chief station is at Hokianga, and about that neighborhood; the members are not many, although their ministration is perfect. Some of them have given up their labours as missionaries, and taken to trade very extensively, doubtless an error in any one who has once officiated as a minister of the gospel, one of them engaging in large contracts for timber.*

"The church mission stations are the principal at Py-hee-ah, opposite Kororika, the Waydematte, mid-way between there and Hokianga, at the Thames, Touranga, Poverty Bay, and three or four to the northward, some also to the southward. All possess boats, and a schooner of fifty tons is at their direction, and in their pay."—*Idem* p. 123.

In a work just published by Doctor Dieffenbach, a naturalist of the New-Zealand company, after speaking at some length of the bad effects produced by the too hasty introduction among the natives, of the European manners and civilization, and of the dissensions and demoralization that have been the result of it, and which he attributes, especially to the ill advised intervention of the protestant missionaries, the author mentions that the eleven missionaries established in the country receive from the protestant missionary Society for their support the sum of 17,000 dollars per annum; and that in the division of land made by the commissioners, they had obtained for their share 96219 acres.—Some of these individuals, continues the author, have retired to live on their estates, and their sons are become so independent that they refuse lucrative posts offered them by government.

Dr. Dieffenbach speaks in a different manner of the Catholic missionaries; "The humble and disinterested conduct of these priests," says he, (vol. 2, p. 169,) and their manner of living, are very different. The superior education which they have generally received, has procured for them friends both among the natives, of the latter of whom they have already converted a great number."

—*L' Univers et l' Union Catholique.*

* For further information of the mercantile propensities and performances of protestant missionaries, see some plain statements and unsparing reflections of a protestant, in Lang's History of New South Wales.

WAR IN LA VENDEE.*

The district immortalized by the name of La Vendée embraces a part of Poitou, of Anjou, and of the county of Nantes, and is now divided into four departments, those of Loire Inferieure, Maine and Loire, Deux Sevres, and Vendée. It is bounded on the north by the Loire, from Nantes to Angers; on the west by the sea; on the south by the road from Niort to Fontenay, Luçon, and the Sables d'Olonne; on the east by a line passing through Brissac, Thouars, Parthenay, and Niort. This space comprehends the whole of what was properly the seat of the La Vendée contest, and contains 800,000 souls; the Loire separated that district from that which afterwards became so well known from the Chouan wars.

This country differs, both in its external aspect and the manners of its inhabitants, from any other part of France. It is composed, for the most part of inconsiderable hills, not connected with any chain of mountains, but which rise in gentle undulations from the generally level surface of the country. The valleys are narrow, but of no great depth; and at their bottom flow little streams, which glide by a gentle descent to the Loire, or the neighboring ocean. Great blocks of granite rise up at intervals on the heights, and resemble castellated ruins, amid a forest of vegetation. On the banks of the Sevre, the scenery assumes a bolder character, and that stream flows in a deep and rocky bed amid overhanging wood; but in the districts bordering on the Loire, the declivities are more gentle, and extensive valleys reward the labors of the cultivator.

The Bocage, as its name indicates, is covered with trees; not, indeed, any where disposed in large masses, but surrounding the little enclosures into which the country is subdivided. The smallness of the farms, the great subdivision of landed property, and the prevalence of cattle husbandry, has rendered the custom universal of enclosing every field, how small soever, with hedges, which are surmounted with pollards, whose branches are cut every five years for firewood to the inhabitants. Little grain is raised, the population depending chiefly on the sale of their cattle, or the produce of the dairy; and the landscape is only diversified at intervals in autumn by yellow patches glittering through the surrounding foliage, or clusters of vines overhanging the rocky eminences. The air in this region is pure, the farms small, the situation of the farmhouses, overshadowed by aged oaks, or peeping out of luxuriant foliage, picturesque in the extreme. There are neither navigable rivers nor canals, no great roads nor towns in the district; secluded in his leafy shroud, each peasant cultivates his little domain, severed alike from the elegancies, the ambition, or the seductions of the world.

* This beautiful and interesting description of a most extraordinary struggle of a brave and generous people with their oppressors, we have taken from the 12th chapter of ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE during the French Revolution. It finds a place very appropriately in our pages, which are devoted to the illustration, as well as to the vindication, of Catholicism; and seldom, we believe, have the divine principles of our religion been more clearly exhibited than in the piety and patriotism, courage and mercy of the noble La Vendéans. The writer, who is a Protestant, has occasionally permitted himself the use of some expressions, such as that of 'superstition,' when he should have spoken of the religious feelings of the brave men, whose virtues he duly appreciates; and in one instance, he assigns as the cause of their mercy to their cruel oppressors, the fabrication of a miracle by the clergy. These faults are to be regretted, especially in one who gives so many indications of better feelings; but the unprejudiced reader will find, even in such an unfavourable cast of mind, an additional motive for rejoicing with full confidence the author's statement of the truly christian heroism of the faithful Vendéans.—ED. CATH. CAS.

The part of La Vendée which adjoins the ocean to the south of the district, and formerly was buried beneath its waves, is called the Marais, and bore a prominent part in this memorable contest. It is perfectly flat, and in great part impregnated by salt marshes, which never yield to the force of the sun. This humid country is intersected by innumerable canals, communicating with each other, which are planted with willows, alders, poplars, and other marsh trees, whose luxuriant foliage frequently overshadows the little enclosures. The peasants are never seen without a long pole in their hands, with the aid of which they leap over the canals and ditches with surprising agility. Nothing can be more simple than the habits of the inhabitants: one roof covers a whole family, their cows and lambs, which feed on their little possessions; the chief food of the people is obtained from milk, and the fish which they obtain in great quantities in the canals, with which their country is intersected. The silence and deserted aspect of these secluded retreats, the sombre tint of the landscape, and the sallow complexions of the inhabitants, give a melancholy air to the country; but in the midst of its gloom, a certain feeling of sublimity is experienced even by the passing traveller; and in no part of France did the people give greater proofs of an elevated and enthusiastic character.

A single great road, that from Nantes to Rochelle, traverses the district; another from Tours to Bourdeaux, by Poitiers, diverges from it, leaving betwixt them a space thirty leagues in extent, where nothing but cross roads are to be found. These cross roads are all dug out, as it were, between two hedges, whose branches frequently meet over the head of the passenger; while in winter or rainy weather, they generally become the beds of streams. They intersect each other extremely often, and such is the general uniformity of the scenery, and the absence of any remarkable feature in the country, that the natives frequently lose themselves if they wander two or three leagues from their place of ordinary residence.

This peculiar conformation of the country offered the greatest obstacles to an invading army. "It is," says General Kleber, "an obscure and boundless labyrinth, in which it is impossible to advance with security even with the greatest precautions. You are obliged, across a succession of natural redoubts and intrenchments, to seek out the road the moment that you leave the great chaussée; and when you do find it, it is generally a narrow defile, not only impracticable for artillery, but for the smallest species of chariots which accompany an army. The great roads have no other advantage in this respect than that arising from their greater breadth; for, being everywhere shut in by the same species of enclosure, it is rarely possible either to deploy into line, or become aware of your enemy till you are assailed by his fire."

There are no manufactures or great towns in the country. The land is cultivated by *métayers*, who divide the produce with the the proprietors, and it is rare to find a farm which yields the proprietor a profit of £25 a year. The sale of the cattle constitutes almost the whole wealth of the country. Few magnificent chateaus are to be seen: the properties are in general of moderate extent, the landlords all resident, and their habits simple in the extreme. The luxury and vices of Paris had never penetrated into the Bocage: the sole luxury of the proprietors consisted in rustic plenty and good cheer; their sole amusement the chase, at which they have long been exceedingly expert. The habits of the gentlemen rendered them both excellent marksmen, and capable of enduring fatigue without inconvenience; the ladies travelled on horseback, or in carts drawn by oxen.

But what chiefly distinguished this simple district from every other part of France, and what is particularly remarkable in a political point of view, is the

relation, elsewhere unknown, which there subsisted between the landlords and the tenantry on their estates. The proprietor was not only always resident, but constantly engaged in connexions either of mutual interest or of kindly feeling with those who cultivated his lands. He visited their farms, conversed with them about their cattle, attended their marriages and christenings, rejoiced with them when they rejoiced, and sympathized with them when they wept. On holydays the youths of both sexes danced at the chateau, and the ladies joined in the festive circle. No sooner was a boar or wolf hunt determined on, than the peasantry of all the neighbouring estates were summoned to partake in the sport; every one took his fusil, and repaired with joy to the post assigned to him; and they afterwards followed their landlords to the field of battle with the same alacrity with which they had attended them in those scenes of festivity and amusement.

These invaluable habits, joined to a native goodness of heart, rendered the inhabitants of the Bocage an excellent people; and it is not surprising, that while the peasantry elsewhere in France revolted against their landlords, those of La Vendée almost all perished in combating with them against the Revolution. They were gentle, pious, charitable, and hospitable, full of courage and energy, with pure feelings and uncorrupted manners. Rarely was a crime, seldom a lawsuit, heard of among them. Their character was a mixture of savage courage and submissive affection to their benefactors; while they addressed their landlords with familiarity, they had the most unbounded devotion to them in their hearts. Their temperament inclined them rather to melancholy; but they were capable, like most men of that character, of the most exalted sentiments. Slow and methodical in their habits, they were little inclined to adopt the revolutionary sentiments which had overspread so large a portion of the population in the more opulent districts of France; when once they were impressed with any truth, they invariably followed the course which they deemed right, without any regard either to its consequences, or the chances of success with which it was attended. Isolated in the midst of their woods, they lived alone with their children and their cattle; their conversation, their amusements, their songs, all partook of the rural character. Governed by ancient habits, they detested every species of innovation, and knew no principle in politics or religion, but to fear God and honour the king.

Religion, as might naturally be expected with such manners, exercised an unbounded sway over these simple people. They looked up with filial veneration to their village pastors, whose habits and benevolence rendered them a faithful image of the primitive Church. But little removed from their flocks either in wealth, situation, or information, they sympathized with their feelings, partook of their festivities, assuaged their sorrows. They were to be seen beside the cradle of childhood, the fireside of maturity, the deathbed of age; they were regarded as the best friends of this life, and the dispensers of eternal felicity in that to come. The supporters of the Revolution accused them of fanaticism; and doubtless there was a great degree of superstition mingled with their belief, as there must be with that of every religious people in the early stages of society; but it was a superstition of so gentle and so holy a kind, as proved a blessing rather than a misfortune to those who were subjected to its influence; and while the political fanaticism of the Revolution steeped its votaries in unheard-of atrocities, the religious fanaticism of La Vendée only drew tighter the bonds of moral duty, or enlarged the sphere of Christian charity.

When the Revolution broke out in 1789, the inhabitants of this district were not distinguished by any peculiar opposition to its tenets. Those who dwelt in the towns were there, as elsewhere, warm supporters of the new order of

things; and though the inhabitants of the Bocage felt averse to any changes which disturbed the tranquility of their rural lives, yet they yielded obedience to all the orders of the assembly, and only showed their predilection for their ancient masters by electing them to all the situations of trust of which they had the disposal. In vain the Revolutionary authorities urged them to exert the privilege with which the new constitution had invested them; the current ran so strongly in favour of the old proprietors, that all their efforts were fruitless. When the National Guards were formed, the seigneur was besought in every parish to become its commander; when the mayors were to be appointed, he was immediately invested with the dignity; when the seignorial seats were ordered to be removed from the churches, the peasants refused to execute it; all the efforts of the Revolutionists, like throwing water on a higher level, only brought an accession of power to the depositaries of the ancient authority: a memorable instance of the kindly feeling which necessarily grows up between a resident body of landed proprietors and the tenantry on their estates, and a decisive proof of the triumphant stand which might have been made against the fury of the Revolution, had the same kindly offices which had there produced so large a return of gratitude on the part of the peasantry, existed on the landlords' side in the other parts of France.

It was the violent measures of the assembly against the clergy which first awakened the sympathy of the rural tenantry. When the people in the Bocage saw their ancient pastors, who had been drawn from their own circle, bred up among themselves, and to whom they were attached by every bond of affection and gratitude, removed because they refused to take the Revolutionary oaths, and their place supplied by a new set of teachers, imbued with different tenets, strangers in the country, and ignorant of its dialect, their indignation knew no bounds. They ceased to attend the churches where the intruding clergy had been enstalled, and assembled with zeal in the woods and solitudes, where the expelled clergy still taught their faithful and weeping flocks. The new clergyman of the parish of Echaubroignies was obliged to quit his living from the experienced impossibility of procuring either fire or provisions in a parish of four thousand inhabitants. These angry feelings led to several contests between the National Guards of the towns, or the gendarmerie, and the peasantry, in which the people suffered severely; and the heroism of the prisoners in their last moments augmented the loyalty and enthusiasm of the people.

These causes produced a serious insurrection in the Morbihan, near Vannes, in February, 1790; but the peasants, though several thousands in number, were dispersed with great slaughter by the National Guard, and the severities exercised on the occasion long terrified the indignant inhabitants into submission. Another revolt broke out in May, 1791, occasioned by the severities against the faithful clergy; and the heroism of the peasants who were put to death evinced the strength of the religious enthusiasm which had now taken possession of their minds. "Lay down your arms," exclaimed several Republican horsemen to a peasant of Lower Poitou, who only defended himself with a fork. "Restore me first my God," replied he, and fell pierced by two-and-twenty wounds.

During the summer of 1792, the gentlemen of Brittany entered into an extensive association, for the purpose of rescuing the country from the oppressive yoke which they had received from the Parisian demagogues. At the head of the whole was the Marquis de la Rouarie, one of those remarkable men who rise into eminence during the stormy days of a revolution, from conscious ability to direct its waves. Ardent, impetuous, and enthusiastic, he was first dis-

tinguished in the American war, when the intrepidity of his conduct attracted the admiration of the Republican troops, and the same qualities rendered him at first an ardent supporter of the Revolution in France; but when the atrocities of the people began, he espoused, with equal warmth, the opposite side, and used the utmost efforts to rouse the noblesse of Brittany against the plebeian yoke which had been imposed upon them by the National Assembly. He submitted his plan to the Count d'Artois, and had organized one so extensive as would have proved extremely formidable to the convention, if the retreat of the Duke of Brunswick in September, 1792, had not damped the whole of the west of France, then ready to break out into insurrection. Still the organization continued, and he had contrived to engage not only all Brittany, but the greater part of the gentlemen of La Vendée, in the cause, when his death, occasioned by a paroxysm of grief for the execution of Louis, cut him off in the midst of his ripening schemes, and proved an irreparable loss to the Royalist party, by depriving it of the advantages which otherwise would have arisen from simultaneous and concerted operations on both banks of the Loire. The conspiracy was discovered after his death, and twelve of the noblest gentlemen in Brittany perished on the same day, in thirteen minutes, under the same guillotine. They all behaved with the utmost constancy, refused the assistance of the Constitutional clergy, and after tenderly embracing at the foot of the scaffold, died exclaiming *Vive le Roi*. One young lady of rank and beauty, Angélique Desilles, was condemned by mistake for her sister-in-law, for whom she was taken. She refused to let the error be divulged, and died with serenity, the victim of heroic affection.

These severities excited the utmost indignation among all the Royalists in the west of France. These feelings, with difficulty suppressed during the winter of 1792, broke out into open rebellion, in consequence of the levy of 300,000 men, ordered by the convention in February, 1793. The attempt to enforce this obnoxious measure occasioned a general resistance, which broke out, without any previous concert, at the same time over the whole country. The chief points of the revolt were St. Florent in Anjou, and Challons in Lower Poitou; at the former of which places the young men, headed by Jaques Cathelineau, defeated the Republican detachment intrusted with the execution of the decree of the convention, and made themselves masters of a piece of cannon. This celebrated leader, having heard of the revolt at St. Florent, was strongly moved by the recital, and, addressing five peasants who surrounded him, "We will be ruined," he exclaimed, "if we remain inactive; the country will be crushed by the Republic. We must all take up arms." The whole six set out amidst the tears of their wives and children, and fearlessly commenced a war with a power which the kings of Europe were unable to subdue.

A few days after, the insurrection assumed a more serious aspect at Cholet, which was attacked by several thousand armed peasants, the Republicans opposed a vigorous resistance, but they were at length overwhelmed by the number and resolution of the insurgents. An incident on that occasion marked, in a singular manner, the novel character of the war. In the line of retreat which the Republicans followed, was placed a representation of our Saviour on Mount Calvary, and this arrested the progress of the victors, as all the peasants as they passed the holy spot, fell on their knees before the images and addressed a prayer with uplifted hands before they resumed the pursuit. This continued even under a severe fire from the National Guards; the peasants threw themselves upon their knees within twenty-five paces of the post occupied by the enemy, and bared their bosoms to the fatal fire, as if courting death in so holy

a cause. When they made themselves masters of the town, instead of indulging in pillage or excesses of any sort, they flocked in crowds to the churches to return thanks to God, and contented themselves with the provisions which were voluntarily brought to them by the inhabitants. Every where the insurrection bore the same character; the indignities offered to the clergy were its exciting cause, and a mixture of courage and devotion its peculiar character. In a few days fifty thousand men were in a state of insurrection in the four departments of La Vendée; but on the approach of Easter, the inhabitants all returned to their homes to celebrate their devotions; and a Republican column despatched from Angers traversed the whole country without meeting with any opposition, or finding an enemy on their road.

After the Easter solemnities were over the peasants assembled anew; but they now felt the necessity of having some leaders of a higher rank to direct their movements, and went to the chateaus to ask the few gentlemen who remained in the country to put themselves at their head. They were not long in answering the appeal: M. de Lescure, De Larochejaquelein, Bonchamps, Stofflet, D'Elbée, put themselves at the head of the tenantry over which they had the most influence; while the brave Cathelineau, though only a charioteer, who had already, by his successful enterprise, gained the confidence of the peasantry, was made commander in chief; names since immortalized in the rolls of fame, and which long opposed an invincible barrier to the progress of revolution, and acquired only additional lustre, and shown with a purer light, from the suffering and disasters which had preceded their fall.

While the peasants of the neighbouring parishes assembled to put themselves under Henri de Larochejaquelein, he addressed them in these memorable words—"My friends, if my father was here, he would be worthy of your confidence: I am but a youth, but I hope to show myself worthy of commanding you by my courage. If I advance, follow me; if I retreat, kill me; if I fall, avenge me." The peasants answered him with acclamations; but their arms and equipments were far from corresponding to the spirit by which they were animated. Most of them had no other weapon but scythes, pikes, and sticks; not two hundred fusils were to be found among many thousand men. Sixty pounds of powder, discovered in the hands of a miner, which had been used blasting rocks, formed their whole ammunition. The skill and intrepidity of their chief, however, supplied every deficiency. He led them next day to attack a Republican detachment at Aubiers, and, by disposing them behind the hedges, kept up so murderous a fire upon the enemy that they wavered, upon which he rushed forward at the head of the most resolute, and drove them from the field with the loss of two pieces of cannon.

La Vendee soon became the theatre of innumerable conflicts, in which the tactics and success of the insurgents were nearly the same. An inconceivable degree of activity immediately prevailed over the whole country: the male population were all in insurrection, or busily engaged in the manufacture of arms; the shepherds converted their peaceful huts into work-shops, where nothing was heard but strokes of the hammer and the din of warlike preparation. Instruments of husbandry were rudely transformed into hostile weapons; formed for the support of life, they became the deadly instruments of its destruction. Agriculture, at the same time, was not neglected: it was intrusted to the women and children; but if fortune proved adverse, and the hostile columns approached, they too left their homes, and flew to the field of battle to stimulate the courage of their husbands, stanch their wounds, or afford them shelter from the pursuit of their enemies.

The method of fighting pursued by this brave but motley assemblage was .

admirably adapted both to the spirit by which they were animated, and the peculiar nature of the district in which the contest was conducted. Their tactics consisted in lining the numerous hedges with which the fields were enclosed, and remaining unseen, till the Republicans had got fairly enveloped by their forces; they then opened a fire at once from every direction, and with such fatal accuracy, that a large proportion of the enemy were generally prostrated by the first discharge. This thicket species of warfare continued till the Republican ranks began to fall into confusion, upon which they instantly leaped from their places of concealment with loud cries, and, headed by their chiefs, rushed upon the artillery. The bravest took the lead: fixing their eyes on the cannon's mouth, they prostrated themselves on the ground the moment they saw the flash; and, rising up when the sound was heard, run forward with the utmost rapidity to the battery, where the cannoniers, if they had not taken to flight, were generally bayoneted at their guns. In these exploits the chiefs always led the way; this was not merely the result of a buoyant courage, but of consideration and necessity; the Vendéans were in that stage of society when ascendancy is acquired by personal daring, and the soldiers have no confidence in the chiefs if they are not before them in individual prowess.

Although the Vendéans took up arms for the royal cause, the most perfect confusion of ranks pervaded their forces. High and low, rich and poor, were, at the commencement of the war, alike ignorant of the military art. The soldiers were never drilled, a limited number of them only had been habituated to the use of firearms. In this extremity, the choice of the soldiers fell on the most intrepid or skilful of their number, without much attention to superiority of station. A brave peasant, a shopkeeper in a little town, was the comrade of a gentleman: they led the same life, were interested in the same objects, shared the same dangers. The distinction of birth, the pride of descent, even the shades of individual thought, were obliterated in the magnitude of present perils. Many differences of opinion existed in the beginning of the contest, but the atrocities of the Republicans soon made them disappear in the Royalist army. Persons of intelligence or skill, of whatever grade, became officers, they knew not how; the peasants insensibly ranged themselves under their orders, and maintained their obedience only as long as they showed themselves worthy to command.

It was extremely difficult for the Republicans in the outset to withstand this irregular force, acting in such a country, and animated with such an enthusiastic spirit. There was, in all the early actions, a prodigious difference between their losses and those of their opponents. The peasants, dispersed in single file between the hedges, fired with a clear view of their enemies, who were either in columns, or two deep, in the fields; while their fire could only be answered by a discharge at a green mass, through which the figures of the Royalists were scarcely discernable. Harassed and disconcerted by this murderous fire, the Republicans were rarely able to withstand the terrible burst, when, with loud shouts, the Royalists broke from their concealment, and fell, sword in hand, on the thinned ranks of their opponents. Defeat was still more bloody than action. Broken and dispersed, they fled through a woody and impervious country, and fell into the hands of the few peasantry who still remained in the villages, and assembled with alacrity to complete the destruction of their enemies. When the Royalists, on the other hand, were broken, they immediately dispersed, leaped over the hedges, and returned home without the victors being able to reach them. Nowise discouraged, by the reverse, they assembled again in arms, with renewed hopes in a few days, and

- gayly took the field, singing, "Vive le Roi quand même."

When a day was fixed on for any exploit, the tocsin sounded in the village assigned as the rendezvous of the peasants; the neighboring steeples repeated the signal, the farmers abandoned their homes if it was night, their ploughs if day, hung their fusils over their shoulders, bound their girdle, loaded with cartouches, round their waists, tied their handkerchiefs over the broad-brimmed hats which shaded their sun-burned visages, addressed a short prayer to God, and gayly repaired to the appointed place with a full confidence in the protection of Heaven and the justice of their cause. There they met the chiefs, who explained to them the nature and object of the expedition on which they were to be employed; and if it was the attack of an enemy's column, the route they were to follow, the point of attack, and the hour and manner in which it was to be made. Immediately the groups dispersed, but the men regained their ranks; every one repaired to the station assigned to him, and soon every tree, every bush, every tuft of broom, which adjoined the road concealed a peasant, holding his musket in one hand, resting on the other, watching like a savage animal, without either moving or drawing his breath.

Meanwhile the enemy's column advanced, preceded by a cloud of scouts and light troops, who were allowed to proceed without challenge, close to the lurking foe. They waited till the division was fairly engaged in the defile, and was so far advanced that it could not recede; then a cry was suddenly raised, like that of a cat, and repeated along the whole line, as a signal that every one was at their post. If the same answer was given, a human voice was suddenly heard ordering the attack. Instantly a deadly volley proceeded from every tree, every hedge, every thicket; a shower of balls fell upon the soldiers, without their being able to see the assailants; the dead and the wounded fell together in the bottom of the road; and if the column did not immediately fall into confusion, and the voice of the officer, heard above the roar of musketry, roused them to burst through the hedges by which they were enveloped, the peasants instantly fell back behind the next enclosure, and from its leafy rampart a fire as deadly proceeded as that which mowed them down on the road. If this second hedge was carried in the same manner, three, four, ten, twenty intrenchments of the same sort offer their support to that murderous retreat; for the whole country is subdivided in this manner, and everywhere offers to its children an asylum, to its enemies a tomb.

But the great cause of the early and astonishing success of the Vendéans, was their enthusiastic and indomitable valour. The Republicans were, for the most part, composed of National Guards and volunteers, who, though greatly better armed, equipped and disciplined, were totally destitute of the ardent, devoted spirit with which the Royalists were animated. The former took the field from no common feeling, but from the terror of the requisitions and sanguinary measures of the convention; the latter fought alongside of their neighbors and landlords, in defence of their hearths, their children, and their religion; the one acted in obedience to the dictates of an unseen but terrible power, which had crushed the freedom in whose name they were arrayed; the other yielded to their hereditary feelings of loyalty, and deemed themselves secure of Paradise in combating for their salvation.

Had the Vendéan chiefs possessed the same authority over their troops which is enjoyed by the commanders of regular soldiers, they might at one time have marched to Paris, and done that which all the forces of the coalition were unable to effect. But their greatest success was always paralyzed by the impossibility of retaining the soldiers at their colours for any considerable length of time. The bulk of the forces were never assembled for more than three or four days together. No sooner was the battle lost or won, the expedition suc-

cessful or defeated, than the peasants returned to their homes. The chiefs were left alone with a few deserters or strangers who had no family to return to, and all the advantages of former success were lost for want of the means of following them up. The army, however, was as easily reformed as it was dissolved; messengers were despatched to all the parishes; the tocsin sounded, the peasants assembled at their parish churches, when the requisition was read, which was generally in the following terms: "In the holy name of God! and by the command of the king, this parish is invited to send as many men as possible to such a place, at such an hour, with provisions for so many days." The order was obeyed with alacrity; the only emulation among the peasants was, who should attend the expedition. Each soldier brought a certain quantity of bread with him, and some stores were also provided by the generals. The corn and oxen necessary for the subsistence of the army were voluntarily furnished by the gentlemen and chief proprietors, or drawn by requisitions from the estates of the emigrants, and as the troops never remained together for any length of time, no want of provisions was ever experienced. The villages vied with each other for the privilege of sending carts for the service of the army, and the peasant-girls flocked to the chapels on the roadside to furnish provisions to the soldiers, or offer up prayers for their success.

The army had neither chariots nor baggage-wagons; tents were totally out of the question; but the hospitals were regulated with peculiar care, all the wounded, whether Royalists or Republicans, being transported to St. Laurent sur Sevre, where the charitable sisters and religious votaries, who flocked from all quarters to the scene of wo, assuaged their sufferings. They never could be brought to establish patrols or sentinels, or take any of the precautions against surprise which are in use among regular troops; and this irregularity not only exposed them to frequent reverses, but rendered unavailing their greatest successes. The men marched, in general, four abreast, the officers in front being alone acquainted with their destination. They had few dragoons; and their cavalry, which never exceeded nine hundred men, was almost entirely mounted by the horses taken from the Republicans.

When the troops were assembled, they were divided into different columns, to attack the points selected by the generals. The only orders given were, Such a leader goes such a road—who follows him? Arrived at the point of attack, the commands were given after the same fashion: Move towards that tree; leap that hedge, were the only orders ever issued. Neither threats, nor the promise of rewards, could induce them to send forward scouts; when that duty was necessary, the officers were obliged to take it upon themselves. The peasants never went into battle without saying their prayers, and generally made the sign of the cross before they discharged their firelocks. They had a few standards, which were displayed on important occasions; but no sooner was the victory gained, than they piled standards and drums upon their carts, and returned with songs of triumph to their villages.

When the battle began, and the sound of the musketry and cannon was heard, the women, the children, the sick, and the aged, flocked to the churches, or prostrated themselves in the fields to implore a blessing on their arms.—With truth it might be said that, on such occasions, there was but one thought, one wish, throughout La Vendée; every one awaiting in prayer the issue of a struggle on which the fate of all depended.

As the insurrection broke out from the prevalence of a common feeling, without any previous concert, so it was conducted without any definite object, or the least alloy of individual ambition. Even after their great successes had inspi-

red the most desponding with the hope of contributing in a powerful manner to the restoration of the monarchy, the wishes of the insurgents were of the most moderate kind. To have the king once visit their sequestered country; to be allowed, in memory of the war, to have a white flag on each steeple; to be permitted to furnish a detachment for the body-guard of the sovereign, and to have some old projects for the improvement of the roads and navigation of the country carried into effect, constituted the sole wishes of those whose valour had so nearly accomplished the restoration of the monarchy.

The early successes of the Vendéans, and their enthusiastic valour, did not extinguish the humanity which their dispositions and the influence of religion had nourished in their bosoms. In the latter stages of the war, the atrocities of the Republicans, the sight of their villages in flames, and their wives and children massacred, inflamed an unextinguishable desire of vengeance; but during the first months of the contest their gentleness was as touching as their valour was admirable. After entering by assault into the towns, they neither pillaged the inhabitants, nor exacted either contribution or ransom; frequently they were to be seen, shivering with cold, or starving with hunger, in quarters abounding both with fuel and provisions. "In the house where I lodged," says Madame de Larochejaquelein, at Bressuire, "there were many soldiers who were lamenting that they had no tobacco: I asked if there was none in the town. 'Plenty,' they replied, 'but we have no money to buy it.' Under our windows a quarrel arose between two horsemen, and the one wounded the other slightly with his sabre; his antagonist quickly disarmed him, and was proceeding to extremities, when M. de Larochejaquelein exclaimed from the windows, 'Jesus Christ pardoned his murderers, and a soldier of the Christian army is about to kill his comrade.' The man, abashed, put up his sabre and embraced his enemy." These touching incidents occurred in a town recently carried by main force, occupied at the time by twenty thousand insurgents, and peculiarly obnoxious to the Royalists, from the cruelty which its National Guards had exercised towards the peasantry. "In this town," she adds, "I was surprised in the evening to see all the soldiers in the house with me on their knees at prayers, and the streets filled with peasants at their devotion; when they were concluded, they led me out to see their favorite cannon, called Marie Jeanne, their first trophy from the Republicans, which, after having been re-taken, had again fallen into their hands; it was decorated with flowers and ribands, and the peasants embraced it with tears of joy." When Thouars was carried by assault, the Republican inhabitants were in the utmost consternation, as they anticipated a severe retaliation for the massacre perpetrated by them upon the Royalists in that town in the August preceding. What then was their astonishment when they beheld the soldiers, instead of plundering or committing acts of cruelty, flocking to the churches, and returning thanks to God at the altars for the success with which he had blessed their arms. Even the garrison was treated with the most signal humanity. Twelve only were retained from each department as hostages, and the remainder, without either ransom or exchange, dismissed to their homes.

In one district only the insurrection was stained with the most frightful atrocities. In the marshes of Lower Poitou the peasants were seized with an uncontrollable thirst for vengeance, in consequence of the cruelties exercised by the Republicans on the Royalist leaders during the insurrection of the preceding summer. Machecoul was captured during the absence of Charette: and, under the influence of revolting news of the Republican cruelties at Nantes and Paris, the prisons were forced by a furious mob, and above eighty Republicans fell victims to the rage of a Royalist committee, at the head of which

was a wretch named Souchu, who soon after hoisted his true colours, and joined the Republicans, but fell a victim to the just indignation of the widows of those he had murdered. Charette, on his return, was horror-struck at these atrocities, and, finding his military authority not yet sufficiently established to coerce them, he had recourse to the clergy to aid his efforts. They fabricated a miracle at the tomb of a saint, to influence the minds of the people, and while they were prostrated round the altar, conjured them, in the name of the God of Peace, never to kill but in the hour of combat. At the same time Charette forbade any prisoner to be slain in his army, under pain of death, and concealed in his own house several zealous Republicans, whose heads were loudly demanded by his soldiers. By these means, the cruelty which had commenced and stained the Royalist cause in Lower Poitou was arrested, and a reply made, in a true christian spirit, to the savage decrees of the convention, which had ordered every Vendean taken in arms to be put to death without mercy in twenty-four hours.

M. Bonchamps, chief of the army of Anjou, was the most distinguished of the Royalist leaders. To the heroic courage of the other chiefs, he joined consummate military talents, and an eloquence which at once gave him an unlimited sway over the minds of the soldiers. Had he lived, the fate of the war would in all probability have been widely different, and the expedition beyond the Loire, which led to such disastrous results, the commencement of the most splendid success. Gentle in his manners, humane in his conduct, affable in his demeanour, he was adored by his soldiers, who were at once the most skilful and best disciplined of the Vendean corps. In the midst of the furies of a civil war, and the dissensions of rival chiefs, he was the enemy of intrigue; free from personal ambition, he was intrusted with an important command solely from his personal merits. His character may be appreciated from the words which he addressed to his young and weeping wife, when he put himself at the head of the troops: "Summon to your aid all your courage; redouble your patience and resignation: you will have need for the exercise of all these virtues. We must not deceive ourselves; we can look for no recompense in this world for what we are to suffer: all that it could offer would be beneath the purity of our motives and the sanctity of our cause. We must never expect human glory; civil strife affords none. We shall see our houses burned; we shall be plundered, proscribed, outraged, calumniated, perhaps massacred. Let us thank God for enabling us to foresee the worst, since that presage, by redoubling the merit of our actions, will enable us to anticipate the heavenly reward which awaits those who are courageous in adversity and constant in suffering. Let us raise our eyes and our thoughts to Heaven: it is there that we shall find a guide which cannot mislead, a force which cannot be shaken, an eternal reward for transitory grief.

Cathelineau, a peasant by birth, and a charioteer by profession, was the first of the chiefs who acquired the unlimited confidence of the soldiers. To an extraordinary degree of intelligence, and the strongest natural sagacity, he joined a nervous eloquence, admirably calculated to influence the soldiers. His age was thirty-four years; his disposition humble, modest and retiring. Such was his reputation for piety and rectitude, that the peasants called him the Saint of Anjou, and earnestly sought to be placed in battle by his side, deeming it impossible that those could be wounded who were near so unblemished a man.

Henri de Larochejaquelein, son of the Marquis Larochejaquelein, was the leader of all the parishes which were situated round Chatillon. He refused to follow the general tide of emigration, and, on the contrary, repaired to Paris to defend the constitutional monarchy; and when the revolt on the 10th of Au-

gust overturned the throne, he set out for La Vendée, exclaiming, "I will retire to my province, and soon you will hear of me." Though still young, he acquired the confidence of the soldiers by his invincible courage and coolness in action, which gained for him the surname of the Intrepid. He was reproached for being too forward in battle, carried away by his ardour, forgetting the general in the soldier. Frequently, before making a prisoner, he offered to give him the chance of escape by a personal conflict. Councils of war, or the duties of a commander, fatigued his buoyant disposition, and he generally fell asleep after giving his opinion and answered to the reproaches of his brother officers, "Why do you insist upon making me a general; I wish only to be a hussar, to have the pleasure of fighting." Notwithstanding this passion for danger, he was full of sweetness and humanity, and when the combat was over none was more generous to the vanquished. Even after his eminent services, he formed only the most humble wishes for himself. "Should we replace the king on the throne," said he, "I hope he will give me a regiment of hussars." He performed the most eminent services in the war, and at its most critical period was unanimously elected to the supreme command. After innumerable heroic actions, he fell in an obscure skirmish, and was interred in the cemetery of St. Aubin. "Chance," says the annalist, "has covered the tomb, as well as that of his brother Louis, with the flower of Achilles, and never did it blossom over remains more worthy of the name."

M. de Lescure, the cousin and intimate friend of Henri de Larochejaquelein, was distinguished by a bravery of a totally different character: cool, intrepid, and sagacious, he was not less daring than his youthful comrade; but his valour was the result of reflection and a sense of duty. His counsels were much regarded, from his knowledge of fortification and the art of war, but a certain degree of obstinacy diminished the weight of his opinions. His humanity was angelic: during the whole of that terrible war, in which generals as well as soldiers so often fought personally with their enemies, no one ever fell by his hand; and even in the worst times, when the cruelties of the Republicans had roused the most gentle to fury, he incessantly laboured to save the lives of the prisoners. Learned, studious, and thoughtful, he had prescribed to himself, at the age of eighteen, the most severe economy, to discharge the debts of an extravagant father; and it was not till he was twenty-five, and had become a father, that gentler feelings softened the native austerity of his character. His young wife, only daughter of the Marquis of Donnissan, a rich heiress, united to all the beauty and graces more than the courage of her sex. The only occasion on which he was ever heard to swear was when his indignant soldiers massacred a prisoner behind his back, whom he had disarmed in the act of discharging a musket at his bosom. The number of lives which he saved during the war was incalculable; and alone of all the chiefs in that memorable struggle, it could be said with truth that his glory was unstained by human blood.

In the grand army, as it was called, of La Vendée, the principal chief was M. d'Elbée, of Saxon descent, but naturalized in France. He was forty years old when the contest commenced, ignorant of the world, devout, enthusiastic, and superstitious; but his principal merit consisted in an extraordinary coolness in danger, which rivalled that of Marshal Ney himself. His devotion was sincere; but finding, like Cromwell, that it was the most powerful lever to move the peasants, he carried it to an extravagant height. He acquired, by extraordinary sanctity, an unbounded ascendancy over his soldiers, and justified their confidence by great talents as a leader, which ultimately led to his appointment as commander-in-chief: a situation which he filled with unshaken firmness during a period of disaster and ruin.

Stofflet, an Alsatian by birth, and a gamekeeper by profession, was early distinguished by his devotion to the royal cause, and headed some of the first detachments which took the field. Endowed with a powerful frame, hardy in habits, harsh in his manners, he never acquired, like the chiefs of gentle blood, the love of the soldiers; but his stern character and unbending severity made him more implicitly obeyed than any other leader, and on that account his services were highly prized by the Royalist generals. Active, intelligent, and brave, he was a skilful partisan rather than a consummate general; and when the death of the other chiefs opened to him the way to a high command, his ambition and jealousy contributed much to the ruin of the common cause.

Charette, the last of this illustrious band, succeeded to eminence late in the struggle; and when the war had become an affair of posts, rather than a regular contest. He was originally a lieutenant in the navy, and of a feeble and delicate constitution; but the habits of the chase, to which he was passionately attached, and in which he frequently lay for months in the woods, strengthened his frame to such a degree as rendered him capable of enduring any fatigue, and made him intimately acquainted both with the peasantry and the country which he had occasion to traverse. He was for some days unwilling to place himself at the head of the peasantry, who entreated him to take the command, from a distrust of success with their feeble means; and when he was prevailed on, he showed at once his decision of character, by requiring from them instantaneous submission to his orders and his spirit of devotion, by taking an oath on the Gospels, at the high altar of the church of Machecault, to be faithful to the cause of God and the throne. His courage was unconquerable, his firmness invincible, his resources unbounded; and long after the conflict had become hopeless in other quarters, he maintained, in the marshes and forests of Lower La Vendée, a desperate struggle. Such was the terror inspired by his achievements, that when he was at the head of only fourteen followers, the convention offered him a million of francs if he would retire to England; but he refused the bribe, and preferred, even with that inconsiderable band, to wage war with a power to which the kings of Europe were hastening to make submission. Betrayed at length to his enemies, he met his fate with unshaken firmness, and left the glorious name of being the last and most indomitable of the Vendean chiefs.

The troops which these chiefs commanded were divided into three divisions. The first, or the army of Anjou, under the orders of Bonchamps, composed of twelve thousand men, was destined to combat the Republicans from the side of Angers. The second, called the grand army, under the command of D'Elbéc, amounted to twenty thousand men, and on important occasions it could be raised to double that amount. The third, called the army of the Marais, obeyed the orders of Charette, and at one time also was raised to twenty thousand combatants. Besides these, a corps of twelve thousand men was stationed at Montaigut, to observe the garrison of Luçon, and several smaller bodies, amounting in all to three thousand men, kept up the communications between these larger corps.

The early measures of the convention to crush the insurrection were marked by the bloody spirit which had so long characterized their proceedings. Orders were despatched, on the first intelligence of the revolt, to the Republican soldiers, to exterminate men, women, children, animals, and vegetation. They sent against them the ruffian bands of the Marseillois, who, on their arrival at Bressuire, immediately exclaimed that they must begin by massacring the prisoners, put to death eleven peasants who had been seized in their beds a few days before on suspicion of being in concert with the insurgents. The fate of these

brave men, who were cut down with sabres while on their knees praying to God, and exclaiming "Vive le Roi," excited a universal enthusiasm among the inhabitants. "It is painful," said the Republican commissioners, "to be obliged to proceed to extremities; but they cannot be avoided, from the fanaticism of the peasants, who, in no one instance, have been known to betray their landlords. We must cut down the hedges and woods; decimate the inhabitants; send the remainder into the interior of France; and repeople the country by colonies of patriots."

Nor were these atrocities the work merely of the generals in command. By a solemn decree of the convention, they were enjoined to proceed with unheard-of rigour against the insurgents. By this sanguinary law, "all the persons who have taken any share in the revolts are declared *hors de loi*, and, in consequence, deprived of trial by jury, and all the privileges accorded by law to accused persons; if taken in arms, they are to be shot within twenty-four hours by a military commission, proceeding on the testimony of a single witness; those who had any share in the revolt, though not taken in arms, shall be subjected to the same mode of trial and punishment; all the priests and nobles, with their families and servants, shall undergo the same punishment; the pain of death shall in all cases draw after it a confiscation of goods, and the same shall hold with those slain in battle, when the corpse is identified before the criminal judges."

The Royalists, in no instance in the commencement of the war, resorted to any measures of retaliation, except at Machecoul, where the peasants, as already noticed, immediately after the insurrection, and before Charette had succeeded to the command, exercised the most revolting cruelties. These atrocities, to which the armies of La Vendée proper were ever a stranger, and which were severely repressed by Charette when he arrived at the command, did incalculable injury to the Royalist cause by the horror which it inspired in the neighbouring towns. It not only prevented the opulent city of Nantes from joining the insurrection, but produced that obstinate resistance on the part of its inhabitants to the attack of Cathelineau, which occasioned the first and greatest of their reverses.

But the Republicans soon found that they had a more formidable enemy to contend with than the unarmed prisoners, on whom their atrocities at Paris had so long been exercised. The first expedition of importance undertaken by the Royalists was against Thouars, which was occupied by General Queteneau, with a division of seven thousand men. A large proportion of the peasants were brought into action for the first time; but their courage supplied the place both of discipline and experience. After a severe fire, the ammunition of the Royalists began to fail, upon which M. de Lescure seized a fusil from a soldier, descended the heights on which his troops were posted, and calling to the soldiers to follow him, rushed over the bridge which led to the city. A tremendous discharge of grape and musketry deterred even the bravest of his followers, and he stood alone amid the smoke; he returned to his companions, and exhorted them to follow him, and again tried the perilous pass; but again he stood alone, his clothes riddled with balls. At this moment Henri de Larochejaquelein came up, and, along with Foret and a single peasant, advanced to support their heroic comrade; all four rushed over the bridge, followed by the soldiers, who now closely pursued their steps, assailed and carried the barricades, while Bonchamps, who had discovered a ford at a short distance, destroyed a body of the National Guard who defended it, and drove the Republicans back to the town. Its ancient walls could not long resist the fury of the victors; Henri de Larochejaquelein, by mounting on the shoulders of a sol-

dier, reached the top of the rampart, helped up the boldest of his followers, and speedily the town was carried. Six thousand prisoners, twelve cannons, and twenty caissons, fell into the hands of Royalists. Though strongly inclined to Republican principles, and stained by the massacre of the Royalists in the preceding August, the city underwent none of the horrors which usually await a place taken by assault: not an inhabitant was maltreated, nor a house pillaged; the peasants flocked to the churches to return thanks to God, and amused themselves with burning the tree of liberty and the papers of the municipality.

Encouraged by this success, the Vendéans advanced against Chataignerie, which was garrisoned by four thousand Republicans. By a vigorous attack it was carried, and the garrison, after sustaining severe losses, with difficulty escaped to Fontenay. Thither they were followed by the Royalists; but the strength of the army melted away during the advance; great numbers of the peasants returned to cultivate their fields, and place their families in a place of security; and when the army came in sight of Fontenay, they only mustered ten thousand combatants. With this force they assailed the town; but, though M. de Lescure and Larochejaquelein penetrated into the suburbs, the Royalists were defeated on other sides, with the loss of twenty-four pieces of cannon, including the celebrated Marie Jeanne, so much the object of their veneration; and the victorious wing with difficulty drew off their artillery from the place. This first check spread the deepest dejection through the army; Marie Jeanne, their favourite cannon, was taken; they had now only six pieces left; the ammunition was exhausted; the soldiers had only a single cartridge remaining for each musket; and they were returning in numbers to their villages. In this extremity, the firmness of the chiefs restored the fortune of the war; they instantly took their determination; fell back to Chataignerie, spoke cheerfully to the peasants, declared that the reverse was a punishment of Heaven for some disorders committed by the troops, and sent orders to the priests in the interior to send forward without delay, all the strength of their parishes.

An unexpected incident at this period contributed in a powerful manner to reverse the Royalists cause. An abbé, who had been seized by the Republicans, made his escape to the insurgents, declared that he was the Bishop of *Agra*, and arrived at Chatillon on the very day of the defeat. The peasants, overjoyed at having a bishop among them, flew to receive his benediction, and flocked in multitudes, full of confidence, singing psalms and litanies, to rejoin the army. Thirty-five thousand were speedily assembled, and the Royalist leaders lost no time in taking advantage of their enthusiasm to repair the late disaster. Bonchamps commanded the right, Cathelineau the centre, and D'Elbée the left, while Henri Larochejaquelein led the small but determined band of horsemen. On the following day they returned to Fontenay, where the Republicans, ten thousand strong, with forty pieces of cannon, were drawn up on the outside of the town to receive them. The Royalist army received absolute on their knees; and M. de Lescure addressed them in these words: "Let us advance, my sons; we have no powder; we can only retake the cannon with our staffs; Marie Jeanne must be rescued; she will be the prize of the swiftest of foot among you." The peasants answered with acclamations; but when they approached the Republican guns, the severity of the fire made the bravest hesitate. Upon this, M. de Lescure advanced above thirty paces before his men, directly in front of a battery of six pieces, which was discharging grape with the utmost violence, stood there, took off his hat, exclaimed "Vive le Roi!" and slowly returned to the troops. His clothes were pierced, his spurs carried away, his boots torn, but he himself still unwounded. "My

friends," said he, "you see the Blues do not know how to fire." This decided the peasants; they rushed forward with rapidity; but, before they reached the battery, a new incident arrested their course; they perceived on an eminence a cross, and the whole soldiers instantly fell on their knees, under the fire of the cannon. An officer wished to raise them: "Allow them," said Lescure, "to pray to God; they will not fight the worse for it." In effect, a moment after, the men sprung up, and rushed forward, armed with staffs and the butt-end of their muskets, with such resolution, to the cannon mouths, that the artillerymen deserted them, and fled in confusion towards the town. Meanwhile, M. de Bonchamps, who had skilfully disposed his right wing in an oblique order, pushed forward with his men, and threw in so murderous a fire, at the distance of fifty paces, that on his side also the Republicans gave way, and the victory was complete. The victors and fugitives entered together into the town, headed by Lescure, who was the first man within the gates. No sooner was he there than he used all his efforts to save the vanquished, incessantly exclaiming, "Lay down your arms; quarter to the vanquished." Forty pieces of cannon, several thousand muskets, ammunition and stores in abundance, rewarded this the greatest triumph of the Royalist arms, who sustained no serious loss excepting that arising from a wound of Bonchamps, who was shot by a traitor to whom he had just given his life. It was not the least part of their success, in the estimation of their peasants, that they retook Marie Jeanne, which was rescued from the Republicans by Foret, who with his own hand slew two gendarmes who guarded it. The enthusiasm excited by the recovery of this favourite piece of artillery was unbounded. Filled with joy, the peasants threw themselves on their knees, embraced their favourite cannon, covered it with branches, flowers, and garlands, and themselves drew it into the marketplace in Fontenay, preparatory to its removal to a place of security in the Bocage.

The Royalists were much perplexed with the course to be pursued with the prisoners, to the number of many thousands, who were now in their hands. To retain them in custody was impossible, for they had no fortified places; to follow the example of the Republicans, and murder them, out of the question. At length it was determined to shave their heads, and send them back to the Republicans: a resolution, the execution of which caused no small merriment to the soldiers. After the success at Fontenay, it was proposed to advance to Niort, where all the Republican troops of the neighbourhood were assembled; but the peasants returned so rapidly to their homes that it was found to be impossible. In four-and-twenty hours after the capture of the town, three fourths of the army had returned to the Bocage, to recount their exploits to their agitated families. It was resolved therefore, to withdraw from their conquest, which was an indefensible post, in the midst of a hostile territory, and in a few days the whole army re-entered the Bocage.

ROME AND RUSSIA.

The *Morning Herald*, of the 16th May, supplies us, from a recent number of the *Augsburg Gazette*, with the following extract of a letter, dated from the frontiers of Poland:—

The Russian Government perseveres in its system of propagating the Greek schismatic religion in the kingdom of Poland. Still it appears that the Cabinet of St. Petersburg feels the necessity of being better with the see of Rome. In fact, M. de Boutenieff is charged with the task of opening negotiations with the Holy See for the purpose of establishing more amicable relations between both states. M. de Boutenieff is to leave Constantinople for Rome as soon as M. Titoff, at present on leave, returns to his post.

Whether this information be true or false we cannot say. Other accounts tell us that M. Boutenieff is to leave Constantinople towards the end of May for St. Petersburg, there to receive the additional Grand Cross which he has earned by his success in advancing the odious domination of Russia still further into Europe. Possibly both these statements are substantially true, and M. Boutenieff may take St. Petersburg on his route for Rome. That the information contained in the paragraph above quoted—whether true or false—proceeds from Russian authority, we suppose few persons will doubt. For our present purpose it makes little matter whether it be true or false. In either event it shows the mind of the great Northern Tyrant Persecutor. In either event it shows the connexion which in his policy exists between the recent events at Constantinople and the relations between Rome and Russia. "The Russian Government still perseveres" in its atrocious system of bloody propagandism! To do this more effectually, it must be reconciled to Rome! To effect this reconciliation, for the purpose of promoting this propagandism, is the next step to be taken, after a grand blow has been struck in favour of Russian influence in those semi-Christian Provinces of Northern Turkey, in which a pacific and most promising Catholic propagandism has been for some time in existence! And lastly, to re-establish these pacific relations, with an eye, of course, to this propagandism, the minister, who has outwitted Metternich and Wellington, is to be despatched to Rome to try his informal craft and subtlety upon the ministers of His Holiness, who alone have in effect, if not in words, boldly held up M. Boutenieff's master to the eyes of Europe and the world as a perjured and dishonored ruffian. The rest of Europe quails before Nicholas. They utter lies for him. They dishonestly avow their confidence in his moderation. They wilfully cover their own despicable timidity with a veil of falsehood, to hide their own shame from the world. Wellington does so. Metternich does so. France and Prussia do so. The Pope alone, urged on by considerations which are not of this world, does *not* do so; but publishes a state document, which not only charges the Emperor with, but proves him guilty of,—individually and personally,—the most unblushing impudence and the most profligate deceit. The Pope alone speaks the truth. The Pope alone proves that the cabinet of Nicholas, including Nicholas as his own prime minister, are a gang of perfidious wretches, as destitute of even the external semblance of common honesty as the murderer who pleads "not guilty" to save his forfeited neck from the gallows; and placed out of the pale of civilized society, and common public law, by their murderous atrocities, and no less by their revolting perjuries. All this the Pope has done. And now Serbia and the North of Turkey, with their Catholic missions, being brought by M. Boutenieff under Russian domination, it is found that the blood-stained Nicholas must be on better terms with the Pope, and must turn his attention once again to a more ef-

fectual, crafty, and unremitting prosecution of his infernal designs for "propagating the Greek schismatic religion." According to M. Boutenieff, with the soil of his successes yet fresh upon him, is to be sent off from Constantinople to contaminate Rome. We trust in God he will not be received, and that there may be no intercourse between Rome and the Russian cabinet until the lying Nicholas has exhibited some sorrow for endeavouring to uphold his throne by the low artifices of the forger and the swindler, and has given proofs of his repentance by allowing an interchange of ambassadors; that is, by permitting a Papal Nuncio to reside and transact business at St. Petersburg. Indeed we believe this last condition is held so indispensable, that the absence of any mention of a Nuncio confirms our doubts as to the truth of M. Boutenieff's supposed mission.

But, however this may be, it is not less true and certain that these Eastern questions, in which Rome appears to have least interest, are precisely the questions in which the highest permanent interests of the Church are most clearly involved. In one-third of Europe, at the present moment—and, in prospect, in other large districts of this continent, together with nearly a third of Asia, a struggle is being, and is to be, maintained between the powers of light and the powers of darkness—very significant and very fearful. Rome and Russia—Christ and the Devil—the next world and this—these are the great antagonists. The entire East lies disorganized, chaotic, mouldering away. The old principles on which she was moulded, the old fire that burned within her have died out. The oil of her lamp has dried up, and the wick lies dry and cold within the socket. All round those many provinces and kingdoms, which the deeds of former times have illustrated and made famous, lie a herd of discordant wolves, anxious to tear and rend to pieces each for his own profit. Of these, the most powerful is Russia—Russia, the demon of the North—to whom God in His anger seems to have assigned the unhallowed task of crushing down the wild and barren liberties of those extensive districts, absorbing them into her own frame, and making of them parts of a society—the most dismal ever yet seen on the face of the earth—a body without a soul. A mere material organization altogether: nothing divine, nothing noble, nothing exalted about it. Blind obedience to a conqueror; the rooting out of every local and national feeling of patriotism; the extermination of every sentiment of religion, other than that degrading king-worship which involves the annihilation of every Christian principle and duty! A body without a soul; but yet a body possessing animal life, animal instincts, the sharpened perceptions, ready dexterity, and unswerving tenacity of carnivorous brutes—such is the Russian empire. It is an animal existence, not a human. And before this beast of prey, with its ferocity and fell cunning, the whole of the disorganized East lies outspread ready to become its victim, utterly unprovided with the commonest means of self-defence, and (but for external obstacles) sure to fall into those jaws which, like the ponderous and marble jaws of the tomb, lie in wait to swallow it up.

Speculative people inquire, what will become of the East? Is it destined ever to remain in its present forlorn condition? Is it always to seem like a city of the dead, filled with the heaped up splendour of the past, but its grass-grown, silent, voiceless, and untrodden streets, inaudible by the stir and bustle of any modern achievement? We trust not. Surely that East, which knew God when our West lay buried in the darkest night, has not utterly been blotted out from the living world. She is torpid, and in a deep sleep, but still she may be roused up to life. However, she certainly needs an impulse from without to send her on her new career. Whence then shall this impulse come? To this question one answer is ever ready. Russia is at hand, if no one pre-

vent her to absorb in a very short time the entire territories, provinces, and kingdoms of which we speak; to fashion them into parts of her huge carcass; to digest them into component portions of her enormous physical growth, and to close the door to them, for centuries, on all moral improvement and spiritual regeneration. This is one solution of the question. If unchecked by others, Russia stands ready to perform this in the smallest supposable space of time. If undelayed by terrors from the West, she would in a very short time find herself mistress of Turkey Proper, Greece, Egypt, Syria, Asia Minor, Persia—and God knows how much spoil besides. Russia is formed and organized for this kind of conquests, and in all the countries we have enumerated, there is little that it would cost her much effort to subdue; little of natural obstacle to overcome; little internal life to give her much trouble to tread it out.

On the other hand, these Western powers find their interests concerned in placing a barrier to Russian aggression, and they have compelled it to march more slowly and circumspectly in the East than it might otherwise have done. But still their power and their mission seem merely negative in this business. They are strong enough to prevent, but not able to do. The integrity of Turkey they can maintain: that is, they can forbid any outward dismemberment of the same; but the internal dissolution of it they cannot hinder, nor does it lay in their power as nations to replace the old Pagan integrity with any newer integrity of a Christian character. In this then lies little hope of progress, and but a poor solution of the problem. What remains? Even now there is working in the heart of all this pagan East a mighty principle, big not merely with eternal life, but with the promises of the life that now is; a principle associated with the highest forms of our civilization; a principle that first launched Europe on its career of progress; a principle that tamed our Celtic and Teutonic barbarism, and filled our borders with all the arts of life and all the splendours of wealth and commerce—in a word, the principle of Catholicism. In every quarter of these countries, are to be found Catholic missionaries—intelligent, educated, devoted men—teaching schools, catechizing, administering sacraments, preaching the Gospel. Their success is everywhere increasing almost beyond hope. The old fanaticism is beginning to pass away from the follower of the false prophet. The decay of temporal success has dimmed the faith of the Mussulman. The breaking up of Mahomedan empires has sounded in his ears the knell of Mahomedan worship; and he stands, mute and passive, often with the docility of a child, to listen to these strange messengers from the West, who come to tell him of a faith which was centuries old when his prophet fled to Medina, and is now in the freshness of its vigour when the kingdoms of his prophet are mouldering and passing away. Of the Greek schism, a mere earthly worship—a worship of the powers of this world—he will hear nothing. Of Protestantism he knows nothing, and can understand little, but that it is a commercial, comfortable, domestic doctrine, sadly wanting in the element of authority and the dignity of self-denial. But of Catholicism he is compelled to have other thoughts. It is very touching to read on this subject the narratives of the missionaries in those countries. The following passages are taken from a Memoir of M. Etienne, Procurator-General of the Lazarists. It is dated the 29th Nov., 1840, and is to be found in the “Annals of the Propagation of the Faith” for March 1841.

The last hour of the Ottoman power will sound only when her inheritance shall be irrevocably secured to the Church of Jesus Christ.

Such is the conviction which every one must carry back with him from the East, who attentively studies the progress which our faith is making there in proportion as the empire is declining. This is a conviction which is shared

even by the Turks. They feel that their reign is over, that they form but the shadow of a nation which is rapidly passing away, and that it is impossible for them henceforward to struggle against the principle of death which is undermining their constitution. And, what is most remarkable, this people, whose simple, frank, and noble character challenges respect in the midst of their misfortunes, are intimately persuaded that it is for us to inherit their ruins. In proportion to the contempt they manifest for sectarians, whom they confound with the Jews in one common sentiment of hatred, do they exhibit towards the Catholics feelings of affection. Is this an indication of the approaching union of the children of Mahomet with the great family of Jesus Christ? We have every reason to think so, when we behold Islamism falling into decay and the true faith rising upon its ruins.

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The delivery of this province Syria, dates from the period of its invasion by the Pacha of Egypt. Since that event, the fanaticism of the infidels has considerably diminished. The churches, which previously could not be even repaired without a firman of the Grand Seigneur, were henceforward enlarged and multiplied without the slightest obstacle. Christian schools were soon opened in all directions for the children of both sexes; a college, which generally contains from 40 to 50 boarders, was founded at Antoura, by the priests of our congregation. Damascus, which, in the Mussulman's eyes, is the *holy city*, and which no Christian could heretofore enter unless bareheaded and upon paying a capitation tax, not only has ceased to exercise its odious tyranny, but has permitted the ceremonies of our worship to take place within its walls. From toleration the Turks soon passed to affection for our worship. Thus, two years ago, an entire village of these infidels embraced the Gospel. It is even certain that the Mahometans the most qualified to appreciate the questions of religion are secretly engaged in the study of Christianity.

* * * * *

At Constantinople the clergy of our congregation are at the head of a college where the children of the first families of the city are educated; they have also a school, which is frequented by no less than 150 day scholars. Those two establishments have already sent out a considerable number of excellent young men, not less useful to society than sincerely attached to religion.

* * * * *

Another subject of joy and astonishment awaited me amongst the Sisters of Charity; I found in their establishment, which has only been a year in existence, 24 orphans rescued from misery by Catholic priests, and formed to virtue by the humble daughters of St. Vincent. To the questions I proposed to them on geography, history, and arithmetic, they answered with readiness and accuracy; but what was still more interesting to me, was gratitude to a religion which is known to them only by the blessings it confers. I could not explain to myself how, in so short a time, such precious results could have been obtained, and I blessed the Lord, whose paternal hand is pleased to encourage our zeal, by granting such unlooked-for success to an establishment which has but commenced. I was not less consoled by the visits I paid to the other day schools, directed also by the Sisters of Charity. The 230 pupils, which they comprise, are not all Catholics; Russians, Arabs, Armenian and Greek schismatics, come to the same source to obtain knowledge and wisdom. Whatever be the diversity of religious belief which separates their families, these children entertain for their mistresses the same sentiments of affection and confidence. It can be easily conceived what was my emotion upon seeing the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul thus wonderfully established in the very heart

of Islamism, happy, by their being devoted to the education of youth, to find themselves associated to the Apostolic ministry, and a thousand times blessing the Lord for having chosen them to be the instruments of his mercy to a country over which desolation has reigned for such a length of time."

Nor is it merely in Syria and at Constantinople that these things are in progress. Persia witnesses the same labours and the same success. Nay, even those very Northern Provinces of Turkey of which our present discussion is, filled though they be with Slavonians of the Greek heresy, are exhibiting the very same scenes, Servia has its Catholic missions. In Bulgaria, in these late years, the very Mussulmans (*Annals*, Nov. 1842) have hung their carpets from the windows to grace the procession of the Holy Sacrament. And in Wallachia, Bucharest, which thirty years ago contained one thousand Catholics, now contains six thousand (a tenth of the whole population,) while three thousand more are scattered through the rest of the province. These, of course, are only beginnings. But if these things are done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry? If these obstinate pagan fanatics will listen with candour and docility, who can foretell the fruit when a general movement is fairly set on foot?

Now we are almost willing to leave this question to any reasonable Protestant. Which would he prefer,—the gross material tyranny of Russia, accompanied with a bloody propagandism in favour of the Greek idol-worship, or the self-denying propagandism of Rome, with its heroic virtues, and the opening it affords for the introduction of every phase of European civilization? Can the Protestant have any decent hope of civilizing the East through Protestantism? Of breathing into it, through the religion of Luther or Calvin, strength sufficient to buttress it up against the sapping encroachments of the North? It is impossible to imagine such a thing. One thing is certain: that either the East must be made Catholic, or else it will become the prey of Russia, when in course of time the hopeless resistance of the other European powers is wearied out.

In a word, the one hope of the East against the present sullen torpor and more dreadful tyranny, is the church. Catholicism can save it, and every thing else is ruin. Therefore it is that—even as a matter of policy, apart from religion altogether, and merely for the sake of civilization—we regret bitterly to see these Russian advances submitted to so tamely. Whenever the power of Russia becomes sufficiently consolidated in the north of Turkey, than will come the atrocious propagandism which has been practised in unhappy Poland. Mahomedanism will be brutally rooted out with the sword. The Catholic missions will be dissolved, the schools shut up, and the voice of the teacher silenced. Every hope of advancement and civilization must be abandoned. Nothing will be heard of but a blind abject submission to a despot who makes and unmakes law and gospel, and the little finger of whose tyranny will be heavier than the loins of the Turkish despotism.—*Tablet*.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

CORPUS-CHRISTI-DAY AMONG THE POTTOWATTOMIES.*

JUNE 20, 1843.

"Our good Pottowattomies so often designated by the contemptuous appellation of "savages," seem to understand far better than most of those who lay the highest claims to Christianity, Catholicism, and civilization, the earnest invitation of the Church on this day, to show love and gratitude for the inestimable favour conferred upon mankind by the institution of the most adorable sacrifice of our altars.

The day previous to the feast we had scarcely time to take our meals, so great was the assembly of faithful eager to wash out their sins in the blood of the immaculate Lamb, at the sacred tribunal of penance. Nothing could daunt the courage or the fervour of our dear neophytes; neither the difficult roads, rendered more so by the continual rains that had fallen for some days, nor the fury of the winds, nor the incessant flashes of lightning that rent the sky, nor the tremendous peals of thunder. It seemed as if hell had conjured all the elements against the celebration. To give some idea of the fury of the raging storm, it is sufficient to state that several gigantic trees were uprooted, while others were struck by lightning in the immediate vicinity of the church. The building itself was so violently shaken that I entertained great fears lest the whole edifice would crumble down and be shattered into atoms; the rain was pouring down into it by torrents, so as hardly to afford a shelter. In the midst of this general confusion of nature a gratifying spectacle was exhibited to the eye of faith in the perfect resignation of our good people to the will of the Almighty. They appeared wholly unconcerned, as if nothing were able to disturb them in their devotions; and when I afterwards inquired from a young woman, whether she had not been frightened in this general havoc of nature,—she answered, she knew too well her Father in heaven would protect his children, to allow such distractions in her prayers. The fury of the storm had abated and by degrees serenity was restored, when the unusual sound of a kind of drum fell suddenly upon our ears, and was accompanied at intervals with wild shouts and yells; fires were seen on one of the neighbouring hills, and upon inquiry I learned that a band of Osages had arrived to hold a council with the Pottowattomies and that they were engaged in their usual dances and festivities. The impracticability of the roads forbade me at that hour to approach them as near as I should have desired, anxious as I was to make a sketch of one of these celebrated amusements. As far as I could discover by the faint glimmering of a camp fire. I observed some athletic naked fellows jump and kick about in a circle.†

* This interesting and edifying relation is taken from a letter written by Father P. J. Verheyden, S. J., to the Very Rev. Father Verhaegen, S. J., from Sugar Creek Mission, Indian Territory, on June 20th, 1843.

† Unlike other tribes, when the Osages dance, they keep themselves in an inclined posture which I cannot assimilate better than to that of a jumping bull-frog. Their squaws, on the contrary, join the feet and jump on high. The naked bodies of the men are painted with stripes and figures of various colours; their heads are shaved all around leaving only some hair on the scalp, which they are in the habit of dyeing with vermillion, and which is adorned with a large feather, or some other such ornament; their ears are full of holes and the profusion of trinkets they hang in them causes them to grow about double their size. The vermillion, or rather the sulphurous precipitate of mercury they are in the habit of rubbing round their eyes, has stripped them of every hair mother nature has so wisely placed around the delicate organ of sight and gives them a frightful appearance. They take great pride in carrying about themselves the trophies of their victories, such as the scalps of their slain enemies, or skins or claws of animals killed in the chase. One of them bore as a sash the skin

The next day, notwithstanding the rain, the church was so full as to cause serious apprehensions lest the floor might give way. Not only our dear neophytes, but a number of Catholic Ottawas, and some Osages, many of whom had travelled part of the night, had come to assist at divine service. A family of **Miamis** had also arrived to be regenerated in the sacred waters of baptism,—and owing to our attendance in the confessional, the greater part of the preceding day and part of the night was devoted to their instruction. Father Eysvogels celebrated the communion mass, and, truly, our labours were abundantly rewarded, in beholding with what tender emotions of love and gratitude those pious christians approached the Holy Table. So great was their number that the arms of the father were nearly overcome with lassitude, and that his voice began to falter. At 10 o'clock I sang High Mass; more than one half of the congregation could not find admittance into the sacred edifice. A great number of neighbouring Indians from twenty and thirty miles around had come to hear the words of peace and salvation that were to be announced to them, and to witness the august ceremonies of our Holy Faith. The solemn rites of the church, although novel to the greater part of them, seemed to impress the audience with a peculiar awe and reverence; the sacerdotal vestments and the grave canticles of the church, seemed to divide the attention of the Osages.—It was after 12 o'clock M., when the ceremony was concluded. Then I witnessed for the first time, a scene which I deem worthy to be recorded. All the area about the church was occupied by small parties of different nations. The mothers had fixed hammocks between the trees and left to a gentle breeze the care of rocking their little ones, so as to devote to prayer their undivided attention. Our neophytes, deeply impressed with the love of Jesus towards men, and mindful of the precept of practising charity towards one another, invited the strangers to share with them their scanty meal—a trait truly worthy of the spirit of faith, and characteristic of the primitive ages of christianity. Since I have been here several facts of a similar nature have fallen under my personal observation. A young man had been prevented, by sickness, from attending, this season, to the cultivation of his field; how agreeably was he surprised, when restored to health, to find his corn already grown up and promising an abundant crop; some charitable Indians having done unto others as they would have wished to be done by. Is it, then, astonishing that the choicest blessings of heaven should rest upon a people who, not satisfied to be the believers of the word, are the doers of it also?

Pardon me this small digression; I return to the subject of this letter. At 3 o'clock, P. M., solemn vespers were sung. The congregation is divided into two choruses—the men on one side and the women on the other, sing alternately a verse of the Psalms. The accord, the harmony of so many voices and hearts in the wilderness; the inspired writings penned so many ages ago by the Royal Prophet, and sung by those poor children of the forest, produced those deep emotions of the soul which man can feel, but no pen can describe. At the termination of vespers the procession was formed in the following order, viz:—

1. Two hundred young warriors on horseback, now marching in one column, then dividing into several, — again making evolutions with the greatest precision under the command of their respective officers, chosen among the most

of an enormous serpent of a kind unknown to me. Although I am aware that an Indian sets too high a price on those monuments of his bravery, easily to part with them, yet I would have used all my endeavours to procure this specimen for the museum of the St. Louis University, had it been in a good state of preservation.

distinguished men of the nation. The insignia that adorned their flags are emblematical of their faith—the name of Jesus, by whom we all expect to be saved, and His Sacred Heart, the furnace of His ardent love for man; their motto is expressive of the sentiments of their soul: “Peace to men of good will.”

2. The cross followed, supported on each side by a banner in the form of the Labarum of Constantine, serving to direct the lines. Next, about fifty young girls in their richest attire, all scholars of the female academy of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, strewing flowers on their way; then the boys at our school—about sixty in number.

3. Two large standards heading the lines of the infantry, and marching to the cadence of drum and fife. The infantry fired salutes at certain intervals.

4. Two long lines of singers, making the welkin resound with the praises of the Almighty, and in the centre six acolythes, who, among the clouds of incense, strewed flowers on the passage of the Holy of Holies; four other acolythes bore lanterns by the side of the Blessed Sacrament. The canopy was carried by the eight principal chiefs, and followed by the commander-in-chief and a squadron of lancers on horseback. Then the women in lines of two on each side reciting devout prayers.

The repository had been built on an eminence in the midst of an extensive prairie. It was a platform of about twenty-five feet square and six high, with steps in front, and surrounded with seven tall cedar trees, over it two flags bearing the sign of our redemption, were waving in the air. In the midst of the platform, upon an Etruscan altar seven feet high, was placed the throne of Him whose delight is to be with the children of men. Fresh flowers and poor draperies were all the ornaments; but the prayer of twelve hundred people that rose like incense in his sight, the offerings of their hearts made by these men of good will, were undoubtedly more acceptable to him than the richest perfumes and the vain exhibitions of worldly splendour. The moment the benediction arrived, all the horsemen dismounted. Verily, it was a sublime and consoling spectacle to behold a whole nation who, but a few years ago, were ignorant of God and His holy law, kneeling down in profound adoration before Him who bled and died on the cross for man's salvation. Ah, dear and reverend Father, what scenes for the heart of a missionary! and with what raptures of joy did we not entone the Psalm, “Praise the Lord, all ye nations; praise Him all ye people; For His mercy is confirmed upon us; and the truth of the Lord remaineth forever.”

ST. LOUIS.—On the fourth of July, a solemn *Te Deum* was chanted in the Cathedral of this city, in thanksgiving to God for the enjoyment of those civil liberties which the Declaration of Independence, signed on the same day, sixty-seven years ago, secured to the American people. Before the *Te Deum* commenced an eloquent discourse was delivered by Rev. Martin Spalding, D. D. of the diocese of Louisville, in which the principles of the signers were shown to be in perfect conformity with the opinions generally received and professed by the scholastic divines of the middle ages, and very frequently acted upon by the people of those abused times. The corner stone of a new church was solemnly blessed by the Coadjutor Bishop of this diocese at Alton, Illinois, on Sunday the 9th ult. A great number of citizens from St. Louis as well as numbers of the inhabitants of Alton, were present at the ceremony. On the same day Rev. Martin Spalding, D. D., preached at the Church of St. Francis Xavier in aid of the Female Free School lately opened in its vicinity. He also preached on the following Sunday in the Cathedral, in and of the Male Orphan Asylum. On the 6th of July left this city the Rev. Tiberius Soderini, of the Society of Jesus, for the Indian missions among the Pottowatomies,

Ottowas and Chippeways. He was accompanied by two ladies of the Sacred Heart, who are to join the others of their community, who so successfully conduct the Female Free School among these Indians.

On Sunday the 16th ult., the Right Rev. Bishop Odin, Vicar Apostolic of Texas, administered the sacrament of confirmation to sixty-eight persons at St. Genevieve. The same Apostolic Prelate administered confirmation on the 23d inst., at the Church of St. Mary's, Peryville, to a large number. The Coadjutor Bishop of St. Louis visited French Village, Illinois, on Sunday 16th ult, where he administered the sacrament of confirmation to 36 persons. The distribution of premiums among the young ladies of the Academy attached to the Visitation Convent, Kaskaskia, took place on Wednesday, 26th ult. Bishop Odin distributed the prizes. The sacrament of confirmation was administered by the Coadjutor Bishop of this diocese on Thursday, 27th ult., to 17 persons, in the Chapel attached to the Convent of the Sacred Heart in this city. Almost all those who were confirmed on that occasion frequent the Female Free School, conducted by the above named religious ladies. The number of scholars is about eighty. Yesterday was the festival of St. Ignatius of Loyola, founder of the Society of Jesus. High Mass was sung in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, attached to the University, at 8 o'clock, during which the Coadjutor Bishop addressed the congregation on the life and virtues of St. Ignatius.

HOLLAND.—*Hoorn*.—Two respectable gentlemen lately made there abjuration of Protestantism in the Catholic Church of this city. The bigots of this place had scattered several pamphlets among the people, in which the tenets of the Catholic Church were misrepresented, and the Catholics set forth as idolaters &c. The reading of these pamphlets induced the gentlemen to inquire after the true tenets of the calumniated Church, and finally finding within its bosom the saving faith once delivered to the saints, they abjured the Calvinistic belief before all their relatives and acquaintances.—[*Godsdienstvriend*.]

JESUITS.—Since the articles of agreement have been signed by the Belgian and Dutch authorities, the Jesuits have commenced to re-establish themselves in those places from which the narrow-mindedness of William I. had driven them. They opened, in 1842, their old College of Cuylemburg, and have attracted an unusual number of the Catholic youth of Holland. Upon the request of the Bishop of Curium, they have lately accepted of the direction of the College of Nobles, which that Prelate has erected in Katwyk, near Leyden, where all the Catholic, and very probably many of the Protestant Nobility of Holland will receive their education.

WEST-INDIES.—*Dutch Possessions*.—We take from the May number of *de Godsdienstvriend*, a Catholic periodical of Holland, the following information concerning the state of our H. Religion in the Dutch West-Indies. *Curacao*, *St. Eustatia* and the half of *St. Martin*, are the only Isles which belong to the Government of Holland. In these Isles, as well as the mother-country, our Religion, notwithstanding the ignorance of the Aborigines, and the bigotry of some English and Dutch Lords, is very flourishing. A few years ago there was but one Priest and one Church at Curacao, now each Isle has its Church and Minister. They are under the Spiritual jurisdiction of the Very Rev. Dr. Newindt, the Apostolic prefect of the Dutch West-Indies. *Curacao*, where the zealous Prefect and the intrepid *Van Roosmalen* labour, has a large congregation in Williamstadt. There is a flourishing Free School under the charge of six Sisters of the Order of St. Francis. Upwards of two hundred children, without distinction of colour attend daily Cathedral instruction. *St. Eustatia* too is about to have a beautiful Church erected, the expenses of which are

partly to be borne by the Dutch Government, and partly by the liberality of the Catholics of Holland. The Rev. Mr. Kistemaker, who labours here, writes in a late letter, that on his arrival in the Island in the year 1842, he was greeted at every step by the name of Papist, "worshipper of images," "embassador of the Pope" &c. Even the very negro-race was profuse in anti-christian and antisocial epithets against the Catholic missionary. The Isle was in a religious point of view, under the complete influence of English Methodists: the Dutch population being comparatively thin in the Island. Now, however, thanks be to God, great accessions have been made to the true Church of Christ and there exists a great alarm among the English Protestants, who appear every where instinctively to dread the innate power of Catholicism. *St. Martin* too, though small, has the zealous *Ten Brink* for labourer. This worthy Priest, since his arrival in 1842, has formed a congregation of four hundred souls: and is about to open a Free School for the poor salt-diggers of the Isle.

SWEDISH WEST-INDIES.—*St. Bartholomew*, a small but fertile Island, is the only one that belongs to Sweden. It is attended by the French and the Dutch Priests of *St. Martin*: a handsome Catholic Church has been commenced in *Gustavia*, the capital of the Isle.

DUTCH GUIANA.—The *Gazette of Surinam* of the 7th of March last has the following:

"Information has been received in Paramaribo that his Holiness, the Pope of Rome, has nominated the Very Rev. James Grooff, now Prefect Apostolic of Surinam, as Vicar Apostolic of the Dutch East-Indies, with the dignity of Bishop of Cana in part. inf. Also that the Very Rev. M. J. Niewindt, now Prefect of Curacao, has been nominated Vicar Apostolic with the dignity of Bishop of Cytrum in part. inf. His Majesty William II., King of Holland has confirmed the nominations; by a decree of 16th Dec. 1842."

This intelligence is so much the more gratifying that the Very Rev. M. M. Grooff and Niewindt are the *first* Vicars Apostolic with Episcopal dignity, that ever were appointed for the Dutch ultramarine possessions.

CHINA.—Extract of a letter of the Rev. P. Gotteland, of the Society of Jesus, dated Nankin, September 1842."

"After a short and happy voyage our little group of Jesuits landed on the Chinese soil:—thanks be to that Providence who always surpasses in liberality those who are liberal to him. We had no difficulty to get all our luggage ashore and secured: which according to recollection, never had happened before. The Rt. Rev. Vicar Apostolic of Nankin, Besi, received us with the utmost cordiality, and expressed his wish that the Society would once more spread in the celestial Empire. The diocese of Nankin numbers about sixty thousand Catholics: the number of Clergymen in attendance is quite insufficient for the wants of the people. Wherever we appeared all classes seemed to receive us with open arms. The Vicar Apostolic was much pleased with the encouraging letter of our Very Rev. Father General at Rome. The Provinces of Hianguan and Chang-Tong are very destitute of Priests, and their Spiritual heads have applied for Jesuits. We just received the news from the last named Province, that, upon the request of a persecuting Mandarin, twenty-two men and twenty-four women were made prisoners for the faith: it is said that eight of them had renounced their faith before entering upon their sufferings; the rest were faithful and resolved to lay down their lives for Christ. The rulers of Chang-Tong are some of the most intolerant ones of the Empire: we will deem ourselves truly happy, when we shall be appointed to labour there for God's greater glory. The Bishop has invited me to baptize to-morrow

the third day of our arrival, four Chinese adults—great many more, says he are to be baptized within a month.”

In addition to the above, information has been received in this city from Fribourg, Switzerland, that Rt. Rev. Bishop Besi has earnestly applied for a new supply of Jesuit-Fathers, for the celestial Empire. In consequence thereof fifteen Fathers of the Province of France are preparing to set out towards the close of this year.

CONVERSION.—Dr. Moses Rocca, an Israelite of Trieste, and a physician of high reputation, aged 38 years, and his wife aged 25, with their infant daughter, were recently baptized at Rome. The Austrian Ambassador stood sponsor for the doctor: the Baroness Grazioni was Godmother to the wife and child.

CONVERT TO CATHOLICITY.—C. Debarry, Esq., one of the principal contributors to the British Magazine [Puseyite publication.] has recently renounced Protestant opinions, and conformed to the Catholic Church.

LIFE OF ST. ZITA.—The Baron de Montreuil has just published the *Life of St. Zita*, a servant in Lucca, who died in 1278. On the 27th April, 1841 Feast of the Saint, he heard Mass in her Chapel at Rome, and subsequently visited Lucca, where he obtained leave of the Archbishop to inspect her relics. They were examined in the presence of the ecclesiastical authorities, and of numerous witnesses, and her body was found entire, and free from any putrefaction, of which extraordinary fact a formal document was drawn up.—*Catholic Herald*.

APPROBATION.

THE CATHOLIC CABINET is published with my approbation, and appears to me calculated to promote the interests of the Catholic Religion in this diocese

† PETER RICHARD,

Bishop of Drasis, and Coadjutor of the Bishop of St. Louis

JUNE 30th. 1843.

TO AGENTS.

We shall feel thankful to those gentlemen who have consented to act as Agents for the Catholic Cabinet, to favor us as regularly as possible, with monthly remittances.

THE
CATHOLIC CABINET,

AND

CHRONICLE OF RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. I.

ST. LOUIS: SEPTEMBER, 1843.

No. 5.

CALVIN.

Histoire de la Vie, des Ouvrages, et des Doctrines de Calvin. Par M. Audin, Auteur de *l'Histoire de Luther*, 2 vols. 8 vo., pp. 534 and 508. Paris, 1841.

History of the Life, Works and Doctrines of Calvin; By M. Audin, author of the *History of Luther*; 2 vols. 8 vo., pp. 534 and 508. Paris, 1841.

This is in many respects a remarkable book. It is an appropriate sequel to the *Life of Luther* by the same author. The latter is already before the public, in an English dress, and we willingly indulge the hope that the former may also be soon spread before our reading community. It is, emphatically a work for the times. Its publication is one additional evidence that history is beginning to arise from the tomb to which the prejudice of three centuries had consigned her; and that she will soon cease to be "a conspiracy against the truth." She is already shaking off the dust, doffing the thick mantle in which bigotry had enveloped her form, and standing again erect—a stern witness of the truth.—Not only Catholic, but Protestant writers of distinction—such as Voigt, Hurter, Galiffe—have assisted at her resurrection. The present work has lifted the dark veil which hung heavily over the cradle of Calvinism, and exhibited to our view, in all their startling reality, the events which Geneva witnessed in the sixteenth century.

The author has brought to his task great industry and research. He has drawn materials from every quarter. He assures us, that there was not a library of any note in France or Germany which he did not visit.* In pursuing his researches, he discovered many letters of the Geneva Reformer which had been hitherto unpublished. He has published in full, for the first time, the famous letter of Calvin to Farel, concerning Servetus, which he found in the handwriting of Calvin himself, in the Royal Library at Paris.† The arguments which he adduces‡ to support its genuinity are such as no reasonable

* Introduction, p 19.

VOL. I.

† Vol. II., p 313 seq.

‡ Ibid.

mind can resist. In the libraries of Lyons and Dijon, he discovered many pamphlets and other writings of the sixteenth century, which throw great light upon the history of Calvin; and at Basle, Berne and Darmstadt, he collected a great many curious facts hitherto unpublished.

The friends of Calvin had sought to bury in obscurity the "Registers of the Council and Consistory of Geneva;" and when, not long ago, M. Vernet requested the Geneva Secretary of State, M. Chapeaurouge, to communicate to him the order of proceedings touching Servetus, the council, to whom the matter was referred by the Secretary, refused to grant the request. However, the Syndic of Geneva, M. Calandrini, answered "that the conduct of Calvin and of the council, in that affair, were such, that they wished to bury it in deep oblivion."* A recent distinguished Protestant writer, M. Galiffe, has however lately penetrated this gloom, and published to the world the official Registers of Geneva, with all the mysteries of iniquity which they unfold.† Two other protestant writers, Fazy‡ and Gaberel,§ not to mention others, have also thrown great additional light on those transactions. M. Audin draws on all these authors; in fact, he hazards no important statement without protestant authority, founded on the Registers themselves, or other contemporary documents of incontestable weight.

The style of M. Audin is peculiarly lively and graphic. His is not a dull, spiritless narrative, but one that irresistibly carries you back to the times of which he writes, and makes the actors themselves reappear upon the stage in their own proper characters. Still we could have wished for more simplicity. We confess that we are not yet sufficiently advanced in perfection, to admire—perhaps because we are too dull to appreciate—that kind of writing, of which Bulwer may be considered the type of our language,—Victor Cousin, Hugo, and La Martine for the French—and a countless multitude for the German.—We have little relish for abstract vagaries, or transcendental reveries, no matter how grandiloquent or sparkling the style in which they are attempted to be communicated. It is perhaps a schoolboy prejudice, but we must avow that we vastly prefer the noble simplicity of the ancient Latin and Greek classical models. We would not be understood as wishing to refer all this to the work of M. Audin; but we think that about one third of his book might be left out with great advantage, at least to readers in this country. Perhaps also his method might be improved. As it stands, it is neither strictly chronological, nor strictly according to the order of matters treated. His endeavour to take a middle course between that of the dry annalist, and that of the philosophic essayist, has betrayed him into some confusion, and not a little repetition. The work might certainly have been more compact and better digested. Both these

* See the letter in full, republished from Galiffe by our author, vols. II. pp 322.

† *Notices Genealogiques sur les familles Genevoises*, in 3 vols., pp 800, 1831, 1836.

‡ *Essai d'un précis de l'Histoire de la Rep. Genevoise*, 2 vols. Geneva, 1838.

§ *Calvin a Geneva*, 8 vo, 1836.

ends would have been better attained had he confined himself strictly to the facts, in themselves sufficiently interesting, and left the commentary on them to his readers. His work would then have possessed more weight; for no one could have accused him of being a partizan.

These blemishes do not prevent the work from being a most interesting and invaluable repertory of facts. Our readers will be convinced of this from the specimen we will lay before them of those which struck us most forcibly while engaged in its perusal. It is not, however, intended so much to present a summary of the History, as to direct attention to some of its leading features.

John Calvin was born at Noyon in France, on the 10th of July, 1509, and he died at Geneva, on the 19th of May, 1564, in the 55th year of his age. The first feature that strikes us in his character, is his untiring industry, and restless activity. Whether we view him as a student frequenting the schools of Paris,—as a minister at Geneva, concerting with the ministers Farel, and Froment, his plans for carrying out the Reformation,—as an exile at Strasbourg, intermeddling with the affairs of Geneva Diets, and Geneva reformers,—or, after his return to Geneva from the exile into which his restlessness had driven him,—throughout his whole life, he is the same busy, intriguing, restless character. He was never asleep at his post,—he was always on the alert,—he toiled day and night in carrying out his plans. He was as cool and calculating as he was active. He seldom failed to put down an enemy, and every opponent was his enemy, because he could seldom be taken at a disadvantage. His vigilance detected their plans, and his prompt activity thwarted them. Though very irritable, and inexorable in his anger, yet his passion did not cloud his understanding, nor hinder the carrying out of his deliberate purpose. In temperament he was cold and repulsive—even sour and morose. He mingled little with others, and was as reserved in his conversations, as he was fond of retirement and study.

If he had any heart, he never gave evidence of the fact, by the manifestation of feeling. At the death of his first and only child, he shed not one tear. In a letter to the Minister Viret, he coldly informed him of the fact, and invited him to pay him a visit at Strasbourg, telling him as an inducement to come, that they could enjoy themselves, and talk together for half a day.*” He never manifested the least sympathy for those in distress—though in many cases he was himself the cause of their sufferings. Thus when Servetus, on his hearing that he was condemned to the stake, gave way to his feelings in a burst of agony and tears, Calvin mocked at his distress by writing to one of his friends that “he bellowed after the manner of a Spaniard—mercy, mercy.”† Thus, also, when the excellent Castalio, one of the most excellent men and accomplished scholars of his age, was on the very verge of starvation at Berne, with-

* See Audin, vol. I., p. 351, note for Calvins words.

† “Ut tantum hispanico more reboaret misericordia, misericordia, ibid vol. II., p 304.

er he had repaired to escape Calvin's persecution at Geneva, the reformer had the cold heartedness to remind him that he had fed at his table in Strasbourg; and to do away with the effect of Castalio's arguments, which he found it difficult to answer, he accused him of theft! To the first charge Castalio answered, "I lodged with you, it is true, about a week * * * but I paid you for what I had eaten. How cordially you and Beza hate me."* The charge of theft he indignantly repelled, as follows: "and who told you that? Your spies who have deceived you. Reduced to the most frightful misery * * * I took a hook and went to gather the wood which floated upon the Rhine, which belonged to no one, and which I fished up and burnt afterwards at my house to warm myself. Do you call this theft?"† Castalio, thus hunted down by his inexorable enemy, literally died of hunger, while struggling to maintain, by his learning, a wife and eight children. But he had had the misfortune to differ with Calvin on predestination, while at Geneva, and the boldness to reprove him and his colleagues with an intolerant spirit. "Paul" he had told them, "chastised himself, you torment others"‡

Calvin's personal appearance was an index to his character. He was of middle height, of a lean and supple figure, with a contracted chest, with the veins of his neck full and prominent, his mouth well made and large, his lips blueish, his forehead expanded, bony and furrowed with wrinkles, his eye restless, and, when he was excited, darting fire. His ceaseless labours caused him to become prematurely grey, and gave him a pale and cadaverous aspect. He was a man from whose appearance you would expect little that was not the result of hard labour. What a contrast between him and Luther! Luther, a creature of impulse, a portly ex-friar, fond of good cheer, and never more at home than when conversing with boon companions at the *Black Boar*: Calvin, meagre, silent and morose, shut up within himself, chilling all with his reserve—all head and no heart. In the pulpit the difference was most marked. Luther spoke extemporaneously, and, without method or choice of words, bore all before him by a torrent of passionate invective and boisterous declamation. Calvin was cold and unimpassioned, his diction pure and polished, his thoughts clear and precise, and his whole manner calculated to make a more deep and lasting impression on his hearers. Calvin's was the eloquence of the head—Luther's, of the heart.

But they agreed in one thing,—they both crushed the liberties of the people in the countries, which were the respective theatres of their labours. Their profession of breaking the bonds of religious slavery and securing political freedom to the people, was all talk. It is too late in the day to hold them up as the champions of popular rights. The effect of the reformation, both at Wirtenburg and at Geneva, was to weaken the democratic principle; in both places

* Castalio Defensio pp 26, 40—Apd Audin vol II., p 239.

† Defens. p 12, ibid p 240. ‡ Ibid p 234.

the rights of the lower orders were trampled under foot. In Germany Luther conjured up a storm which he could not control. He professed to open the Holy Scriptures to all, and told all to read them and expound them for themselves. They did so, and the result was that the lower orders in Germany resolved to shake off the yoke of their civil rulers. In their prayer* for redress of grievances, they appealed to the Scriptures at every step, and used the very arguments which Luther had put into their hands. What did Luther say and do in this conjuncture? Did he beg the princes of the empire to redress the grievances of the peasants, and to grant them their just rights? Had he been the friend of popular rights, he would have done so. He arrayed the princes against them, called them ugly names, and said "that a peasant should be treated like an ass; that a little straw and fodder would suffice him: that, if he shook his head, he should be beaten with a stick; if he kicked, he should be shot."† The struggle continued in Germany for many years; more than 120,000 peasants perished: the country presented a scene of desolation, and popular liberty was at length stifled with the revolt. The result was, that the democratic principle was weakened throughout Germany, and the arm of the executive power strengthened. Christ was the Father of the poor: Luther had no name hard enough for them. He occupied a middle ground, between the emperors and the peasants — between the Catholics and the ultra-dissenters, to whom his example and principles had given existence. Aware how slippery was the ground on which he stood, he offered his influence, and sold himself to those princes who were willing to protect him in his difficult position. He needed the aid of the princes against the emperor, and he could not secure that aid without supporting them in their quarrel with the peasants: hence the course he adopted.

Calvin also crushed the liberties of the people; but in a more insidious manner: he robbed them of their freedom, in the name of liberty. A foreigner, he insinuated himself into Geneva, and, serpent-like, coiled himself around the very heart of the republic which had adopted him; nor did he relax his hold so long as he lived. He thus stung the bosom which had warmed him. That this language is not too strong, the following plain statement of facts will show.

The Cantons of Switzerland formed one of the many republics of the Middle Ages. They owed all their liberties, and their very existence as a distinct government, to Catholics in Catholic times. William Tell, Melchtal, and Furstenburg, were the fathers of Swiss liberty. In 1307 was fought by these heroes the famous battle of Morgarten, which drove the Austrians from Switzerland, and secured Swiss independence. The bishops of Geneva had been its greatest benefactors. They had more than once protected the rights of the

* See that document, in Sartorius Geschichte, 1797; and in Audin, Introduction, p. 6.

† Kuhel Geschichte, tom. 11, p. 669; Audin, Introd., p. 7.

city against the aggressions of the dukes of Savoy, themselves. One of them (Adhemar Fabri), as early as 1387, had written out the laws and privileges of the city; and the book was venerated as containing the *magna charta* of Genevan liberties. Those laws provided, that the citizens had the sole right of inflicting capital punishment; that none should be tortured without the consent of the people; that, from the rising to the setting of the sun, the citizens were the sole guardians of the city; and that no agent of the Duke or Bishop could exercise any power during that time, and that the citizens alone had the right to elect their burgomasters.* Calvin trampled every one of these privileges in the dust. At the instigation of the Ministers, Farel and Froment, Geneva had already cast off the mild yoke of her episcopal Court. Instead of it, she was doomed to wear, riveted on her neck, the iron yoke of Calvin's Consistory. This spiritual court of Calvin's devising, gradually monopolized all power in Geneva. The hitherto free council of the burgomasters became a mere tool in its hands. With its appliances of preachers, elders, and spies, it penetrated every where, and struck terror into every bosom. The pulpit was then a powerful instrument in the hands of the police. Every one trembled at the denunciation of the ministers, for it was sure to be followed by ulterior consequences.

Whoever will read M. Audin's book must be struck with the truth of these remarks. Our limits will not allow copious details: we must confine ourselves to some of the most prominent facts, which support the statement just made. In the beginning of the sixteenth century, Geneva was the great commercial heart of Europe. Occupying a central position, between Italy, Germany, and France, it was a common mart for the goods of each. The enterprising flocked there from all parts of Europe. It was also a city of refuge for all the uneasy and restless spirits, who, for religious or political intrigues, had been forced to leave their own country. The population of Geneva was, in consequence, of a most motley character. Calvin was amongst the many French refugees who took shelter there. Before his arrival the reformation had been already effected by the agency of Farel and Froment. Its course had been marked, as elsewhere, by pillage of the churches—by seizure of church property—by destruction of works of art—by robbery and sacrilege, and by massacres. You might have traced it, by its effects, as you could have traced the march of an army of Huns in the fifth century. La Sœur Jeanne de Jussie, a nun of St. Clare, an eye-witness of these horrors and a sufferer by them, has left a most graphic description of them, and M. Audin has given us an abstract of her interesting work.†

Such was the state of things when Calvin came to Geneva. Among its

* Hottinger Hist. des Eglises de la Suisse; Audin, vol. 2, p. 15. Those laws are written in the quaint old Latin of that period, and present a strange mixture of the old Savoyard Patois with the classical Latin.

† Vol. 1, p. 195 to 215.

citizens, the mechanics and common labourers formed a numerous class. These constituted a distinct political party, who viewed with an evil eye the ascendancy acquired by Calvin and the other foreign refugees. Calvin could not brook them, and styled them sneeringly the party of the "Libertines." And the history of his protracted and bitter contest with them forms the matter of many long chapters in M. Audin's book. * The high priest at Geneva could not bear them, because, in their evening parties,† they took the unwarrantable liberty of laughing at him—at his cadaverous figure, his withered hands, and his nasal twang in the pulpit; and they had even gone so far as to call him "*le Renard Francois*," or "*the French Fox*." Besides, they had the unpardonable effrontery to drink healths, to dance, and to otherwise amuse themselves, when the labours of the day were over. Calvin's sour and morose temperament could ill brook this cheerfulness, and especially those sallies at his expense.—Besides, he was troubled with the asthma, and was subject to vertigo and head ache—and what right had those vulgar clowns to shock his nerves, or to disturb his sleep? What right had they to their old and long cherished national amusements, if it was in the least displeasing to the humour of this splentie stranger! What right had they to sing or laugh at his peculiarities! If it was not downright blasphemy, as the minister more than once intimated from the pulpit, it was at least very impolite in them not to wear longer faces, at least while he was in the city."

Calvin determined to put down the "libertines;" and to effect his purpose he procured the enactment of a body of laws, of which we will give a few specimens. They show us what was the spirit, and what the *modus operandi* of Calvinism at its birth. "They punished with imprisonment the lady who arranged her hair with too much coquetry, (the ministers were to judge,) and even her chambermaid who assisted at her toilet; the merchant who played at cards, the peasant who spoke too harshly to his beast, and the citizen who had not extinguished his lamp at the hour appointed by law."‡ "Men were forbidden to dance with women, or to wear figured hose, or flowered breeches."§ "Three tanners were put in prison for three days on bread and water, for having eat at breakfast three dozen pieces of pastry, which was great dissoluteness."|| They forbade any one to have a cross, or any other badge of popery;" "a merchant who sold wafers marked with a cross, was fined 60 sols, and his wafers were cast into the fire as scandalous."¶ "Wo to him who did not uncover at the approach of Calvin; he was fined. Wo to him that gave him a flat contradiction; he was brought before the consistory and menaced with excommunication.** Wo to the girl that presented herself to be married with a bunch of

* Chapters 1. 6. 8. & 15 of vol. 2 † Audin vol. 2 p 13 seq.

‡ Audin vol. 2 p 12. § Ibid p 138, from Register of Geneva, 1552, July 14.

|| Ibid Register 13 February 1558. ¶ Ibid p 173.

** Ibid Register, 31st Dec. 1543.

flowers in her bonnet, if her chastity was suspected by the consistory. Wo to him who danced on the day of his marriage; he was imprisoned for three days. Wo to the young married lady if she wore shoes according to the present fashion of Berne; she was publicly reprimanded.”*

“The Calvinistic legislation regulated even the number of plates which should appear on the table of the rich, and the quality of butter to be sold, &c.”† “All were ordered to eat meat on Fridays and Saturdays, under penalty of imprisonment; and the night watch was ordered to proclaim, “that no one should make slashed doublets or hose, nor wear them hereafter, under penalty of sixty sols.”‡ “Chapuis was put in prison for having persisted in calling his child Claude, although the minister wished him to call him Abraham. He had said that rather than do this, he would keep his child fifteen years without baptism;§ he was kept in prison four days. “One day a relation presented himself at the altar with a young daughter of Nantes to be married. The minister, Abel Poupin, asked him: will you be faithful to your wife? The bridegroom, instead of answering yes, only inclined his head. Hence great tumult among the assistants. He was sent to prison, obliged to ask pardon of the young lady’s uncle, and condemned to bread and water.”||

We might multiply facts of the kind, to exhibit the nature of early Calvinistic legislation. It was *blue* enough in all conscience; and the pious legislators, who enacted the *blue* laws of Connecticut, could at least boast precedent, if not common sense for their enactments. The above are, however, but scraps of Genevese legislation under Calvin’s theocracy, to understand the spirit of his laws, in all its length and breadth, you must read the criminal prosecutions of Berthellier, Gruet, Gentilis, Bolsec, Ami Perrin, Francis Favre, and Servetus, copious portions of which are spread before us by our author, from the original documents. We may have occasion to refer to some of these a little later.

To ferret out and furnish the infractors of these laws, Calvin established a regular system of espionage. “He kept in his pay secret informers, in order to learn the secrets of families.”¶ Besides these, there was another band of spies, the elders—recognised by law, who could penetrate once a week into the most mysterious sanctuary of domestic life, in order to report to the consistory what they might see and hear.** In one single year, the consistory instituted more than two hundred prosecutions for blasphemy, calumny, obscene language, lechery, *insults to Calvin, offences against the ministers*, and attempts against the French exiles.”†† The liberties of the city were crushed, and every one trembled for his life! The spies whom Calvin employed were chiefly from among the most degraded of the French refugees; and this odious prac-

* Reglement de Police 29th July, 1549, *Ibid*.

† *Ibid*. ‡ Registers 16th April, 1543; Audin vol 2 p 185.

§ Register 1546; *ibid*. || *Ibid* p 186.

¶ Audin vol 2, 149. ** *Ibid* p 150. †† *Ibid*.

lice was carried to such length, that the citizens trembled at the approach of one of these sinister individuals.

A curious instance of the *modus operandi* of these miscreants is extracted from the Register* by our author. "Master Raymond, a spy, was passing by the bridge, when he heard a voice saying, '*go to the devil!*'" "Who is that," asked Raymond of Dominic Clement, who was present. Dominic answered, "Tis a girl who is wishing the 'Renard,' or 'Fox,' at the devil." Raymond thought the man meant to insult him: "You are a fox yourself," says he to Dominic, who answered, "I am as good a man as you are, and have not at least been banished from my country." Dominic was denounced to the consistory, which sharply reprovod him. On his wishing to justify himself, Calvin silenced him, saying, "hush, you have blasphemed against God in saying 'I have not been banished.'"[†] Our author furnishes us with a number of such facts.—Every enemy of Calvin was closely watched, and could scarcely escape being denounced. Wo to him that smiled while Calvin was preaching, even though he treated his hearers as "letchers, blasphemers and dogs." "Three persons who had smiled at a sermon of Calvin, on seeing a man fall from his chair asleep, were denounced, condemned to three days of imprisonment on bread and water, and to beg pardon."[‡] These spies laid snares for the simple.—They asked a Norman who was going to Montpellier, whether he intended to change his religion." The Norman replied,—“I dont think the Church is so narrowly bounded, as to hang from the girdle of M. Calvin.” He was denounced and banished![§]

Talk of the Spanish Inquisition after this! And yet these are not the darkest shades of the picture. Far from it. They are as mere *bagatelles*, compared to the horrible facts developed in the criminal prosecutions alluded to above.—Whoever opposed Calvin, in religion or politics, was hunted down and his blood sought, at *his* instigation. He never forgave a personal injury. In regard to his enemies, he was as watchful as a tiger preparing to pounce on its prey—and as treacherous! This is strong language; but it is more than justified by the official records of Geneva. We will present a few of the most striking facts, regretting that the limits of one article will not allow of more details.

How sanguinary is the spirit breathed in this extract of his letter to the Marquis de Pouet: "Do not hesitate to rid the country of those fanatical fellows, (faquins) who in their conversation seek to excite the people against us, who blacken our conduct, and would fain make our belief pass as a revery: *such monsters ought to be strangled, as I did, in the execution of MICHAEL SERVETUS, the Spaniard.*" || His vindictive conduct towards Pierre Ameaux, a member of the Geneva Council of twenty-five, is a fit commentary on this

* Regist. 3. Sep. 1547. † Audin vol. 2 p 167.

‡ Audin 2. 171. § Ibid 2. 179. || Ibid p 172

sentiment. At a supper, this man, inflamed with wine, had said some hard things of Calvin. At his table another man, Henry de la Mar, had also said, amidst the general applause of the guests: "that Calvin was a spiteful and vindictive man, who never pardoned any one, *against whom he had a grudge*."—The next morning, Ameaux was cited before the Council, where he excused himself on the ground that he was excited with wine. The Council fined him thirty *thalers*—a large sum at that time. "On hearing of this sentence, Calvin arose, donned his doctor's dress, and escorted by the ministers and elders, penetrated into the hall of the Council, demanded justice in the name of that God whom Pierre Ameaux had outraged, in the name of the morals he had sullied, and of the laws he had violated; and declared, that he would quit Geneva, if the man were not compelled to make the *amende honorable*—a public apology, bareheaded, at the city Hotel," and in two other public places! The Council yielded; and "the next day, Ameaux, half naked with a torch in his hand, accused himself in a loud voice, of having knowingly and wickedly offended God, and begged pardon of his fellow-citizens."* What is to be thought of a man, who could thus crush a penitent and stricken enemy! Had he the spirit of that God, who "would not break the bruised reed"?

Henry la Mar, the other culprit, did not escape. He was dogged by Texier, one of Calvin's spies, who extracted from his lips, under an oath of secrecy, some words disrespectful of his master. Texier came running to Calvin with the news, saying that he did not think himself bound by his oath, when the public good required the disclosure. "Calvin accused La Mar, caused him to lose his situation, and had him condemned to prison for three days. The judges assigned as their reason, "that he had blamed M. Calvin!"†

Of a similar character was the prosecution, at the instance of Calvin, of Francis Favre, a veteran soldier of the Republic and a counsellor of the City. He had been at a wedding where they had danced all the evening, and where he was accused by one of Calvin's spies, of having used seditious language.—Among the ten specifications against him, were several things he had said against Calvin; and the last and most grievous was, that he had, on being conducted to prison, cried out—"Liberty! Liberty!! I would give a thousand dollars to have a General Council!" (of the Burgomasters.) He was sentenced to beg pardon publicly. The veteran refused; he was sent to prison for three weeks, and was then liberated only at the instance of a deputation from Berne!‡

Calvin also sought the life of Ami Perrin, the Captain General of Geneva. Perrin's wife had been guilty of dancing on the territory of Berne. Calvin sought to entrap Perrin by means of Megret, one of his hired spies. This miscreant denounced Perrin before the Council; and he was in consequence

* See the whole account, from original document, in Audin vol 2 p 181 seq. where also a number of similar facts are recounted.

† Ibid p 184.

‡ Ibid p 189. seq.

thrown into prison—Calvin thirsted for his blood. But the people loved Perrin. The Council of the two hundred assembled to try him for his life. A reaction took place—Perrin was about to be liberated, and Megret was openly denounced! At this juncture, Calvin entered the Council Hall—the people received him with cries of “death to Calvin!” Calvin waved his hand, addressed them, calmed their fury; but barely succeeded by eloquence in saving his own life!* In reading these details, we are forcibly reminded of Marat and Robespierre, haranging the Jacobin Clubs “during the reign of terror.” In fact Calvin’s reign in Geneva, was truly “a reign of terror;” and if during it, as much blood did not flow as during the French Revolution, it was not surely his fault! He combined the cruelty of Danton and Robespierre, with the eloquence of Marat and Mirabeau, though he was much cooler and, therefore, more successful than any of them.

Who will not doubt the cold-blooded cruelty with which he hunted down, and compassed the death of poor Gruet, the poet? He was accused of having affixed a placard on Calvin’s pulpit at St. Peter’s Church, in which the reformer was severely handled. He was apprehended, and his papers were seized. Among these, consisting of nothing but loose sheets, were found some scraps of poetry and other fugitive pieces, which were tortured into heresy and treason. He was plied with the torture by Calvin’s creature, Colladon, every day for a whole month. They wished him to implicate Favre or Perrin; but though he cried out in the agony of torture: “finish me, I beseech you—I am dying;” he remained firm, and would not implicate them. The Council pronounced sentence of death on him. Among the charges against him, the principal were: “that he had endeavoured to ruin the authority of the consistory—that he had menaced the ministers, and spoken ill of Calvin—and that he had conspired with the King of France against the safety of Calvin and of the state.† Gruet died on the scaffold, but Calvin was not yet satisfied. He wished that his writings should be condemned, and he himself drew up a long form of condemnation of them, which was approved by the council.‡ Calvin alone is responsible for the blood of Gruet; it yet cries aloud to heaven against him.!

We might exhibit similar atrocities in his persecutions of Bolsec,§ of Gentilis, of Berthellier,|| and of others. But we are heart sick of these horrors, and must hasten on to a conclusion. Yet we cannot wholly pass over the case of Servetus, to which our author devotes two whole chapters:¶ and upon which he sheds much additional light. We will state only a few prominent facts in this sad affair. 1st. Servetus was burnt on the 27th October, 1553; and as early as 1546, seven years before Calvin had thirsted for his blood, as appears

* Ibid p. 196 seq. By his eloquence, Calvin however succeed in having Perrin afterwards tried, when, though his life was spared, he was deprived of the place of Capt. General; *ibid* p. 197 seq.

† Ibid p 200 seq.

‡ This document found at Berne in the handwriting of Calvin, is given in full by our author. *ibid* p 244 seq.

§ See Audin vol. 2, p 245, seq.

|| Ibid p 347 seq.

¶ Chap’ts. 12 and 13 of vol 2 p 258 to 324.

from these words taken from his famous letter to Farel, written in that year ; "if he (Servetus) come here (to Geneva) and my authority be considered, I will not permit him to escape without losing his life."* 2nd. Pursuing this blood-thirsty purpose, he had denounced Servetus to the police of Lyons, where he then was. And when he (Servetus) had fled to Vienne, he very narrowly escaped—probably with the connivance of the clergy of Vienne—from the prison to which he had been consigned, at the instigation of officers sent in quest of him in consequence of his denunciation at Lyons.† 3rd. When Servetus, fleeing from his enemies, passed through Geneva, Calvin denounced him and had him arrested, against all the laws of God and man.‡ For Servetus was a stranger, only passing through Geneva;§ and he was not responsible to the Genevan tribunals, for a crime which he had not committed within the Genevan territory; and this, even supposing heresy to be a crime, punishable by the civil laws—which it is not. 4th. Though Servetus was a poor stranger, and begged for counsel to defend him, that right, not denied to the meanest culprit, was refused him, at the instance of Calvin.|| 5th. After Servetus had lain in prison five weeks, a victim of disease and devoured by vermin, he wrote to the Council stating his situation, and begging for a change of linen. The council wished to grant his request; but Calvin opposed it, and succeeded! Three other letters written during the following weeks from prison, in which Servetus begged for Counsel, and that the charges against him should be specified and made known to him, were answered by——silence.¶ 6th. When, on the morning of his execution, Servetus sent for Calvin, and begged his pardon, if he had offended him, Calvin answered him with cold-hearted cruelty.** We have seen above, how he insulted his tears. 7th. The heartless cruelty of the minister Farel, who accompanied Servetus to execution, is enough to make one's blood run cold, at the bare reading of it.†† 8th. The year after the execution of Servetus, in 1554, Calvin published his famous work "*de Hereticis Pun-iendis*," in which he justified the whole proceeding, by the authority of scripture! Was this man sent to reform the church of God? He was worse than the Caliph of Geneva, as M. Audin calls him—he was a very Nero! Gibbon has well said of this transaction: "I am more deeply scandalized at the single execution of Servetus, than at the hecatombs, (not true,) which have blazed at *auto da fes* of Spain and Portugal."

We think that the above facts make good our assertion, that Calvin crushed the liberties of Geneva—political and religious. The following fact may serve to show us, how sincere was his zeal for the salvation of Souls. The plague broke out at Geneva in 1543. The ministers from the pulpit recommended

* See the letter in full vol. II. p. 314 seq. † Audin vol. II. 285 seq. ‡ Ibid p. 287 seq. § Bancroft assigns this same reason: "Servetus did but desire leave to continue his journey," vol. I. p. 455.

|| Audin, vol. II. p. 297. ¶ Ibid p. 299 seq.

** See the whole conversation Ibid p. 305. †† Ibid p. 304 Seq.

prayer *once a week* to avert the scourge, and they appointed the Sunday week next following, as the day for administering the Sacrament of the Lords Supper, with the same intent!* The plague continued, and the ministers hid themselves, though hundreds were calling on them for Spiritual succour in their dying moments! The Hospital was crowded with the dying. The Council of State called on the ministers, to send one of their number, to assist the dying at the Hospital, from which duty however they wished "to exempt M. Calvin, because the Church had need of him!" The ministers met with Calvin, and agreed to decide by lot who was to go. One only, M. Geneston, offered to go, if the lot fell on him! The others "confessed, that God had not yet given them grace to have the strength and courage to go to the Hospital! And, "it was resolved to pray to God to give them more courage for the future."† The result was, that no one went to the Hospital, except Chatillon a young French poet, and another Frenchman, who fell a victim to the disease. Were these men true Shepherds; or were they mercenaries? The answer may be found in St. John's Gospel, Chapter X.

Calvin's morals have been discussed on both sides. Beza and his other friends, have held him up as a model of perfection; others with Bolsec, have represented him as a monster of iniquity. The story of his having been guilty of a crime of nameless turpitude at Noyon, though denied by his friends, yet rests upon very respectable authority. Bolsec, a cotemporary writer, relates it, as certain. Before his work appeared, it had been mentioned by Surius in 1558—by Turbes, who lived in the reign of Francis I.—by Simon Fontana in 1557—by Stapleton in 1558—by La Vacquerie, in 1560-1—by De Mouchi in 1562—by Du Prèau in 1567—and by Whitaker before 1570.‡ M. Galiffe, a Protestant, who had examined most thoroughly the archives of Geneva, uses this plain language: "the history of many of the reformer's colleagues is very scandalous, the details of which cannot enter into a work designed for both sexes."§ The same writer tells us, "that most of the facts related by the physician of Lyons (Bolec) are perfectly true."||

In the introduction to the third volume of his "*notices*," M. Galiffe, bears this testimony to the state of morals at Geneva in Calvin's time. "I will show to those who imagine that the reformer had done nothing that is not good, our Registers covered with entries of illegitimate children, (they were exposed at all the corners of the city and country)—with prosecutions hideous for their obscenity—with wills, in which fathers and mothers accuse their own children not only of errors, but of crimes—with transactions before Notaries Public between young girls and their paramours, who gave them, in the presence of their relatives, means of supporting their illegitimate offspring—with multi-

* Register &c. Audin II. 16. † Ibid Register of Council.

‡ Vol. II. p. 256. Note. § Galiffe Notices Tom. III. p. 381. Note.

|| Ibid p. 547 Note—Audin II. 257.

tudes of forced marriages, where the delinquents were conducted from prison to the church—with mothers who abandoned their infants at the hospital, while they were living in abundance with a second husband—with whole bundles of processes between brothers—with multitudes (literally heaps, *fas.*) of secret denunciations: and all this in the generation nourished by the mystic manna of Calvin!"*

Truly, if the "Registers" prove all this, we may conclude that Calvin stamped his own image upon his generation—and especially his heartlessness.

The accounts of the circumstances attending the last sickness and death of Calvin are various. His disciple Beza, who wrote his life, represents his death as worthy of an Apostle and of a Saint. Yet he himself, as we shall see, furnishes us with some particulars, which would make us doubt the truth of this picture. The diseases, which led to his dissolution were many and complicated. In a letter to the physicians of Montpellier, written a short time before his death, Calvin gives a full account of the maladies with which he was tormented. Among these, he mentions "the dropsy, the stone, the gravel, colicks, hemorrhoides, internal hemorrhages, quartan fever, cramps, spasmodic contractions of the muscles from the foot to the knee, and during the whole summer a frightful or nervous affection."†

His malady increasing, he dictated his last Will and Testament on the 26th of April 1564. The greater part of this curious instrument is devoted to a defence of his conduct and motives throughout life!‡ He "protests, that he has endeavoured, according to the measure of grace given to him, to teach with purity the word of God, as well in his sermons, as in his writings, and to expound faithfully the Holy Scriptures. And that, in all the disputes which he had with the enemies of truth, he had employed neither chicanery nor sophistry, but had proceed roundly (*rondement*) to maintain the quarrel of God." In disposing of his effects, towards the close of his will, he thus speaks of his nephew: "As to my nephew David * *, because he has been light and volatile, I leave him only twenty-five dollars (*ecus*) as a CHASTISEMENT."

On the morning of the 27th of May, at 8 o'clock, he breathed his last, after having passed a night of horrible agony. The circumstances of his death and burial were hidden and mysterious. His body was immediately covered, and his funeral was hastened: it took place at 2 o'clock in the evening of the same day. Beza, § his favourite disciple, thus writes on the subject: "there were many strangers come from a distance, who wished greatly to see him, although he was dead, and made instance to that effect * *. But to obviate all calumnies, he was put into the coffin at 8 o'clock in the morning, and at 2 o'clock in the evening, was carried in the ordinary manner, as he himself had directed, to the Common Cemetery, called 'Plein Palais,' without any pomp or

* P. x. v. Audin II. 174. † See his letter in full, Audin vol. II. p. 452 seq.

‡ It is given in full by our Author Ibid p. 456 seq. § Vie de Calvin.

parade, where he lies at the present day awaiting the resurrection." The "calumnies," to which Beza refers, were probably the public rumours spread through the city, regarding the manner of the reformer's death. "It was said, that every one had been prohibited from entering into his chamber, because the body of the deceased bore traces of a desperate struggle with death, and of a premature decomposition, in which the eye would have seen, either visible signs of the Divine Vengeance, or marks of a shameful disease; and that in consequence, a black veil was hastily thrown over the face of the corpse, and that he was interred before the rumour of his death had spread through the city—so fearful were his friends, of indiscreet looks!"*

The mystery was however penetrated by Haren, a young student who had visited Geneva to take lessons from Calvin. He penetrated into the chamber of the dying man, and has furnished the following evidence of what he saw on the occasion. And we beg our readers to bear in mind, that he was no enemy, but a partisan of Calvin, and that his testimony was wholly voluntary. "Calvin ending his life in despair, died of a most shameful and disgusting disease, which God has threatened to rebellious and accursed reprobates, having been first tortured in the most excruciating manner, and consumed, to which fact I can testify most certainly: for I being present, saw with these eyes, his most sad and tragical death." (*exitum et exitum.*)†

In thus presenting to our readers an imperfect summary of facts, extracted many of them from the public and official Acts of the Geneva council and consistory in the 16th century, we would not be understood as wishing to reflect upon the character or conduct of the present professors of Calvinistic doctrines; many of whom are men estimable for their civic virtues. It is not our fault that the truth of history will not warrant a better character of Calvin. He was the most subtle, the most untiring, and perhaps the most able enemy of the Catholic Church; he played a public and conspicuous part in the great *religioso politico* drama of the 16th century; he was the founder of a sect more distinguished than perhaps any other, for its inveterate opposition to catholicity. Under these circumstances, his life, acts, and whole character, are surely public property; and truth and justice required that they should be given to the public. This is precisely what M. Audin, and the protestant historians of Geneva, Galiffe and Gaberel, have lately done; and treading in their footsteps, we have only given a brief abstract of the result of their labours. If even one of those, who have been seduced from the "faith once delivered to the saints," by the example or teaching of Calvin, should be induced seriously to reconsider the subject, we shall be fully recompensed for our labour.

Among the many proofs that the Catholic Church is the Church of Christ, not the least striking is the fact vouched for by authentic history, that all those

* Ibid p. 461 seq.

† Johannes Harennius, apud Petrum Cutzenium. We have endeavoured to give above a literal translation of his testimony; of which the original is in Latin.

who have left her bosom, and established religious sects, were men of very doubtful, or of notoriously wicked and immoral characters. It is contrary to the order of God's Providence to have selected men of this stamp, as the reformers of his Church. This would derogate from His sanctity, and would reflect upon a religion which could be established, or *reformed*, by such instruments. This principle being *one* admitted, the inference from it is obvious.—Whenever a change in religion—call it reformation, or what you will—has been effected by men not remarkable for their sanctity, the fact is of itself strong presumptive evidence that the change is not from God. If the men who effected it were notoriously flagitious—as most of the *soi disant* reformers of the 16th century were—then the presumption grows into a moral certainty.

P. F.

THE VIRGIN.

Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncrost
 With the least shade of thought to sin allied;
 Woman! above all women glorified,
 Our tainted nature's solitary boast;
 Purer than foam on central ocean tost;
 Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn
 With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon
 Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast;
 Thy image falls to earth.* yet some, I ween,
 Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might bend.
 As to a visible power, in which did blend
 All that was mixed and reconciled in thee
 Of mothers' love with maiden purity,
 Of high with low, celestial with terrene!

WORDSWORTH.

* An allusion to the excesses of the reformation in England.

A RECENT ORDINATION.

The true issue for the True Churchman. A statement of facts in relation to a recent ordination in St. Stephen's church, New York, by Drs. Smith and Anthon. New York; Harper & Brothers; 1843, pp 46.

This pamphlet reveals a very curious state of things among the religious body of which its writers are officiating clergymen; and is not without an important bearing on the interests of Catholicism. On the 2nd day of last July, the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York held an ordination in St. Stephen's church of that city, on which occasion one Mr. Arthur Carey was one of several candidates presented for the order of deaconship. The officiating prelate was assisted on the occasion by Bishop Ives of North Carolina and three presbyters of New York diocese, Rev. Dr. Berrian, and Rev. Messrs. Haight and Price,—all three classed by their diocesan among "the worthiest, wisest, and most learned" of their order. Now in the ordering of deacons, as found in the Common Prayer Book, the ordaining Bishop is directed to make the following appeal to the congregation assembled on the occasion, before he proceeds to confer the order :

"Brethren, if there be any of you who knoweth any impediment or notable crime in any of those persons presented to be ordered (ordained) deacons, for the which he ought not to be admitted to that office, let him come forth in the name of God, and show what the crime and impediment is."

Scarcely had the Bishop terminated this appeal, when two clergymen, Drs. Anthon and Smith, who were together in one of the pews, and who were resolved that this appeal should not remain without response, rose up, and to the amazement of such of the congregation as a knowledge of previous events had not prepared for the occasion, read successively the following protests.

Document read by Dr. Smith at St. Stephens's, July 2, upon the call of the Bishop.

Upon this solemn call of the Church, made by you, reverend father in God, as one of its chief pastors, I, Hugh Smith, Doctor in Divinity, a presbyter of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the diocese of New York, and rector of St. Peter's Church, come forth, in the name of God, to declare, before Him and this congregation, my solemn conviction and belief, that their is a most serious and weighty impediment to the ordination of Mr. Arthur Carey, who has now been presented to you to be admitted a deacon, founded upon his holding sentiments not conformable to the doctrines of the Protestant Episcopal Church in these United States of America, and in too close conformity with those of the Church of Rome, as more fully set forth in a protest from me, placed in your hands yesterday. Now, therefore, under a sacred of duty to the church, and to its Divine head, who purchased it with his blood, I do again, before God and this congregation, thus solemnly and publicly protest against his ordination to the diaconate.

Dated this 2nd day of July, 1843.

HUGH SMITH.

Document read by Dr. Anthon at St. Stephen's upon the call of the Bishop.

REVEREND FATHER IN GOD,

I, Henry Anthon, Doctor in Divinity, a presbyter of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the diocese of New York, and rector of St. Mark's church, in the Bowery, being present in St. Stephen's church on this third Sunday after Trinity, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty three, the time appointed by the Bishop for an ordination of deacons, and being under *a firm and full persuasion in the case*, as has been heretofore stated in a written communication made to you, dated the first day of July of the same year, do now come forth, and in the name of God, show, as an impediment, that Arthur Carey who has at this time been presented to be admitted deacon, *holds things contrary to the doctrine of the Protestant Episcopal Church in these United States, and in close alliance with the errors of the Church of Rome.*

Dated this 2nd day of July, 1843.

HENRY ANTHON.

Having resumed their seats, Bishop Onderdonk, the officiating prelate, rose from his fold-stool, and expressed himself to the following effect:

"The accusation now brought against one of the persons to be ordered deacons has recently been fully investigated by me, with the knowledge and in the presence of his accusers; and with the advantage of the valuable aid and counsel of six of the worthiest, wisest, and most learned of the presbyters of this diocese, including the three who are assisting in the present solemnities. The result was, that there was no just cause for rejecting the candidate's application for holy orders. There is, consequently, no reason for any change in the solemn service of the day; and, therefore, all those persons being found meet to be ordered, are commended to the prayers of the congregation."

Drs. Anthon and Smith immediately left the church, in order, as they say, to protest by *act* as well as by *word* against what they deemed an abuse of the ordaining power; and laying the flattering unction to their hearts, that, if they had not succeeded, they had at least merited success.

"*Victri causa Diis placuit; victa Catoni.*"

The ordination service was continued in due form, and before many minutes Mr. Arthur Carey was a regularly ordained deacon of the Protestant Episcopal church.

We need not say what a degree of excitement was caused in the public mind, on this extraordinary occurrence being made known through the press. It became for the time the all absorbing topic of the day, and is, we think, destined to produce more lasting effects than any which can be supposed to originate in mere temporary excitement. Like the almost contemporaneous suspension of Dr. Pusey in England, it is an event which will bring out the important controversies to which it owes its occurrence from the study of the theologian, *the meditations* of the initiated few, to the midst of every day life, and *sober and cool reflections* of the unsophisticated multitude.

But before we enter more minutely into the examination of the question, whether or not Mr. Arthur Carey was or was not a fit and suitable subject for the imposition of the hands of a Protestant Episcopal Bishop, it may not be useless to enquire, were the Rev. Drs. Anthon and Smith in strict order in thus "publicly disturbing" the services in St. Stephens, and whether the Bishop was bound, in obedience to the rubrics of the Common Prayer Book, to defer the ordination he had previously determined on performing? We shall discuss both these questions without any reference to what will be a future subject of investigation, namely,—Mr. Carey's eligibility to orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church.

We are satisfied that a moment's reflection will convince every reasonable man that the protesting presbyters were guilty of a gross violation of order, in interrupting the ordination service at St. Stephen's; and that the charge of disturbing public worship, which the leading Protestant Episcopal paper of the United States, *The Churchman* of New York, brings against them, is but too well founded in fact. Had they heard then for the first time that Mr. Carey was about to be ordained, or had they learned any thing which disqualified that gentleman from receiving orders, which they had not had previous opportunity of communicating to the Bishop, who was about to enrol him among his clergy—or whether or not they had had such opportunity if they abided this occasion of expressing their disapprobation,—in each and every one of these suppositions, we should be at a loss to find any thing in their conduct worthy of reprehension: perhaps we should be prepared to admire that independence of character which would have made them unmindful of every other consideration than what seemed to them the duty they owed to their church. But these were not the circumstances in which they acted. They had previously preferred their charges against Mr. Arthur Carey; these charge had been submitted to the examination of a tribunal, in the decisions of which we believe they are bound to acquiesce; of which, it appears, they themselves were members; and in the proceedings before which they urged their objections to Mr. Carey's ordination to the farthest possible length. Whether the decision of that tribunal was right or otherwise, they were bound to acquiesce in it, unless, what does not appear, their system of discipline recognized some more competent tribunal to which they might appeal, and by interposing an appeal to which they might suspend the action of their Diocesan. But to seek for a remedy to the supposed evil in a public protest to which, in the circumstances, no attention could or should be paid; and to make a church, and that, during the administration of a most solemn exercise, the theatre of this ill-judged and unwarrantable display, this was a violation of all rules of order; this was an effort to browbeat their ecclesiastical Superior into a compliance with their wishes; this was to scandalize the weak and ripen into maturity apprehensions that were already acquiring a but too rapid development: this was to accelerate the approach
 to which however inevitable they could not consistently have wished

to hasten, and to lay bare the deep and incurable wound of disunion among the teachers in Israel, in a manner that must disturb the peace of many a conscience and provoke attention to the defects of a system whose best security lies in abstraction and mystification. We conclude, then, that the public protest was uncalled for and unwarrantable.

But however unwarrantable the protest may be supposed to be, was not the Bishop obliged to desist from ordaining the candidate thus objected to, in obedience to the rubric, which says; "And if any great crime or impediment be objected, the Bishop shall cease from ordering that person until such time as the party accused shall be found clear." We answer, No; for this rubric cannot possibly have any application to the case under consideration. The rubric it is evident, contemplate a charge made for the first time, or at least, not previously examined into by the ordaining prelate; otherwise the "ordering" of an obnoxious candidate might be deferred *ad infinitum*, and the door left open to a species of annoyance that would be perfectly intolerable. The protest then, was most legitimately overruled, and Bishop Onderdonk would have been quite undeserving of a moment's commiseration, if he had permitted his calmly considered decision to be thus blown to the winds by the breaths of some discontented presbyters.

Many of our readers will be inclined to wonder, why we take such an interest in a matter with which we apparently have no concern; and some perhaps, will even blame us for stepping, as it were, out of our course, for the purpose of discussing the affairs of another denomination, to whom we should leave the adjustment of their own differences. To those who think we are wandering from the path we have marked out for ourselves, we say, this matter is not so entirely extrinsic to our object of vindicating the Catholic Church as might, at the first, be supposed; and before we have closed this article, we shall endeavour to make this appear pretty evident. To such as may blame us for putting our sickle into another man's harvest, we reply, in all sincerity that it is not for the purpose of giving pain to a denomination of christian whom he highly respect, that we have, in common with almost all the periodical press of the country, made the disturbance of the service at St. Stephen' the subject of our remarks. This disturbance is the symptom of an evil which nothing but the principle of Catholicism can effectually remedy; and because many of those who recognize Catholic principles as those by which alone the church can be preserved in peace and unity, but who, unfortunately, permit themselves to take the mere assertion of such principles as a proof of their actual existence,—for such persons we write, in the hope that the film of delusion which now dims their vision may be removed, and the peace and tranquility of Catholic principles be sought—where alone they are to be found—in the Catholic Church. In discussions of this sort, personalities and sophistry are the only weapons that can be reasonably objected to, and these we shall carefully eschew, being deeply impressed with the conviction, that our arguments

are directed against principles, not against those who profess them; and endeavouring to render truth as unobjectionable to those who are estranged from her, as she is attractive to those who delight in her possession.

Mr. Carey's ordination is for the denomination to which he belongs in the United States, what Rev. Mr. Newman's celebrated tract, No. 90, was for churchmen in England. It is even something more important. Mr. Newman's tract was met by the *quasi* censure of the Bishop of Oxford, who, although he is publicly known to favour Mr. Newman's principles, was obliged, in deference to the outcry caused by the publication of the aforesaid tract, to *request* the discontinuance of a series of publications which have almost unprotestantized the church of England. Now, Mr. Carey says all that Mr. Newman ventured to publish, *and a great deal more*; and he says this, not precisely as Mr. Newman, as it might be, expressing the possible opinions that might be held, but as his own personal conviction; and notwithstanding all this, he is deemed a suitable candidate for orders, by two Bishops and three or four of the "worthiest, wisest, and most learned presbyters" of the most important diocese of the Union. Mr. Carey's views, or opinions, therefore derive from his ordination in such circumstances a degree of importance which, otherwise, they could never possess. Had they appeared substantially erroneous they surely would not have been permitted to pass off without reproof, or at least admonition.

But it would, indeed, be a most erroneous view to take of this subject, to regard Mr. Carey as the principal person aimed at in the protests of Drs. Smith and Anthon, and in the previous examination of that gentleman before his Bishop and six of his presbyters. It was not Mr. A. Carey that was subject to the ordeal of the searching examination of those Rev. Drs. Smith and Anthon; it was Bishop Onderdonk himself; it was the four other "worthiest, wisest, and most learned of their fellow presbyters, who, with them, formed the Bishop's council on that occasion; and hence the opinions expressed by Mr. A. Carey must be in all fairness, taken as the exposition of the sentiments of the Bishop and the aforesaid four presbyters. If, then, these opinions vindicate Catholicism from the course charges so frequently and so flippantly made against it, it is not, we repeat, Mr. Arthur Carey, deacon of the Protestant Episcopal Church, who may be cited in refutation of such charges; it is Bishop Onderdonk of New York, Rev. Drs. Seabury and Berrian, and Rev. Messrs. Haight and Price, not to say any thing for the present of Bishop Ives of North Carolina, whose participation in the ordination service must be taken as equivalent to an approval of the conduct and principles of the ordaining Bishop, and not to say any thing of many other of the colleagues of the Bishop of New York, who are publicly known to belong to the same school of theology.

But what, it will be naturally asked, are the opinions of Mr. Carey, which are so variously described by those who seek to identify them with those of Roman Catholics, and by those who find themselves compelled by their position to maintain that they are as different therefrom as opposite points of the

compass. Lest we should be suspected of mistaking or mistating them, we shall give his whole examination before the Bishop and committee of six presbyters, as we find in the "*statement of facts*," published by Drs. Smith and Anthon.

"The Bishop then asked if any presbyter had questions to put, when Dr. Anthon proposed question 1 to Mr. Carey. Drs. M'Vickar, Seabury, and Mr. Haight, objected to the question on the ground of its being merely "hypothetical in its character." Mr. Carey expressed his willingness to answer. The answer was then taken down in writing by Dr. Anthon, read to Mr. Carey, and assented to by him as correct.

The following was the question proposed ;

Q. 1. "Supposing entrance into the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country were not open to you, would you, or would you not, have recourse, in such case, to the ministry of the Church of Rome?"

Answer. "Possibly I might, after due deliberation, but think that I should more likely remain in our own communion, as I have no special leaning towards the joining of theirs at present."

Dr. Seabury having objected to this question being put, and having advised the examined not to answer, the right thus to advise was questioned by us, as preventing our arriving at a knowledge of the sentiments actually held by Mr. Carey, and thus defeating the very object of the examination. The Bishop decided that the candidate might be advised by any one presbyter whom he might select. Dr. Smith then asked of the bishop whether the examined was to be allowed the benefit of counsel. The bishop did not recede from his decision. Exception was taken to the decision, as sanctioning a mode wholly unprecedented; but the exception was not strongly pressed by us.*

Dr. Smith then proposed question 2 in the following words:

Q. 2. "Do you hold to, and receive the decrees of the Council of Trent?"

His answer was, "I do not deny that the decrees of the Council—"

Mr. Carey had proceed thus far in his reply, when, at the request of Drs. Seabury, Berrian, M'Vickar, and Mr. Haight, he declined repeating the words next in order, as Dr. Anthon desired, so as to allow him time to take down the full answer: the advice being grounded upon the loss of time it would occasion to take down, in this manner, all the answers.

Dr. Smith here observed, "Brethren, are we running a race against time? Are we not rather assembled to discharge a solemn duty to the Church, and not to consult our personal convenience? Ought we not to be willing, if necessary, to remain here till 12 o'clock to-night, and to assemble again to-morrow, and remain the entire day, if needful, so as to come to a just conclusion?"

* Here, upon reflection, we are of opinion that a direct protest should have been interposed by us, as, in the entire course of our ministry, of nearly twenty-seven years, we have never known an instance in which this privilege was either used or accepted.

Mr. Carey finally expressed his willingness to repeat his answer to the question, which he did in the following words, which were taken down by Dr. Anthon.

Ans. "I do not deny them—I would not positively affirm them."

The examination proceeded, on our part, to question 3.*

Q. 3. "Do you, or do you not, deem the differences between the Protestant Episcopal Church and the Church of Rome to be such as embrace *points of faith*?"

To this Mr. Cary was *understood*† to reply, "If these differences be understood to be matters of doctrine, they would embrace points of faith; but if, as is believed, they are matters of opinion, they would not."

Q. 4. "Do you, or you do not, believe the doctrine of transubstantiation to be repugnant to Scripture, subversive of the nature of a sacrament, and giving occasion to superstition?"

"If you do not, how can you *ex animo* subscribe the 28th Article of our Standards?"

Mr. Cary prefaced his answer to this question by reading an extract from "Taylor's Holy Living and Dying," as expressive of his own views, which extract could not by us be taken down; and then more briefly gave his answer in the following words, recorded by Dr. Anthon, and acceded by Mr. Cary.

Ans. "I would answer, in general language, that I do not hold *that* doctrine of transubstantiation which I suppose our Article condemns; but that, at the same time, I conceive myself at liberty to confess ignorance on the mode of the Presence."

Q. 5. "Do you, or do you not, regard the denial of the cup to the laity an unwarrantable change in a sacrament of Christ's own institution, or as to be regarded as a mere matter of discipline?"

Ans., taken down by Dr. Smith. "I consider it an *unwarrantable act* of discipline;" Mr. Carey subsequently preferring to substitute the word "*severe*" instead of "*unwarrantable*."

Q. 6. "On which Church do you believe the sin of schism rests in consequence of the English Reformation?—the Church of England, and, by consequence, the Protestant Episcopal Church of this country, or upon the Church of Rome?"

* We would here mention that we kept memoranda only of the questions proposed by ourselves, and the answers we were enabled to obtain to the same. We did not deem it our duty, and expressly so stated at the time, to keep a record for others, the bishop having decided that each presbyter was at liberty to make his own notes. Should any questions proposed by others, with the answers, be distinctly recollected, they will be stated. To the best of our recollection, no questions were put except by the Bishop, and Drs. Seabury and M^r Vickar.

† In using this form of expression, it must be borne in mind that Mr. Carey's answer is given as far as it could be ascertained, and recorded by us under the constant interruptions and embarrassments of his examination.

Dr. Seabury objected to this question being put, on the ground that it was an *historical* question. Mr. Cary, under advisement, answered, "It is an *historical* question."

Dr. Smith here applied to the Bishop against this evasion of the question, on the grounds that this was the final examination to test the meetness of the candidate for Deacon's Orders, and that this final examination embraced, according to the canon, among other points, Church History, Ecclesiastical Polity, the Book of Common Prayer, and the Constitution and Canons of the Church, and of the diocese for which he is ordained; the examination on the Ritual, the Articles, and the Canons evidently and necessarily referring to the *historical* questions on their formation, changes, &c.

The Bishop having decided that the question ought to be answered, Mr. Carey, in substance, replied, "that in some respects schism rests on both sides." "He considered both churches in communion with the Church of Christ."

Q. 7. "Is the Romish doctrine of Purgatory in any respects maintained by our Standards?"

The Bishop here asked Dr. Anthon what view *he* entertained on the doctrine of Purgatory, as held by the Church of Rome; to which Dr. Anthon replied, "that, with due respect to the chair, *he* was not under examination."* The question being then addressed to Mr. Carey, he was understood to say, "that he considered our Standards as condemning the doctrine *popularly* held to be the Roman doctrine."

Q. 8. "Is there any countenance given in the doctrinal Standards of our Church for the idea that the departed can be benefited by the prayers of the faithful, or by the administration of the Holy Communion? And is not *that* idea condemned by Article 31 of our Church?"

As far as Mr. Carey's answer could be ascertained, it was to this effect: "that he supposed that idea was not condemned in that Article; his opinion being, that the language of the Article was popular language, pointed at a popular opinion which was held against the Church of Rome."

Q. 9. "Do you, or do you not, fault the Church of Rome in pronouncing, as she does, the Books Apocryphal Holy Scripture?"

Ans. "I do not, either to myself or any one else, attempt to prove a doctrine out of the Apocrypha." "The Holy Spirit may have spoken by the Apocrypha, and the Homily asserts the same thing." The question was here renewed, and pressed in several different shapes by the Bishop. The answer elicited by his last question was to the following effect: "I would not fault the Church of Rome for reading the *Apocrypha* for proof of doctrine."

Q. 10. By Dr. Smith. "Can there be a doubt that, in separa tin from the

* Dr. Seabury, on another occasion, addressed to Dr. Anthon, a question of similar character as to his sentiments, to which Dr. Anthon replied by requesting Dr. Seabury to address his question to the candidate under examination.

Church of Rome, the Church of England embraced more pure and scriptural views of doctrine? And is not the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country, at present, more pure in doctrine than the Church of Rome?"

Ans. "There can be a doubt, on the ground that the Church of England *attained* doctrinal errors, viz., the doctrines of Puritanism." "In some points, the Roman missal was preferable to our liturgy. Upon the question put by the Bishop, 'What those points were?' Mr. Carey was understood by us, to instance, among other points, 'the closer conformity to the ancient liturgies.'" "He held that, in a popular view, our liturgy was better than theirs in omitting metaphysical distinctions, and also being in a tongue understood by the people."

Q. 11. "What construction do you put upon the promise of conformity to the doctrines, discipline, and worship of the Protestant Episcopal Church?"

Ans. "He did not consider (as we understood Mr. Carey to say) the articles as binding our consciences in points of faith," and read a passage from "White's Memoirs of the Church" (Convention of 1801), which he considered as maintaining the same opinion.

"He does not feel himself obliged to give his *ex animo* assent to the Thirty-nine Articles, as the assent is given in the English Church."

Previous to our putting to Mr. Carey our twelfth question, the following questions were put by us to him:

Q. 1. "Can you subscribe to the 22d Article?"

Ans. I could subscribe to it, considering it as referring to the popular doctrine of the Romish Church."

It was here objected to the candidate by Dr. Smith, that the change made in the article disproved the idea of its referring to the popular doctrine. As the article stood in the reign of Edward VI., it was styled "the doctrine of the schoolmen; but after its endorsement by the Council of Trent, it was styled the "*Romish doctrine*."

Touching the doctrine of the invocation of saints, mentioned in this article, the question was asked by Dr. Smith "whether that doctrine had any warrant in Scripture." He replied that "it had not." The question was farther put by Dr. S., "whether it were right to introduce or observe the practice without any warranty from Scripture;" to which it was replied "that it was not forbidden." The examination was farther prosecuted by the bishop, when the candidate, in reply to a question touching the lawfulness of the practice, was understood to say that "he did not fault the Church of Rome, provided the invocation was confined to the '*ora pro nobis*,' or intercessory from."

Q. 2. "How do you understand the last clause of the 19th article, viz., 'As the Church of Hierusalem, &c., have erred, so also the Church of Rome hath erred, not only in their living and manner of ceremonies, but also in matters of faith?'" The answer was substantially this: "I understand the article in an historical sense—as referring to the *past* and not to the *present* state of the

Church of Rome." The last section of the article he considered "as directed against the abiding infallibility of the Church of Rome, as a particular branch of the Church universal." The question was then pressed in another form, viz.: "Do you consider the Church of Rome *now* to be in error in matters of faith?"

Dr. Seabury* here repeatedly objected to the candidate's answering, and he accordingly declined answering. The question, however, being pressed, and the bishop deciding that it must be answered, the final reply was in the following words, taken down by Dr. Anthon:

Ans. "It is a difficult question, which I do not know how to answer; but I refer to my answer on the other question, touching my opinion of the decrees of the Council of Trent."

Q. 3. "Do you, or do you not, receive the articles of the Creed of Pius IV?"

Ans. "So far as they are repetitions of the decrees of the council of Trent, I receive them." These words were taken down by Dr. Anthon."

Mr. Carey's opinions on all the points concerning which he was examined are thus briefly and accurately summoned up in Page 27 of the pamphlet.

"He deemed the differences between us and Rome such as embraced no points of faith—doubted whether the church of Rome or the Anglican church were the more pure—considered the Reformation from Rome unjustifiable, and followed by grievous and lamentable results, though not without others of an opposite character—faulted not the Church of Rome for reading the Apocrypha for proof of doctrine—did not consider that we were bound to receive the 39 Articles of our church in any close and rigid construction of the same—declared that he knew not how to answer the question, which had been repeatedly asked, Whether he considered the Church of Rome to be now in error in matters of faith?—was not prepared to pronounce the doctrine of transubstantiation an absurd or impossible doctrine; and regarded it as taught within the last hundred years, as possibly meaning no more than we mean by the doctrine of the real presence—did not object to the Romish doctrine of purgatory, as defined by the Council of Trent. Thus far for the *negatives*,—now for the *affirmatives*.—He believed that the state of the soul after death, was one in which it could be benefited by the prayers of the faithful and the sacrifice of the altar—regarded the denial of the cup to the laity as a severe act of discipline only—justified the invocation of saints—in one instance declared that he did not deny, but would

* It is proper here to state, that Dr. Seabury several times, in the course of this examination, made suggestions to the candidate, and offered explanations of his, Mr. Carey's meaning, which induced Dr. Smith, on one occasion, to say, "Dr. Seabury, I would be happy if you would permit the candidate to answer for himself, as I wish to know, not what you think or believe, but what he believes." Dr. M^r Vickar interrupted Dr. Anthon's examination several times, which led that gentleman to remind Dr. M^r Vickar, that as he, Dr. M^r Vickar, had been allowed to put his questions to the candidate without interruption, Dr. Anthon hoped he might have the same privilege.

not positively affirm, the decrees of the Council of Trent; in another, that he received the articles of the creed of Pius IV. so far as they were repetitions of the decrees of that council."

Again and again we repeat; these are not the opinion of an individual, they are the sentiments of a wide-spread, respectable,—and we rejoice to add, daily increasing party in the Protestant Episcopal Church. Surely here is a noble vindication of Catholic principles!

But there is another, and, to our judgment, more important point of view in which this whole concern may be considered, without reference to the comparative merits of the opinions of Mr. Carey, or of those who protested against his ordination. This dispute has placed in the clearest light the inefficiency of the system under which it has grown up, and which is, avowedly, incompetent to terminate it. Whom are the members of the Protestant Episcopal church to believe, Bishop Onderdonk, or a minority of his presbyters? Must they abide by the teaching of the chief pastor of the district in which they reside, or may they take part with those of his presbyters who impugn the orthodoxy of his doctrinal views? If they are to abide by the teaching of authority, is it not notorious that one bishop condemns as error what another bishop defends as orthodox? If they are to decide between doctrine and doctrine, what becomes of the 20th article, which teaches that the church hath authority in controversies of religion?—what becomes of the boast, that Episcopalians are distinguished from other protestants in rejecting the principle of private judgment, and in being guided by authority? Nor can it be said, in reply, that they are guided by the authority of the primitive church; for if this principle be really an element of their system, Drs. Smith and Anthon, as well as Drs. Seabury and Berrian, have had the aid of it, in coming to the conclusions that are so much opposed. Besides, if private interpretation be unavailing, impracticable and absurd, when there is question of the Scripture alone, how does it become more efficacious, practicable and rational, when it has to interpret the writings of Greek and Latin Fathers, the decrees of ancient councils, and the Scriptures? But, it may be urged, the Fathers and councils will aid in elucidating the Scriptures. Yes, when the writings of the one, and the decrees of the other are rightly understood: but may there not be just as much difficulty in coming at the meaning of a text of St. Chrysostom as of a passage of St. Paul? The principle, then, of private judgment which the high church party condemn so unmeasuredly, must be adopted by them, or they must adopt the contrary one of authority. But what authority do they recognise in their system? Is it the authority of a single bishop? Absurd! Is it the authority of a general convention, or standing committee, of a house of convocation, or of a House of Parliament? None of these suppositions can be seriously entertained. Hence differences and disunion are a natural growth of the Episcopal, as well as every other variety of protestantism, and the fate of a house divided against itself may

be as certainly predicted of one as of any of the others. Mr. Carey's ordination, and the protest of Drs. Smith and Anthon, are but the symptoms of an evil that has its seat in the essential principles of the denomination to which they belong; and instead of attaching blame to either party, we feel deep sympathy for both, and earnestly pray that this very dissension may be a means of awakening themselves and others to practical conviction of their true position.

POPULAR CHARACTER OF THE CHURCH.

When the Catholic Church shone in the full blaze of noontide splendor, the rays of her magnificence fell upon and were reflected back from the hearts of the people. She had at least the common sense to indentify herself with the sources of her power. Deriving her wealth from the multitudes that thronged her gates, she diffused at least a part of her means and influence on their behalf. She spoke in thunder to the sinful prince, whilst the solemn accents of her service swelled through the vaulted aisles for the meanest peasant in the land. On her broad floor, owing their common brotherhood, stood crowding on each other princes and plebians; not starched up in pews, shut up from the base serving rabble, bending their idle looks where the few 'free sittings,' common benches, mark out what part of the temple of the Most High is yet left open to the humble worshipper, and where the pious poor are penned up for the edification of the rich. She was in, not *on* the people—*intus et cute*; and she was so because she solicited their affections. The intellect and energy of the world were hers, because she won them by persuasion. Art was hers, not because the artist was religious, but because he brought his highest works where they were most highly prized. Her spirit prevailed all places of the State. But now the men who echo "Church and State," never forget that they are distinct from the people; nor for an instant cease to boast that they are Dogberry and Verges, the officers of the law. Whatever other persons may belong to the State, they will be the mace-bearers and rap the knuckles of the populace.

[*Westminster Review*.

THE PRODIGAL'S ADDRESS TO HIS HOME.

Home of my fathers ! silent tomb,
Where sleep the hopes of former years,
How many flowers have lost their bloom,
Since last I left thee, bathed in tears ?

How many joys that youth had given,
Amid thy flagrant bowers are hushed ?
How many silver links been riven
From life's long chain, time-worn and crushed ?

How many glorious dreams lie buried,
And fancies caught from wizzard rhyme ?
Alas ! each promise bright has hurried
Too swiftly down the stream of time.

Home, blessed home ! and art though bright
And beautiful and young as ever ?
Yet spread thy flowers to catch the light,
Yet swiftly flows thy stainless river ?

Thou art ! thou art ! returning spring
Restores thy charms by winter rified ;
Ah ! would some fairy hand might bring
Me back the gifts with which I've trifled.

It may not be : these mortal years
Have but one spring ; and that, alas !
So brief, it scarce begun appears,
Ere time relentless turns his glass.

And thus it was with me : the morn
Of life I thought would linger yet,
Has fled and left me here forlorn,
Amid the paths of vain regret.

And when thy venerable shades
Look down to give the lost one greeting,
The childish wanderer through thy glades,
The youth towards joyous manhood fleeting.

How wilt thou guess, in him returning,
Robbed of youth's gladness, childhood's glow,
All manhood's darkest passions burning
On his pale lip and writhen brow ?

Thou canst not guess, yet would that there
Ceased the dread change my tears deplore.
Thou too art changed, sweet home, the fair,
To me thou canst be fair no more.

For hope like autumn leaves is lying,
Mid forests that I thought serene,
And faded joys, like flowrets dying,
Are scattered o'er the mournful scene.

And only memory lives to wave
Its boughs of deep and deathless green ;
All woe is theirs, they guard the grave
Of joys which are not, but have been.

Home of my guiltless infancy !
 Vanished is thy most lovely dream.
 Some spirit has gone forth from thee,
 Thou art not what thou once could seem.

Alas ! not thou, but I am changed !
 From me it is the spirit 's flown,
 That once could witch me while I ranged
 Thy pathless woods,—that spirit 's gone !

Home of my fathers ! from thy bowers,
 The sinless soul of youth 's departed ;
 And henceforth mid thy fields and flowers
 Can only dwell the broken-hearted !

M. C. A.
 (London) Cath. Mag

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

No instructed man can deny that the Roman Catholic Church presents one of the most solemn and majestic spectacles in history. The very arguments which are employed against its rites, remind us of the mighty part which it has played on the theatre of the world. For when we say that the ceremonies of its worship, the decorations of its altars, and the evolutions of its priests are conceived in the spirit of heathenism,—how can we forget that it was once the witness of ancient paganism, the victor of its decrepid superstitions, the rival, yet imitator of its mythology ? When we ask the use of the lights that burn during the mass, how can we fail to think of the secret worship of the early christians, assembled at dead of night in some vault beyond the eye of observation ? When we wonder at the pantomimic character of its services, its long passages of gesticulation, are we not carried back, to the time when the quick ear of the informer and persecutor lurked near, and devotion, finding words an unsafe vehicle of thought, invented the symbolical language which could be read only by the initiated eye ? Long and far was this church the sole vehicle of Christianity, that bore it on over the storms of ages ; and sheltered it amid the clash of nations. It evangelised the philosophy of the East and gave some sobriety to its wild and voluptuous dreams. It received into its bosom the savage conquerors of the North, and nursed them successively out of utter barbarism. It stood by the desert fountain from which all modern history flows, and dropped into it the sweetening branch of Christian truth and peace. It presided at the birth of art, and liberally gave its traditions into the

young hands of colour and design. Traces of its labours, and of its versatile power over the human mind are scattered throughout the globe. It has consecrated the memory of the lost cities of Africa, and given to Carthage a Christian, as well as a classic renown. If in Italy and Spain it has dictated the decrees of tyranny, the mountains of Switzerland have heard its vespers mingling with the cry of liberty, and its requiem sung over patriot graves. The convulsions of Asiatic history have failed to overthrow it; on the heights of Lebanon, on the plains of Armenia, in the provinces of China, either in the seclusion of the convent, or the stir of population, the names of Jesus and of Mary still ascend. It is not difficult to understand the enthusiasm which this ancient and picturesque religion kindles in its disciples. To the poor peasant, who knows no other dignity, it must be a proud thing to feel himself the member of a vast community, that spreads from Andes to the Indus, that has bid defiance to the vicissitudes of fifteen centuries, and adorned itself with the genius and virtues of them all: that beheld the transition from ancient to modern civilization, and forms itself the connecting link between the old world in Europe and the New; the missionary of the nations, the associate of history, the patron of art, the vanquisher of sword."—[*James Martineau.*]

EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

"O **MARY**, CONCEIVED WITHOUT SIN, PRAY FOR ME, WHO HAVE RECOURSE TO THEE."*

On the death of Hardicanute in 1041, Edward, surnamed the Confessor, and the son of Emma, by her first husband, Ethelred the Second, was proclaimed king, with the unanimous consent of the nation. Edward was called to the throne in a time of extreme difficulty; and we may learn from his history how far the wisdom of God exceeds the wisdom of man, for he, whose almost child-like simplicity of character was supposed to fit him for the cloistered life, now ruled the kingdom (by his peaceful virtues) with a success which the haughtiest of his predecessors had been unable to attain. For more than forty years

* Some of our readers may be disposed to wonder, and others of them to grumble, at the above inscription. The beautiful and edifying narrative to which it is prefixed is over the initials of the gifted authoress of Geraldine; once a fashionable Protestant Lady, now an humble Sister of Mercy, in Bermondsey, near London. Agreeably to the customs of most pious persons, who make religion the first and the last of their every work, as of their every thought, she is accustomed to inscribe the name of Mary connected with the dearest of her privileges, on most of the productions of her elegant and practised pen.—[*ED. CATM. CAN.*]

the Danes had held England in the most cruel subjection; but though they considered it their own by right of conquest, they made no opposition to the election of Edward; from this time they became gradually incorporated with the English, and we hear no more of them in the history of the nation. Swein, the son of Canute, did, indeed, equip a fleet for the purpose of invading England, but the king of Denmark made an irruption into Norway which forced him to lay aside his intention. In 1046 also, some Danish pirates landed on the coast of Essex, but they were soon repulsed by the vigilance of Godwin, nor did they ever again renew the attempt.

The only war which the Saint ever willingly undertook, was for the restoration of Malcolm to the throne of Scotland, and it was soon concluded with a glorious triumph. Edward had learned in the school of Christ the true value of the fair virtue of virginity, which is the peculiar heritage of the Catholic Church, and which has never been known, or never been valued, by the followers of any other religion upon earth. When, therefore his nobles pressed him to marry, his choice fell upon Edgitha, the daughter of Godwin, the most powerful of his subjects. Her whole life had been devoted to study and devotion; she was therefore easily persuaded to follow his example, by living with him in a state of holy virginity. This has been made a subject of bitter reproach to Edward; Protestants, who could not appreciate his conduct, have never wearied in reviling him as one, who made the injuries he had received from the Godwin family a pretext for neglecting his innocent wife. The whole tenor of Edward's life proves that he was utterly incapable of revenge so uncatholic and base; and his declarations on his dying day, while it revealed the true nature of his engagement with Edgitha, also made manifest to all, the affection and respect with which he had always continued to regard her. Those who have made this calumny a justification for their hate to a king who was sainted by the Catholic Church they detest, have forgotten the favours heaped on the Godwin family by Edward, and the easy pardon they obtained after their ungrateful revolt—a pardon accompanied by complete restoration to all their forfeited honours.

Emma had not been a kind mother to Edward, but, far from revenging himself when he had the power, he always treated her with the greatest kindness; and when she was accused by her enemies of having held criminal conversation with Alwyn, the pious bishop of Winchester, nothing but the vehement representations of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the decision of a synod held at Winchester, could induce him to submit her to the trial by ordeal. In obedience to their sentence, Emma walked blindfolded over nine burning ploughshares, and being preserved (by the power of God) unhurt from this trial, Edward fell on his knees to demand her pardon. He was not satisfied with this humiliation, nor did he leave the Church, until, in the self-abnegating spirit of that age, he had received a severe discipline from the bishops who were present, as some expiation for the indignity he had been induced to offer to his mother. The Archbishop did penance by a pilgrimage to St. Peter's at

Rome, and afterwards retired to his monastery in Normandy. Edward restored to his mother all her goods and estates which had been taken from her.

During the king's exile in Normandy, he made a vow to perform a pilgrimage to the tomb of St. Peter's at Rome, if God should ever please to put an end to the misfortunes of his family. Being now firmly settled on the throne, he began to make preparations for the fulfilment of his promise; but his nobles, who dreaded the dangers to which the kingdom would be exposed during his absence, opposed themselves so vehemently to his intended departure, that the matter was at last referred to the Pope. Leo IX dispensed with his vow, on condition that, by way of commutation, he should give to the poor the money that his journey would have cost; and further, that he should build, or repair and endow, a monastery in honour of St. Peter. Edward scrupulously fulfilled these conditions; and the church of St. Peter's at Westminster was the fruit of his zeal. He was taken ill during the ceremony of its dedication, and prepared himself for death with the most edifying devotion. "In his last moments," says Butler, "seeing his nobles all bathed in tears around his bed, and his affectionate and virtuous queen sobbing more vehemently and weeping more bitterly than the rest, he said to her, with great tenderness, 'Weep not dear daughter; I shall not die, but live. Departing from the land of the dying, I hope to see the good things of the Lord in the land of the living.' Commending her to her brother Harold and other lords, he declared he left her an untouched virgin. He calmly expired on the 5th of January, 1066, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, having reigned twenty-three years and some months."

Edward has been described by historians as a good king, though not a great one; yet if wisdom and virtue be deserving the attribute of greatness (and who shall say these are not?) certainly the King Confessor of England has some claim to this title of 'Great.' For more than twenty years he swayed the sceptre of England in peace; he repressed the haughtiness of the Dane, he tamed the turbulence of the Saxon noble; he raised the people from their deep subjection, and enforced so just an administration of the laws, that for years after his death the nation, when wronged and insulted by their Norman kings, were in the habit of demanding the laws and government of "the good king Edward." He was mild without weakness, just without cruelty, generous without extravagance. His charity was unbounded, and public buildings were his great delight; but his people were not taxed by his magnificence, for his private income sufficed alike for his own expenses, for his hidden charities, and public foundations. The only war which he ever willingly undertook was in a just cause, and was crowned by conquest. He gave a code of laws to his people, which, as part of the common law of England, are still in force, save where altered by later statutes; he remitted the "Danegelt," an oppressive tax, which had latterly been paid into the king's exchequer, and had become a part of his private resources; and when his nobles presented him with a gift

of money, he refused to rob the people, and commanded it to be returned to the poor, from whose hard pittance it had been unjustly wrung. If acts like these give Edward no claim to the title of Great, woe to the king who seeks by any other means to obtain it. Riches, and glory, and honour may all be his; but his name will not live in the hearts of his people; he will go down to his grave and be forgotten, or remembered but as an object of just execration;—while the deeds of the good king Edward, like those of all just men, shall “smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.” Amid all the contradictions of history, and the malevolence of party, the Catholic feeling with which Protestants have honoured the memory of king Edward appears strangely inconsistent. The Protestant sovereign of England, on the day of his coronation, receives a crown which, if not that of king Edward, is made at least in imitation of it. The dalmatic and maniple were once a part of his royal robes of state; and no relics of the Catholic church have been kept with more reverence than these have been preserved by the Protestants into whose hands they have fallen.

The custom of touching for the king's evil, which had its origin in the sanctity of the Saint, was afterwards continued by a long line of Protestant kings; though Elizabeth, trusting to the virtue of the royal touch alone, omitted the sign of the cross, which might possibly have been regarded by the humble Edward as the most essential part of the ceremony, and as the true cause of cures recorded by all the historians of the days in which he lived.

Edward is the Saint of the Catholic line of English kings, as Charles the First has ever been of their protestant successors: it might not, then, prove uninteresting to compare their respective claims to our admiration. They have both been described by historians as good men, but as weak kings, yet the dissimilarity of their reigning was such, that we may be permitted to doubt if this similarity of temperament existed between them.

Both reigned in troublesome times; but Edward, almost without bloodshed, compelled the Danes to submit to his power; while Charles sank beneath the resentment of his people. Edward made laws for the just government of the nation—Charles broke those which were already made. Edward pardoned those who had done him evil—Charles signed the death-warrant of the most faithful of his friends. Edward was a Catholic, and at no one instant were his actions at variance with his professions of faith—Charles was a protestant, but more than once he was the betrayer of his religion, as when he was about to marry the Infanta of Spain; and in a more especial manner, when he consented to the establishment of the covenant for the space of five years. Both are considered Saints in their respective churches, but all the energies of the one were directed to uphold the glory of God—of the other, to exalt the prerogatives of the crown. Edward lived a Saint of his own free will—Charles died a martyr by the will of his subjects. And this thankless friend, this perjured king, this martyr for Church and State, whom the Protestant Church holds up to the admiration of her children,—this faithless defender of the faith could consent to

the virtual destruction of the religion in which he believed, and which he had sworn to defend, in the faint hope of preserving the life that, on the scaffold, he affected to despise. Charles has been exalted to the rank of martyr and saint by the unanimous opinion of the Protestant nation,—Edward has been declared a Saint by the Catholic Church, which only condescends to acknowledge those as martyrs who have poured forth their blood like water, and who have esteemed their lives as nothing in comparison with the preservation of the faith for which they have gladly died.

We have one word more to say to our readers before we conclude this imperfect sketch of the holy Edward's life. Westminster Abbey, as it at present exists, was begun by Henry III; but the old church, which stood there in the time of Edward, was repaired and magnificently endowed by him; he may, then, be in a great measure regarded as its founder. Among the idle crowds who wander among its tombs, some few may perhaps pause for a moment, amid more serious thoughts in the chapel where the bones of the saint are laid.—They may run mentally over the long record of his life, untarnished by a single crime, and rich in every virtue that can add lustre to the nature of man. They may stand beside his tomb, occupied by the contemplation of his good deeds, as we loiter near a bed of violets inhaling unconsciously the fragrance they send up from the dust where they bloom. In that hour of secret communing with themselves and with the dead, should their souls become oppressed by a sense of awful veneration for him to the holiness of whose life that mighty edifice in the lapse of ages has become at once a testimony and a commemoration; we would entreat them to reserve some portion of their grateful admiration for the Catholic magnificence of those olden times, when kings were content to dwell in meaner houses, while they raised temples to the majesty of God, which, defying alike the hand of time and the assaults of fanaticism, have come down to us, to witness, in these our days of self-seeking ostentation, of the heaven-aspiring genius of our ancestors,—those noble spirits who lived before and about the times so emphatically condemned by the ignorance of later centuries, as the Dark Ages.

M. C. A.

(*London*) *Cath. Mag.*

(From the Dublin Review.)

THE REFORMATION AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

Whatever ills afflicted this fair realm of England, from her conversion to Christianity under St Augustine down to the fatal epoch of 1534, were most assuredly not attributable to the religion which, during that long and interesting period of her history, grew and flourished upon her soil in so singular a degree :

for *that* was a religion more peculiarly adapted to bring a blessing on the land,—“a vision fair of peace and rest;” making it “a land of hills and plains expecting rain from heaven, and which the Lord God for ever visited, keeping his eyes for ever on it, from the beginning of the year unto the end thereof;”^a devoting her whole substance in this, to the interests of a future world, and consecrating her whole self, both spiritual and temporal, to those hallowed purposes.

For, in the first place, it was a religion which ever made the Church her homestead. There she enthroned her God in splendid pageantry, collecting all her means to honor Him whom she adored, and attracting to His worship all the people over whom she ruled. There was enticing imagery for the young, and solemn service for the old; the note of sorrow or of triumph in her voice, the sign of mourning or of gladness on her altars, the daughter of Sion robed in “the garments of her glory,” or clad in the weeds of her affliction, as the season suggested; the emblem of redemption elevated on high, that while they gazed upon the sad symbol of their faith, it might excite compunction, and with compunction hope, and with hope charity. More elevated still, they beheld the representation of the last and awful doom, with Him, who was crucified for the sins of men, coming in great majesty and power to judge mankind by the standard of the cross, attended by choirs of angels to minister to his will, with companies of prophets and armies of martyrs to attest the judgment, and the whole host of heaven to do homage to his wisdom and justice; the blessed on the right and the reprobate on the left, a gleam of eternal brightness indicating the reward of the one, and sulphurous flame and tormenting spirits the portion of the other. But this was not the only instruction which the pious votary might read in the decoration of the material temple. If his soul were oppressed, or his eyes wearied by the contemplation of this awful scene, and he sought relief by casting them on the ground, there was still a lesson ready for him, for they but rested on the memorials of the dead. If he were a sinner, he was again struck with terror; if he were looking with pious expectation for what was to come, he read his hope and his consolation; for he knew that if death were the destruction of the wicked, it was also the resurrection of the just. Around him he beheld depicted the whole story of revelation, to elevate the mind by teaching it the dignity of a Christian, and the value of an immortal soul; the end for which it was created, and the price paid for its redemption. There were all appliances to excite devotion, and every requisite to satisfy it,—the daily sacrifice, the varied service, the frequent prayer, the priest of God to distribute his graces, to give strength to the weak and fresh vigor to the strong, to relieve the penitent of his burden at the foot of the cross, and impress the judgments of heaven on the obdurate sinner,—to afford consolation to the sorrowful, courage to the timid,

^aSee Deut. xi. 11–12.

and assurance to the diffident; in fine, through the powers conferred upon her ministers by their divine Founder, as the vicegerants of Him who said, "Come to me, all ye who labor and are heavy burdened, and I will ease and refresh you;" dispensing relief to all the miseries, temptations, and afflictions with which the poor wayfarer in this valley of tears is sure to be tried, bewildered, or oppressed.

It was the religion which, from St. Augustin to Sir Thomas More, never omitted to put forth the most splendid examples of the noblest virtues; of the most steadfast faith, the most heroic courage, and most ardent charity; leaving monuments of zeal to attest the disinterested and benignant piety of men who enthroned the covenant of God in the heart, and gave it dominion over the passions.

It was the only religion which ever possessed within herself such incentives to virtue, or which provided such safeguards against vice; which ever realized the counsels of the Gospel, and of frail, sinful creatures, made men "rich in virtue,"—burying them in peace, but giving them a name which liveth unto generation and generation,* and sending their souls to that blessed abode, where "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes: and death shall be no more, nor mourning, nor crying nor sorrow, for the former things are passed away."

It was the religion which, even "in the darkest times, was ever found to be fighting the cause of truth and right against sin, to be a witness for God, or defending the poor, or purifying or reforming her own functionaries, or promoting peace, or maintaining the holy faith committed to her;"† and it was the only religion that ever put forth all her energies, or combated successfully in such a cause.

And thus it was that the ancient religion of the realm covered the land with consecrated spots, where men were separated from this troubled world, and carried into serene and tranquil regions before their time—where they escaped from the thorny desert, to dwell among enamelled meads—from the contagious atmosphere of every vice, to the salubrious abodes of every virtue. They "who were better than the world in their youth, or weary of it in their age;" they whose sensitive nature rendered them alike incapable of resisting either the soft breeze or the rude blast, whose sympathizing tenderness ever melted before the feelings, or whose unresisting timidity ever yielded before the violence of others; they whose iniquities sat heavier on them than they could bear to carry amidst the haunts of sin, and who must needs lay them at the foot of the cross: they whose pilgrimage of toil and mourning had so bruised the heart that it could alone be healed within the balmy influence of the cloister, because there alone the voice of God could reach it amidst the

* Eccles. xliv. 6, 14.

† British Critic.

sacred stillness, converting its sorrows into love,—all found their solace and their joy within these holy precincts.

There, too, it was, that the apostolic man was schooled in the science of the saints, till he went forth as the herald of salvation on his triumphant course, conquering sin and death, enlarging the boundaries of faith, and establishing the kingdom of God upon earth.

There it was that the storms of a thousand years swept unheeded over the virtue, which required the protection of the sanctuary to bring it to maturity, and where alone the sublime perfection of the Gospel could be attained: there, that men were congregated together to pray for the sins of their fellow-men—“for a world which forgets to pray for itself”—and to invoke the blessings of God upon his fallen creatures.

There it was that the arts and sciences found their cradle and their refuge, in a rude and troubled age; there the lives of the saints were chronicled, and the history of passing events recorded that otherwise had been lost in oblivion.

There it was that the word of God was treasured up, and explored for the benefit of others with less learning and less leisure than themselves, and there, even, that the classic lore of antiquity was preserved for the amusement and instruction of after generations, till the arts of more modern days were to place them beyond all future danger; then, as now, “a cloister without a library was said to be like a castle without an armoury.”

There it was that the renunciation of the superfluities of life was reckoned and honourable and meritorious sacrifice, and men were content to be abstemious themselves to enjoy the means of gratifying the necessities of others; for there the hand of charity doled out the daily pittance to the destitute, without any offensive inquiry into the cause of a distress, the presence of which was alone a sufficient recommendation for relief. The spiritual, too, kept pace with the corporal works of mercy, and while food for the body was distributed without, food for the soul was abundantly supplied within.

It was the monastic rule that enabled the possessors of the abbey lands to let them on easy terms, which, together with the hospitality and charities which they practised, served as a check on the rapacity or cruelty of the feudal baron; and, as a consequence, a prosperous tenantry and a happy people were sure to grow up around the sanctuary. The same benefits were conferred by the property of the prelates and dignitaries of the Church, so that it became a proverb, “that it was better to be governed by a bishop’s crozier than by a monarch’s sceptre”: and such was the condition of about a fourth part of the kingdom, from which not an eighth probably of the revenue was collected. Yet another blessing did they bring with them, that when war and misery had well nigh desolated the land, through the reckless ambition of some daring noble, or the rough tyranny of some lawless sovereign, these “cities of refuge” usually escaped the general wreck, and remained as nurseries of virtue and of learning, for the regeneration of the people; while, if the Church also fell

into disorder or decay, from similar causes or from other untoward circumstances, it was the monasteries that ever furnished the materials for its reform.

Such were among the blessings which the religion of our ancestors conferred upon the country. But there were others still; let us take them discursively, as they present themselves to the mind, without order or method.

It was the only religion which has ever really dedicated to God what belongs to God, lavishing the richest produce both of art and nature in His service, and making all things subservient to her sacred and exalted destinies; adorning the world with temples for His worship, which, having taken centuries to erect—and as many centuries having since passed over them—still stand to excite the admiration of all lovers of the beautiful and sublime, and piety inspired by the ancient faith.

It was the religion under which England was governed without a standing army, a star chamber, a national debt, or poor law unions; under which all the best and proudest institutions of the country rose and flourished, and attained maturity; which freed the nation from the tyrannical exactions of the forest laws, and which won, and then consecrated by her sanction, the great charter of our liberties.

It was the only religion that ever really provided, without any state assistance, for the education of all classes—of the poor as well as of the rich—in school, in convent, or in college.

It was the only religion that has ever filled the hospitals with unpaid attendants, who, actuated solely by the charity of the Gospel, have brought every virtue of the Gospel with them, and supplied with a kind heart and a devout zeal the best remedies for the body, because administered in conjunction with the best medicines for the soul.

It was the first religion that ever advocated the cause of the slave in the face of power and interest, which broke down the wall of separation between the singular and even antagonist diversities of the human race, and placed “the son of the stranger” upon an equality with the more favoured and cherished of her children. It was the only religion which ever established a company for the redemption of captives, even at the risk of their own liberty, and which, after an honourable existence of six hundred years, still survives the occasion for which it was created; the only religion in which piety and humanity have united to conquer the repugnance of our nature, and to congregate men of feeling hearts and enlightened minds within the dark caverns of the unhealthy mine, burying themselves alive within the bowels of the earth, in the sublime exercise of corporal and spiritual works of mercy to the wretched inmates of those dreary abodes, and whom the avarice of their fellow-men had condemned to this service of privation and misery.

It was the only religion that ever threw her mantle over the persecuted, the forlorn, and the unfortunate. Her voice was ever raised in their defence, and her laws were ever devised for their protection. She never failed to provide

shelter and hospitality for the houseless traveller; the wayfaring man of business, the prince, the prelate, and the pilgrim, all equally partook of the charity which the pious care of the faithful of old, had so munificently placed at the disposal of men bound by the most solemn compact to do good service to all comers; while the house of God, which they tenanted and served more especially, stood open to yield its consolations where more was lacked than mere bodily rest and refreshment—that which might satisfy the cravings of the soul, heal the scathed spirit, and ease the burdened conscience. Even the most bold and indifferent, in those “ages of faith,” muttered a hasty *Pater* and *Ave*, and crossed themselves before they left the hospitable roof, and set forth upon their perilous way; while the sober and thoughtful made their more fervent orisons at the altar of God, offered up their griefs and their repentance, their hopes and their supplications, to the avenger of evil and the rewarder of good, the refuge of the weak, the comforter of the afflicted, that their pangs might be assuaged and their fears dispelled, claiming the protection of heaven, in the true feeling of a Christian, against the wiles of Satan and the machinations of wicked men; but more especially against the hazards with which those devout yet troubled times too often beset the path of the wanderer in this wilderness of sin and sorrow.—There was a community of sentiment also between the casual guest and his hospitable hosts, which imparted such a consciousness of sympathy in all his feelings as infinitely to heighten the boon conferred upon him—which indeed seemed to be rather the immediate providence of heaven than the extorted charity of man,—and sent the pilgrim on his way with a hymn of gratitude to the giver of all good gifts, and of increased confidence in His favour.

It was the only religion that ever consecrated matrimony with a sacrament, or honoured celibacy as one of the first of virtues, remembering that the throne of the Lamb is surrounded by spotless virgins, who enjoy the blessed privilege of waiting on Him wherever he goeth.

It was the only religion that ever peopled the desert with anchorites, or filled the cloister with penitents from among the gay and dissolute; the only one that ever gained a barbarous people to civilization and Christianity; the only one that ever sent a tide of devoted warriors to stem the torrent of an infidel fanaticism which threatened to devastate the whole inheritance of Christ; the only one that ever converted a romantic lover into a true knight, or of a fanatic made a saint.

It was the religion that made Godfrey de Bouillon exclaim, in the gratitude of his triumph, that “he would never wear a crown of gold in that city wherein the Saviour of the world had worn a crown of thorns;” which induced Rodolph of Hapsburgh, the sceptre not being at hand, to seize the crucifix, saying, “This is my sceptre, I’ll have no other;” and when Gregory VII. thus expressed himself on his deathbed, surrounded as he was by every worldly sorrow, “Because I loved justice, and hated iniquity, therefore do I die in exile,” that inspired a bystander to comfort him by the reply, “Sir,

there is no place of exile for you, for the Lord hath given you the nations for your inheritance, and the boundaries of the earth for the limits of your dominion."

It was the only religion that ever knit all hearts together in blessed unity, which restrained the unlawful wanderings of the human mind, stifled schism in its birth, repressed error, reduced the loftiest spirits as well as the meanest understandings to a just obedience, established a happy sympathy between the greatest and the least, placed the prince and the peasant side by side on the bare pavement of her splendid temples, elevating the hopes of the one and depressing the pride of the other, and instructing both in that wholesome truth, that they worshipped a God who was no respecter of persons. It was the only religion that, by sound of anointed bell, has ever invited the poor husbandman to prayer before the rising of the sun, and has assembled him again at the termination of his labours, when crowds of pious and believing souls came to sanctify the declining day by filling the house of God with their holy chaunt, and proffering their supplications to heaven for protection till the coming morning.

It was the only religion that ever respected the censures of the Church, and exhibited to the Christian world the spectacle of a sovereign prince remaining for three hundred years without sepulture—as did Raymond of Toulouse—because he died under the ban of a spiritual attainer, the open enemy of God; the only one that ever produced a prelate bold enough to close the doors of the sanctuary against imperial majesty, considering even the presence of an emperor—the fountain of honour, the anointed of God, and the depository of his power—as a profane intrusion, when excluded, by his crimes, from the communion of the faithful.

It was the only religion which, at the voice of outraged virtue, ever shut her temples, hushed her bells, and made a whole people mourn in sackcloth and ashes, till the sins of their brethren were expiated in repentance; the only one that ever brought an offending sovereign to kneel in sorrow and humiliation as a suppliant for pardon at the feet of the common father of the faithful, the common protector of humanity.

It was the only religion in which the rights of the people were ever respected, and in which, for ten centuries and more, the canonical law, or at least inprescriptable usage, required their consent and co-operation in the election of bishops to govern the Church of God, and even in the appointment of the sovereign pontiff himself; and such was the confidence reposed in their decision, that *vox populi, vox Dei*, became a proverb; and this honourable privilege might have remained in their possession to this day, had not the vices with which they became infected, and the new order of things which grew up within the republic of Christendom, justly deprived them of it.

It was the only religion that could ever boast of the miraculous attestations of heaven in its favour, and which, in every age, has gone forth, and the signs

have followed, casting out devils, speaking strange tongues, healing the sick, curing the lame, giving sight to the blind, and raising the dead to life.

It was the only religion that has ever sang the song of triumph over the solitary grave of a martyred missionary among the trackless deserts of the New World; and which, imparting fresh energies to their zeal, has carried the messengers of God with an heroic perseverance onwards in their enterprise, till, after incredible efforts and sacrifices, they at length reduced within the boundaries of civilization whole tribes of savage wanderers, almost as impatient of control as the wild beasts of the forests in which they dwelt, and converted them into a Christian republic, the most perfect that ever graced the annals of the human race.

It was the only religion that has ever carried the glad tidings of a crucified Redeemer among the empires of the east; among a people as singular for their civilization as for their obstinate repugnance to the light of the Gospel, and where religion, after struggling under alternate destinies for three hundred years, fertilizing the fields of Christianity with the blood of one hundred thousand martyrs,—numbers of them immolated under the most excruciating torments—still presents attractions to the pious zeal of the missionary, who, at the peril of his life, brings succour to the persecuted and dispirited remnant of what were once so many flourishing provinces of the kingdom of God upon earth. *

It was the only religion, which, by its love of labour, and its patient industry, has ever converted an arid desert into a fruitful garden, and reared the standard of the cross among the mountain tops,—that cross, “whose breadth is charity, whose length is eternity, whose height is almighty power, and whose depth is unsearchable wisdom,” hallowing even the rugged summits of some desolate rock by transforming it into the abode of piety and virtue: or, which planting the sacred emblem of our redemption along the common thoroughfare, invited the weary pilgrim to offer up his sorrows on the altar of Calvary, to drop a tear of compunction for his share in that tragedy of woe, to slake his thirst at that fountain of life, and gather strength and joy through the merits and sufferings of his Saviour.

It was the only religion that ever enlisted a society of volunteers in the cause of charity, to do daily duty amidst the dreary regions of the Alps, within the limits of eternal snows and incessant storm, beyond the habitation of man, and the boundary line of vegetation—a society which a thousand years of ceaseless labour has not robbed of the fresh vigour of its youth, and which still affords shelter and protection from the danger of those inhospitable climes to all who need it, let their creed or colour be what it may.

* In 1596, there were in China about half a million of Christians, with more than 250 churches; and in Japan, in 1715, 300,000 Christians, and 300 churches, all through the indefatigable labours of the Dominicans, Franciscans, and Jesuits.

It was the religion which alone has adorned the calendar with its thousand saints,—with an Anthony, a Benedict, a Bruno, a Bernard, a Dominic, a Francis, an Ignatius, a Xavier, a Vincent of Paule, a Boromeo, a Francis of Sales, and Philip Neri—men who are despised and dishonoured by the world, but who, if we estimate greatness by the only true criterion, the benefits conferred upon mankind—are infinitely superior to those who condemn them: so that well may we apply to them and to ourselves those prophetic words of wisdom, “we fools esteemed their life madness, and their end without honour: behold, how they are numbered amongst the children of God, and their lot is among the saints!”

It was the religion in which “the covenant of the priesthood” has alone remained for ever in one unbroken line, verifying the promises of God to Peter, and, through Peter, to Peter’s successors, “Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it, and to thee will I give the keys of the kingdom of heaven, whatever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, whatever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven,” and then confirming the everlasting compact, by the assurance, “that heaven and earth should pass away, but that His word should not pass.” Look at the singular verification of this great covenant in that eternal and mysterious city, which, serving for a thousand years as the capital of the last and most powerful of the five great empires, was appointed also as the spot wherein the grain of mustard-seed was to take root and grow into a tree, which, nourished by the blood of martyrs, soon covered with its shadow all the limits of the earth; a capital which, after the lapse of a few ages, in which the rising religion had to struggle for its ascendancy with all the powers and principalities of this world of pomp and vanity, and of the world of darkness and of Satan, was transferred to the sovereignty of him whose only claim was his rightful heritage from the poor fisherman Peter, who, in the pride of her imperial sway, had been barbarously and ignominiously crucified as a worthless and ignorant impostor. The heir of Peter, he was the only lawful depository of the “perpetual covenant,” and which, for its blessed fulfilment under an over-ruling and Almighty Providence, he has faithfully transmitted to every succeeding generation; while the covenant itself, in eternal memorial of its divine origin, like that to which it had succeeded, written, as it were, upon the tablets of heaven by the finger of God in the great cathedral of Christendom, “the house of prayer for all nations!”*—hangs suspended over the tomb of Peter,—over the very relics of the simple unlettered fisherman, to whom that covenant was made, with all the splendour of art and nature collected around to honour and adorn the most gorgeous temple ever erected to God, or the most superb monument ever raised over the remains of man! Can any one doubt, then, of the accomplishment of the prophetic pledge? Behold

* Isaiah, lvi. 7.

it verified to the letter in the material Church; while history, and the attesting faith of one hundred and fifty millions of Christians dispersed throughout the universe, yet all professing allegiance to this same successor of Peter,—with those who first afflicted her bowing down to her, and those who slandered her worshipping the steps of her feet, and calling the city of Peter the city of the Lord—all proclaim its verification in the spiritual!*

Such being the characteristics of the religion which previous to their fatal separation from the centre of Christendom, it is clear that we must look to other causes for the miseries which, even then, too frequently afflicted the land: nor need we go far in our investigation for the discovery. For it was not the Lord who had “deceived this people, saying: you shall have peace: and behold the sword reacheth even to the soul.”† Sin alone will account for all. It had driven our first parents from a paradise of happiness into a wilderness of sorrow; had so dimmed the knowledge of good and evil, that it was with difficulty discerned by a generation now become the children of wrath, and whose corruption at length was such, that only a universal deluge could cleanse the earth from the foul pollution. Notwithstanding this signal vengeance of a repenting Maker upon a whole world, sin again recommenced its ravages, and the depravity was so spread, that, even the chosen people of God were too often infected with the leprosy, and too often became obnoxious to the devastating scourge of heaven. Levi himself was “a vessel of iniquity;”—from him descended Aaron and the priesthood, which, in the end, crowned the measure of their crimes, by condemning and crucifying the Messiah, who had won a title to their faith by the most stupendous miracles, and whom it was their duty to acknowledge and proclaim as their king and Saviour. * * *

Let us now consider the character of the religion which succeeded to that, of which we have endeavoured to trace a faint outline, and which had well nigh existed for a thousand years in these realms, and then see whether this new order of things was not even a fresh kindling of the wrath of God, and a still heavier chastisement for our sins, rather than a boon from Him, ‘who openeth his hand, and filleth with blessing every living creature;’ whether it were not, of its very self, a curse that blighted wherever it touched, and an awful and distinctive token of the malediction of Heaven—a malediction that carries with it this most miserable judgment also, that while it punished for past offences, it excited to new ones, so that the sinner has never ceased to add sin to sin.‡—Though, in its course, Protestantism swelled into a very deluge, which, for a time, swept everything before it, both the altar and throne; changing Carmel into a wilderness; converting a pleasant garden, abounding in many virtues, into a moral waste overgrown with thorns and briars; driving faith, hope, and charity, from the sanctuary; and leaving us, even to this day, with “a land of

* See Isaiah, lv. 14.

† Wisdom, iii. 29.

‡ Jeremiah, iv. 10.

closed churches, hushed bells, unlighted altars, unstoled priests, as if the kingdom were under an interdict ;” *—yet, all this came not at once, though it all sprung but from one sin. Like the fall of Adam, the unbridled passion of Henry cast its deadening shade over a whole empire, infused its poison into the veins of a whole race, and verified to the letter that awful denunciation of divine vengeance, that “an unwise king shall be the ruin of his people.”

True it is, that this “first-born son of the Reformation,” came not in peace but with a sword, and was inded born for the fall of many ; for he it was, who, by severing the unity of the Church, removed the key-stone from the arch, and exposed the whole structure to certain ruin : it tottered for a few short moments under the feeble props, which a spurious and unnatural exercise of the power so lately usurped could supply, and then sunk into an utter, an undistinguishable wreck.

Once that the covenant with Peter was violated, the only secure foundation for unity was torn up, and, though every possible effort was made to repair it, no ingenuity could devise a substitute. The pride of innovation proved greater than its power ; and act after act was in vain passed for “the repression and extirpation of all errors, heresies, and other enormities ;” “for the conservation of the peace, unity, and tranquillity of the realm ;” for abolishing diversity of opinions ;” for establishing “the most perfect unity and concord in all things, and especially in the true faith and religion of God ;” and, though the whole power of the tiara was transferred to the crown,—which power the crown was nothing loth to exercise ; and though it was backed by the civil authorities, with fire and faggot at their command,—of which, too, they in their turn, were not slack to avail themselves ; still diversity of opinions sprang up on all sides, and never ceased to occupy—often to elude—all the vigilance of the royal inquisitor, and to baffle the most barbarous execution of the law.—But the authority which was powerless for good, was soon found to be most apt for mischief, and the tyrannical and unflinching disposition of him who wielded it, acting upon the dastardly subserviency of the great ones of the land,—the caitiff descendants of the proud barons of England,—for the first time, in the history of the country, laid all the liberties of the kingdom (which had been won with such heroic resistance to arbitrary sway) prostrate at the feet of the monarch, giving equal force to the proclamation of the sovereign and the parliamentary law of the realm. Nay so abjectly submissive, so passively obedient, did they become under the dawn of their illuminations, and under the plastic hand of power, that they even passed a step in advance, and invested the *counsellors* of the king’s successor, if he were under age, with the right of setting forth proclamations in his name, of the same authority as if issued by the king himself ; and it was in virtue of this very act that the religion of the late reign was supplanted ; and that all the diversities of opinions, the errors, here—

* Faber’s Foreign Churches.

sies, and other enormities which sacrificed the unity of the church, the peace of the realm, and deluged it with irreligion, impiety, and sacrilege, were accomplished during the minority of the infant sovereign who had succeeded to his more imperious but less inconsistent father.

It was indeed to little purpose to pray to be delivered from schism, as they were ordered to do in the Litany of 1535, when they had wilfully run headlong into it; or, that all "perverse sects" might be avoided, when they had opened the broad road for their admission; or, that they might "withstand the frauds and snares of their ghostly enemy," when they themselves had set the toils; or, that they might "die in the very true Catholic faith," when they had not only most solemnly protested against it, and bound themselves by oath to abide in another, but had made the very profession of it high treason against the State! For is it not written, that "the hope of the hypocrite shall perish through His appointment. Who maketh a hypocrite to reign for the sins of the people?" And thus again did they earn the recompense that awaited them, and "the congregation of hypocrites was made desolate." That desolation came indeed with a rapid and appalling vengeance. It rent the veil of the sanctuary, but it had no better covenant to establish in its place. No, the covenant of God the inheritance of Christ, his seamless coat, the pillar and the ground of truth, was treated with as little ceremony as an antiquated building grown out of date and taste,—like one of those fashions which this capricious world of ours has decked herself out withal for a season, and then discarded as something of which it had grown weary because it lacked novelty, and which they had as good a right to change as the fancy of their vain apparel. What had, therefore, been venerated for its antiquity, for its majestic comeliness, its beautiful splendour, its happy adaptation to its purposes, for the associations which had grown up around, and to which every succeeding age added new charms, and imparted a new interest, became despoiled of half its glory, contracted in all its fair proportions, and profaned in its most holy rites.

To give zest to the meagre fare which was now served up to the religious appetites of the people, in lieu of the sumptuous feast to which they had been hitherto accustomed, that discarded Church which had heretofore provided it with such a lavish hand, became the object of the bitterest antipathy. The dark unfeeling zealots, and ravenous extortioners, who were dividing the land between fanaticism and infidelity, "knew full well that the sword of the law could not have been wielded, with such deadly effect, against the holy and ancient religion of these islands, if that religion had not first been decried, abused, and maligned, until it appeared to the multitude a very moral monster. 'From the sole of its foot,' like its divine founder, 'to the top of its head, there was no soundness in it;' it was buffeted, abused, spit upon; it was covered with a mantle of derision; it was scourged, and drenched with vinegar and gall; the water of affliction entered into its very soul; and it was, when thus disfigured by a clamorous rabble, and seemingly abandoned by God, that the bigots and

the fanatic cried out to the agents of the law and the sword,—‘ away with it, away with it.’”

Having crucified it, they buried it, and esteemed it dead, but, after a long sleep, it has risen, like its divine author, from the tomb : and God grant that the sower may again cast the good seed around ! May he open rivers in the high hills, and fountains in the midst of the plains ; may he turn the desert into pools of water, and the impassable lands into streams ! and may he plant in the wilderness the cedar and the thorn, and the myrtle, and the olive tree !* May they again grow and flourish, and cast their shadow over the length and breadth of the land ; and may the desolate cities be again inhabited ! The consequence of this total alienation from the ancient creed, was a new order of things, that left nothing wherewith the imagination might assist the reason ; no associations —no reminiscences : the poetry of religion driven from her precincts, the mysteries of faith departing from her, no warmth of affection in her heart, and, consequently, no glowing devotion in her prayers. It tore itself assunder from all former feelings and prepossessions ; rendered the beautiful history of the English Church no better than a tale of fancy ; and pronounced a verdict of condemnation against the greatest men that the nation ever produced, as well as against those to whom it was most deeply indebted. Not content with this state of internal desolation, it cut itself off from all sympathy with the rest of Christendom, and such was the fatuity by which the religious counsels of the country were thenceforth governed, that she appeared to be handed over to a judicial blindness in just punishment for her sins, a blindness which she has too faithfully transmitted from generation to generation ; for, her subsequent story has never presented one interesting feature : exercising no influence beyond her own isolated territories ; undertaking no enterprise, either in the cause of civilization, or Christianity ; adding nothing to the store of religious knowledge, or of ecclesiastical history, but, on the contrary, manifestly retrograding in her course. As a member of the christian community, she was a withered and lifeless branch, stirred only from time to time, by the strife of her own internal dissensions. Usually sunk in apathy and indifference, she has been only roused to a knowledge of her own existence, by the spirit of angry contention within her own bosom ; and, even here, she has been ever governed by external circumstances which belong to the wretched concerns and interests of this world, and not of the next.

In her infancy she cared little for doctrine or principle, provided she went wide enough from Rome, and established sufficient safeguards for the protection of the plunder which the abettors of the change were then enjoying ; and, with this object in view, hostility to Rome was her best and surest resource. When the remembrance of it had been well nigh obliterated by a century of ac-

* Isaiah 41 and 54.

tive persecution, the fears of a reaction in favour of the ancient creed, became a less powerful agent than the apprehension of an advance in the cause of innovation; for, Puritanism was beginning its work, driving on its approaches both against Church and State, undermining all authority, both civil and religious, and threatening universal anarchy and confusion. A return to better principles was the obvious policy of all who felt an interest in averting the impending evil, or who venerated any of the established institutions of the country. It was not, therefore, surprising that an attempt should be made to infuse a new spirit into the Church, if it were only an object of human policy; and to strengthen itself by drawing closer its alliance with the State, was its first and most natural impulse. The theory of the divine right of kings, and of passive obedience to their authority, was exalted into an article of Christian faith, and employed as the engine most suitable to the purpose. For, with all its licentiousness of principle, breaking through all the trammels which had hitherto restrained the capricious exercise of the human mind, overleaping all landmarks which their fathers had set, wandering into the wild regions of fancy, and emancipating itself from the thralldom of spiritual authority, the new religion was not only as positive in its dogmas, determined to enforce them, as the religion it had supplanted, but actually introduced one doctrine, while it discarded many which had long been held by all,—which no sect, or denomination of Christians had ever yet defined as an article of faith,—a blind and passive obedience to the temporal sovereign. The identity of Church and State was a principle most serviceable to both, and each was but too anxious to enhance the power and privileges of the other. The natural tendency of this condition of things was an approach to the more substantial, better defined, better understood, and more comprehensive doctrines which had been overthrown, or remodelled, under circumstances which drove the new teaching to seek excuses for its transgressions in the necessities of the times, in which a spirit of protestation against Rome was the leading principle, and which almost alone governed it in its decisions, during the period of transition and separation. The attempt, however, was a signal failure, and the external energies of a new and fanatical sect, carried the day over a frail and tottering system, which evinced symptoms of decay in its very infancy, and which soon lost its force when it abandoned the only principles by which it could possibly retain it. From the restoration, to the final extinction of exclusion and persecution on account of religious opinions, the Anglican Church lay like a dismantled log upon the waters, disfiguring the fair ocean by its unsightly bulk—a serious injury to other craft, and wholly incapable of righting itself. During this melancholy period of death-like inertness, she seems to have reduced Christianity, as far as possible, to the standard of heathenism. There was neither reliance on, nor respect for authority: her doctrines were a paradox, and, for aught that any one believed of them, they might as well have been the mythology of the Greeks; her revenues were a mere maintenance for the priesthood; her festivals only an

occasion for feasting and display; while she was wholly bereft of any real influence over the faith or morals of the people, and performed a very secondary part amongst the social or political relations of the kingdom. But this moral sleep was not to endure for ever, and, during these latter days, a long period of peace, ever favourable for calm religious inquiry, a more intimate and friendly intercourse with other countries, and a general stir in the Christian world, have conspired to turn her attentions upon herself again, upon her own inanimate condition, and induced her to endeavour to inspire fresh vigour into her system, and raise herself to a more elevated sphere in the religious commonwealth. Yet, after every attempt, how little has been achieved; and, whatever commendations may be due to the actors of this work of regeneration, we must still predict its utter failure, because of the natural and radical defects of the principles upon which they work; and, when the heat of this singular controversy is over within the bosom of a Church which has adopted unity of belief as an essential token of truth, and which has fenced its creed with all the powers at its command—the powers of the earth, pains, penalties, and disabilities; a controversy carried on by the most learned and most dignified of her sons, and one which has well nigh engaged the whole kingdom within its lists, and embroiled even the least contentious in the dispute, who can say that the cause of truth will have advanced even by a single step? Thus hath the modern church of these realms been ever travelling on the confines of two worlds, the one of folly, the other of wisdom; too often does she cross the borders of the former, never does she enter the latter. Her language, too, partakes of the character of her conduct; it is one that none can understand farther than it betrays the troubled and feverish condition in which she finds herself. * * * * *

Even more has she gained still! A measure of grace which is weighed by the justice, not by the mercy of God, and which gives no fruit to their labours. The very endeavours to rouse the sullen frame produce but a feverish excitement, a quicker circulation, a higher pulse, more present vigour, ending, as heretofore, in still greater debility for the future; and this indeed is the natural consequence of stimulants misapplied through ignorance of the disorder.—Yet stimulants are not the only remedies prescribed, for there are many physicians, each with his own nostrum, and each with his own patients, though all items of the same great aggregate, while the variety of recipes create a strange conflict in her constitution. Greater and better men are needed for the work, but the people's sins and the vengeance of heaven yet interpose, making them still "bondmen of error," and delivering them over as victims to the "contradiction of tongues." Who, then, should bear to sit quiet in such a state? For is not their church, according to their own showing, like a plague-stricken city, which all should make haste to quit who would not fall a prey to the pestilence?

* Isaias 13.

"The stars of heaven, and their brightness, display (not) their light (for her,) the sun (is) darkened in his rising, nor does the moon shine with her light:" that is, there is no longer "a sign among them," neither a column of cloud by day, nor a pillar of fire by night, so that the light of faith hath departed from them; and without faith there is no grace, and without faith there is no virtue.

"The ways are made desolate; no one passeth by the road; the covenant is made void; he hath rejected the cities, and the land hath mourned;" and yet they remained within her as unconcerned as if the atmosphere were as pure as as the heavens, and withal as full of confidence, contentment and peace, as if the lamb were dwelling securely with the wolf, the leopard were lying down with the kid, and the calf, the lion and the sheep, were abiding together so that a little child might lead them! Whereas the great rebellion against God of which we are speaking, was "the lifting up of the banner upon the dark mountain," gathering together all the passions of men "to lay the land desolate," "as a destruction from the Lord." It hushed the voice of prayer in a thousand sanctuaries, and made them over to the bat, the croaking of the raven, and the hooting of the owl; verifying all the denunciations in which the judgment of heaven was pronounced upon sinful man, even when sin was done almost as much in ignorance as in wilfulness: "the house of our holiness and our glory, where our fathers praised thee, is burnt with fire, and all our lovely things are turned into ruins;" the sanctuaries of our God shall be "a ruinous heap of stones; and owls shall answer one another there, in the houses thereof; and the raven shall dwell in them; and thorns and nettles shall grow up in its houses;" and where there were a thousand vines, the place is now filled with thorns and briars. All this was accomplished to the letter; and the land was indeed desolate and forsaken, and a spectacle to the rest of Christendom. The asylum of peace and holiness became "a mouldering arch, and desecrated wall;" the refuge of the poor was no longer to be found; the churches were shut, the bells were silent, the holy places defaced; good men's bones cast out of their graves; the shrines plundered; the ashes of the saints scattered to the winds; the altars overturned, learning discouraged, piety decayed, infidelity rampant, and religion a very Babel of confusion!

Was all this done in envy of the ancient faith? Was it, that they would trample it under foot, because it was so beautiful? that they would destroy what they despaired to emulate? that they would despoil it of its treasures, because they knew not how to value them? that they would cut off their people from the best affections of the heart—from those heavenly consolations which seclusion alone can supply and nourish, that most precious balm for a wounded spirit, that blessed intercession of peaceful holiness for a sad and sinful world—not that they might transfer such heavenly privileges to themselves, for they knew neither how to prize them nor how to use them, but that they would not suffer the earth to be gladdened with joys, which *they* had not a soul to rel-

ish? All this was done, because what *was* done, was done in utter recklessness of consequences, by those who led and profited by the sacrilege, and who, for the accomplishment of their ends, set all the worst passions of our nature in hostility to heaven,—avarice, craftiness, malice, and impiety, which then exercised a most bitter tyranny over the souls of men; such was their sin, and such was their excuse! But now, when the lust of plunder has been laid at rest, not because it was satiated, but because there was no more spoils to covet, and the delirium so long sustained by the apprehension of a compulsory restitution of the ill-gotten wealth has long since passed away, and liberated our reason from its thralldom; but what a judicial fatuity can it be that still unites a whole people in such resolute opposition against every effort for the restoration of their lost blessings? Are they not herein abandoned by God to a spirit of blindness and of error? And may we not believe that the very judgment of heaven against the Jews, announced to the prophet Isaias, has fallen upon them also? “Go, said the Lord, and thou shalt say to this people; hearing, hear, and understand not: and see the vision and know it not. Blind the heart of this people, and make their ears heavy, and shut their eyes: lest they see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their hearts, and be converted and I should heal them.” For is not the law of God as clear now as when it was declared, that “the ways of God are so plain that even fools shall not err therein?” or as when it was said, “This is the way, walk ye in it; and go not aside, neither to the right hand nor to the left?” or as when it was promised that “the heart of fools should understand knowledge, and that the tongue of stammerers should speak readily and plain?” Is not this blindness, then, too clearly another kindling of wrath for the sins of our forefathers, which have so afflicted the spirit of His Holy One, that He is turned to be our enemy, and fights against us? For is not our whole history since this fatal rebellion against truth, a history of sin and shame, which has left a heavy legacy of repentance to us, but of the obligations of which we are still unconscious?

The great unruly torrent of the sixteenth century, which, in a day, uprooted the united labours of many ages, was indeed a second deluge, not for the sudden destruction of one generation alone, but sweeping away the souls of man as quickly as they succeeded each other, for a period of time which still endures, and the termination of which, even after three hundred years of expiation, is known only to Him who afflicts us for the sins of our fathers and our own, until we confess our iniquities, and the iniquities of our ancestors, whereby they have transgressed against him, and walked contrary to him.* And thus are we still visited with “the day of revenge;” and “who shall accuse thee, O, Lord, if the nations perish which thou hast made?” “for thou shalt be justified in thy words, and shalt overcome when thou art judged.”

* See Levit. xxvi.

Another consequence of the change, and a very important one too has been, that it has disconnected its followers from all the saints and sages of venerable antiquity and thrown us upon a dreary waste, in which the eye is refreshed neither by flower nor by fruit. It has cut them off from all affinity and relationship with any one saint in the calendar, whether native or foreign; from "spirits without a home and without a name" on earth, but who have inherited "an everlasting name" in the imperishable home of the blessed, for whom altars have been erected in every department of Christendom, and whose memories are enshrined in the hearts of all true believers. And what an unenviable position to be in! unable to claim any share in the glory of these illustrious saints—with as wide a gulph between them, as between Lazarus and Dives—compelled to acknowledge the value, but without any partnership in the property—unworthy and unwilling to worship in the same temples in which *they* proffered their holy orisons, and in which *they* sacrificed the adorable mysteries, (unless perchance desecrated by the overthrow of both shrine and altar)—they are condemned to stand aloof in silent admiration at the crowds of faithful votaries who daily come to supplicate their intercession, with a devotion to which *they* remain wholly insensible. Should they not feel humiliated at the spectacle? Should it not startle them into reflection on the cause?—that they should find strangers, where they ought to meet brethren—that they alone should be sceptics, where all others are true believers? Why! it is a blessed thing to be associated with such beings, even in the humble position of suitors for their protection. What a wayward spirit must have taken possession of their minds, that they see it not! Hath not the Lord, in his wrath, mingled for them the spirit of a deep sleep, and shut up their eyes?† How, otherwise, should they not discern the futility of their principles, which they declare to be calculated for unity and Catholicity? For are they not disunited everywhere, even in their own house; and are they not Catholics only amongst themselves? Let them but pass the limits of their own shores, and they are at once strangers in the land; they encounter an angel with a flaming sword at the gate of every sanctuary, because driven from the blessed plains of paradise in virtue of their disobedience, they are condemned to hard and unprofitable labour amongst the thorns and briars, and to wander like outcasts upon the face of the earth. Victims to their infidelity, they are alike aliens to a steadfast faith, as to a quiet conscience, and are become the inheritors of a vineyard, which ever baffles their skill and refuses its produce. Every hand is against them, and their hand is against every other; their days are days of warfare, and the battle never ceases within their borders.

Even when at her best, there is something so little about the interests and concerns of a mere national isolated Church, in comparison with the gigantic concerns of the universal, that the thought of her must ever fall short of

• Isaias xxix. 10.

satisfying the mind, or filling the heart, as it is in the nature of being, that they desire to be filled and satisfied. Rome, on the other hand, has ever commanded a mysterious reverence, which, even in the days of temporal oppression and humiliation, has won her the sympathies of the world, and pointed to her as the future hope and refuge of all that was good and virtuous. The imagination ever lingers over her as on a sunny and sacred spot; the cradle of Christianity, the nurse of empires both spiritual and temporal, the mother and guide of all the faithful in all the domain of God; fertilized by the blood of martyrs, sanctified by the piety of confessors, and rejoiced by the penitence of sinners. Armed with privileges, and with power never entrusted to any other city, with power to bind or to loose, to bless or curse, the limits of her dominion, circumscribed only by the utmost boundaries of the earth, with all the nations under the sun for her inheritance, she stands unrivalled and alone. Yet, all participation, in the glory of this spiritual and mysterious kingdom, has England likewise forfeited by her apostacy.

Even in matters of smaller moment, how strikingly are not the characteristics of the two religions portrayed! In Catholicity, the most delightful associations, like so many cherished friends, follow and accompany you at every step, as you advance in her long and varied course—the presiding genius over music, painting and sculpture; over history, eloquence, poetry, and philosophy. While Protestantism, dating only from a period of unrivalled excellence in the arts; has, nevertheless, nearly, if not entirely, discarded them from her service—she cleared the landscape of all its beauties, and left it cold, dull, dreary and desolate. Contrast their respective ceremonials, the furniture, beauty and decoration of their respective temples! What an imposing spectacle is a pontifical high-mass in St. Peter's, with all its gorgeous splendour, and picturesque magnificence, under the glittering fane which the inspiring genius of christianity has lifted into the clouds of heaven! Does it not transport us from this world into the next, to the choirs of angels, the altar of incense, and the throne of the Lamb? Can we dwell with the same mind upon the cold, tedious, heartless, lifeless worship, in its naked and mishappen rival in the national Church? Again; when death hath summoned us to our final reckoning, and the Church is called upon to perform the last sad offices over the lifeless corpse, and for the departed spirit, in what a different feeling is it not accomplished! In Catholicity, it is a real christian function—a long and solemn line of cloistered monks and pious clergy, bearing the emblems of our redemption in presence of the corpse enveloped in a blaze of light, to tell of the hope of a blissful immortality—all chaunting in mournful cadence, a requiem for the departed soul, propitiating heaven in mitigation of her penalties, praying that the justice of God may be satisfied, and that the repentant sinner may speedily rest in his eternal home! Then the propitiatory sacrifice offered up on the altar of the Most High, before a supplicating multitude, impressed by the appalling spectacle of death—and we have a lesson for the living, and a blessing for the dead!

But, turn we to the same scene under the *Reformed* religion, and what is it? Is there any thing so sickening to the heart as a great London funeral? Not an emblem of christianity about it; belonging entirely to this world, without any reference whatever to the next—a long, long pageantry of *empty* carriages in mere mockery of woe, and so singularly emblematical of the hollowness of the religion in whose service they are engaged! and when the poor, forlorn remains have been consigned to the grave, which is but too truly “covered with the dismal shade of death,” the final scene of the drama is still in keeping with the rest, and a monument is erected over them in a Christian Church, too often in total forgetfulness of heaven, recording only the deeds of earth, represented under the symbols of heathen mysticism.

All her religious services,—for the same may be said of all,—being thus lowered in their character, and all her former religious associations being thus severed and lost, having descended from her proud pre-eminence in the commonwealth of Christendom, and faith, hope, and charity, having each and all of them waxed cold and dim under the revolution of feelings, and war of principles, which, as we have seen, have never ceased to infest her, as the most fearful consequence of her schism; let us for a moment consider whether she has gained any thing to compensate for all this, even among the transitory concerns of this fleeting world.

We have already seen what, in this respect, she was, before the fatal epoch we have endeavoured to illustrate; let us view her, for an instant, in her present condition. In lieu of monasteries, we have workhouses; in place of voluntary charity, an unfeeling compulsory assessment for the poor; jails are multiplied or enlarged; whole masses of the population are unemployed and starving; while vice and crime are increased beyond all former precedent and turbulence reign throughout. We have principles of equality, where we had heretofore principles of subordination; a spirit of worldly ambition and insatiable covetousness, where formerly was a chivalrous sacrifice of self, and a generous outlay of riches for the public good. Coarse, vulgar, riotous mirth, have been substituted for the light-hearted, innocent amusements of the people; among the higher ranks, society is overgrown, and the best feelings of the heart are supplanted by pride, envy, hatred, emulation, and contention; while a universal, luxurious extravagance has dissipated the means of benevolence, and handed over half the ancient estates of the kingdom to the Jew and the stockjobber.

Still she has had her reward, and what is it? “The harvest of the river is her revenue: and she is become the mart of the nations . . . her merchants are princes, and her traders the nobles of the earth.” But with the reward of Tyre, may she not also inherit her chastisements?—“and the earth is infected by the inhabitants thereof: because they have transgressed the laws, THEY HAVE CHANGED THE ORDINANCE, they have broken the everlasting covenant.—THEREFORE shall a curse devour the earth, and the inhabitants thereof shall

sin: and *therefore* they that dwell therein shall be mad, and few men shall be left." Long indeed have these prophecies been fulfilled amongst us—long have "the inhabitants of the island" been delivered over to a spirit of religious madness, and the faithful adherents of the ancient and everlasting covenant are but a few—a mere remnant of the inheritance of Christ!

FULFILMENT OF PROPHECY—FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

In proportion as we approach the term when a series of prophecies, which have been delivered at different times, are to receive their accomplishment, in the same degree will it be found that these prophecies which are last in order of time, are more explicit, contain more minute details, and afford more ample grounds of determining their accomplishment, than those by which the event was originally announced. We find the application of this principle in the predictions of Daniel and of St. John, which foretold the destruction of Pagan Rome and the triumph of the Church which Jesus Christ was to found. These events were at first simply announced by the Hebrew prophet to Nebuchodonosor, (Dan. II.;) they were more fully exhibited by him to his grandson Baltassar; but they have been depicted by the 'beloved disciple' in such clear and distinct colours, that it is scarcely possible to err in determining the event by which this series of predictions was fulfilled. Agreeably to the plan pursued in our last number, we shall first copy the 17th chapter of the Apocalypse, as having special reference to our subject, and then make an effort to elucidate its meaning.

CHAPTER XVII.

1. "And there came one of the seven Angels, who had the seven vials, and spoke with me, saying: Come I will shew thee the condemnation of the great harlot, who sitteth upon many waters.

2. With whom the kings of the earth have committed fornication; and they who inhabit the earth have been made drunk with the wine of her whoredom.

3. And he took me away in spirit into the desert. And I saw a woman sitting upon a scarlet coloured beast, full of names of blasphemy, having seven heads, and ten horns.

4. And the woman was clothed round about with purple and scarlet, and gilt with gold and precious stones and pearls, having a golden cup in her hand, full of the abomination and filth of her fornication.

5. And on her forehead a name was written: A mystery: Babylon the great, the mother of the fornications and the abominations of the earth.

6. And I saw the woman drunk with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus. And I wondered when I had seen her with great admiration.

7. And the Angel said to me: Why dost thou wonder? I will tell thee the mystery of the woman, and of the beast which carrieth her, which hath the seven heads and ten horns.

8. The beast which thou sawest was and is not, and shall come up out of the bottomless pit, and go into destruction: and the inhabitants on the earth (whose names are not written in the book of life from the foundation of the world) shall wonder, seeing the beast that was and is not.

9. And here is the understanding that hath wisdom. The seven heads are seven mountains upon which the woman sitteth, and they are seven kings:

10. Five are fallen, one is, and the other is not yet come: and when he is come he must remain a short time.

11. And the beast which was and is not; the same also is the eighth, and is of the seven, and goeth into destruction.

12. And the ten horns which thou sawest, are ten kings who have not yet received a kingdom, but shall receive power as kings one hour after the beast.

13. These have one design, and their strength and power they shall deliver to the beast.

14. These shall fight with the Lamb, and the Lamb shall overcome them, because he is the Lord of lords and King of kings, and they that are with him are called, and elect and faithful.

15. And he said to me: The waters which thou sawest, where the harlot sitteth, are peoples, and nations and tongues.

16. And the ten horns which thou sawest in the beast: these shall make her desolate, and naked, and shall eat her flesh, and shall burn her with fire.

17. For God hath given into their hearts to do that which pleaseth him;—they that give their kingdom to the beast till the words of God be fulfilled.

18. And the woman which thou sawest is the great city which hath kingdom over the kings of the earth."

Although exhibited under a somewhat different figure, it is easily seen that the same event which Daniel foretold to Nebuchodonosor and Baltassar is here predicted; namely, the triumph of the Messiah's kingdom over the fourth kingdom which we have already shown to be that of Rome. This conclusion will be rendered still more evident by a detailed examination of every circumstance of this prophecy.

V. 1. "Come I will shew that the condemnation of the great harlot, who sitteth upon many waters."

The great harlot is Pagan Rome, as is evident from the concluding verse of this chapter;—"And the woman which thou sawest is the great city which hath kingdom over the kings of the earth." The epithet of "harlot" is given

to her in consequence of her idolatry; it being usual with the sacred writers to regard idolatry as a spiritual fornication. The many waters are, as explained in the 15th verse, "peoples and nations and tongues," and under this figure is represented the vast extent of the Roman Empire, which comprised the greater part of the world as then known.

2. "With whom the kings of the earth have committed fornication, etc."

Co-extensive with the power of Rome was the idolatry which was so intimately connected with all her institutions, which she every where introduced or confirmed, which she promoted by the influence of her example, rendered imposing by the magnificence of her rites, and embellished by the genius of her great men. She was, thus, the means of firmly establishing it, in the hearts of the kings and peoples of the earth. Not only was she the grand support of idolatry; but she herself, in the persons of her emperors, required men to acknowledge her divine character.

3. "And he took me away in spirit into the desert. And I saw a woman sitting upon a scarlet coloured beast, full of names of blasphemy, having seven heads and ten horns."

That his undivided attention might be given to what was to be exhibited to him, the Apostle was brought to a desert. The woman and the beast on which she sits, would appear to be one and the same object, as may be inferred from a comparison of this verse with verses 9 and 18. The Greek text removes the ambiguity of our own translation: as it shows that it is the beast, and not the woman, which is full of names of blasphemy, and has the seven heads and ten horns. It may be, however, that by the woman we are to understand the city of Rome and by the beast the whole Roman Empire, although we incline to make no distinction in the object of St. John in this representation. The introduction of the woman into the figure was an almost necessary part of his description of idolatry as a spiritual fornication.

"Names of blasphemy." Besides attributing to herself a heavenly origin,—her founder being the supposed son of Mars—and ascribing her greatness to the continual protection of the false gods, who were in reality demons, (1. Cor. X. 20.,) Rome promised herself an eternal existence, and received from her poets the title of "Goddess of earth and nations."*

"Having seven heads and ten horns," The seven heads are the seven hills on which Rome was built; and still more literally are seven kings or rulers, both of which interpretations are given in the ninth verse. The application to the seven hills, seems to have been intended principally for the purpose of leaving no doubt as to the city of which St. John speaks.† The other interpretation of this symbol is that on which most stress is laid, as is evident from the 10th and 11th verses. The ten horns are also ten kings. (See v. 12.)

* Terrarum Dea Gentium que Roma. Mart. Ep. XII. † Di quibus septem placere colles. Hor. Septem urbs alta jugis, quae toti praesidet orbi, Propertius.

V. 4. "And the woman was clothed round with purple and scarlet, etc."

This is a magnificent description of the riches of Imperial Rome, and its influence in promoting idolatry is very aptly represented by the golden cup with which, as with a philter, she excited all the nations of the earth to join her in this abominable worship.

5. "And on her forehead a name was written: A mystery: Babylon the great, etc."

Although some commentators refer the word "mystery" to the Pagan rites, of which Rome was the centre, a more probable interpretation of the word appears to be, that the name which follows is applied in a mystic sense. That by Babylon we are to understand Pagan Rome, no one can hesitate to admit; for the woman who, after the manner of harlots in those times, had her name inscribed on her front, is the city on seven hills. Among the early christians, Rome was universally understood to be designated by this name, as we learn from St. Irenaeus, St. Jerome, and indeed from all early christian writers, who touched on this subject. Indeed, it appears certain that St. Peter gives the imperial city this appellation in the conclusion of his first epistle, "The Church that is in Babylon, elected together with you, saluteth you; and so doth my son Mark." As there is no evidence that in the Apostle's time there was a christian church in ancient Babylon, of which city little more remained than the ruins; as all christian antiquity testifies to his residence at Rome; and as Mark is known to have written his Gospel there, the general opinion of the early christian writers was, that this first epistle was written from Rome, and that the Apostle gives that city the name by which, as the stronghold of idolatry, and the unrelenting persecutrix of the people of God, it was known among the faithful. Very many eminent protestant critics, among whom may be mentioned Grotius, Mill, Hammond, Whitby, Est, Valckn, Lardner, etc., have adopted this opinion, which would, we think, scarcely meet with any serious opposition were it not that it supplies an irrefragable proof that St. Peter was at Rome; and moreover serves to render the fulfilment of this part of the Apocalypse too clear to be easily mistaken.

6. "I saw the woman drunk with the blood of the Saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus."

Another feature in this description which evidently indicates Pagan Rome. During the three first centuries of our era, the whole power of the Roman Empire was frequently employed to crush the rising church. The ten general persecutions, during which many millions of martyrs suffered, are too well known to require more than an allusion to them on an occasion like the present. Of the last and most violent of them, under Diocletian, some idea may be formed from the fact, that, so great was the number of victims, this emperor boasted as if Christianity had been entirely extirpated by his efforts. Among the inscriptions on the public monuments raised under that emperor are the following, among others, preserved by Gruterus, p. cc. lxxx., (Graev. vol. 1)

Diocletianus Jovius et Maximian, Hercules. Caes. Aug. Amplificato per Orientem et Occidentem. Imp. Rom. et nomine Christianorum deleti qui rempublicam evertabant. Diocletian Caes. Aug. Galerio in Oriente Adopt. Superstitione Christ. ubique deleta, et cueta Deorum propagato." "Diocletian Jovius and Maximianus Hercules being Emperors, having extended the Roman empire through the East and the West, and having blotted out the name of Christians, who were overturning the Republic, etc. Diocletian being Emperor, and Galerius being adopted in the East, the superstition of the Christians was every where abolished, and the worship of the gods propagated."

8. "The beast which thou sawest was and is not, and shall come up out the bottomless pit, and go into destruction : and the inhabitants on the earth (whose names are not written in the book of life from the foundation of the world) shall wonder, seeing the beast that was and is not."

Before attempting an explanation of this and the following verses, we beg to remind the readers of the CABINET, that we do not undertake to explain with absolute certainty every minute detail of this prophecy ; but only intend to show that its principal object was the destruction of Pagan Rome—a conclusion which we flatter ourselves we have already established. Some modern Protestant commentators suppose that the beast of which there is question was one of the Roman Emperors, e. g. Nero, or Vitellius.* But the explanation given by Bossuet appears to us more reasonable in itself, and more conformable to the general scope of this prediction. According to him, the beast is not any individual Emperor, but the Roman empire itself; and these words of the Angel have not reference to a state of things existing at the time when they were addressed to St. John, but to a condition of that empire for which the visions previously exhibited to him, and related in the preceding chapters, had prepared him. The time, then, when the beast "was and is not," is according to Bossuet, that point in the history of Imperial Rome, when its power began to cease, and when its violence against the Saints was for a time suppressed.—What this precise time was we shall, under the guidance of the above named illustrious prelate, presently endeavour to point out.

10. "Five are fallen, one is, and the other is not yet come, and when he is come he must remain a short time."

According to Rosenmüller (a Protestant) the seven kings spoken of in the 9th verse are Augustus, Tiberius, Caius, Caligula, Claudius, Nero, Galba, and Otho. Five of these had passed away, when he supposes St. John to have written the Apocalypse. Galba then held the reins of empire, and Otho, who was to succeed him, was to have but a short reign. By the beast mentioned in the next verse, who is the eighth, and comes after the seven, or springs

* The time when the Apocalypse was written, is a matter of dispute among commentators. The most general opinion is that it was written under Domitian, although the reign of Nero, and even that of Claudius, is assigned by many as its date.

from the beast which had seven heads, as he interprets the original Greek, he understands Vitellius who succeeded Otho, and whose manners appear to have borne a very close similitude to those of a beast, and in the circumstances of whose death there were many points of co-incidence with the end of the beast as here and elsewhere described in the Apocalypse. Several Protestant writers have also found in the history of the early Roman emperors the facts here obscurely indicated by St. John. We mention these opinions, not that we adopt them, but to show that we are by no means alone in asserting the reasonableness of recurring to Roman history for the details of the events, which is the chief object of this chapter of the Apocalypse, and which, with the destruction of Jerusalem, appears to be the direct and immediate object of the entire book from the 4th to the 18th chapter inclusive.

The time when Constantine the Great triumphed over Maxentius (312) and when the cross was triumphantly planted in Rome by the first Christian emperor is, according to Bossuet, the period in which we find the literal accomplishment of these words of the Angel to St. John. The five Roman emperors who had disappeared, were Diocletian, Maximian, Constantius Chlorus, Galerius, and Maxentius—all of whom were contemporary, all of whom were identified with idolatry, and all of whom were persecutors of the Christian Church. One persecutor yet remained. This was Maximinus, who continued to shed christian blood even after the triumph of Constantine. The seventh was not yet come. This, says Bossuet, was Licinius, who was then emperor with Constantine, but who, at that time, so far from being persecutor, actually joined Constantine in the edicts which latter issued in favour of the Christians. As long as Maximinus lived, Licinius was the friend, not the oppressor of the Church. Subsequently, however, to the death of Maximinus, about the year 319 or 320, Licinius opposed Constantine, and commenced a persecution against the christians of the East; which, however, did not last long, as he lost his life in 323.

11. "And the beast which was and is not; the same also is the eighth, and is of the seven and goeth into destruction.

Maximian Herculius had abdicated along with Diocletian. He subsequently, however resumed the purple, and was a determined opponent of Christianity, the professors of which he cruelly persecuted. He is called *the beast which was and is not*, because, as Pagan emperor, he is identified with Pagan Rome, which then received its death-wound in the triumph of Christianity, and the subsequent decline of which to its final overthrow, was the consequence of that triumph. Every thing required that its final extinction should be gradual. Again we repeat, that we adopt this interpretation as the most probable, without, however, giving it as absolutely certain. The only thing we regard as absolutely certain is, that the destruction of Pagan Rome is foretold in this chapter, and that all the circumstances of that event here foretold have been fulfilled, however we may or may not be able at the present day to apply each minute feature of the prediction to the particular event it announced.

12. "And the ten horns which thou sawest, are ten kings, who have not yet received a kingdom, but shall receive power as kings one hour after the beast."

The number "ten" may be supposed to indicate a great number, as it is not unusual to find it employed in a general signification in the scriptures, especially in the prophetic writings. Bossuet, adopting the interpretation of Berengaud, a writer of the seventh century, understands by these ten kings, the different kingdoms which were formed out of the Roman Empire after its fall or dismemberment. The ancient writer above referred to enumerates ten such kingdoms or powers, namely, "the Persians and Saracens, who became masters in Asia, the Vandals in Africa, the Goths in Spain, the Lombards in Italy, the Burgundians in Gaul, the Franks in Germany, the Huns in Pannonia, the Alani and Suevi, who seized on other portions of the once colossal empire of Rome.' Other writers make a different enumeration, but we regard the above as the least objectionable. Whatever enumeration, however, may be made, and whether we take the word 'ten' as denoting an indefinite or definite number, it will at least appear certain from the following verses, that the powers or kingdoms which rose out of the ruins of the Roman empire are here designated. They are said to have received power, one hour, *after* the beast, or,—as the Greek may be rendered—*along with* the Beast. The expression, 'one hour,' does not denote the duration of their power, but rather indicates that they all received power, *at the same time*, as the vulgate version, and St. Irenaeus render the Greek text. If the translation '*after* the beast' be adopted, then it denotes the establishment of these several kingdoms after the fall of Rome. If the other version, '*along with* the beast' be preferred, then the 'one hour' may denote the length of duration of their power, as co-existing with that of the beast, which was rapidly declining, and which at length was destroyed by the very instrument by which it had been temporarily propped up. This will appear clear from the explanation of the following verses.

13. "These have one design; and their strength and power they shall deliver to the beast."

An ancient writer connects the last two words of the 12th verse with the beginning of the thirteenth and then the meaning of the first part of the sentence would read thus: These have one, i. e. the same, design *with the beast*, namely, to uphold idolatry and oppose the Gospel. The latter part of the sentence would thus appear to arise naturally from the former. The nations by which Rome was destroyed and its empire parcelled out among different dynasties, were either idolators or Arian heretics. That they at first gave their strength and power to the Beast, i. e., to Rome, is evident from history, from which we learn the Roman armies about this time, consisted in great part of those very barbarians, by whom it was subsequently destroyed. Taking the text as it now stands, all the nations may be supposed to 'have one design'—namely, that of establishing themselves in the provinces of the Roman em-

pire. The great motive which influenced them in their migration Southward was to find countries which they might conquer for themselves, and in which they might establish a permanent residence.

14. "These shall fight with the Lamb, and the Lamb shall overcome them, etc."

"They fought against the Lamb," says the writer of the 7th century, already quoted, and whose interpretation of this verse we adopt,—“because they put the people of God to death: but the Lamb shall overcome them, because these people have, for the most part, submitted to the yoke of Jesus Christ.” That these barbarians persecuted the Christians is certain. St. Augustin, (*De Civ. Dei*. XVII. 51.) and Orosius (VII. 32) relate the martyrdom of a vast number of the faithful, under Athanaric, one of the Gothic Pagan kings. That they at length embraced the faith is a matter of notoriety. “In establishing themselves in the empire,” says Orosius, “they learned the truths of Christianity; and we have seen our churches filled with Huns and Suevi, Vandals and Burgundians, and so many other nations, to the confusion of those Romans who obstinately adhered to their errors in the mid-day light of Christianity.”

16. “And the ten horns which thou sawest in the beast; these shall hate the harlot, and shall make her desolate and naked, and shall eat her flesh and shall burn her with fire.”

The hatred which the Barbarians—as they are generally called—had for Rome is best shewn by the destruction in which they involved her. They made her desolate, by the depopulation of her crowded places. The *Campagna di Roma*, which, it is believed, formerly was covered by a dense population is now a waste, and for thirty miles in the vicinity of modern Rome, the desolation of the once former Mistress of Nations cannot but forcibly impress the traveller. Even Rome itself is desolate; the greater part of the ancient city being at present, and ever since its destruction, uninhabited, and only visited by the curious stranger to inspect the ruins with which it is so thickly strewed. St. Augustin, Orosius, St. Jerom—contemporary writers—assure us that the city was destroyed by fire under Alaric, “The most illustrious city, the capital of the Roman Empire,” writes St. Jerom to Gaudentius, “has been consumed by fire.” In his treatise *De Virginitate* addressed to Demetrias, he says: “Then did the most illustrious of the Roman Nobility behold their houses pillaged and in flames; so that Saint Proba, who was flying from the scene of destruction, beheld from the sea the smoke ascending from her burning country.” Socrates has left on record, that when Alaric took Rome, a great part of the masterpieces of art which that city contained, were consumed by fire; and that a great number of the Senators were put to cruel deaths. Thus every circumstance of this prediction finds its fulfilment in the destruction of the Imperial City.

17. “For God hath given into their hearts to do that which pleaseth him, etc.”

Never, perhaps, was the hand of God more visibly displayed than in the destruction of Rome. The hordes of barbarians which successively encroached on the boundaries of the empire, and at length parcelled it out among them, seem to have been ministers of wrath, prepared in the teeming regions of the North for the occasion. In the destruction of Rome, as well as in that of Jerusalem, the agents of the Divine vengeance seem to have had a deep conviction that they were nothing more than the ministers of a higher power. Titus refused the congratulations which were offered him, immediately on the destruction of the once Holy City, and declared that he was but the feeble instrument of Divine vengeance; and when an Italian hermit crossed the path of Alaric, on his march towards Rome, and besought him to spare so great a city, "Impossible!" he replied, "I do not act from my own impulse. There is something within me which will allow me no repose till Rome be taken."

The lamentations of the kings and merchants of the earth on the destruction of this mystic Babylon, are recorded in the 18th Chapter of the Apocalypse, to which we refer the reader, as an additional evidence of the application of the 17th chapter to the fall of Rome. Our space being almost filled up, we must stop for the present, reserving to our next Number some remarks we have to make on the 'little horn' spoken of in Daniels prophecy (Chap. VII.) In the mean time we beg an attentive perusal for the following extract from a work* that has just appeared in London, as descriptive of the desolation that followed the final victory of the barbarians over the Imperial City, and as highly corroborative of the argument we have endeavoured to state in the foregoing observations.

"Totila, the Goth," says Procopius (who served in the staff of Belisarius, and was his secretary,) "determined to level Rome with the ground, and make the regions where it stood a place of pasturage for flocks and herds." Preparations were made to overturn the monuments and trophies that still survived so many ravages, and to destroy the palaces and temples by fire. These he spared, at the instance of an embassy sent by Belisarius, from where he lay with the forces of the Greek emperor at Ostia; but the walls he caused to be in great part demolished, and carried away as captives the miserable remnant of the senate and the Roman people, with their wives and children. He suffered no one to remain behind, so that the city was a perfect solitude. The Chronicle of Marcellinus adds, that for forty days and upwards Rome had no inhabitants but wild beasts and birds of prey. It was towards the close of this interval, that Belisarius felt a desire to visit and survey with his own eyes the ruins of a place that had been the theatre of so much grandeur and renown; and, with this view, he sallied forth from the sea-port at the head of a strong squadron of his guards.

A marble wilderness extended on every side, as far as the eye could reach, strewed with ruins of Vitruvian villas, temples, and aqueducts; the waste water of the latter had filled all the valleys and overflowed the low grounds of the Campagna, converting into marshes and manteling pools, those regions which, ere while, had abounded with all the delights of the Hesperides. The thoroughfares of the nations were silent and lonely as the double line of tombs through which they passed. The towers and inscriptions over the gates had been torn down, and their bronze portals carried off in the plunder train of the barbarian. The rock-built walls of Rome lay low; and the tramp of their war horses was muffled by the grass, as Belisarius and his troops rode under a succession of dismantled arches, down towards the forum, along the "sacred way."

The fox looked out from the casements of the Palatine, and barked sharply at the intruders as they rode on; wolves prowled through the vacant streets, or lired in the palace

* Rome as it was under Paganism, and as it became under the Popes, 2 Vol. Lond. 1843.

halls; wild dogs hunted, in packs, through the great circus, through the baths, along the Campus Martius, and on the gardens of Sallust and Mæcenas, through the promenades of the Suburra. Outlandish beasts—as if escaped from the *menageries* and caves of the amphitheatres—lay sleeping and enjoying themselves in the sunshine of the porticos, or tore one another to pieces, as the factions had done of old, around the rostrum, and in the assembly-places of the people; others growled, and gloated over the unburied carcasses and whitening skeletons of the dead. Ravens and vultures desisted from feeding their sanguinary nestlings, to hoot the warriors, as they wound slowly among the prostrate columns and entablatures of temples that encumbered the ascent to the capitol, or, starting from their perching-places on trophy and triumphal arch, hovered, and flapped their sable wings above the plumage of their helmets. Once more, the Roman eagle soars above the Tarpeian tower—that airy from whence, for a thousand years, it had flown forth to carnage; and the martial bugle makes the field of Mars resound again. But instead of the warlike response of legions—clamouring to be led against the Samnite or the Parthian—there broke out a hideous medley of yells and howling, yelp, bark and roar, out-topped by the shrill cries of ill-omened birds, startled from their roosts in the sanctuary recesses, and from the niches and cornices of the senate-house. The warriors listened for some human sound. In vain they listened again! There was the Palatine, the forum, the capitol, the Campus Martius, and the Tiber, flowing under the beauteous summer sky beneath the Tarpeian cliff—but the legions, the emperors, the senate, and the Roman people, where were they?

When that savage uproar had at last subsided, save a casual outbreak of a howl or bark reverberating dismally among the ruins, and along the valleys and the river banks, all, within the boundaries of the seven hills, was again as silent as the grave!

Never had mortal eye beheld a catastrophe more impressive. Fortune had turned back upon her steps, and made it her sport to reverse every thing, upon that very scene, where, beyond all others, men had become elated with imagining, that she had, at length, descended from her slippery globe, for ever, and fixed her perpetual sojourn. But it would seem as if she had lured the Romans to the highest pinnacle of grandeur and felicity, only to render their downfall the more tremendous—had helped them to build up testimonials of boundless empire, and to stamp a character of eternity upon their works, merely that the vouchers of her own instability might endure for ever.

After being deified by the prostrate earth, and having temples, and priests, and altars, consecrated for their worship, the emperors of Rome were led about as harlequins, to grace the triumph and contribute mirth to the carousals of the Goths. The iron legions, that had trodden down the nations, had been trodden down in their turn. The slave had seen his tyrant lord a suppliant at his feet for life,—at his gate for bread; to escape from dignities for which the Gracchi, the Scipios, and the Cæsars had contended, men of patrician lineage had themselves branded and ranked as slaves. To be a Roman, once a distinction prouder than that of royalty, had become the vilest badge of infamy. The lords of palaces that resembled cities, and of estates that included kingdoms within their limits, saw themselves without a home or a rood of land. “In this revolution, the sons and daughters of Roman consuls tasted the misery which they had so often spurned or relieved, wandered in tattered garments through the streets of the city, and begged for the most sordid pittance, perhaps without success, before the gates of their hereditary mansions;” others expired of famine upon silken couches, amid halls of more than regal splendour, or were led away (a lot still more insupportable) to minister to the rude conquerors, amid devastated villas and gardens that reminded them of many a bright summer time passed in dalliance and enjoyment. To the very west, the Fates had unravelled their most gorgeous tissue, and, from the ruins of the Palatine and the capitol, had abandoned the fame of kings, consuls, and emperors, to the scoffing winds.

Even the memorials of her ancient glories served, and that not a little, to multiply and increase the calamities of Rome. The sight of them infuriated the barbarians. They made it a sacred duty to slaughter the craven multitudes they found loitering round, and boasting alliance with monuments, intended to perpetuate the memory of the injuries and insults inflicted by their sires upon humanity; and it would seem as if so many millions had been gathered into one place, by allurements of largesses, shows, and every sensual indulgence, that the scythe of the destroyer might mow them down with the greater facility and expedition. The metropolis of the nations had become their sepulchre; and the soil of their pampered bodies fattened and almost filled up the valleys of the seven hills.

Nor were the barbarians satisfied with wreaking vengeance on the descendants and heirs of the old race of aggressors. They aimed at the annihilation of whatever could perpetuate the memory of their triumphs, and of their own disasters and past humiliations—of every thing in fine that art or conventional usage had impressed with that execrated Roman name.”

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TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

THE HOLY EUCHARIST A COMFORT TO THE PENITENT.—A Sermon preached before the University, in the Cathedral Church of Christ in Oxford, on the fourth Sunday after Easter. By the Rev. E. B. Pusey, D. D., Regius Professor of Hebrew, Canon of Christ Church, and late Fellow of Oriel College. New-York, Harper & Brothers, 1843.

Whoever has read "The Travels of an Irish Gentleman in search of religion," must remember that critical period in the history of its hero, when he found himself neither Catholic nor Protestant. Such precisely, at the present moment, is the situation of Dr. Pusey, who would appear to have preached and published this celebrated sermon, for the express purpose of defining his religious position, which most persons will be likely to find the outside of the Anglican Church, and yet not within the one fold of the One Shepherd. We do not mean to attribute such a design to Dr. Pusey: we merely state the effect his sermon has produced; and that, had he intended the production of this effect, he could not have taken a more effectual means of attaining his object, than the course he has actually pursued. But before entering on the subject suggested to us by the publication of this world-renowned discourse, let us briefly state the extraordinary circumstances, to which it is indebted for the importance now universally attached to its delivery.

On the fourth Sunday after Easter, last past, Dr. Pusey, as one of the Canons of Christ Church, Oxford, preached in that church on the Holy Eucharist. The sermon, although full to overflowing of what are called Tractarian opinions on the subject of the Holy Eucharist, would, perhaps, have passed off without any very particular notice, had not the preacher's zeal for the revival of frequent, if not daily, communion induced him to address, although in a subdued tone, to his brother Canons, then and there corporally present, a word of exhortation, not to say, reproof on their neglect of this sacred duty. Such, at least, is the insinuation of a writer in the July number of the *British Critic*.*

* "The Six Doctors," Brit. Crit. July 1843.

On the following day, the Vice Chancellor of the University demanded of Dr. Pusey a copy of his sermon, for the purpose of submitting it to the examination of six of the Faculty agreeably to the regulations of an old, and all but antiquated, statute. This demand having been complied with, the result of the examination was, the suspension of Dr. Pusey from preaching for two years within the University. That the entire proceeding against the Rev. Dr. was arbitrary, unstatutable, and, apparently vindictive, is the strong conviction produced on our minds by the very powerful article in the *British Critic*, before mentioned, and to which we refer such of our readers, as may wish to investigate the subject under this point of view; our business in the present paper being with the doctrine of the sermon rather than with the preacher.

The subject of this celebrated sermon is not Transubstantiation, although, for reason that will speedily be manifest, we propose to make it the occasion of an examination of that doctrine. Neither was it the object of the preacher to establish the real presence of Christ in the sense admitted by High-Church-Episcopalians—although that doctrine is supposed throughout the entire discourse, and is repeatedly expressed in very strong language. The design of Dr. Pusey on this occasion was, to shew that remission of sins was a consequence of communion, and thus to afford a powerful motive for the frequent reception of the Sacrament. His text seems to have been chosen with special reference to the principal object of the discourse: "This is my blood of the New-Testament, which is shed for many, for the remission of sins." Math. XXVI. 28.

Dr. Pusey defends himself from the charge of having preached Roman Catholic doctrine, of which he has been accused on this occasion, by repeating, over and over, his entire adherence to the formularies of the Church, i. e. the Church of England. But this defence, however sufficient in his eyes, cannot be deemed entirely satisfactory by others; as it is a fact, admitted by all, and very often insisted on by the class of Anglican divines who are supposed to recognize Dr. Pusey as their leader, that the said formularies are ambiguous; that they were purposely and designedly made so, in order to admit as many varieties of interpretation as possible; and that while they appear to ambition a protestant meaning, they do not necessarily exclude a Catholic interpretation. This was the principle of the famous Tract, No. 90, the avowed purpose of which was to shew that the decrees of the council of Trent and the 39th articles of the Church of England could be at once received by a sincere christian. The adhesion, then, of Dr. Pusey to the doctrine embodied in the formularies of his church, is necessarily far from being a satisfactory, although, we doubt not, a very sincere, reply to the charge of Roman Catholicism, so generally urged against him by his brethren of Low church principles.

A much more intelligible defence is found in the sermon and preface thereto, in both of which Dr. Pusey professes to believe the elements "to remain in their natural substances," and disavows any attempt "to define the mode of the

mystery, that they are also the body and blood of Christ." This declaration shews, that, however strongly he may have expressed his belief of the real presence of Christ in the Eucharist, he is not yet a believer in that mystery as taught by the Council of Trent; which not only asserted the real presence of Christ in the Eucharist, but moreover anathematized the error to which—unless some mystification lurks beneath his words—Dr. Pusey so pertinaciously adheres. The decree runs thus: "If any one shall say that in this Most Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist, the substance of the bread and wine remains together with Body and Blood of Our Lord Jesus Christ; and shall deny that wonderful and extraordinary (*singularem*) change of the whole substance of the bread into the Body, and of the whole substance of the wine into the Blood, the species (i. e., appearances, of bread and wine alone remaining; which change the Catholic Church most fitly calls Transubstantiation; let him be anathema."*

Dr. Pusey is not, then, a Catholic; and those who are acquainted with the theological school to which he belongs, know that it repudiates the idea of being considered Protestant.† Hence, it is evident, that the English divine, like the Irish gentleman already referred to, is a kind of unhoused religionist,—disclaimed by both parties between whom he halts, and very likely to add to the number of those who, attempting a middle course—where there is, and can be, no medium—have exhibited to the world an inconsistency which few can comprehend, and still fewer will be able to excuse.

We have said that our object is not so much with Dr. Pusey, as with his sermon, together with the learned notes and copious appendix, by which it is accompanied in its published form. The notes are to the number of 79, and generally sustain by references to Scripture and quotations from the Fathers, the doctrinal propositions of the discourse. The Appendix consists of about twenty closely printed pages of "extracts from some writers in our (Anglican) later English Church on the Doctrine of the Holy Eucharist,"—the object of which is to show, as these extracts show most conclusively, that Dr. Pusey has preached and published nothing on this occasion, which has not been preached and published by many of the most distinguished prelates, and other teachers of the Anglican establishment,—from the writer of the Book of Homilies down to the present Bishop of Exeter; and which has not been, at least by implication, approved of by the present Archbishops of Canterbury and Armagh, who have accepted the dedication of Rev. Mr. Palmer's treatise on the Church, in which

* Sess. 13. Can. 11.

† Take for example, the following explicit avowal of Protestantism by one of the Oxford Divines, Rev'd W. Palmer of Magdalen college. "Certainly I am for no middle ways, as you will understand when I tell you plainly that for myself, I utterly reject and anathematize the principle of Protestantism as a heresy, with all its forms, sects or denominations. And if the Church of England should ever unhappily profess herself to be a form of Protestantism (which may God of his infinite mercy forbid!) then I would reject and anathematize the Church of England, and would separate myself from her immediately as from a human sect, without giving Protestants any unnecessary trouble to procure my expulsion."

the doctrine condemned by the 'six doctors' is expressly contained! After reading these extracts, it is hard not to yield to the suggestion of the writer in the *British Critic*, that there has been more of wounded feeling, than zeal for orthodoxy, fermenting in the minds of those who have suspended Dr. Pusey; and that but for that ill-timed effort to stimulate his brother-canons to the more frequent celebration of the Sacrament, matters might have continued to go on as they have been going on, for the last ten or twelve years; and the onward march of Puseyism not have been accelerated, by the public being forced to regard it as the object of systematic annoyance, not to say, persecution.

But enough of Puseyism; our business is now with the doctrine of the real presence, as taught in the Catholic Church; and most especially with the doctrine of Transubstantiation, as distinguishing our faith in this mystery from all 'views' or 'opinions' that may be entertained by individuals or sects on the subject,—from the 'opinion' of Dr. Pusey, who believes Christ's body and blood to be 'verily and indeed' present in the Sacrament, down to the low view of this institution, which regards it as purely symbolical and representative in its character. We undertake to shew the truth and reasonableness of the Catholic doctrine, as taught by the Fathers of Trent, in attempting which we shall avail ourselves of the sermon of Dr. Pusey, the notes that accompany it, and the extracts above referred to. But before we enter on this demonstration, and as a necessary preliminary thereto, we must occupy the reader's attention, for a few moments, while we endeavour to fix the precise meaning of the Catholic doctrine and sectarian opinions on this subject. Besides this, it is necessary to say a few words in reply to a very popular objection to the Catholic doctrine of Transubstantiation, drawn from a total misconception of this dogma. We are told that it is rash, and presumptuous, to attempt to define the *mode* of this mystery, and that the fact of Christ being "verily and indeed" present in the sacrament once acknowledged, the *mode* of such presence should be considered a matter of opinion, and cannot be regarded as a legitimate subject of a dogmatical definition.

The Catholic doctrine, as contained in the canon of the Council of Trent already quoted, is, that the body and blood of Christ become present in the Eucharist by the change of the whole substance of the bread and wine into that of the Body and Blood; that, consequently, the substance of bread and wine do not remain after this change, although the species or appearances of bread and wine remain: i. e., the taste, appearance, and colour of the consecrated elements are the same after the change of the substance as they were before it took place. Here is a doctrine, which, however incomprehensible, as it unquestionably is or however absurd, as it may appear to those who have not the gift of Faith is yet intelligible; about the manner of which there is, and can be, no dispute and which is received in the same sense by the child preparing for his first communion, as by the learned theologian who has grown grey amidst the subtleties of the Schoolmen and the teachings of the Fathers.

The opinion most directly opposed to this doctrine of the church is that of Zwingle, which, we fear, has become that of most modern protestants,—not even excepting the majority of the respectable denomination to which Dr. Pusey belongs. It was expressed by that reformer in the separate confession of faith which he presented to the Emperor Charles V. at the famous diet of Augsburg. He declares that as Christ “is really and corporally present in heaven, and can be no where else, after the ascension; that in the supper his body is, as it were, truly present, by the contemplation of faith, and not really or by its essence.” In the letter to the Emperor, which accompanied this confession, Zwingle admits the presence of a sacramental, but not of substantial, body.

Calvin did not deny a real presence, although it is not easy to seize on what he positively believed. He concludes a portion of his observations on this subject in these words: “I therefore maintain that in the mystery of the Supper, by the emblems of bread and wine, Christ is really exhibited to us; that is, his Body and Blood, in which he yielded full obedience, in order to work out a righteousness for us; by which we may in the first place become with him into one body; and secondly being made partakers of the substance of himself, also be strengthened by the reception of every blessing.”*

Luther was not only a firm believer in the real presence of Christ in the Eucharist; he was, however, of the most energetic opponents of the contrary error. His language towards his brother reformers who maintained a figurative presence only, is so vehement as, not unfrequently, to be scurrilous in the highest degree; and the mention of the ‘sacramentarians’—as the figurative presence errorists were called,—was enough to disturb the equanimity of his temper in his coolest moments.† Luther’s advocacy of the real presence is, the more to be depended on, as he very ingenuously acknowledged that he was most anxious to be able to deny it, and that for a motive which all who know the man will acknowledge to have been most powerful with him.” I cannot deny this, ”says he, in his letter to the people of Strasburgh, “that had Karlstadt or any one else been able to persuade me five years ago, that there was nothing in sacrament but bread and wine, he would have wonderfully obliged me. For I laboured much and anxiously in the examination of this question, and I made every effort to extricate myself from the difficulty, as *I plainly perceived how exceedingly I could annoy the Pope in this matter*. But I found myself caught, without any chance of escape: the words of the Gospel are, forsooth, too plain and open, easily to be denied, still less to be perverted by words or glosses—the productions of an insane mind. Thus Luther admitted, or rather strongly

* Calvin’s Institutes, Lib. IV Chap. 17.

† On the 25th of January 1545—less than a month before his death—in reply to some insulting expressions which had been applied to him by the Sacramentarians; Luther thus parodies the beginning of the 1st Psalm: “Happy is the man that hath not been in the council of the Sacramentarians, and hath never walked in the way of the Zwinglians, nor sat in the chair of those of Zurich.”

contended for the literal interpretation of Christ's words; while, in order, probably, to gratify his laudable propensity to annoy the Pope, he denied transubstantiation, and maintained the substance of bread and wine was present along with the substance of the body and blood of Christ. His doctrine on this subject is generally known by the name of consubstantiation.

And here we may pause to remark how completely the Catholic doctrine was vindicated by those who united in opposing it, but who differed among themselves as to what they should substitute for it. Luther proved the real presence by the literal interpretation of Christ's words, but denies transubstantiation. The Sacramentarians triumphantly shewed, that if the literal interpretation was to be received, the doctrine of transubstantiation could not be consistently rejected.

In the Lutheran Profession of faith, known by the name of the Confession of Augsburg, it was stated "that the true body and true blood of Jesus Christ are truly present, distributed and received in the Holy Supper, under the species of bread and wine."* It is true, that in the Wittenburg edition of the Confession of Augsburg in 1540, the tenth article from which the foregoing extract is taken reads somewhat differently. It is there stated, that "with the bread and wine the body and blood of Jesus Christ are truly given to those who partake of the supper." But the former extract is given on the authority of the Book of Concord, a work of great authority among the Lutherans; and the doctrine it contains is in perfect accordance with the language of Melancthon, in his Apology of the confession of Augsburg—in the composition of which he had had the principal part. In the Apology it is said: "Christ is corporally given to us:" and it is stated that this was the ancient and general belief not only of the Roman but of the Greek Church; in proof of which Melancthon quotes the words of Theophylact, Archbishop of Bulgaria,—that the bread is truly changed into the flesh.

The doctrine of the Church of England has varied on this subject; nor is it, at the present day, possible to determine the precise meaning of the acknowledged standards of its principles on this subject. After Henry VIII. had laid the foundations of that church by separating from the see of Rome, he continued to believe in transubstantiation, and burned all those who presumed to deny this doctrine. In the reign of Edward VI., not only transubstantiation, but even the real presence of Christ in the Eucharist, was denied in the 29th of the 42 articles of religion which the boy-king imposed on his subjects, in character of 'head of the Church.' On the accession of Elizabeth, the articles of Edward were remodelled, and care was taken "that there should be no definition made against the Real Presence which was generally believed; that so it might be a speculative opinion, not determined, in which every man was left to the freedom of his own mind."† To state, then, what is the real doctrine of

the Church of England on this subject is impossible, its formularies being, confessedly, susceptible of various interpretations. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with quoting the words of the 29th article, which regards the Eucharist, and some other portion of the Common Prayer Book, in which we shall easily discover how admirably the framers of these standards of Anglican orthodoxy complied with the directions given them—to leave this matter a legitimate subject of misconception.

“The supper of the Lord” says this 29th article, “is not only a sign of the love that christians ought to have among themselves, one to another; but rather is a sacrament of our redemption by Christ’s death: inasmuch that to such as rightly, worthily, and with faith receive the same, the bread which we break is a partaking of the body of Christ, and likewise the cup of blessing is a partaking of the blood of Christ.” Thus far the Real Presence appears to be implied; but in the subsequent portion of the article the advocates of a figurative presence find enough to relieve them from whatever apprehensions of finding “Popery” the above language may have excited. “The Body of Christ is given, taken and eaten, in the Supper only after a heavenly and spiritual manner. And the mean whereby the Body of Christ is received and eaten in the Supper is faith,” (Common Prayer Book, English edition, Articles of Religion, XXIX.)

In the Catechism of the Common Prayer Book, we find the same admirable spirit of accommodation still more clearly displayed.

Q. “What is the outward part or sign of the Lord’s Supper?”

A. Bread and Wine which the Lord hath commanded to be received.”

Zwingle himself might laud the orthodoxy of this reply. But the Catholic finds something to suit him in the next answer.

Q. “What is the inward part, or thing signified?”

A. “The Body and Blood of Christ which are *verily and indeed* taken and received by the faithful in the Lord’s supper.”

Surely no Catholic need refuse to recognize in this reply, the expression of his belief. The American edition of the Common Prayer Book exhibits considerable modification of this answer—much more honourable, however, to the honesty than to the orthodoxy of those who made it.

A. “The body and blood of Christ *which are spiritually taken* and received by the faithful in the Lord’s supper.”

In the words addressed by the minister to the communicant, we find the same edifying attention to the different hues of belief that may be reflected from the lights of Anglican orthodoxy.

“The body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for thee, preserve thy body and soul to everlasting life.” Thus far all is Catholic; in fact, these are almost the very words used by our Priests in the administration of the sacrament. But this flash of ‘Catholic verity’ is followed by a thick cloud of Zwin-

glian heterodoxy—"Take and eat this in remembrance that Christ died for thee, and feed on him in thy heart by faith with thanksgiving."

Again in administering the chalice, the minister says: "The Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ which was shed for thee, preserve thy body and soul to everlasting life." This was for the Catholic. The Protestant, however, is not forgotten. "Drink this in remembrance that Christ's blood was shed for thee, and be thankful."

These two addresses are admirable specimens of liturgical patch-work, the concluding portion of each being a regular set-off against the old Catholic form which precedes it.

The Puseyite 'view' of the Anglican doctrine of the Eucharist is thus stated by Rev. Mr. Palmer, as quoted in the appendix to Dr. Pusey's sermon.

"Taking as her immovable foundation the words of Jesus Christ; 'This is my Body. This is my Blood, of the new covenant; and "whoso eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath eternal life"; she believes that the Body or Flesh, and the Blood of Jesus Christ, the Creator and Redeemer of the world, both God and man, united indivisibly in one person, are verily and indeed given to, taken, eaten, and received by the faithful in the Lord's supper, under the outward sign or form of bread and wine, which is on this account, the partaking or communion of the Body and Blood of Christ. She believes that the Eucharist is not the sign of an absent body, and that those who partake of it receive not merely the figure, or shadow, or sign of Christ's Body, but the reality itself; and as Christ's divine and human natures are inseparably united, so she believes that we receive in the Eucharist, not only the Flesh and Blood of Christ, but Christ himself, both God and Man."

"Resting on these words, 'The Bread which we break, is it not the communion of the Body of Christ?' and again, 'I will not drink henceforward of the fruit of this Vine;' she holds that the nature of the Bread and Wine continues after consecration, and, therefore, rejects transubstantiation, or 'the change of the substance,' which supposes the nature of bread entirely to cease by consecration."

Referring to a subsequent part of the present article for a refutation of Mr. Palmer's reasoning against Transubstantiation, we shall merely remark that if the Body and Blood of Christ be present, and the substance of the bread and wine remain also present, then the Puseyite 'view' of the Eucharist must either coincide with the consubstantiation of Luther, or differ only in words from the figure of Zwingle. To say that the Bread is the Body of Christ is to utter a contradiction, if the literal meaning of the word Body be retained. To say that in the Eucharist the sacramental, and not the natural Body of Christ is present, is to suppose that Christ has two Bodies if by the sacramental is understood a real Body. Catholics admit that Christ's natural Body is present in a *sacramental state*; but this is a very different thing from saying that Christ's *sacramental body* is in the Eucharist. In fact this latter expression is so far from expressing a real presence, that Zwingle, who openly rejected the real

presence, was ready to admit the real presence of the sacramental body of Christ in the Eucharist.

It must be now evident that the doctrine of the Anglican church on the Eucharist is so Proteus in its character, as to elude every effort to define its exact nature, and hence the obvious injustice of raising a hue and cry against the Oxford divines for doctrines which are not incompatible with the letter, however they may be irreconcilable with the spirit of the standards of English orthodoxy. The numerous extracts from English divines which compose the appendix to Dr. Pusey's sermon, might easily be rendered still more numerous; but it would be a matter of no difficulty to produce hundreds of others from writers of the same communion, of a very opposite tendency. It would be indicative of a very imperfect knowledge of the Anglican Church, to regard the Oxford doctrines as new lights, let in on the darkness of these less favored brethren. These almost Catholic verities, have always had advocates, comparatively few indeed, in number, but yet respectable for their character and station, within the precincts of the Establishment: and they will continue to be maintained by men, who seek to reconcile the language of the Scripture and teachings of the early Fathers with the inventions of modern times, as long as such ecclesiastical benefices will reward adherence to ambiguous formularies.

But to return to the immediate subject before us. Having thus contrasted the Catholic doctrines, as defined by the Council of Trent, with the various errors opposed to it by sectarian denominations, we now beg to direct attention to the circumstance, that in all these latter 'views' of the Eucharist, we find the real presence acknowledged in words, although, the meaning attached to these words appear to have been very different in the minds of those who used them. Even Zwingle, himself, admits a 'sacramental presence;' and it will be very difficult to shew that Calvin, and the Church of England or the majority of her divines admitted any thing more than did the Pastor of Zurich. We do not say that Dr. Pusey and Zwingle agree in doctrine, while they differ so much in language; but if the great leader of the Oxford School admits a corporal presence, i. e. the presence of Christ's natural body—and at the same time reject transubstantiation, we do not see how his opinion can be distinguished from the *consubstantiation* of Luther, or the *impanation* of Ecolampadius. If he does not admit the presence of Christ's natural body—although in a sacramental state—his 'view' of the sacrament differs from that of his Low Church Calvinistic brethren, only in the strength of language, by which he endeavours to magnify into reality, what is but the very shadow he would flatter himself he contemns.

To justify this conclusion, and, at the same time, afford an unsuspecting evidence of the accuracy of the foregoing statement, regarding the different 'views' which the Reformers opposed to the doctrine of the Catholic Church, we will cite Mr. Hallam, who in his "Constitutional History of England," gives a comparative estimate of the Catholic doctrine and of the different and discordant

opinions which were broached in contradiction of it. We need scarcely remind the reader, that Mr. H. being a Protestant, in the most liberal acceptance of the term, in whose vocabulary mystery and absurdity are synonymous terms, he can hardly be expected to rise to the level of this 'mystery of faith' contained in the Catholic doctrine; and consequently, blasphemes what he ought, in humility, to reverence. His testimony is, however, valuable as to the relative merits of the reformers' doctrines; and we adduce it mainly for the purpose of shewing, that there is no intelligible medium between the real presence, as understood by the Catholic Church, and any other real presence, that does not run into the consubstantiation of Luther.

"Four principal theories, to say nothing of subordinate varieties, divided Europe at the accession of Edward VI. about the sacrament of the Eucharist.—The church of Rome would not depart a single letter from transubstantiation, or the change, at the moment of consecration, of the substances of bread and wine into those of Christ's body and blood; the accidents, in school language, or sensible qualities of the former remaining, or becoming inherent in the new substance. This doctrine does not, as vulgarly supposed, contradict the evidence of our senses; since our senses can report nothing as to the unknown being, which the schoolmen denominated substance, and which alone was the subject of this conversion. But metaphysicians of later ages might inquire whether material substances, abstractedly considered, exist at all, or, if they exist, whether they can have any specific distinction except their sensible qualities. This, perhaps, did not suggest itself in the sixteenth century; but it was strongly objected that the simultaneous existence of a body in many places, which the Romish doctrine implied, was inconceivable, and even contradictory. Luther, partly, as it seems, out of his determination to multiply differences with the church, invented a theory somewhat different, usually called consubstantiation, which was adopted in the confession of Augsburg, and to which, at least down to the end of the seventeenth century, the divines of that communion were much attached. They imagined the two substances to be united in the sacramental elements, so that they might be termed bread and wine, or the body and blood, with equal propriety. But it must be obvious that there is merely a scholastic distinction between this doctrine and that of Rome; though, when it suited the Lutherans to magnify, rather than dissemble, their deviations from the mother church, it was raised into an important difference. A simpler and more rational explication occurred to Zwingle and Œcolampadius, from whom the Helvetican protestants imbibed their faith. Rejecting every notion of a real presence, and divesting the institution of all its mystery, they saw only figurative symbols in the elements which Christ had appointed as a commemoration of his death. But this novel opinion excited as much indignation in Luther as in the Romanists. It was indeed a rock on which the Reformation was nearly shipwrecked; since the violent contests which it occasioned, and the narrow intolerance which one side, at least, dis-

played throughout the controversy, not only weakened on several occasions the temporal power of the protestant churches, but disgusted many of those, who might have inclined towards espousing their sentiments. Besides these three hypotheses, a fourth was promulgated by Martin Bucer of Strasburgh, a man of much acuteness, but prone to metaphysical subtlety, and not, it is said, of a very ingenuous character. His theory upon the sacrament of the Lord's supper, after having been adopted with little variation by Calvin, was finally received into one of the offices of the English Church. If the Roman and Lutheran doctrines teemed with unmasked absurdity, this middle system (if it is to be considered as a genuine opinion, and not rather a polite device*) had no advantage but in the disguise of unmeaning terms; while it had the peculiar infelicity of departing as much from the literal sense of the words of institution, *wherein the former triumphed* as the Zwinglian interpretation itself. I know not whether I can state in language tolerably perspicuous this jargon of bad metaphysical theology. But Bucer, as I apprehend, though his expressions are usually confused, did not acknowledge a local presence of Christ's body and blood in the elements after communion,—so far concurring with the Helvetians; while he contended that they were really, and without figure, received by the worthy communicant through faith, so as to preserve the belief of a mysterious union, and of what was sometimes called a real presence. It can hardly fail to strike every unprejudiced reader that a material substance can only in a very figurative sense be said to be received through faith; that there can be no real presence of such a body, consistently with the proper use of language, but by its local occupation of space; and that as the Romish tenet of transubstantiation is rather the best, so this of the Calvinists is the worst imagined of the three that have been opposed to the simplicity of the Helvetic explanation. Bucer himself came to England early in the reign of Edward, and had a considerable share in advising the measures of reformation. But Peter Martyr, a disciple of the Swiss school, had also no small influence. In the forty two articles set forth by authority, the real or corporeal presence, using these words as synonymous, is explicitly denied.† This clause was omitted on the revision of the ar-

* "Bucer thought that for avoiding contention, and for maintaining peace and quietness in the church, somewhat more ambiguous words should be used, that might have a respect to both persuasions concerning the presence. But Martyr was of another judgment, and affected to speak of the sacrament with all plainness and perspicuity." Strype. II. 121. The truth is that there were but two opinions at bottom as to this main point of the controversy; nor in the nature of things, was it possible that there should be more, for what can be predicated concerning a body, in its relation to a given space, but presence and absence. (Hallam.) As Bucer was the advocate for leaving something like Catholic language on the Eucharist, it may not be without its advantage to give the following estimate of his doctrines by Melancthon; "The presence which Bucer admits is but a presence in word and a presence of virtue. But we, (the Lutherans) require a presence of the Body and Blood, and not of their virtue. If this Body of Jesus Christ be no where else but in heaven, and is not with the bread, nor in the bread—if, finally it is not to be found in the Eucharist, but in the contemplation of faith, it is nothing but a imaginary presence." Ep. Melanct. apud Hosp 1550.

† In a note on this place, Hallam accuses Dr. Milner and Mr. C Butler of artifice in representing the Church of England "as maintaining an actual, incomprehensible presence of

which can be urged against the introduction of the word 'Transubstantiation,' which does not apply with equal force to the adoption of the term consubstantial in the Nicene creed.

All that we have hitherto written is but ancillary to our principle object on the present occasion, the vindication of the Catholic doctrine of Transubstantiation, for which we have thus far endeavoured to prepare the reader, by giving a view of our doctrine and of the systems opposed it, and by removing a very plausible and popular objection.

Our first argument in support of the catholic doctrine is derived from the words of Christ "THIS IS MY BODY." THIS IS MY BLOOD." That these words are to be literally understood, all who are not prepared to adopt the symbolical presence of Christ in the sacrament must admit. Dr. Pusey insists on their literal acceptance being admitted; and on authority of great weight in the present instance, Martin Luther, has declared, as already mentioned, that it is impossible to give any other rational signification to the words.

The ancient Fathers cited in the notes to Dr. Pusey's sermon,—and many more not there cited, maintain it; and every document, monument, or rite, connected with the sacrament from the most remote antiquity, supposes, or expressly asserts, the reality of Christ's presence therein. The "Notes" to the sermon establish this point beyond the possibility of doubt. But if these words are to be taken literally, what Christ declared to be his body, is his body, *and nothing else*; what He declared to be his blood, is his blood, *and nothing else*. The words of Christ would not be true had he declared absolutely and without any modification of his language,—that what in reality was bread *and* his body was simply his body,—that was wine *and* his blood, was simply his blood. Were any one to say of a mass of metal containing iron and gold; this is gold, or this is iron,—or of wine and water, this is wine, or this is water, the proposition would not be true. Hence the literal meaning of the words being once admitted, it necessarily follows, that what was before bread has now become the body of Christ; that what was before wine has now become the blood of Christ. This is all that is required by the definition of Trent, which does not pretend to determine *how* this wonderful change is effected, and which has adopted the term 'Transubstantiation,' *for no other purpose than* to exclude all those moral changes which are so sedulously sought to be substituted for the change of substance, but which involve no mystery, and are as easy of belief as the doctrine of figurative presence in its plainest form.

That such was the belief of the fathers of the church, is placed beyond the possibility of doubt, by the extracts from their works cited by Dr. Pusey, in his notes, a few of which we here insert:

St. JEROM, writing on St. Mathew, XXVI, 29. says: "Moses gave us not true bread, but the Lord Jesus; *Himself fasting and the feast; Himself eating and who is eaten.*" (Ipse conviva et convivium; ipse comedens et qui comeditur.) "The only food which St. Jerom recognized in the sacrament is Christ *himself*. How strangely would such language as Dr. Pusey has employed,

read from the pen of St. Jerom after the above passage namely that "the elements remain in their natural substances."

ST. CHRYSOSTOM says:—"Thou hast not the Cherubim, but the Lord himself of the Cherubim indwelling; not the pot, nor the manna, nor the table of stone and Aaron's rod, *but the Body and Blood* of the Lord." In Ps. 133.

ST. CYRIL says: "Why do we receive it, (the Holy Eucharist) within us? Is it not that it may make Christ to dwell in us *corporally* also, by participation and communion of His holy flesh." In St. John, 15, 1.

ST. GREGORY, 4, 58. "His blood is there received, His flesh distributed for the salvation of people, His blood poured out not now on the hands of the unbelievers, but into the mouths of the faithful."

To these extracts we will add a few more, which should have no less authority for Dr. Pusey than those he has *selected*, and which place beyond doubt that the doctrine of the change of substance, no less than that of the real presence, was not unknown to the early church.

ST. GREGORY of Nyssa, says; The bread is at once *changed* by the word *transmutater*, according as the Word has said,—"*This is my Body.*" We beg particular attention to the language, reasoning, and illustrations, contained in the next two extracts.

ST. CYRIL of Jerusalem; "When therefore he declared and said of the bread—'*this is my Body,*' who shall dare afterwards to doubt? And when he has asserted and said; '*this is my Blood,*' who shall dare to doubt, saying that it is not His blood. Formerly, in Cana of Galilee, he *changed* water into wine, which resembles blood; and shall we deem it unworthy of belief when *He changed wine into His blood.*" Cath. Myst. 22.

ST. AMBROSE says; Concerning the creation of the world thou hast read:—"He spoke and all things were made; he commanded and they were created." The word of Christ, therefore, which of nothing could create what did not before exist, *can he not change the things that are into that which they were not?*—Lib. de his qui mysteriis initiantur.

ST. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM says: "Nor is it man that he *makes* what has been offered (i. e., the bread and wine) the Body and Blood of Christ. This word (this is my Body) *changes* (*transformat*) what has been offered." Hom. I. 32, in Math.

ST. CYRIL, of Alexandria, says: "Lest we should dread to approach the altar on which the Body and Blood are placed; God, condescending to our weakness, infuses a power of life into the things offered, *CHANGING them into his own very Body* (*CONVERTENS ea in veritatem proprii corporis.*) Again, "We have the rank of ministers, but He that sanctifies and *CHANGES* (*transmutat*) those things is (God) himself."

ST. GERMAIN, of Paris, or whoever is the author of "A short Exposition of the ancient Gallican liturgy," who wrote in the middle of the Sixth century, says; "the bread is *CHANGED* into the Body and the wine into the Blood etc."

ST. JOHN, of Damascus says;—"The very bread and wine are **CHANGED** (*transmutantur*) into the Body and Blood of the Lord. If you ask how this is done, be satisfied with knowing that it is done by the Holy Spirit." *Orthodoxa*, c. 14.

In the rite of celebrating the Eucharist, the ancient liturgies speak of the *transmutation* or *change* of the elements into the Body and Blood of Christ. We abstain from quotations, as we have a very unsuspicious voucher for the accuracy of this statement. The third No. of the Oxford Tracts says:—"It appears from Mr. Palmer's valuable work that all the ancient liturgies now existing, or which can be proved even to have existed, contain a prayer of consecration that God will *make the bread and wine the Body and Blood of Christ.*" The italics are our own.

But it is unnecessary to accumulate testimony on a point already, we think, sufficiently plain. The doctrine of transubstantiation, far from "being opposed to the plain language of Scripture, as stated by W—— Palmer, in the concluding extract of the 'Appendix,' it is most conformable thereto, and necessarily inferrible therefrom. When treating of the Eucharist, the Fathers acknowledge it to be the Body and Blood of Christ; they acknowledge it to have become such by **CHANGE**, and that the change meant is of the substance of bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ, is clear from the concurrent language and illustrations of St. Cyril, and St. Ambrose, to which we have already invited special attention. We really cannot conceive how men who insist on the literal meaning of Christ's words, and who revere the authority of the Fathers, can consistently refuse to admit that change of substance, without which the words of Christ will not be literally true, and can refuse the doctrine contained in the language of the Fathers, who 'spoke **commonly**,' says a late bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church "of a change made in the elements," and who expressed this sentiment in language that is acknowledged by him to have led to transubstantiation."* All this we cannot conceive, unless on the supposition, which we fear to be too well founded in fact, that the sublime mystery of the Catholic doctrine on this subject requires too great a sacrifice of the pride of intellect to be easily submitted to; and that those who assert the real presence of Christ in the Eucharist, but reject Transubstantiation, are like the Arians of the fourth century, endeavouring to make an agreement between the language of scripture and the teachings of Christian antiquity, and a system, which is rejected and condemned by both. The Arians rejected the watch-word of orthodoxy which the Fathers of Nice had given to the Christ-

* "The present author would be misunderstood, were he conceived of as believing that the question is to be brought to the test of what was held by many eminent men of the fourth century. Further he knows, that they spoke commonly of a change made in the elements, but not destroying their substantial properties. That they expressed the former sentiment in language which led to transubstantiation shall not here be denied." *Lectures on the Catechism of the Protestant Episcopal Church*, et. by Wm. White, D. D. Bishop, et.—*Philadelphia, 1813*. p. 384.

ian world. Modern Protestants, no matter of what school, imitate this inglorious example, and refuse to admit the only criterion which can give themselves or others an assurance, that they really do believe Christ to be really present in the Sacrament of his Love.

We shall now proceed to examine in detail the objections urged against the doctrine of Transubstantiation,—its supposed “fatal defect of being opposed to the plain language of scripture,” as also its imagined absurdity. In this latter difficulty, we believe, lies the grand cause of its rejection; and to this therefore we shall particularly apply ourselves when we have answered the objection drawn from the plain language of scripture.

This plain language of Scripture consists in the sacred elements being called ‘bread and wine,’ in a variety of places, after they have been consecrated, and when, according to Catholic doctrine, they have ceased to be such. The two texts referred to by Mr. Palmer are,

“The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the Body of Christ? 1. Cor. X. 16.

“I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the Vine.” St. Mathew XXVI. 29.

These texts appear to Mr. Palmer conclusive against “transubstantiation, or the change of the substance which supposes the nature of the bread entirely to cease by consecration.”

Now here is a serious misconception. The Catholic doctrine of transubstantiation does not suppose the nature of the bread or wine entirely to cease by consecration. It teaches, on the contrary, that the external appearances, or species—taste, colour, size, etc., remain the same as before; and as the ‘entire nature’ of the elements is composed both of the species, and of the substances in which they subsist, it is not true to say that the nature of bread *entirely* ceases. And hence the obvious and easy solution to the difficulty so strongly urged, as the bread has undergone no change of *appearance*, although we believe its *substance* to have been changed, nothing is more natural than that it should receive the appellation it before had;—whenever the circumstances in which such appellation is given necessarily preclude the danger of error or mistake. Thus, St. Paul calls the “bread” of which he speaks, the “communion of the Body of Christ.” The scripture affords many examples in which substances being changed, in appearance as well as in effect, the names of the original substances are applied to them in their changed state. Thus when the serpent into which the rod of Aaron had been changed, devoured the serpents into which the rods of the Egyptian Magi were changed, it is said: “but Aaron’s rod devoured their rods,”—although they were no longer *rods*, but, in reality and appearance, serpents. Thus also, when Christ changed water into wine, the chief steward is related by the Evangelist St. John, to have “tasted of the water made wine,” although there was no longer water for him to taste. In both these instances, not only was the substance changed, but the

appearances or species had undergone a corresponding change. When, then, there is question of the Eucharist, in which the appearances remain the same *after* as they were *before* the change of substance, it is not wonderful that the original name should be retained; and so little does the application of the original appellations to the Eucharist conflict with the doctrine of transubstantiation, that in the Roman Missal the consecrated elements are called the "*Holy Bread*, and Chalice of perpetual benediction."^{*}

The objection drawn from the words of Christ in St. Matthew may be answered on the principle we have just established. As the consecrated bread may be called bread, although it no longer is bread, but because it *was* bread, and continues to present the appearance of bread, so the consecrated chalice may be said to contain the 'fruit of the vine,' because such in reality it did contain before the consecration, and because such it appears to contain after that event. That it is not bread but the body of Christ, not wine but the blood of Christ, we learn from these words, "This is my Body, "This is my Blood of the New Testament," words which, unless the literal sense be abandoned, necessarily preclude the idea of the co-existence of the elements "in their natural substances" with the body and blood of Christ.

Although this reply be satisfactory, we cannot pass over this passage without expressing a doubt, whether the words objected from St. Matthew are to be understood of the Eucharistic chalice, and not rather of the chalice with which the ceremony of the Jewish Passover terminated. The ground of this supposition is founded in the corresponding narrative of St. Luke, who clearly distinguishes between them, and by whom the words taken from St. Matthew are applied to the Paschal, and not to the Eucharistic chalice. As the passage is short, we insert it.

LUKE XXII, 14—20.

"And when the hour was come he sat down and the twelve Apostles with him,

"And he said to them; with desire have I desired to eat this Pasch with you before I suffer.

"For I say to you that from this time I will not eat it until it be fulfilled in the kingdom of God.

"And having taken the chalice he gave thanks and said; Take and divide it among you.

"For I say to you that I will not drink of the fruit of the vine, until the kingdom of God come.

"And taking the bread, he gave thanks, and brake, and gave to them, saying; This is my body which is given for you. Do this for a commemoration of me.

* *Panem hunc sanctum, et calicem perpetuae benedictionis,*

"In like manner the chalice also, after he had supped, saying ; This is the chalice, the new testament in my blood, which shall be shed for you."

Now if we diligently consider the order observable in this narrative, and if we reflect that the rite of the Paschal Lamb among the Jews, was a figure of the Eucharist, as Dr. Pusey admits ; and that this figure was then fulfilled when Christ instituted the Eucharist ; it will appear that these words are in their natural place in St. Luke. This circumstance alone is sufficient to weaken the objection derived from them as found in St. Matthew ; where, although they appear to refer to the Eucharistic chalice, they may very easily be understood of the type that preceded it,—St. Matthew on this occasion, as well as on others, not so closely following the order of events in relating what occurred, as is the custom of St. Luke. We look on this solution of the difficulty as sufficiently probable to merit attention ; although we prefer the one which we first proposed, because it is entirely independent of any hypothesis.

But it is objected ; 1. The doctrine of Transubstantiation is absurd ; 2. It implies an impossibility ; 3. It supposes that the accidents can be separated from the substances in which they inhere ; 4. It supposes the simultaneous existence of the body of Christ in a thousand places ; 5. It contradicts the evidence of our senses ; and 6. It deprives human testimony of any weight. Let us examine if all this be as solid as it is startling.

1. The apparent absurdity of a doctrine is no argument against its being true. A man who knows nothing of the refraction of light, may deem it very absurd that the sun, or any other distant body, can be seen by us where it is not, and never where it actually is ; but any one who has had even a slight tincture of Natural Philosophy would deem him very absurd indeed for his skepticism.

2. Transubstantiation involves no impossibility. It is the change of one material substance into another. To apply the reasoning of St. Ambrose : Cannot he who *created* substances *change* them ? The change of water into wine at the marriage feast is a transubstantiation of which no christian can doubt. It is shocking to listen to the blasphemous misrepresentations of our doctrine that are but too frequently uttered, aye, and published by tract societies for the edification of the public. Thus, it is said, that we believe that bread and wine can be changed by the priest into God ! We believe no such impious absurdity. We believe that bread and wine are changed by the power of God into the flesh and blood of Jesus Christ, with which flesh and blood the soul and divinity of the Saviour being inseparably united, wherever the flesh and blood are, there also is the divine person of Jesus Christ. This is a very different thing from the impiety of believing that the bread and wine are changed into God.

3. It supposes that the accidents can be separated from the substances in which they inhere ; and there is nothing in philosophy to invalidate the supposition. When angels appeared as men, as related in the Old and New Testaments, had they the substance, as well as the appearances of men ?

4. The possibility of the simultaneous existence of bodies in their natural or present condition, however wonderful, cannot be shown to be impossible.—When Christ fed vast multitudes with a few loaves and fishes, he gave us a type or figure of the miraculous multiplication of His body in the Eucharist; for how can this miracle be explained or understood, unless on the supposition of the simultaneous existence of these bodies. Although these miracles are generally called by the name of the multiplication of bread, yet this cannot be admitted in the sense, that there was any additional supply of food produced by Christ: for the words of the Evangelists are explicit, that he fed them with a few loaves, and that he ordered the fragments of these few loaves to be gathered up, which being done, they filled more space than the original supply of food. I know not what others may think of this illustration; to me these miracles appear necessarily to imply the simultaneous existence of bodies, as this is the only way I can understand, not *how* the miracle was performed, but *what* miracle was performed.

Even if it were established that bodies in their actual condition could not be, at one and the same time, in many places, this would not apply to the body of Christ,—either before or after his resurrection. Let the qualities of a glorified body, as described by St. Paul, I. Cor. 15, be well considered; and it will be found impossible to deny, that every inference drawn from our present state of existence to the condition of glorified bodies must be necessarily inconclusive. Could a body in its natural state enter an apartment, every opening into which was closed? And yet Christ appeared to his disciples, the doors being shut. (John XX., 26.) As this change in our condition is effected by the power of God, Christ could have given to his body, even while on earth, qualities which no other body could have in the present order of things; so that this principle is equally applicable to the solution of the difficulty before as after the Resurrection. Could it, then, be shewn, that *our* bodies in their present state cannot be in many places at the same time—which it cannot—no objection to the simultaneous existence of Christ in a thousand places could thence be derived.

5. It does not contradict the evidence of our senses, as Hallam acknowledges, and shews by a very cogent argument. (See his words already quoted.) Our senses report to the mind the *appearances*, not the *substance* of external objects. They tell us, for example, that in the Eucharist after consecration, there are the same appearances as before; and they are not deceived in the one case more than the other. All the instances in which the senses are deceived, and which are brought by some theologians to invalidate their testimony with regard to the consecrated elements, are nothing to the purpose. Here there is no deception of the senses; and it is curious to observe with what philosophical accuracy a schoolman of the “dark ages” thought and spoke on this subject six hundred years ago. “The appearances,” says St. Thomas of Aquin, “remain without their substance in it (the sacrament;) that there may be room for faith

while the invisible is visibly received, concealed under a foreign appearance, and the senses are exempted from deception, which only judge of the appearances that strike them.”*

6. It does not invalidate the testimony of man. When I see bread that has not been consecrated, I see, not the substance, but the appearance, of bread; but, by a necessary conviction, that God could not have created a system of universal and perpetual delusion, I conclude that where are the appearances, there also the substance, of bread must be. I have nothing to interfere with me in coming to this conclusion; the certainty of which ultimately depends on no other principle than my innate conviction of the wisdom and providence of God. Let this bread and wine be brought to the Altar, and let the minister of Christ pronounce over them the words “This is my Body,” “This is my Blood,”—I can no longer form the same judgment, as before. Not only is the foundation of the first judgment—the conviction that unless the substance corresponded to the appearance God would be the author of an universal and inextricable error—taken away; but I have, moreover, the words of God himself, ‘telling me’—to use the words of a Holy Father—“Judge not of this thing by the taste. What appeareth to thee to be bread, is not bread, but the Body of Christ; what appeareth to thee to be wine is not wine, but the Blood of Christ.” My judgment in the one case is as rational as in the other; and in both derives its certainty from being ultimately resolvable into the principle, that God cannot deceive; but this more immediately and clearly in regard to the truth of faith than with regard to that which rests solely on a mere process of reasoning.

In answering these objections, we may appear to be doing what is unnecessary, as many of those who oppose the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist have disclaimed any aid derived from its incomprehensible character. Nay more: Mr. Palmer in the last paragraph quoted from him in the Appendix to Dr. Pusey’s sermon, seems to make it a ground of objection to Transubstantiation, that it is derived from human reasoning, which in the affairs of religion ought not to be admitted; and he had before acknowledged that our doctrine ‘facilitates the mental conception’ of the mystery of the Real Presence, which he thus insinuates is a greater mystery in the Anglican, than in the Roman Catholic Church. This being so, why lose time in establishing a point already conceded? Our reply is, that what we have written has not been solely intended for those who range themselves under the Oxford banner, but for all who disbelieve this mystery of faith; and for whose advantage, therefore, have we attempted a reply to the most ordinary objections, as above stated. We feel it, moreover, a duty to lay before the general reader the following concessions of writers—all of them with, perhaps, the exception of the last—bitter opponents of our doctrine; but who have nevertheless acknowledged that its incomprehensibility cannot be a reasonable argument against its truth.

* *Accidentia autem sine subjecto in eodem subsistunt ut fides locum habeat dum visibile invisibiliter sumitur aliena specie occultatum, et sensus a deceptione reddantur immunes qui de accidentibus judicant sibi notis.*—[S. Thomas in Opusc. 57.]

FABER.—Difficulties of Romanism. Chap. IV.

"The doctrine of Transubstantiation, like the doctrine of the Trinity, is a question not of abstract reasoning but of pure evidence. We believe the revelation of God to be essential and unerring truth. Our business, therefore, most plainly is, not to discuss the abstract absurdity, and the imagined contradictions of Transubstantiation, but to enquire, according to the best means which we possess, whether it be indeed a doctrine of the Holy Scripture. If sufficient evidence shall determine such to be the case, we may be sure that the doctrine is neither absurd nor contradictory, if the evidence be insufficient, we require not the aid of irrelevant abstract reasoning, for we then reject the doctrine because we have no sufficient evidence of its truth. Receiving the scripture as the infallible word of God, and prepared with an entire prostration of mind to admit his declarations, I shall ever contend that the doctrine of transubstantiation, like the doctrine of the Trinity, is a question of pure evidence."

COSIN.—History of Popish Transubstantiation. Chap. III.

"If it seems impossible that the flesh of Christ should descend, and come to be our food, through so great a distance, we must remember how much the power of the Holy Spirit exceeds our sense and our apprehension, and how absurd it would be to undertake to measure His immensity by our weakness and narrow capacity; and so make our faith to conceive and believe what our reason cannot comprehend."

REV. M. FROUDE, of Oxford.

"In respect of the scriptural miracle of the Eucharist, it is objected that the Eucharistic bread and wine cannot be supposed to become that very Body of Christ's which was broken for us, and that very Blood of the New-Testament which was shed for us, without supposing that the Body and Blood of Christ are at the same time present in two places, in Heaven and on the Altar; and that this is a contradiction. Now I am convinced that upon serious reflection, faithful Christians will admit it to be no contradiction. As to the sense in which it is true to say that the Body and Blood of Christ are present on the Altar, many persons may have differed about it; but that there is any contradiction in supposing the Body of Christ which is in Heaven, to be on the Altar, they will, I think, see to be an ignorant prejudice."

These concessions, we believe, are sufficient to shew that in the popular objections to our doctrine, a principle is applied, which the most learned and candid of our adversaries have long since abandoned as untenable. But we feel that we owe an excuse to the readers of the *CABINET*, for having occupied so many of its pages by what will doubtless be voted by the majority of its patrons—a dry polemical essay. Our apology for having introduced the subject under the present form, is, the great notoriety which the Sermon of Dr. Pusey has given to the doctrine with which the subject of which we have treated is intimately and essentially connected. It is not an unusual reply to the charge of Catholicism made on the Tractarian doctrine regarding the Eucharist, that

it is no less opposed to Transubstantiation than the opinion of a merely figurative presence. Now our object has been to shew that, if the literal meaning of the words of Christ is to be admitted,—if the authority of the early christian writers is to be allowed any weight,—Transubstantiation no less than the Real Presence must be admitted. Let us conclude by expressing the hope, that this ‘Mystery of Faith,’ may, day after day, become more and more credible to our fellow christians of every denomination, especially to those whom nothing appears to keep estranged from our communion, but a want of seeing our doctrines in their true light, and the imperfect application of a principle which they agree with us in recognizing as a test of truth.

VESPER HYMN.—ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL.

It is the Eternal Light, whose beauteous ray
Steepeth in blessed fires this golden day,
Which crowns the chief Apostles, and to us
Sinners, throws open wide the heav’n ward way.

The world’s Preceptor, with Heav’n’s Janitor,
Fathers of Rome, Judges of all our race,
One, conquerer by the sword, one by the Cross,
Hold laurell’d in the eternal senate place.

Oh! happy Rome, hallow’d with glorious blood
Of this, the princely apostolic Pair,
Thou purpled in their gore excell’st alone
All that the world hath else, splendid or fair.

Glory eternal to the Trinity,
Honour and power, and shouts of joyful praise,
Who all things ruleth in the Unity,
Ever and ever through ending days.

ST. SCHOLASTICA.

"ON MARY, CONCEIVED WITHOUT SIN, PRAY FOR ME, WHO HAVE RECOURSE
TO THEE."

"Her prayer was scarcely ended, when there happened such a storm that neither St. Benedict nor his sister could set foot out of doors," &c. . . . "St Benedict, lifting up his eyes to Heaven, he saw the soul of his sister ascending in the shape of a dove."—[Butler, *Life of St. Scholastica, Virgin.*

She knelt beside him, and the dove
Was in the gentle eyes upraised
To his, with such a look of love,
As on an angel she had gazed.

"And stay, my own dear brother, stay,
The road is rough, thy convent far,
Already day-light fades away
Already shines the evening star.

"The evening star, that ever bears
Resemblance to the Queen of Heaven,
Her smiles are most for sorrow's tears,
As light to hours of darkness given.

"Then rest thee, brother, rest thee here,
We'll kneel this ev'ning at her shrine,
And when I join that mother dear,
My spirit, love, shall pray for thine.

"Thou wilt not.—Then I'll ask of Him,
Who never yet refused my prayer."
She prayed—and low the skies grew dim,
A sudden storm convulsed the air.

"Now, brother, rest, and thank His love,
Who e'en for us His thunder rolls,
But while this storm is dark above,
Still be His sunshine on our souls."

.
The moon was up, its lustre pale
Was glistening on each dewey flower,
When Bennet wandered thro' the vale,
And blessed the calmness of the hour.

His heart was melting in its love,
And when he lifted up his eyes,
He thought he saw a silver dove
Betwixt him and the azure skies.

Far higher than his eye could soar
That bird of silvery pinion flew;
He gazed till he could gaze no more,
And where it vanished scarce he knew.

And when he woke as from a dream,
Unto the church his steps he bent;
His wondering spirit scarce could deem
That bird a vision—yet he went.

The moon with tender love did shine
 Upon a form that prostrate lay ;
 It was before our Lady's shrine
 She'd sigh her spotless soul away.

He took her in his arms and wept,
 "Oh Sister, Sister, pray for me!
 The love that should have watched thee, slept
 When thou didst fly away from me.

"While my weak spirit slothful grew,
 Thine on rapid wing was flying ;
 While idly wandering thro' the dew
 Thou in holy joy wert dying.

"Then rest thee, sister, rest thee here
 Beneath our Virgin Mother's shrine ;
 No lily will adorn thy bier
 That's whiter than that soul of thine.

"Scholastica ! my sister, rest !
 And when a spotless dove I see,
 I'll think it is thy spirit blest,
 And whisper, 'Sister, pray for me !'

"Soft be the dews that o'er thee fall,
 Bright may the flowers above thee bloom,
 And smile, the best loved star of all,
 Ever on thee and guard thy tomb.

"Now thou art with our Mother dear!
 Sweet Sister Spirit think on mine;
 That as our dust shall mingle here,
 So may our souls in Heaven join !

"Forgive, forgive me, that I've wept,
 For thou didst fly away from me,
 While love, that should have watched thee, slept,
 Oh ! Sister, Sister PRAY FOR ME !"

M. A. C.

(London,) Cath. Mag.

MR. WEBSTER'S BUNKER HILL SPEECH,
DELIVERED AT THE BUNKER HILL MONUMENT, JUNE 17, 1843, AND PUBLISHED
IN THE BOSTON COURIER.*

We have just risen from the perusal of this thrilling oration. It is emphatically a great speech. It bears the impress of Mr. Webster's mighty mind, even in what we must consider the meagre and imperfect report of it in the newspapers. It contains passages worthy of the palmiest days of the great American orator. What, for instance could excel in simplicity, beauty and strength his character of Washington? Or what could surpass in stirring interest, his appeal to the moral feelings of his countrymen in the conclusion of his oration?

Yet notwithstanding our admiration of Mr. Webster's talents, we do not precisely place him at the head of the list of American orators. He wants the pathos of Preston, the electric rapidity of Calhoun, and the versatile graces and manifold excellencies of Clay. But in massive volume of thought—in depth and closeness of reasoning, and in the eloquence of the *head*, he is scarcely equalled, certainly not surpassed, by any. This is his *genre*, and it manifests itself on all occasions, whether he is called on to defend the Union and the Constitution, or to vindicate his own State of Massachusetts. With him the flowers of rhetoric and appeals to feeling are but secondary things,—he uses them with considerable effect, when they come in his way—but he would not move one step from his path to cull all the flowers of a whole *parterre*.

These remarks are intended to apply at least as much to the *manner* as to the *matter* of his Bunker Hill speech. This contains much that we admire, but much to which a love of truth compels us to object. On the occasion of inaugurating a monument commemorative of a struggle which led to a nation's freedom, we could have wished to see greater enlargement of views in the orator selected to give expression to the feelings of the day. We could have wished for a loftier tone of moral feeling, as well for less sweeping and more accurate statements of facts. Why give so undue a prominence to the "Pilgrim fathers," and their immediate puritan descendants, who, if there be any truth in history, were any thing but the friends of, at least, religious liberty? Why hold up this narrow-minded and exclusive people, of blue-law and witch-hanging memory, as very paragons of perfection for a nation of enlightened freemen? Why not at least temper their eulogy with some qualifying remarks? Why, in speaking of the origin and characteristics of our free institutions, pass over in utter silence William Penn and Lord Baltimore who, in Pennsylvania and Maryland, did at least as much for civil liberty as the pilgrims, and much more than they

* Our remarks on this celebrated speech were nearly completed before the writer saw the spirited and well written review of this oration, which appeared in the August number of the U. S. Catholic Magazine. Still it was thought, that so great a man as Mr. Webster, and as great a speech as that delivered at the Bunker Hill monument, might merit two distinct notices. It will be seen, also, that the views taken of the speech, and especially the lines of illustration, are widely different.

for religious liberty. The only reason we can assign for this partial view of the subject, is the fact, that the orator was himself a son of the pilgrims, and that both he and his audience partook a little—just a little—of the selfish, narrow-mindedness of his ancestors. His object was to please his hearers, and he knew well that the high road to their affections, was the beaten track which led to plymouth rock!

We do not purpose to examine all the statements of Mr. Webster's speech. This would lead us too far, besides causing us, perhaps, to trench upon what is not our special province. Hence we shall confine our remarks to one view of the subject, to which Mr. Webster attaches great, and, we believe, undue importance—we mean his elaborate comparison between the causes, characters and results of English colonization in the north, and of Spanish colonization in South America. This hack had been already ridden, almost to death, by school-boy declaimers and fourth of July orators; but the orator of New England mounts it anew; and, as if conscious of the distinguished honour conferred on it by its new rider, the jaded beast awakens to new life, and performs such gambols, that an unpractised observer would almost mistake it for a full blood Arabian!

The great principle upon which the orator bases his comparison, is, we think entirely correct. Though *true*, we do not however believe that it is *new*.—Count Du Maistre, and others, had made the same remark before, though in different words. After having spoken at some length on the history of the monument, and of the particular event it was designed to commemorate, the orator asks: "What then is the true and peculiar principle of the American revolution, and of the system of government which it has confirmed and established?" He answers; "Now the truth is, that the American revolution was not caused by the instantaneous discovery of principles of government before unheard of, or the practical adoption of political ideas, such as had never before entered into the minds of men. It was but the full development of principles of government, forms of society, and political sentiments, the origin of all which lay back two centuries in English and American history."

And farther on he accounts for the absence of liberty in the early Spanish colonies of South America on the same principle; "As there was no liberty in Spain, how could liberty be transmitted to the Spanish colonies?"

However we might differ from him in its application, we admit the truth of the principle itself, in all its extent. It is consonant both with right reason and with the general experience of mankind. The principle embodied in the old Latin adage—*nemo repente fit summus*—no one reaches an extreme suddenly—is specially applicable to political institutions. All changes calculated beneficially to affect whole masses of population, must be the work of time, as well as fully adapted to the condition and wants of the people thus affected. All government is essentially relative to the character and exigencies of the people to be governed. And that government may be pronounced the best which,

in reference to those exigencies, secures life, property and character, with the least possible sacrifice of individual liberty. And our warm admiration of republican government, as the best in theory, and in practice, when the people can bear it, should not lead us into the vulgar absurdity of supposing and asserting, that it is the best for ALL, and under *all* circumstances. The character and temperament of some people cannot pass through the ordeal of self government. The French tried it, and failed. And in general, it may be asserted, that, with some exceptions which history affords, a radical democracy is little suited to the warm temperament of the south, and requires somewhat of the coolness of northern heads.

With these general remarks to explain the practical operation of the great principle above laid down, we may easily understand why it is, that our sister republics in the south have not yet fully succeeded in the attempt at self government. We cannot yet pronounce with safety that they have failed; much less that they cannot succeed. As the ex-secretary expresses it; "they are yet on their trial, and I hope for a favourable result." But if they do fail, it will be solely because their transition from a kingly to a republican government was too sudden and too violent—and that the change was not perhaps adapted to their character and previous habits. In the North American colonies almost all the elements of democracy, "home governments, equality of rights, representative systems," were in full and almost unchecked operation for many years before the declaration of independence; whereas, in Spanish America, but few of these elements were in existence at all, or developed to any extent, before her colonies threw off the yoke of Spain.

But there is another most important consideration bearing directly on this subject, of which the Bunker Hill orator seems to have lost sight altogether; and without which it is impossible to understand fully the reason of the great political difference between North and South America. He makes it a matter of boast, that in all that vast region (of Spanish America) there are but between one and two millions of European color and European blood; while in the United States there are fourteen millions, who rejoice in their descent from the people of the more northern part of Europe. We scarcely know from source he has derived his information in regard to the number of descendants from Europeans in the Republics of the South. Unless our statistics greatly mislead us, there are more than the number he mentions in Mexico alone. But let this pass. There are about twenty-four millions of people in Spanish America.—Deducting from this number, say two millions of whites, there remain twenty-two millions of other races, some of them mixed, but by far the greater number pure descendants of the aborigines. Could it have been reasonably expected that vast masses of population so lately reclaimed from barbarism—many of them from cannibalism—should have become so soon capable of the delicate business of self government? And this, too, when nations the most refined had tried the experiment and failed?

Let us put a parallel case. Suppose—it can be unhappily but a *supposition*—suppose the good puritans and the other American colonists, instead of exterminating the poor Indians, had humanely settled down amongst them as the *blood thirsty* Spaniard did—had patiently toiled to convert them to Christianity, and thus to reclaim them to civilization—had intermarried with them and formed one people with them, like the Spaniards—and that, instead of being able to vaunt with Mr. Webster “their English civilization, their English law, and *what is more than all, their Anglo-Saxon blood,*” the people of our colonies had been, nine tenths of them, the mere descendants of these same aborigines—would they, think you, under these circumstances have ever declared their Independence, or had they declared it, would they have been able to make it good? And to make the case entirely parallel; suppose, that the Spaniards, after having exterminated the Indians of South America, should have declared and made good their own Independence; and that, while striving to imitate their noble example, we were prevented from meeting with full success by the drawback upon our energies of our vast semi-civilized Indian population—and that, in the midst of our difficulties, our Spanish neighbours should taunt us with our want of success, and boast their superior numbers of “pure Castilian blood”—would we not think their jeers a refinement on cruelty? Would we not retort, by asking them, what had become of the millions of God’s creatures whom their heartless policy or cruelty had immolated? If we taunted them with their cruelty to the Indians *now*, what would we do *then*? Would we not boast of our superior humanity, and put this in, as a mitigating plea for our want of success in self-government? Alas! even as the case stands *now* with the spectres of hundreds and thousands of poor exterminated Indians rising up from their graves, and, like the ghost which appeared to Macbeth, staring Mr. Webster full in the face—he could, without a blush, boast of the superior refinement and greater purity of “blood” of himself and hearers, and taunt the Spaniards with their inhumanity! “*Do as you would be done by,*” is an old maxim, as sound in political economy, as it is in morals; and if the orator of Bunker Hill had given over his boasting, and attended a little more closely to this divine injunction, he would have acted more wisely as well as more justly. Was it fair in him, while instituting a comparison between North and South America, wholly to conceal a notorious fact, so honorable to the Spaniards, and so essential to enable his hearers to understand the true cause of their present political condition?

But there is a *secret* cause of deep aversion to Spain, and to every thing Spanish. The Spaniards are Catholics, and their colonies are entirely Catholic. And none shared this feeling of hostility to Catholics more deeply than those assembled around Bunker Hill monument on occasion of Mr. Webster’s speech. The orator was well aware of this state of feeling, and knew that nothing would cater to it better than praise of the pilgrims at the expense of Spanish Americans. We will, however, do him the justice to say, that he

does not *openly* pander to this prejudice. He does not give into the silly and hackneyed school-boy declamation, about the popish Mexicans and South Americans being unfitted for liberty, because of their being priest ridden; but *covertly*, he more than intimates this, unless we have greatly misapprehend the tenor of his remarks. True, he asserts, "that making all allowance for situation and climate, it cannot be doubted by intelligent minds, that the difference now existing between North and South America is justly attributable, *in a great degree*, to political institutions." Had he said *wholly*, or at least adverted to the other great reason of difference just stated, he would have been nearer the truth. He ascribes the superiority of the race which peopled North America mainly to "the reformation of Luther, which broke out, kindling up the minds of men afresh, leading to new liberty of thought, and awaking in individuals energies before unknown, even to themselves." And he adds, that, "the controversies of this period changed society as well as religion." The poor Spaniards, who had not been blessed with new *northern* light, were unfit for self-government—they continued "in the sleep of a thousand years, in the bosom of the dark ages," while their more fortunate English brethren had shaken off their slumbers, and had already awakened to visions of liberty! Well, this is all common-place enough, even for the veriest driveller! One of our fine college bred youths could have said as much, with *as much* truth, and with infinitely more propriety, than one of our greatest orators and most enlightened statesmen.

If the reformation of Luther prepared men for freedom, how happened it, that in all those countries where that reformation obtained the ascendancy, an absolute despotism was established on the ruins of whatever institutions of human liberty had sprung up in the "dark ages?" Whoever will read Hallam's History of the Middle Ages, cannot but become aware of the fact, that during that greatly misunderstood period, Germany enjoyed much more liberty than since the boasted reformation. What has become of the Free Cities of Germany—of the representative system—and of the exemption from taxation without the consent of the governed—all leading features in German mediæval jurisprudence? Alas! they have all been swept away by the "glorious reformation of Luther," or buried under the rubbish of the ruins, which that "*enkindling*" event left behind! And what new institutions have replaced those *cherished* principles of liberty? Absolute despotism, with union of Church and State and immense standing armies, now constitute the *ultima ratio* of law in Protestant Germany. Prusia, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, and little Hanover have all drunk to the dregs of this better cup of tyranny, put to their lips by those to whom the rhetorical flourishes of modern orators would fain paint, as the Apostles of Liberty! Facts are stronger evidence than declamation, no matter how exalted the declaimer.

But was not at least England made free by the Reformation? It is a *fact*, which Mr. Webster cannot deny, that for nearly one hundred and fifty years

after the Reformation, the regal prerogative in England swallowed up almost every other element of the Government. There was scarcely a provision of *Magna Charta*, which the sovereigns of England, from Henry VIII down to the Revolution in 1688—the brief period of the Commonwealth and of the Protectorate *perhaps* excepted—did not trample under foot with impunity.—The statute-book of England more than warrant this assertion. And the great *Magna Charta* of British freedom—whence did it spring? was it of Protestant origin? *No*. It was fully established at least three hundred years before the reformation was thought of. It was wholly and exclusively Catholic. The colonists of North America were certainly infinitely more indebted for their liberties to Cardinal Langton and the Catholic Barons and yeomanry of Runnymede than to the reformation of Luther. The restoration of British liberties after the Revolution in 1688, was but a return to the great principles embodied in the Catholic *Magna Charta*, an instrument, which as the parliamentary records of England will show, had been revived and extended at least thirty times before the Reformation. All these facts might not have been palatable to Mr. Webster's audience; yet truth required that they should not have been entirely suppressed. At least truth forbade assertions and statements contrary to, and contradicted by them.

The New England orator speaks of a great "Middle class which were neither Barons nor mere agricultural labourers;" and to this middle class he ascribes great influence in preparing the popular mind for self-government. We acknowledge the truth and appropriateness of this remark. But did "the reformation of Luther" do any thing towards raising up this class? We think not. Instead of raising up the lower classes, it contributed greatly to depress them. Luther took part with the sovereigns of Germany, when the peasants rose up in rebellion to assert what they believed to be their rights.—He said that "*peasants should be treated like asses—if they shake their heads, give them the stick—if they kick, shoot them.*" Such was the characteristic language of this boasted apostle of liberty! The truth is, that the Catholic Church "of the dark ages" did infinitely more to raise up the lower orders, and to build up the "middle class" than any other agency. By abolishing the serf-system, and protecting the people against the tyrants, who oppressed them during that period of anarchy, she rendered a lasting service to humanity, and laid the foundation of civil liberty. Such Protestant writers as Guizot, Hallam, Bancroft, Voigt and Hurter have freely acknowledged *that fact*. Pope Alexander III, A. D. 1167, "true to the spirit of his office, which during the supremacy of brute force in the middle age, made of the chief minister of religion the tribune of the people, and the guardian of the oppressed, had written, '*that nature having made no slaves, all men have an equal right to liberty.*'"*

* Bancroft vol. 1. p 163. He gives a free translation of the Pontiff's language, taken from his letter to Lupus, king of Valentia. This Pope of the "dark ages," employs al-

After having duly eulogized the purity of purpose, the disinterested benevolence, and the love of liberty of the pilgrim fathers, the orator of Bunker Hill proceeds to point out the chief differences between them and the colonists of South America. The puritans, forsooth, did not seek after gold—not they but “the mines of gold and silver were the excitements to Spanish efforts: “the colonists of English America were of the people, and a people already free;” “the conquerors and European settlers of Spanish America were mainly military commanders and common soldiers:” the former were “industrious individuals, making their own way in the wilderness, defending themselves against the savages, recognizing their right to the soil, and with a general honest purpose of introducing knowledge as well as christianity among them; “Spain,” with her colonists, “stooped on South America, like a falcon on its prey. Every thing was gone. Territories were acquired by fire and sword. Cities were destroyed by fire and sword. Hundreds and thousands of human beings fell by fire and sword. Even conversion to christianity was attempted by fire and sword.” Finally, the pilgrims brought with them liberty and free trade; with the Spanish colonists, “the government, as well as the commerce was a strict home monopoly.”

Such are the principal points of difference between the two systems of colonization, as assigned by our orator. There is much truth, with not a little exaggeration, inaccuracy, unfairness in his parallel. He is not wholly accurate, when he says, that the North American colonists “recognized the right of the Indians to the soil:” at least the pious pilgrims seized on the whole territory of the Pequods, embracing the present State of Connecticut, without any equivalent.* It is not correct, that the Spanish Government sanctioned the brutal treatment of the Indians by some of its unworthy agents, or that “conversion to Christianity was attempted by fire and sword.” We will have occasion more fully to show the inaccuracy of this statement a little later; but we will here insert, for the edification of the Ex-Secretary, the testimony of Washington Irving,† who has investigated Spanish History as thoroughly, perhaps, as any other man in our country. “The laws and regulations (of Spain) for the government of the newly discovered countries, and the decision of the Council of the Indians on all contested points, though tinged in some degree with the bigotry of the age, were distinguished for wisdom, justice and humanity, and do honor to the Spanish nation. It was only in the abuse of them by individuals to whom the execution of the laws was entrusted, that these atrocities were

most the identical words of our Declaration of Independence: “but since nature has created all men free, no one was by the condition of nature, subject to servitude.” *Cum autem omnes liberos natura creasset, nullus conditione naturæ fuit subditus servituti.*” *Hist. Angli Script.* vol. 1. p 580.

* Bancroft vol. 2, p 98. See also vol. 3, p 108, where he says, that in Massachusetts “the first planters assumed to themselves a right to treat the Indians on the foot of Canaanites and Amalecites.”

† Irving Columbus vol. 2, p 326, Appendix Edit. N. York, 1831.

committed. It should be remembered, also, that the same nation which gave birth to the sanguinary and rapacious adventurers, who perpetrated these cruelties, gave birth likewise to the early missionaries, like Las Casas, who followed the sanguinary course of discovery, binding up the wounds inflicted by their countrymen; men who, in a truly evangelical spirit, braved all kinds of perils and hardships, and even death itself, not through a prospect of temporal gain or glory, but through a desire to meliorate the condition, and save the souls of barbarous and suffering nations. The dauntless enterprises and fearful peregrinations of many of these virtuous men, if properly appreciated, would be found to vie in romantic daring with the heroic achievements of chivalry, with motives of a purer and far more exalted nature."

But the chief fault of Mr. Webster's picture is its evident partiality. He sins more by *omission* than by *commission*. Keeping all the faults of the pilgrim fathers carefully concealed, he presents us only their good qualities over highly coloured: while on the other hand, he hides all the good deeds of the Spaniards, and exhibits only their faults, and these greatly exaggerated. We will endeavour to supply this two fold deficiency, by briefly stating some of the good deeds of the Spaniards, and some of the bad deeds of the puritans of New England. And we will assert nothing in which we will not be fully borne out by the authority of Irving and Bancroft, by the former for Spanish, and by the latter chiefly for American transactions. We presume that our orator will not object to the authority of these two men, both of them protestants, both countrymen of his own, and the latter a brother New Englander of the same old puritan stock, and a great admirer too of the pilgrims. And to consult for brevity, we will have to confine our remarks to the respective treatment of the aborigines by the South and North American Colonists.

To begin with the zeal manifested by the two sets of colonists for the religious improvement of the native American races, how advantageously do the Spanish settlers of South, compare with the English colonists of North America, in this respect? Irving says (vol. 2 Columbus, p.337,) "It is difficult to speak too highly of the extraordinary enterprises and splendid actions of the Spaniards in those days of discovery. Religious zeal was the very life and soul of all Spanish maritime enterprise. It was the great motive which stimulated Columbus to undertake his voyage of discovery; it was the darling scheme of the great patroness of Columbus—Queen Isabella. One of the great objects held out by Columbus in his undertaking was the propagation of the christian faith. He expected to arrive at the extremity of Asia, at the vast and magnificent empire of the Grand Khan, and to visit the dependent islands, of which he had read such glowing accounts in the writings of Marco Polo.—In describing these opulent and semi-barbarous regions, he reminded their majesties of the inclination manifested in former times by the grand Khan to embrace the christian faith; and of the missions that had been sent by various

pontiffs and pious sovereigns, to instruct him and his subjects in Catholic doctrines. He now considered himself about to effect this great work.”* Agnola “Isabella had nobler inducements. [She was] filled with pious zeal at the idea of effecting such a great work of salvation.”† This feeling of religious zeal continued to predominate in the mind of Columbus, throughout his long and eventful career. “In all his voyages, he will be found continually seeking after the territories of the grand Khan, and even after his last expedition, and when nearly worn out by age, hardships and infirmities, he offered, in a letter to the Spanish monarchs, written from a bed of sickness, to conduct any missions to the territories of the Tartar Emperor, who would undertake his conversion.”‡

This was his ruling passion strong in death. In his last will & testament, he recommended this darling object of his soul to his executors and to his son Diego. “Item: when a suitable time shall come, he shall order a church to be built on the island of Hispaniola, and in the most convenient spot, to be called *Sancta Maria de la Concepcion*; to which is to be annexed an hospital on the best plan like those of Italy and Castile.” . . .

“Item: I also order Diego my son, or whomsoever may inherit after him, to spare no pains in having and maintaining in the Island of Hispaniola, four good professors of Theology, to the end and aim of their studying and labouring to convert to our holy faith the inhabitants of the Indies; and in proportion by God’s will, the revenues of the estate shall increase, in the same degree shall the number of teachers and devout persons increase, who are to strive to make christians of the natives; *in attaining which no expense should be thought too great.*”

Irving draws this character of the great Columbus. “He was devoutly religious; Religion mingled with the whole course of his thoughts and actions, and he shone forth in all his private and most unstudied writings. Whenever he made any great discovery, he celebrated it by solemn thanks to God. The voice of prayer and the melody of praise rose from his ships, as they first explored the New World; and his first action on landing was to prostrate himself on the earth, and render up thanksgivings. Every evening, the *Salve Regina* and other vesper hymns were chaunted by his crew; and Masses were performed in the beautiful groves that bordered the wild shore of this heathen land. The Religion thus deeply seated in his soul diffused a sober dignity, and a divine composure over his whole demeanor. His language was pure and guarded, free from all imprecations, oaths, and other irreverent expressions. At his great enterprises were undertaken “*in the name of the Holy Trinity*”; and he partook of the Holy Sacrament previous to embarkation. He observed the festivals of the Church in the wildest situations. The Sabbath was for him

* Irving Columbus I. 72.
 || vol. 2, pp 202-3.

† Ibid p 73.

‡ Id. II. p 298 Appendix 19.

day of sacred rest, on which he never set sail from a port, unless in a case of extreme necessity.”*

Those religious sentiments continued to animate him to his last breath.—“Having thus scrupulously attended to all the claims of affection, loyalty and justice upon earth, Columbus turned his thoughts to heaven; and having received the Holy Sacraments and performed all the pious offices of a devout christian, he expired with great resignation on the day of Ascension, 20th of May, 1506, being about seventy years of age. His last words were—*In manus Tuas Domine commendo spiritum meum*---into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit.”† It is not a little remarkable, that he believed himself specially guided by heaven in the great work of discovering America. Thus, in the representations which he made to Ferdinand and Isabella, when sent back to Spain bound with chains by the cruel Bobadilla: “he avowed in the fullest manner his persuasion, that from his earliest infancy, he had been chosen by heaven for the accomplishment of those two great designs, the discovery of the New World, and the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre. For this purpose, in his tender years, he had been guided by a divine impulse to embrace the profession of the sea. * * * His understanding had been opened by the Deity, as with a palpable hand, so as to discover the navigation of the Indies; and he had been inflamed with ardour to undertake the enterprise. ‘Animated as by a heavenly fire,’ he adds, ‘I come to your majesties,’ * * * who will doubt that this light was from the Holy Scriptures, illuminating you as well as myself, with rays of marvellous clearness?’”‡

Nor were Columbus and Isabella alone in this; theirs was the general feeling of the age. Spanish and Portuguese enterprise was stimulated by this exalted motive. It seemed as if Divine Providence, at this epoch, meant to provide new and ample fields for the exercise of this lofty feeling, in new worlds discovered or visited for the first time, both in the east and in the west; and thereby more than compensate the church by accessions to her numbers from among new people, for what she was to lose in the religious dissensions of the sixteenth century. While the Catholic Columbus was discovering America, another illustrious catholic, the Portuguese Vasco de Gama, doubled, for the first time, the Cape of Good Hope in 1497; and another Portuguese, Pedro Alvares Cabral, discovered Brazil, and made a voyage to the East Indies.‡—Nor were the vast territories thus thrown open to Europeans left unimproved by religious culture. Wherever the Spaniards and the Portuguese penetrated, there also the Catholic religion was established. The missionary accompanied the conqueror, softening the horrors of war, and planting the cross of Christ, by the side of the banner of the earthly monarch. A holy zeal for the salvation of souls thus stimulated, accompanied and crowned every noble enterprise of discovery and conquest.

* vol. 2, pp 202-3. † Ibid p 198. ‡ Ibid p 74.

It had ever been so in Catholic times. Religious zeal had ever culminated over every mere earthly motive or consideration. Thus when the three great Venitian navigators and travellers, Nicholas, Maffeo, and Marco Polo, penetrated into the heart of Asia in the thirteenth century, the first thing thought of was the introduction of christianity into the new regions they explored. The two first returned to Europe in 1269, with letters from the grand Khan to the Pope asking for one hundred christian missionaries. They revisited Tartary in 1271, carrying with them two missionaries, and letters from Pope Gregory X.* And whoever will read the annals of the Church of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries will not fail to remark, what vast accessions to her numbers were made in Asia during that period, chiefly by missionaries from the Franciscan and Dominican orders then recently established.†

When Columbus discovered the new world, the first thing he did on landing was "to throw himself on his knees, kiss the earth, and return thanks to God with tears of joy." He then erected a banner "emblazoned with a green cross," and recited a prayer, which was subsequently used by Balboa, Cortes, Pizarro and other Spanish commanders in their voyage of discovery. The purport of the latter portion of it is, to "*bless and glorify the name, and to praise the majesty of God, for having vouchsafed to make use of his humble servant, as an instrument for having His Holy name made known and preached in that other part of the world*"—so paramount was this consideration of Religion in all that the Spaniards undertook or did.‡ And the result of all this religious zeal has been the conversion to Christianity of the vast body of the aboriginal population of South America; and this result alone should silence forever those, whose bigotry leads them to sneer at the bigotry and avarice of the Spaniards!

Was the result similar in North America? The Jesuits, indeed, converted whole tribes of Indians in Canada, and in the valley of the Mississippi.¶—But what did the Puritans do with all their affected *purity* of purpose, and with all their cant about disinterested zeal for religion? They did very nearly nothing. If they had "a general honest purpose of introducing knowledge as well as christianity among the Indians"—it must have remained a mere *purpose*; for in general they seemed to take very little concern about the matter. We read of their preachers persecuting one another—driving Roger Williams, and Ann Hutchison, Wheelwright, Aspinwall and others into the wilderness for opinion's sake, deeming them "unfit to live in the colony"§—we read of their assisting at the trial and hanging of witches at Salem—and of their marching

* For an interesting notice of the three Polos, see Irving Columbus II. 290 seqq.

† Full particulars on this most interesting subject will be found in the Church History of Beccchetti—a continuation of Cardinal Orsi's work.

‡ See Irving Columbus I. 103 note for the prayer in Latin.

¶ See Bancroft vol. 3, chap. 20, for a most interesting account of the labours and success of the Jesuit Missionaries in North America.

§ Bancroft vol. 1, pp 367–8, and 390 seqq.

with, and saying long prayers for, the armies that were engaged in exterminating the poor Indians—but did they do any thing to evangelize them? We read of John Elliot and a few others making a feeble effort for this purpose, among the Indians in the immediate vicinity of Boston; but Bancroft testifies to their almost total failure. “Yet christianity had not spread beyond the Indians on Cape Cod, Martha’s Vineyard and Nantucket, and the seven feeble villages around Boston. The Narragansetts, a powerful tribe, counting at least a thousand and warriors, hemmed in between Connecticut and Plymouth, restless and jealous, retained their old belief; and Philip of Pokanoket, at the head of seven hundred warriors, professed with pride the faith of his fathers.”* The puritans exterminated a great number of tribes as we shall soon see—they did not convert *one* to christianity!

The indefatigable and saintly Father Sabastian Râsles, laboured with great success for more than a quarter of a century among the Indians of Maine, many of whom he succeeded in converting to the Catholic faith. His missions were in a most flourishing condition, when the jealousy of the neighbouring colony of Massachusetts was aroused; nor did it sleep, until it brought about the most barbarous murder of the good missionary, and the massacre, or dispersion of the tribes which he had converted to christianity! The following passage furnishes a curious contrast between the *modus operandi*, and the respective success of Catholic and Protestant missionaries in converting the Indians. “The government of Massachusetts attempted in its turn to establish a mission; and its minister made a mockery of Purgatory and the Invocation of Saints, of the cross and the rosary. ‘*My christians,*’ retorted Râsles, ‘*believe the truth of the Catholic faith, but are not skilful disputants;*’ and he himself proposed a defence of the Roman Church. Thus Calvin and Loyola met in the woods of Maine. But the Protestant minister, unable to compete with the Jesuit in the affections of the Indians, returned to Boston, while the friar remained ‘the incendiary of mischief.’”† And after the martyrdom of Râsles, graphically related by Bancroft,‡ and the breaking up of his missionary establishment, “the influence by commerce took the place of influence by Religion, and English trading houses supplanted French Missions.”|| Thus it was, that in numerous cases the filthy love of lucre marred the noble work of God! So much for the disinterestedness of the Puritans, and their “generally honest purpose of introducing knowledge as well as christianity, among the natives!!”

The early Spanish and Portuguese navigators compare advantageously in character and usefulness to mankind, with those of England engaged in exploring and peopling North America. Where in English naval annals of discovery will you find names as illustrious as those of De Gama, Cabral, the Pinzons, Vespucci and Columbus? In fact the early English navigators, Sir

* Bancroft 2, 97. † Ibid 3, 334-5.

‡ Ibid p 339, seq. || Ibid.

John Hawkins, Raleigh, Drake and Weymouth, were as unprincipled as they were adventurous. They were little more than buccaneers and pirates on a large scale. We will give a few facts on this subject. When Weymouth was about to sail from the mouth of the Penobscot, "five natives were decoyed on board the ship, and Weymouth, returning to England, gave three of them to Sir Ferdinand Gorges, a friend of Raleigh, and Governor of Plymouth."*

Of Sir John Hawkins Bancroft says: "the odious distinction of having first interested England in the slave trade belongs to Sir John Hawkins. He had fraudulently transported a whole cargo of Africans to Hispaniola; the rich returns of sugar, ginger and pearls attracted the attention of Queen Elizabeth, and when a new expedition was prepared, she was induced not only to protect but to share in the traffic. In the accounts which Hawkins himself gives of one of his expeditions, he relates that he set fire to a city, of which the huts were covered with dry fallen leaves, and out of eight thousand inhabitants, succeeded in capturing two hundred and fifty. (Query—how many did he burn?) The deliberate and even self-approving frankness with which this act of atrocity is related, and the lustre which the fame of Hawkins acquired, display in the strongest terms the depravity of public sentiment (English) in the age of Elizabeth. * * * Yet the commerce, on the part of England, in the Spanish ports was by the laws of Spain illicit, as well as by the laws of morals detestable; and when the sovereign of England participated in its hazards, its profits and its crimes, she became at once a smuggler and a slave merchant."†

The Catholic Church used every effort to prevent the slave trade, and to mitigate the severities occasionally exercised by the Spaniards against the Indians. "A series of papal bulls had indeed secured to the Portuguese the exclusive commerce with Western Africa, but the slave trade between Africa and America, was, I believe, never expressly sanctioned by the See of Rome. Even Leo X. declared that *'not the Christian Religion only, but nature herself cries out against the state of slavery.'* And Paul III, (June 10, 1543) in two separate Briefs, imprecated a curse (anathema) on the Europeans, who should enslave Indians, or any other class of men. *It even became usual for Spanish vessels, when they sailed on voyages of discovery, to be attended by a priest, whose benevolent duty it was, to prevent the kidnapping of the aborigines.*"‡—Again: "Ximenes, the gifted coadjutor of Ferdinand and Isabella saw in advance the danger which it required centuries to reveal, and refused to sanction the introduction of negroes into Hispaniola, believing that the favorable climate would increase their number, and infallibly lead them to a successful revolt."|| And yet, if in spite of Roman Pontiffs and of Ximenes, negroes were extensively introduced into Hispaniola, thanks chiefly to the unprincipled av-

* Bancroft 1, 115. † Ibid 1, 173 seq.

‡ Ibid 1, 172. || Ibid.

arice of Sir John Hawkins, of Queen Elizabeth, and of the English ; and the prediction of the great Ximenes was fully verified, in the late massacre and expulsion of the whites from that Island !

Much has been said and written about the cruelty of the Spaniards towards the Indians—about their having forced them to labour in the mines, sold them into bondage, and wasted their numbers by cruel exactions, and by fire and sword. We have no mission to defend these cruelties ; but we are convinced that there is much exaggeration on the subject. These severities were neither general, nor long continued, nor authorized by the Spanish Government. They occurred in the sudden excitement of conquest, and were checked as soon as the conduct of the individuals, who perpetrated them could be investigated.—Washington Irving has told us above, what was the line of conduct pursued by the Spanish Government, and we have also seen how those cruelties were rebuked by the Roman Pontiffs. We will give a few additional facts. The oppression of the Indians of Hispaniola by the weak and unwise Bobadilla “aroused the indignation of Isabella ; and when Ovando was sent to supersede Bobadilla in 1502, the natives were pronounced free : they immediately refused to labour in the mines. Ovando represented to the Spanish Sovereigns in 1503, that ruinous consequences resulted to the colony from this entire liberty granted to the Indians. He stated, that the tribute could not be collected, for the Indians were lazy and improvident ; that the natives could only be kept from vices and irregularities by occupation ; that they now kept aloof from the Spaniards, and from all instruction in the christian faith. This last consideration had an influence with Isabella, and drew a letter from the Sovereigns to Ovando in 1503, in which he was ordered to spare no pains to attach the natives to the Spanish nation and the Catholic Religion. To make them labour moderately, *if absolutely essential to their own good*, but to temper authority with persuasion and kindness. *To pay them regularly and fairly for their labour, and to have them instructed in Religion on certain days.*”^{*} Such was the general and authorized policy of Spain in regard to the Indians. Was not its basis humanity, hallowed by Religion ?

Again, when some of the Indians were brought to Spain and sold at Seville as slaves, “Isabella, in a transport of virtuous indignation, ordered them to be sent back to their country.”[†] After the death of Soto, the Spaniards were about to abandon their conquest of Florida. At this juncture, Louis Cancellor and two other Dominicans offered their services to preach to and convert those whom Spanish arms could not conquer. Their offer was accepted—but these devoted men all fell martyred victims to their zeal. “Christianity was to conquer the land against which so many expeditions had failed. The Spanish Governors were directed to favor the design ; all slaves that had been taken

^{*} Irving Columbus II. 162.

[†] Irving Columbus II. 320.

from the northern shore of the Gulf of Mexico were to be manumitted and restored to their country."* So true it, is that wherever the authority of the Spanish government and of the Catholic Religion could be fully felt, there the fetters of the captive were stricken off, and he became free. And at this day, there is not a vestige of slavery in all the broad continent of Spanish America.

Most of the accounts of Spanish cruelty rest upon the authority of Las Casas. He was a great and good man, but the statements contained in his work entitled "Relation of the Indies," should be received with many grains of allowance. The impression made upon his exquisitely sensitive heart by the sight of the wrongs inflicted on his beloved Indians, was so acute, and his interest for redressing their grievances so intense, that in speaking of the cruelties practised against them he greatly exaggerated. Almost all the critics admit this. Dr. Robertson and Washington Irving† both admit it, Charlevoix says, "that he had too lively an imagination, and permitted himself to be carried away by it;" and "there reigns in his book a spirit of over sensitiveness and exaggeration, that makes greatly against it.‡ His statements were controverted at the time by Dr. Sepulveda; and a lively controversy was carried on in Spain. Charles V. and the learned Dominico Soto, his confessor, embarrassed by contradictory statements from the two parties, could not come to a decision, as to the real merits of the dispute.

But the unremitted efforts of Las Casas to meliorate the spiritual and temporal condition of the Indians are above all praise. "The whole of his future life, a space exceeding sixty years, was devoted to vindicating the cause, and endeavouring to meliorate the sufferings of the natives. As a missionary he traversed the wilderness of the new world in various directions, seeking to convert and civilize them; as a companion and protector, he made several voyages to Spain, vindicated their wrongs before courts and monarchs, wrote volumes in their behalf, and exhibited a zeal, and constancy, and intrepidity, worthy of an Apostle. He died at an advanced age of ninety two years, and was buried at Madrid, in the Church of the Dominican Convent of Atocha, of which fraternity he was a member."||

Such was Las Casas; and yet he was but one of a numerous band of devoted men. What a contrast between his spirit and life, and that of any of the puritan preachers of New England! Take, for example, Cotton Mather, one of the most distinguished among the ministers of the "good pilgrims." How fierce and fanatical the spirit he displayed throughout his long life, and especially during the little "reign of terror," from February to October of the year 1692, when the trials for witchcraft were going on at Salem. He had his

* Bancroft I. 60.

† Irving Columbus 2, p 325, Appendix 27. Dr. Robertson calls him "a restless and dissatisfied man. History of America.

‡ History de S. Domingue l. 5, A. D. 1515, & l. 6, A. D. 1547.

|| Irving Columbus II. 320.

creature, the deputy Governor Stoughton, together with the ministers Parris and Moyes, got up and enacted that comic tragedy, in which great numbers of men, women and children perished on the scaffold! "And uttering a midnight cry, he wrestled with God to awaken the churches to something remarkable. A religious excitement was resolved on. 'I obtained of the Lord that he would use me,' says the infatuated man, 'to be a herald of his kingdom now approaching.'"* Whoever reads the account of these strange proceedings, as given by Bancroft, must feel his blood tingle in his veins, and sigh over the strange fanaticism of the pilgrims. What will be thought, for instance, of this curious extract from the records. "At the trial of George Burroughs, a minister, the bewitched persons pretended to be dumb. 'Who hinders those witnesses,' says Stoughton, 'from testifying?' 'I suppose the devil,' answered Burroughs.—'How comes the devil,' retorted the chief judge, 'so loath to have any testimony borne against you?' And the question was effective. Besides he had given proofs of great, if not preternatural muscular strength. Cotton Mather calls the evidence 'enough:' the jury gave a verdict of 'guilty.'"† What will be thought of the fierce exclamation of the minister Noyes, when eight persons were hung up together for witchcraft; "*there hang eight firebrands of hell!*"‡ And what, of the heartless speech of Cotton Mather to the crowd assembled to witness the execution of Burroughs?§ Alas for human nature, if these men are to be held up as paragons for imitation!

It ill becomes the children of the "pilgrim fathers" to taunt the Spaniards with their inhumanity to the natives. The puritans of New England have to settle a much deeper and darker score in this matter. It may not be generally known that it was quite common of old to kidnap and sell into foreign bondage the aborigines of North America. Yet no fact of history is more undoubted. "The practice of selling the natives of North America into foreign bondage continued for near two centuries, and even the sternest morality pronounced the sentence of slavery and exile on the captives whom the field of battle had spared. The excellent Winthrop enumerates Indians among his bequests. The articles of the early New England confederacy class persons among the spoils of war. A scanty remnant of the Pequod tribe in Connecticut, the captives treacherously made by Waldron in New Hampshire, the harmless fragments of a tribe of Annawon, the orphan offspring of King Philip himself, were all doomed to the same hard destiny of perpetual bondage."

"The clans of Virginia and Carolina, more than a hundred years, were hard-by safe against the kidnapper. *The universal public (English) mind was long and deeply vitiated.*"**

* Bancroft 3, 84. † Ibid. ‡ Ibid p 93.

§ Bancroft *ibid.* || Ibid 1 168-9.

** Speaking of the traffic in white slaves sold to the colonies, Bancroft says; "At the corresponding period in Ireland, the crowded exportation of Irish catholics was a frequent event,

The treatment of the Indians by the Catholics of Maryland is a brilliant exception to this remark—and forms one bright page at least in our early colonial history. True, a border war raged also there for a brief space, commenced by the Indians, “who had not yet entirely recovered from the jealousies which the malignant Clayborne had infused. But soon “peace was re-established on the usual terms of submission, and promises of his friendship, and rendered durable by the prudent legislation of the Assembly, and the firm humanity of the government. The pre-emption of the soil was reserved to Lord Baltimore; kidnapping an Indian made a capital offence, and the sale of arms prohibited as a felony.”*

Where now are those numerous and flourishing tribes of Indians which once peopled New England? Where are the Pokanokets, the Narragansetts, the Pequods, the Mohegans, and the Mohawks, to say nothing of these? All have disappeared from the face of the earth, thanks to the cold-blooded policy and heartless cruelty of the Puritans. They have vanished at the first dawn of *English* civilization, like snow under the rays of the sun! First over-reached in trade by the cunning Yankees—then hemmed up within restricted territories—then goaded into war, and then exterminated “by fire and sword” Such was in general the *modus operandi* with the poor natives of the north eastern states—a heartless policy subsequently followed, with a few honourable exceptions, by the North American colonies. These are strong assertions, and must be unpalatable to those descendants of the pilgrims, who boast their pure “Anglo Saxon blood,” and taunt the Spaniards with their cruelty. But we will make them all good by indubitable testimony.

The Pokanokets, alias, Wumpanoags, were the first tribe which sheltered the pilgrims after their landing on Plymouth rock: and they were the first to fall victims to their insidious and ungrateful policy. The venerable old chief Sachem of this tribe, Massasoit, who had thrown open the door of his wigwam to the new comers—had fed them with his bread—warmed them at his fire, and welcomed them to the new world—had already departed this life, else he might lived to have witnessed the wanderings of his fugitive son, king Philip of Mount Hope, and the cruel bondage under the burning sun of Bermuda, of his orphan grand-son, the only heir to his dignity, and the last of his race!

We have already seen what reliance is to be placed on the assertion of Mr. Webster, “that the pilgrims recognized the right of the natives to the soil.”—Bancroft will tell us how they “recognized” this right in the Pokanokets. Repeated sales of land had narrowed their domains, and the English had artfully crowded them into the tongues of land, as ‘most suitable and convenient for them.’† There they could be more easily watched; for the frontiers of the

and was attended by aggravations hardly inferior to the usual atrocities of the African slave trade. I. p 176.

* Bancroft I, 253.

† He here cites Winslow, a contemporary, who avows this cruel policy.

narrow peninsulas were inconsiderable. Thus the two chief seats of the Pokanokets were the necks of land, which we now call Boston and Tiverton. As population pressed on other savages, the west was open: but as the English villages drew nearer and nearer to them, their hunting grounds were put under culture; and, as the ever urgent opportunity of the English (pilgrims) was quieted for a season by partial concessions from the unwary Indians, their natural parks were turned into pastures; their best fields for planting corn were gradually alienated; their fisheries were impaired by more skillful methods; and as wave after wave succeeded, they found themselves deprived of their broad acres, and by their own legal (!) contracts, driven as it were into the sea.”*

As they were not amphibious and could not starve, they naturally became indignant, and “when the expressions of common passion were repeated by an Indian tale-bearer, fear magnified the plans of the tribes into an organized scheme of resistance.”† King Philip, their chief sachem was, on suspicion, summoned before a puritan tribunal, to which he had been once before compelled to deliver up his arms. The indignation of his tribe broke out into a flame at this indignity offered to their chief, and the Indian informer who had betrayed him was murdered. The murderers were ferreted out, condemned and hung; the Indians retaliated on the American settlers, and thus a war of extermination broke out in New England.‡ The Pokanokets were exterminated, and Philip became a wanderer. “Once he escaped narrowly, leaving his wife and only son prisoners. *‘My heart breaks,’* cried the tattooed chieftian, in the agony of his grief—*‘now I am ready to die!’* His own followers began to plot against him to make terms for themselves, and in a few days he was shot by a faithless Indian. The captive orphan was transported. So perished the princess of Pokanokots!

“Sad to them had been their acquaintance with civilization! The first ship that came on her coast had kidnapped men of their kindred; and now the harmless boy, that had been cherished as an only child, and the future sachem of their tribes, the last of the family of Massasoit, and was sold into bondage to toil as a slave, under the sun of Bermuda!”§

The Narragansetts do not appear to have joined the alleged Indian league against the whites. Yet, when the war broke out, “the little army of the colonists entered the territories of the Narragansetts, and from the reluctant tribe extorted a treaty of neutrality, with a promise to deliver up every hostile Indian.”|| And because, in violation of this “extorted” treaty, they subsequently had the humanity to afford shelter to such of their fugitive brethren among the

* Vol. 2 p 99. The first chief who made treaty with the pilgrims was Massasoit, who observed it religiously as long as he lived. It is curious, that before he ratified that treaty “he drank” a prodigious draught of rum. (1st B. of hist, p 29.) So much for early Yankee shrewdness in bargaining.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid p 100.

§ Ibid vol 2, p 108.

|| Ibid p 102.

Pokanokets, as had escaped extermination ; "it was resolved to regard them as enemies ; and a little before the winter solstice, a thousand men levied by the united colonies, and commanded by the brave Josiah Winslow, a native of New England, invaded their territory. * * * Feeble palisades could not check the determined valour of the white men, and the groupe of Indian cabins was soon set on fire. Thus were swept away the humble glories of the Narragansetts. The winter's store of the tribe, their curiously wrought baskets full of corn ; their famous strings of wampum ; their wigwams nicely lined with matts—all the little comforts of savage life were consumed. And yet more—their *old men, their women, their babes perished by hundreds in the fire!* Then indeed was the cup of misery full for these red men. Without shelter and without food, they hid themselves in a cedar swamp, with no defence against the cold but boughs of evergreen trees. They prowled the forest and pawed up the snow, to gather nuts and acorns, they dug the earth for ground nuts ; they ate remnants of horse flesh as a luxury ; they sunk down from feebleness and want of food."* Their brave old chief Caronchet, after wandering and suffering much, was at length taken prisoner. Yet his spirit was not broken. "His life was offered him, if he would procure a treaty of peace ; he refused the offer with disdain. Condemned to death, he only answered I like it well—I shall die before I say anything unworthy of myself."† The historian closes the sad story of the Naragansetts, with these memorable words ; "of the once prosperous Narragansetts, of old the chief tribe of New England, hardly one hundred men remained. The sword, fire, famine and sickness, had swept them from the face of the earth."‡

If any thing could surpass the cold blooded cruelty of these acts of *atrocitv*, it was the treatment of the Pequods of Connecticut, whose territory the children of the pilgrims had invaded without purchase or any equivalent, thereby showing how far "they recognized in the natives the right to the soil." "After nearly a whole night spent, at the request of the soldiers in importunate prayer by the 'very learned and *godly* Stone,' "§ the colonial army commanded by John Mason, proceeded to attack the Pequod towns, the principal of which they surprised at break of day. "The superiority of numbers was with them, (the Pequods) and fighting closely hand to hand, though the massacre spread from wigwam to wigwam, victory was tardy. '*We must burn them,*' shouted Mason, and casting a firebrand to windward among the light mats of the Indian cabins. Hardly could the Indians withdraw to encompass the place, before the whole encampment was in a blaze. Did the helpless natives climb the palisades ; the flames assisted the marksmen to take good aim at the unprotected men : did they attempt to sally ; they were cut down by the English broad swords. The carnage was complete : about six hundred Indians, men, women and children perished—*most of them in the hideous conflagration.* In

* Ibid p 104-5.

† Ibid p 106.

‡ Ibid p 109.

§ Vol 1, p 399.

about an hour, the whole work of destruction was finished, and two only of the English (Puritans) had fallen in the battle (massacre.) *The sun, as it rose serenely in the East, was the witness of the victory.*"*—And such a victory!!!†

We think these facts abundantly sustain the statements made above. We might pursue this line of illustration and proof still farther; for unhappily, the materials for it are but too abundant. But we sicken at these enormities.—Such then were the tender mercies of the Puritans! Such their claims to our admiration and imitation! We will not deny their good qualities: but we must be allowed to think, that the shades predominated over the light in their character; and that if, in spite of those shades, that character is still luminous, it is with such a light as is emitted by paintings belonging to the class called by the Italians, *chiaro oscuro*.

We will leave Mr. Webster to settle his account, as best he may, with his two countrymen, Irving and Columbus—and with God and his own conscience! While he is settling that account, would it not be well for him to exert his powerful influence in New England, to have removed one dark spot from the escutcheon of his State—to clear away those gloomy ruins of Mt Benedict, which still crown Bunker Hill, in the immediate vicinity of the monument, and "*cast a dark shade on the soil of Massachusetts?*" They too are monumental.—They commemorate a dark event, the injustice of which, is yet unredressed; and prove, that the fierce and sternly intollerant spirit of the Puritans is not yet extinct. Unless removed by the *justice* of Massachusetts, we trust that those ruins will be as abiding, as the Bunker Hill monument itself!

P. F.

* Bancroft p 400-1

† It was usual for the different colonial governments of North America to offer bounties for the scalps of the Indians. Thus, the Government of Massachusetts "stimulated the activity of private parties by offering for each Indian scalp at first a bounty of fifteen, and afterwards of a hundred pounds." Bancroft III, 336.

THE ANGELUS.

"OH MARY CONCEIVED WITHOUT SIN, PRAY FOR ME, WHO HAVE RECOURSE TO THEE."

THERE are few things that strike a thinking Protestant more, upon his first sojourn in a Catholic country, than the spirit of perpetual prayer by which the Catholic Church is especially distinguished. In England, one day of the week is set apart for the holy duty of prayer, and having spent almost the whole Sunday in the churches, the congregation disperse, the gates are locked, and for the rest of week Almighty God seems forgotten in the more exciting duties of pleasure or of business. In Catholic countries, on the contrary, religion seems to mingle in every pursuit; it is the first recollection of the morning, the latest memory of night, and if ever such favours are granted, there best could a man learn sensibly to feel the perpetual presence of the Omnipresent God. Scarcely has the sun began to rise upon the world, ere the churches are crowded by men, who give gladly to God the first moments of the new day, He has vouchsafed to their prayers. And while the feeble dawn but barely suffices to chase the shadows of the night, the divine sacrifice of the mass is offered up for the benefit of the poor, who flock hither to assist at it before the labours of the day begins. After the services of the day are over, instead of churlishly closing its gates, the temple of God is left open to all who come hither to pray, and seldom indeed is it wholly deserted. The rich man enters to thank Heaven for its favors, the poor man to beg a blessing on his daily toil. The mother to pray for her child, the wife for her husband, the virgin for a safe retreat in some cloistered solitude, the unhappy and injured, often for the foe that has caused their misfortunes. Some for themselves, others for their friends, each and all have some petition to make, and thus they learn to look upon Almighty God as the immediate dispenser of all good gifts. There at least pride is forgotten, and the gifts of fortune are of no avail. The noble kneels by the side of the beggar, the prince often prays amid the lowest of his people. The high-born dame, whom scandal dares not openly assail, prays near the reclaimed and weeping Magdalen of the streets, the spotless innocence of an Aloysius, by the repentant agony of an Austin. Well does the Catholic Church teach both by precept and by practice that spiritual equality which brought the blind and the lame to the feast of the Lord, which admits no distinction of rank or pride, and which makes the right dispositions of the heart the sole prerogative of the children of God. Even far from the churches, the piety of the people has frequently provided some memorial, by which in the midst of their worldly affairs their hearts may be reminded of the "one thing which is necessary"—salvation. The streets, the crowded thoroughfares, the marts of business, ever contain some monument of religion, rude indeed, and such as the eye that looks to the execution of the work, and not the pious intention of the artist, will turn away from in disgust; but which the pious children of the soil, thinking

of Him whom it represents rather than of the representation itself, gaze upon with feelings alike of respect and love. In the lonely ways of the mountain, by the river side, in the gloomy forest, every where you meet with some religious emblem to remind you that these are the works of the living God. It is lovely while wandering among scenes, where each step you take tells of the might and power of Him who framed them, and while your mind is exalted to the contemplation of His omnipotence, and you pause in your silent admiration,—when a rude cross strikes the eye, a Madonna perhaps with the infant Saviour, and you suddenly remember that He who piled mountain upon mountain, who scattered His magnificence over the desert plain, was once an infant weeping for your sakes in the stable of Bethlehem, a man expiring for your salvation on the altar of the cross. Often also in the silence of the night (I speak of Lisbon) you are awakened by strains of music that move the very soul to tears, they are so plaintive and so touching in their devout simplicity. You listen for a moment, and then you know, that while you are pillowed on the couch of luxury, and health and happiness are handmaids to your repose, the priest is bringing the adorable sacrament to some poor dying wretch who has no longer any consolation except in religion, no longer any hope except in him who thus comes to meet him in the hour of his utmost need! You mutter a prayer, perhaps, and once more sink into slumber; but the piety of the Catholic inhabitant is not so easily satisfied by a passing prayer; he rises from his pillow, and places a candle in his window; while those who meet the procession in the streets turn aside from their own destination, and follow it for a space, joining their voices in a hymn of gratitude to the good Jesus, who thus comes to visit them lowly and disguised from all save those who see him with the eyes of faith. Three times in the day the bells toll the “Angelus Domini,” and then every head is bared, and every voice is joined in prayer. And this brings me to a story. While residing in Lisbon, I became acquainted with a friar, whom to know was to love as a man, and to venerate as the faithful servant of his Heavenly Master. Being frequently in his company, I could not avoid remarking that the tolling of the “Angelus” always produced a singular effect upon him. If he were in the streets, it mattered not who were his companions, or what might be the weather, he paused until the bell had ceased to toll, and bared his head while he repeated the prayer of the Church. I have seen him standing thus, alike when a burning sun darted fire on his head, and when his grey hairs were tossed by the pitiless storm, tears streaming from his eyes, and his face bearing such a look of mingled agony and love as St. Peter’s might have had, when he first wept over his three-fold treachery of Jesus.—I have always observed that for a long time after his prayer was ended and his tears had ceased to flow, he would remain silent and abstracted, and when he spoke again, conversation would invariably assume a sadder and more serious tone than it possessed before. I had one day wandered farther than I was usually in the habit of doing, and I came to a spot lovely as any that ever smiled

beneath the sweet skies of the south. There orange trees had formed their fragrant groves, and acacias mingled their graceful foliage with myrtles rich in the contrast of their dark green leaves and countless multitude of showy flowers. Amidst them rose an ancient building, a church dedicated, as I afterwards learned, to our blessed Lady of Mercy. A fountain, bright as the "diamond of the desert" sprang up close at my feet, and like the guardian genius of its clear cold waters, an old grey cross had been raised beside them. It was very old, part of it had already crumbled into dust, and among these fallen stones a rose had grown, and was blooming brightly above its ruins. Fitting type, I thought, of the hope which Christians hold, and which blooms the brightest amid the ruins of the tomb.

The sun was bright in the heavens, the air was full of sweetness and of balm, not a leaflet stirred, not a blossom fell from the heavy boughs, the very voice of the fountain came in a lazy murmur to the ear, as if it also shared in the calm of that noontide hour. While I paused near the old cross, and loved the piety which has placed it among the beautiful works of the Almighty, I saw an old man approach it, whom I instantly recognised as my friend father Francis. He looked around,—there was no one in sight, for the dark boughs of an ilex hid me from view, and he knelt before the cross. At that moment, the bells of the neighbouring church tolled out the Angelus. Involuntary I held my breath, for the sweet sounds lingered for a moment on the air, as if held there by some invisible sympathy, and gave the last link to the spell that bound me. By an unconscious movement of the soul, I turned to the old grey cross to pray; and there was the old man prostrate on his face, while in the stillness of that still hour his stifled sobs reached my ear as I stood, the unbidden witness of his secret sorrow. I know not how long I stood gazing on the form of that woe-worn man. It might have been a minute, it might have been an hour; I had no note of time; my thoughts were half in Heaven, where time is not, half with that poor wretch, whose woe was so deep it might have been deemed despair, save for the hopeful glance which he gave to Heaven, save for the blooming of that solitary rose, which shed its beauty and fragrance above his old grey hairs; suggesting sweet thoughts of that crown of immortal bliss which Angels love to weave for the brows of repenting sinners, and which might one day encircle that head, now humbled to the dust in sorrow and shame.

At last, he rose: and heart-stricken as he seemed to be, there was yet a look of peace in his eyes of which the purest of earth's creatures might have envied him the possession. He sat down upon a stone and bent to the fragrance of the rose, and then I ventured from my concealment and advanced to greet him. He seemed surprised to see me there, and then he spoke of the beauties of that lovely spot, and I told him how sweet had been my feelings during the tolling of the Angelus. His answer suggested some of the reflections with which I began this tale.

"Yes," he said, "in this happy country, religion is everywhere. It is not

a business set apart for any particular day,—it mingles in the toil of every hour,—it is, as it ought to be, a part of the daily occupations of life. The peasant sanctifies the day in church, before he applies to his daily task; the bells remind him to pause in his noontide labour for one short moment of fervent prayer; and when he goes to his humble home, and sits to partake of his evening meal, the Angelus is rung once more, and he thanks God for the favours of the day, and implores His protection during the hours of the night.—How often throughout the day, do the convent bells remind him that others have devoted their lives to prayer, and incite him to lift up his heart in secret to God. Should he wake in the night, often the tinkle of the bell tells him that the blessed Sacrament is being brought to some departing brother, thus reminding him of his own mortality, and of the hopes that await him beyond the grave. Does he climb to the mountains? On some spot that almost seem inaccessible to the foot of man, he meets the holy symbol of his redemption, or the form of that sweet Virgin Mother, who is the successful advocate for all who implore her aid with her Son. Does he descend to the plain? In the fertile valley, where the flowers bloom wild, and the trees are borne down by their weight of fruit, he finds once more the Cross of his Saviour, the statue of the Mother who stood at its foot. In the one case, he is admonished to thank God for his mercies, in the other to implore His protection from danger.”

“Yet how few people think upon these Crosses as other than a picturesque addition to the landscape; or upon the rude statues and pictures that we meet, as anything but a disgusting attempt to pourtray the human form: and alas! how many make them the subject of an accusation of idolatry against the Catholic Church.

“You are wrong,” he answered quietly. “I owe my holy profession to a most rude representation of the crucifix; and not a peasant but bares his head as he passes this Cross. And for your other apprehension, the day has gone by when such tales were believed; and no person thinking seriously on the subject, will ever confound the honour that we pay to the Cross, to the images of the Madonna, or of the Saints, with the homage which we render alone to God.”

Seeing that my curiosity was roused, the good father added:

“In a moment of despairing crime, I once found myself at the foot of a Cross, and was awed into almost instantaneous repentance. In your cold, Protestant England, I am told, I should have been more likely to have found myself at the foot of a finger-post to point out the road,—a very useful thing in its way, certainly,” he added with a quiet smile which had something of satire in it, “but rather less calculated, I should imagine, to lead the soul from the contemplation of crime to resolutions of penance. Yet your people object to all representation of the God-man, while they erect in high places the statues of their kings and great men. Strange inconsistency of human nature! They honour

the effigy of the monarch, and turn aside in disgust from the figure of the viour!"

"Cold, Protestant England" was not my country, but I only answered,—

"If you would honour me with your confidence,—"

"I have but little to tell," he answered, with a smile. "But if you have curiosity you shall hear my story. By a series of unforeseen events, my family was reduced to poverty, and a rich relation refusing to assist us, my sister and myself retired to a little cottage among the mountains, and there we lived for some time humbly, but contentedly. I was by nature passionate and proud, she was, in some things, of the same disposition, but all the young fervour of her feelings had been long engaged in the service of religion. Mine had been suffered to run riot among the hopes and wishes of this world. She had resolved to end her life in the cloister. I was engaged to marry one too good and pure for such a wretch as I was. The convent to which my sister retired was not far distant, and after she had been there some time, she became so delicate that she was obliged to return to her old home for change of air. She retained her convent dress, but still retained the Cross and veil. The people knew her by her charities, and she was revered as an Angel dedicated to the service of the Most High. Time passed away: in a few days I was to be married, and then Bianca was to return to her convent, and her old place to be filled up by the presence of my bride. A few days,—but a few days more, and then how different had been our fate. Blessed be God for all his mercies, chiefly for this one by which my crime was pardoned, and by which the gift of a religious life was conferred upon me, the most unworthy that ever was called to its sacred duties! It was a festal day; my sister, as was usual with her, remained at home, but I went forth to meet my fair Benita.

"I will not trouble you with a history of my wretched deeds that day:—I need not enough to say I grew jealous, quarrelled, red blood was on my hand,—I fled to the mountains, and three days afterwards stood before my innocent sister as one of a band of desperate men, outlawed from society for crimes like my own. We had not a thought concealed from each other; and in a few minutes I told her all;—of my fatal jealousy, of my desperate deed, of my fearful companionship with men yet more wicked than myself. And in the midst of my wild confession, came words of madness wrung from the repentant agonised soul, words which were full of sweetness to her, for they revealed the workings of a mind that yet strugled from the contemplation of the gulf into which it had plunged headlong. I was a desperate man that night, else I could I have resisted the tears and solicitations of one whom I loved with a holier love than I bore my bride. In vain, Bianca wept and prayed, appealed by turns to my love for her, and my hopes of forgiveness through the merits of my Saviour; I was obdurate,—too weak to cast off my fetters, and too stupid not to detest them. The sun went down over the hills and still Bianca wept and prayed. The first star of the night appeared, it was the signal for my

parture. I flung my arms round the weeping girl, pressed her once more madly to my heart, and rushed forth on my destiny.

"That night, my career of iniquity was to begin. The robbers had seen me desperate; they judged me hardened as themselves; and while they unfolded their schemes to me, they guessed not the remorse that was gnawing my heart. The wickedness shocked, the cruelty revolted me. This was no scheme of romantic enterprise, such as had often fired my young blood in the bare recital,—no attack on armed men, where the iniquity is lost sight of in the boldness of the deed. The victims of the night were an old man and his child, with a few attendants, unarmed and rich. My soul shuddered within me as I heard them thus remorselessly doom to murder the helplessness of one sex, the feeble years of another. My task was an easy one. I was to take post on a spot which commanded the path, and to give a preconcerted signal of the approach of the victims. They left me alone. It was a wild and solitary spot. Not a tree was to be seen for miles around; but low brushed woods and jutting rocks gave ample shelter to the demons with whom I was leagued. I sat myself down; and covering my face with my hands (those guilty hands which were stained with the blood of a fellow-creature,) I gave myself up to the torrent of thought that rushed through my brain. One hour passed away—I thought not that it had been so much. Darkness covered all things over; not a breath disturbed the stillness that reigned on the hills, and never did a spot seem so deserted as that one. Yet I knew that not very far off were ambushed men about to imbrue their hands in the guilt of blood. The silence grew oppressive. I became fearfully excited,—I fancied demons were whispering in my ear, inciting me on to murder. My brain began to burn,—the air seemed full of flame,—I even thought I could distinctly hear the suppressed breathing of the distant gang, and their cautious tread among the rustling bushes. Do what I would, my thoughts would rush back to the home I had left, to the sister I had forsaken. I lived over and over again the agony of the last few days. What had I been?—my soul seemed to ask in its agony; and what am I now? Then it was that a figure seemed to rise between me and the dark blue skies, and the faint moon fell upon his cold impassive face, and I knew the man I had murdered, and his look said plainly as words could say, 'THOU ART A MURDERER.'—And they pierced through and through to my inmost soul, and I believed I cried out in my anguish, for I knew that his words were true, and that henceforth I must wander among my fellow-men with the mark of Cain stamped upon my brow. I flung myself on the ground; I rolled in an agony of despair in the dust; I tried to shut out the horrid vision with my hands, but there it was, still mocking my terror with its still cold look of woe, and 'MURDERER, MURDERER,' seemed written in characters of fire on my brain.

"I would have left the fatal spot, but fear paralyzed my limbs; I would have blasphemed in my agony, but an invisible power seemed to freeze the words on my lips; self-destruction seemed my only chance of escape from the hor-

rors of remorse ;—I fumbled for a knife which I ever carried about me. Lady, at that very instant, when I stood upon the verge of eternal damnation, the sweet sounds of a bell stealing along the wasted hills fell on my ear, and, like oil upon the troubled waters, soothed my soul to a sudden calm. I began to breathe more freely, the form of my victim seemed to fade from before me, I ventured to look up, and what a sight did my eyes behold ! A tall cross lifting its arms towards heaven, as if demanding mercy for the wretch who had unconsciously crouched at its feet. A cross !—and upon it the form of the crucified God. In one moment I was clasping its foot. What was it to me that the cross was rude, the figure barely recognisable as an imitation of the human form.—such as they were, they sufficed to transport me to the cross of Mount Calvary. I was present in spirit at the great sacrifice of redemption ; I heard the sound of the hammer ; I saw the blood flowing from his wounds ; I beheld him hanging once more between heaven and earth, a victim of propitiation for the sins of the world. ‘For thee, for thee, he died.’ The words seemed to come from the Cross, and to pierce my soul like lightning ; but with them came a terrible thought of despair, ‘He died, but not for thee ; thy sins are beyond the pale of salvation.’ Scarce had the enemy of mankind suggested the thought, when the bell for the Angelus tolled once more. It was as if the Mother of God had spoken to my soul in the silence of that hour set apart by all Christians to commemorate her consent to the incarnation of Christ and the salvation of man. Methought she spoke to me thus : ‘Crucify not my son again, oh man ! by thoughts of despair. Never has his blood been poured forth in vain. Arise, go thy ways, and repent. I am the Mother of Mercy, and from Mercy itself will I ask thy pardon.’ Lady, I may not tell of the grateful tears which were shed at the foot of that Cross. I may not tell you of the love and sorrow which burned in the breast of the pardoned bandit.—Magdalen has shed such tears at the feet of her Saviour. The penitent thief has known such love when he heard those blessed words, ‘This day shalt thou be with me in paradise.’

“Many a soul was hushed that hour into thoughts of fervent adoration ; but who could feel as I did, who had been so much forgiven ? who had been so saved from a career of crime ! Oh ! speak not to me,” father Francis continued, with an accent of fervour that made me start,—“speak not to me of idolatry and superstition in the love which we Catholics give to the Mother of God ! Tell me not that she who shared, as a mother, in every thought of Jesus, does not share in his compassion for man ; that she who stood beneath the Cross does not pity us, even for the pity which he showed to the penitent thief ; or, that he will refuse her prayer, whose slightest wish he obeyed on earth. Tell me not that the sinner is unpitied by her, who understands the nature of vice and virtue more clearly than it ever was given to any other mortal to understand it ; since she measures her love for the one, and her hatred for the other, by the love that she bears to God ;—love that may be almost deemed without

measure in her, whose soul reflects the perfections of the Divinity, as the mirror returns the effulgence of the sun. Mary is the mother of mankind by the spirit, as Eve was their mother by the flesh. Tell me not that she sits in the Heaven of Heavens, mindful of the glories which Jesus gives her, unmindful of the sinners for whom Jesus died; that she turns not her eyes towards her children weeping and mourning in this vale of tears; that she seeks not continually their pardon from her Son, or that Jesus, that Son, will be deaf to her prayer. She did not refuse him anything on earth, neither will he deny her aught in Heaven; least of all will he refuse her the conversion of man, for whose salvation he thirsted while walking on earth. Then tell me not that there is no efficacy in the prayers of Mary; rather cry out with St. Bernard—“Oh, Mother! let those cease to honour you, who never have experienced the efficacy of your prayers!”

The old man paused, tears streaming from his eyes which were lifted towards Heaven, and his whole face radiant with love! Would that at the hour of my death, such thoughts as caused the brightness of that look may be dwellers in my soul! After a moment's prayer, he spoke again.

“Yes, my good friend, trust me this belief in the communion of Saints,—which with the monstrous inconsistency attached to error, the Church of England reads aloud in her churches, while she dares to scoff it as a Catholic superstition,—this very belief is one of the most consoling doctrines of the Church of Christ, one of the silver links that bind heaven and earth together, and that makes the church militant upon earth in some degree a sharer in the joys of the Church triumphant in Heaven. Who ever stood above the grave of a Saint, and felt not a joyful thrill through his soul, which seemed a participation of his heavenly bliss, and which was truly an incentive to more perfect virtue? Who ever thought upon Mary, and thanked not God in his heart for the graces bestowed upon her, and through her upon all mankind in the person of her Son? In very truth, this reliance on the prayers of Mary and the Saints is the ægis which has preserved thousands from the despair and suicide that disgrace the annals of unbelieving England. It is the wand of Aaron which brings forth flowers and fruit from the sapless wood, and by its emulative influence on the mind, it may be even declared to have often made perfection more perfect in the souls of the just.”

He paused once more. I murmured a few words, I know not what, for I was overborne by the energy with which he had asserted his belief in the communion of Saints; but he fancied I demanded an explanation, which he instantly gave.—That the prayers of one person are more acceptable than the prayers of another, we learn from the book of Job, where God tells the two friends of Job, ‘My servant Job shall pray for you; and his face I will accept, that folly be not imputed to you; for you have not spoken right things before me, as my servant Job hath.’ Now humility and this text alike teach us to believe, that the Saints who have passed through the trials of this life, and are no long-

er even capable of offending God, will pray in a manner more pleasing to Him, than we, who are continually sinning against Him even in our very prayers; and consequently that their petitions will often be heard, when ours would not be granted, 'because we have not spoken right things before the Lord,' as the Saints, His servants, have done. For this reason we are taught by the Church to have great confidence in the prayers of the Saints, and we believe that they can hear our requests, because it is written in Scripture, that 'there is joy among the Angels of God over one sinner doing penance.' And of the Saints we are told, 'that they are as the Angels of God.' Therefore the power of understanding our feelings, which Christ declared was given to the Angels, we must of course believe to have been likewise conceded to the Saints, who are in all things as the Angels of God. We rely more particularly on the prayers of Mary, because we believe Almighty God will most readily grant her petitions whom He chose to be the Mother of His Son, and who is, therefore, dearer to Him than the most favoured of His heavenly host; and because she loves mankind with the love of a Mother, for such she became to us from the moment when Jesus bequeathed her to John, and through John to the whole race of man as a mother. "Now, dear lady," the old man continued earnestly, "if you were living beneath the rule of a king who had absolute power over your property and life, would you not feel more secure and happy were you persuaded that all his most intimate friends were your friends likewise, and if his mother had conceived such an affection for you that she even condescended to address you as her child—in short, if you were assured that the whole court would remonstrate in your favour, should the king be inclined to act harshly in your regard. This king is Jesus, the Judge of the living and the dead, this mother and these courtiers are Mary and the Saints.—Can you wonder that we have confidence in their prayers, or that a great Saint declared, he would not be afraid of appearing before Jesus, if he were sure of the intercession of Mary, being certain that the Son would not refuse to grant the prayer of the Mother—that Mother whom he loves as the most perfect of his creatures, and as the most tender of mothers."

"There seems some justice in your remarks, my good father," I replied.—"And now may I not hear the remainder of your story?"

"I have little more to tell lady. I rose from my knees an humbled and an altered man; and as the first duty of repentance is to undo the evil it has done, I warned the travellers of their danger, concealed them in a little chapel dedicated to our Blessed Lady which the robbers would not have ventured to assault, and taking one of their horses, I rode like a madman to a neighbouring village, where I knew I could obtain such an escort as would enable them to leave their retreat in safety. I succeeded, and by dawn next morning they were on their way, and I rode with them for a league. I soon told them my story, and they promised and ultimately obtained my pardon for the crime which was the origin of all my woes. As we approached my home, I strained my eyes to be-

hold it once more, and my soul rejoiced in the joy which Bianca would feel at my swift repentance. I strained my eyes to see it, but it was no longer there or a thick smoke veiled it from my eyes. A presentment of evil crept over my heart—voices came up from the valley—they were singing the hymn for the dead—I spurred on my mule. A troop of peasants were slowly approaching. When they saw me they opened their ranks, and amid a low murmur of pity, laid their load on the ground. I sprang from my saddle, and gazed one moment wildly around—the next I was kneeling by the corpse of Bianca.”—He paused again in uncontrollable emotion. “I learnt all afterwards,” he resumed. “The bandits soon discovered that I had betrayed them; they sought me at my home; had they found me they would have murdered me. Bianca came forth to meet them. Her veil was on her head, and her cross was on her neck. As a nun she feared them not, and even among men like these, the fame of her sanctity would have been sufficient protection; but when she knew their errand, unable to repress her pious gratitude, she fell on her knees, and thanked God for having saved me from crime. Enraged at this, one of the robbers fired; the ball touched a vital part; terrified at the sacrilege they had committed, they set fire to the house, and departed. A servant who had been concealed now came to the aid of Bianca. It was too late; she was rapidly dying. Once more she thanked God for His mercies to me, then lifting her eyes to that Heaven, the glories of which seemed already reflected in the radiance of her face, and crying out, ‘Father lay not this crime to their charge,’ with these words of pardon and peace yet on her lips she gave up her innocent soul to God. We buried her in the churchyard of the convent, and often the kind sisters fling white roses on the grave of one whose spirit was like the flower, for it had never known a stain.”

“And your bride?” I asked.

“I sought her, and told her all. Her love was more that of an Angel than of a human being; she gave me most willingly to the service of God.”

“And what became of her?”

“Lady, there is a nun in the convent where my sister should have been, and every day she kneels at the lowly grave of Bianca, and our spirits mingle in prayer when the bells of the churches toll the ANGELUS.”

M. C. A.

(London Cath. Mag.)

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

OREGON TERRITORY.—Extract of a letter, dated Fort Alexandria, 11th February, 1843, and addressed to Rev. Father De Smet by Rev. M. Demers, a Canadian clergyman occupied in the missions of Oregon.

—“On the 29th July, 1842, I left Fort Okanagan with the company under the command of the estimable Peter Ogden, Esq.; three days after I had the pleasure of receiving your letter, written with a pencil, from the hands of the chief Okanagan, whom you have perhaps seen and whom we call the “Great Young Man.” We learn, by information received from *les Chaudières*, that you saw the missionaries who came by the Prairies; others have arrived by the lake; and three weeks after our departure, two French priests came in the boat belonging to the Hudson Bay Company. Yesterday I was at the fork of the Okanagan, where I was grieved to find so few marks of your visit in the spring: even the sign of the Cross has been nearly forgotten. The two adults, whom you baptized came to see me in good health. Having camped there I baptized twenty eight children, six of whom had been at Okanagan. On the 10th August I arrived at Kameloups. The neighbouring savages having seen that a “black gown” had come to visit them assembled in great numbers. You cannot imagine the transports of joy and delight by which these poor savages showed the pleasure they took at seeing a priest; but I could remain only a short time with them, during which I taught them to make the sign of the cross and baptized several. On leaving them I gave them crosses with their names written upon them. On the 10th the company took up its line of march for this place. Along the route I saw a great many savages, who, having heard of my arrival, came to meet me at different places. This alone makes known to us their disposition and the desire which they have to be instructed in the things of heaven. A great number of children had the happiness to receive the grace of baptism. On the 24th I crossed the river Frazer, after a fatiguing march of twenty six days on horseback. It was at the Fort I expected to pass the winter, but having an opportunity to visit the most advanced posts in the interior of the country, by taking passage, through the kindness of Mr. Ogden, in the wagons which took the merchandize destined for those forts, I came back upon the Frazer, a river, in comparison with which, the Columbia has nothing frightful, although the former is much less in size. I arrived at Fort George on the 6th of September, where I saw but few Indians, as they had not received information in sufficient time to assemble. Few only were baptized. The company reached the end of its long travels on the 16th at Nanakazelo, otherwise called Stewart’s Lake, which is thirty-five miles long and eight or twelve wide. I was ten hundred and fifty miles from Vancouver; my only company was to be three young men, and my only means of conveyance a barge which was to be built within three days. At other places the savages have shown better dispositions, but I made use of this short space of time in pointing out the principal disorders which existed among them, and in teaching them to make the sign of the cross. On leaving them I gave them the right to hope that they would

soon see among them other interpreters of their Father, for this is the name which they gave to me, and that these would remain a long time with them, so as to teach them all their duties. Loaded down with the attentions and politeness of Mr. Ogden, after having baptised twenty-five children, white and black, I left Stewart's Lake the 19th and on the 24th I was at this place. You can learn the rapidity of the waters from the time which my descent occupied. Some days after, I went to visit Tchilkoteux. It was a journey of three days. They soon assembled, and during the sixteen days that I passed among them, I taught them the prayers as far as the Commandments, including these. At the same time, I gave them a general idea of our holy religion by means of my *Catholic bulder*. A young man showed a prodigious memory—he learned the Ave Maria in two hours, and the six first articles of the Creed in one hour. Having made them capable of making use of the beads, I gave a set to the chief. Returning on the 27th of October, I commenced to teach the prayers to my Staoten. By the 20th of November they knew as far as the Commandments, and by the 9th of December they were able to chaunt six canticles, even the little children of five or six years old. Thus we see how capable they are of learning, and how much they promise for religion, when grace shall have reformed their manners and changed their habits. This will not be the work of a day, for much is to be reformed. Though polygamy is rare, the marriage bond is easily broken. Frightful debaucheries exist among both sexes, and as elsewhere, the women are corrupted by the whites. They have often killed their children to conceal their shame. I have gained much among them in making them give up some of their customs. Their language is difficult to pronounce and their letters unlike those of the other nations, which I have known. So much for the Porteurs. The Atnaus are a nation of about five hundred souls. They are divided into four camps, extended along the river.—They have as much to be reformed as the Porteurs; their language is essentially different, and the pronounciation of it discouraging at least to me. It has some resemblance to the Okauagan. I have already a good *stock* of work. It increases every day.

I have now passed twenty days among the Atnaus. Following the example of the Porteurs, they have built a chapel forty feet in length and nineteen in width. They have given not less hope than the Porteurs, that they will soon become a precious portion of the flock of Jesus Christ. They have learned the same prayers, but only five canticles. The number of baptisms amounts to four hundred and thirty six, of whom three adults, who were in danger of death. You see, my Reverend Father, what I can at present do for the savages. It is only a weak commencement; but the field is open and ready for you. You learn by these details that the work is too great for one labourer, and that the demand for others is a pressing one. At a day's journey from this place I have found a prairie, containing about two thousand five hundred acres of land, one third of which is very good. The frosts, which injure the

corn here, do not the same injury there. They have a beautiful place for a mill and wood is abundant. A neighbouring lake furnishes excellent fish in the spring,—and there is a little river which crosses the prairie. The land here is certainly inferior, but it produces good barley, corn, potatoes and other vegetables.—Dry salmon affords us our principal nourishment. This prairie is but three hours walk from the river Frazer, where is situated the largest camp of the Atnaus."

Of the Canadian secular clergy, Rev. Messrs. Blanchets, Demers and two others principally attend the various forts of the English Hudson Bay Company; and several Jesuits of the Province of France have lately left Montreal for Oregon Territory, to labour among the Indians *north* of the Columbia river; whilst the Jesuits of Missouri take charge of the Indian Missions *south* of the same river and on the Rocky Mountains.

St. Louis.—On Sunday the 10th ult. the sacrament of confirmation was administered in the church of St. Michael, Fredericktown, Madison Co. Mo., to 56 persons, among the adult portion of which number were several converts.—During the Mass the coadjutor Bishop preached on the devotion of Catholics to the Blessed Virgin. In the afternoon of the same, and the two following days, he delivered lectures in the church on the principle of Roman Catholics. The following scholastics of the Society of Jesus received tonsure and minor orders at the hands of the coadjutor Bishop in the Cathedral on Thursday, 21st ult., Louis Dumortier, Adrien Van Hulst, Francis Hortsmann, John Bax, Ignatius Maes. On the same occasion the holy order of sub-deaconship was conferred on John Baptist Druyts, Francis O'Loughlin, Peter Arnoudt, Maepele and Arnould Damen—all scholastics of the same society. On the following morning the last named five schoolastics; together with Rev. James Murphy, sub-deacon, were ordained deacons; and on the morning of Saturday were, together with Mr. Murphy, raised to the order of priests. The Coadjutor Bishop left this city in the early part of last week to visit the following places agreeably to appointment:

St. Augustin's, Fulton Co., Ill., Sunday 1st October.

Fountain Green, Hancock Co., Sunday 8th October.

Santa Fe, Clark Co., Wednesday 11th, October.

Edina, Scotland Co., Thursday 12th October.

Indian Creek Church, Monroe Co., Sunday 15th October.

St. Paul's, Ralls Co., Sunday, 22d.

The Female Free School attached to the Church of St. Francis Xavier was opened on the 4th of September in the new and convenient school house, corner of St. Charles and 10th Streets. One hundred and seventy-five girls were admitted by the Sisters of Charity, who take charge of this institution. On the 24th inst. the Male Free School was re-opened in the basement story of the Church. It is under the charge of four schoolastics of the Society of Jesus.—Three hundred and fifty were admitted at the opening.

NOMINATIONS.—The Very Rev. George T. Wilson has been elected Provin-

cial of the Dominican order in the United States. The Very Rev. James Van De Velde has been appointed Provincial of the Jesuits in Missouri, Louisiana, Ohio, and the Indian territory.

NEW ORLEANS.—Recent occurrences in this city on the part of some nominal catholics supply a melancholy proof, that a spirit of insubordination to ecclesiastical authority still continues to characterize the Trustees of the Cathedral. These gentlemen have lately set aside a portion of the Catholic Cemetery, of which the guardianship or control is vested in them by their fellow-Catholics,—for erecting a monument to Freemasonry, in the persons of those unhappy and misguided Catholics, who belong to that society. The ceremony of laying the first stone of the intended monument was attended with a considerable degree of notoriety; and an address was delivered on the occasion by the Grand Master of the Freemasons in Louisiana, who, it seems, happens also to be President of the Board of Trustees of the Cathedral. Our readers must, for the most part, know, that according to the rules of the Catholic Church, no Freemason can be admitted to the Sacraments while living, or to christian sepulture when dead, unless he have previously renounced connection with that society. But the Trustees of New Orleans Cathedral have, by a deliberate public act, shewn that they are not only prepared to set at nought the authority of their excellent Bishop, but also to disregard the authority of that Church of which they profess to be members,—in which character they have, unfortunately, succeeded in obtaining the administration of the temporalities of the Cathedral of New Orleans. These gentlemen undoubtedly must regard themselves as very important personages; and they very probably imagine that they are manifesting a spirit of proper independence, in thus violating the laws of the Church, and outraging the feelings of their fellow Catholics. That they are very courageous as well as very adroit, is evinced by their courting once more public indignation, if not in New Orleans, certainly everywhere else throughout the the United States; as well as by the unworthy *ruse* which enabled them to pass the obnoxious measure, at a meeting presided over by the Rector of the Cathedral, Rev. Mr. Bach, who, however, was not informed, as honour and justice required that he should be informed, of the exact nature of the act in which he was thus made to co-operate. This may be all very admirable in the eyes of the Trustees and of their adherents. But it might be well for both to distrust their own views of the proceeding, and to endeavour to see themselves and their acts as they are looked on by others. They would, perhaps, discover that it is but a very equivocal proof of their Catholicity, to desecrate a Catholic cemetery by as public and solemn an approval of a society condemned by the Church as they could give; and that it is but a very poor test of courage to provoke a contest with those, who are men of peace, or to triumph over the simplicity that confided in their good faith; and that in the judgment of all unprejudiced men, whether Catholics, Protestants or unbelievers, they must be content to pass as wanton disturbers of the peace of a respec-

table, and, we believe edifying congregation, without having any assignable motive for such conduct, but a badly concealed spirit of hostility to a Religion, which they have neither the virtue nor the courage to abandon.

NATCHEZ.—The new and splendid Cathedral of this city is now roofed in, and will be ready for consecration towards the end of this year. We understand that the King and Queen of France have presented the Bishop of Natchez a large church bell and a beautiful painting for the new edifice.

PHILADELPHIA.—The *Catholic Herald* of the 24th August last, announced, on the authority of a Roman *biglietto*, brought by a carrier-pigeon, five weeks in advance of the steamer, that on the 7th of that month, the Very Rev. Dr. O'Connor, late Vicar General of the Bishop of Philadelphia and Pastor of St. Paul's, Pittsburgh, had been appointed the first Bishop of the newly erected See in this latter city. The editor of the *Herald*, evidently takes great pleasure in mystifying his readers on the occasion of this announcement.

CONVERSIONS.—Mr. Baily, formerly an Episcopal Minister in the State of New York, and Mr. Geo. F. Haskins, formerly a Minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Boston, have both abjured Protestantism and fled into the ark of Catholic unity. Both have entered into the institution of St. Sulpice at Paris, in pursuit of Theological studies for the Priesthood. In late letters to their friends they express their happiness in their present situations—*Cath. Herald*.

CANADA.—*Montreal*.—The consecration of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Phelan, as Co-adjutor Bishop of Kingston, took place on the 20th of August last, in the Cathedral of Montreal. The Bishop of Montreal was the consecrator, assisted by the Bishop of Toronto and of Sydome, in *partibus infidelium*. In *Charlottetown*, the Rt. Rev. Bishop, B. D. McDonald, placed the first stone of his new Cathedral on the 18th of July. It will be a large Gothic edifice.

ITALY.—*Rome*.—On the 12th of June the H. Congregation of rites has issued a decree, petitioning his Holiness to sign the commission of commencing the Beatification of 44 martyrs, who shed their blood for the faith in China Tong-King, and Cochin China in 1798, 1814, and the following years. His Holiness has signed the decree on the 22d of the same month, with the request that the number should be added to the 26 martyrs, whose process of Beatification was instituted in 1840.

Mr. Strobel, formerly Consul of the United States at Bordeaux was induced by the reading of the works of Dr. Wiseman to investigate the tenets of the Catholic religion. On his return to the United States he had many a conversation with Bishop Hughes, of New York, on religious subjects. Convinced of the truth, he was lately received into the bosom of the Catholic Church by Father Barbelin, of the Society of Jesus in Philadelphia.—*Foreign paper*.

ENGLAND.—New Churches have been opened in Kemerton and Birtley, in the county of Durham.

IRELAND.—*Cork*.—The Catholic clergy of this city have resolved to erect a

monument to commemorate the virtues, talents, and apostolic labours of the late lamented Bishop of Charleston, (S. C.) Rt. Rev. Dr. ENGLAND, who was born in that city in 1786, and whose fame and merits are esteemed by the best and brightest men of the new and old world. The Catholics of the United States will, surely, not permit the ashes of the illustrious prelate, to whom they are so deeply indebted, to remain without some suitable monument, to mark their sense of departed merit.

At Clifton, on the western coast a new monastery is to be erected by the Trappists.

FRANCE.—Mgr. Forbes Tanson, Bishop of Nancy, who visited lately our country, has instituted in France and Belgium the order of the "holy infancy," for the purpose of saving the unfortunate children, who in China are abandoned by their unfeeling parents and doomed to extinction.

The Arch-Bishop of Paris ordained, on the 10th of June last, 260 persons in the Church of St. Sulpice; among whom, forty-six received the order of Priesthood.

The clerical rank of Grand Almoner has been restored in France. La Tour d' Auvergne, Bishop of Arras, is named to that distinguished post.

HOLLAND.—Haarlem.—On the 28th of May last, a large and splendid Church was solemnly consecrated to the Most High, under the invocation of St. Joseph, by the Bishop of Curium, *in partibus infidelium*. All the State and city authorities, both civil and military, assisted on the occasion. The Rev. C. Brære, Professor of Philosophy in the Seminary of Hagevelt, as introductory to his discourse, gave a short outline of the history of our holy Religion in Holland, *as it was and as it is now*. He returned the warmest thanks, in the name of the congregation, to His Majesty, King William II, and to his illustrious father, who both, though Protestants, have liberally contributed to the erection of the building. He observed that the Bishop of Curium was the first Bishop of Holland proper, since the days of the Reformation, that in this his native city, in 1841, he had the pleasure of having blessed the first stone of the Church which was now completed; and that this was the 50th Church he had consecrated or blessed from that time till the present day. More than 600 members of the congregation received the Holy Communion on that day.

Extract of a letter received in this city from Lyons in France, dated, 19th July, 1843:

CHINA.—Five Fathers and one laybrother of the French Province of the Society of Jesus are to sail for China, from Brest, towards the close of August next.

COCHIN-CHINA.—We have just received the agreeable news, that a commander of one of the French vessels, having landed in Cochin-China, presented himself to the Governor of the city, where several Missionaries were imprisoned for the faith, and about to suffer a most cruel martyrdom. The commander protested against the violation of the Laws of Nations, and against the

judgment in the name of the King of France. This request was heard and the prisoners were released.

MADURA.—Indoostan.—This mission has lost two zealous Missionaries.—**Frs. de St. Jardon** and **Charignon**, of the Society of Jesus; both died of an attack of the cholera. Three other Fathers of the same society have just left France to labour in that very flourishing mission.

SWITZERLAND.—Miraculous cure.—Extract from a letter dated from Friburg July 5th 1843. A miraculous cure has been effected on one of the inmates of the Jesuit College of this city, by the touching of a part of the seamless garment which our Saviour wore, whilst on earth, and which as a valuable relic is kept in great veneration in the College.* A young student, called **Henry Clifford**, got his foot hurt, which caused a painful swelling, to which soon after inflammation was added. His sufferings were excruciating, and the physicians judged his life in danger. All the members of the college made a Novena for the lad. On the 20th of June, the last day of that pious devotion, one of the Fathers was deputed to administer to him the consolations of religion. It entered the mind of this Father to excite the faith and the confidence of the sufferer, and to make use of the sacred relic. He reminded him that the sick woman in the gospel honoured the hem of the garment of Jesus, and was miraculously cured by touching it with a respectful humility and a lively faith. The young man filled with confidence joined in prayer with the Father, who shortly after applied the relic to his sore foot, but apparently with no other result, the first and second time, than to increase its sensibility. The relic was applied a third time, and, behold! all pain ceases: the youth smiles, rises and exclaims with great joy: *I am cured*. He walks out barefoot to the Chapel of the College, and there prostrate before an image of the blessed Virgin sheds tears of gratitude. One of the physicians ordered a shoe to be put on that foot, which for more than two months was sensible to the least touch which was done without causing the least sensation. The physicians then drew out the following protest: "We, the undersigned, surgeons and medical practitioners can not reconcile the circumstances connected with the cure of young **Henry Clifford** with the result of our medical science, provided the cure prove lasting, as we have no reason to doubt, but we consider the cure as a direct effect of the Divine Power.

Friburg 17th June 1843. **Ducrest, M. D.** **Longchamp, M. D.** **Lagger, M. D."**

The above protest was sent to the Bishop of Lausanne and Geneva, and attested by him on the 28th of June last.

* It is universally admitted that a part of that sacred vestment was kept originally in the Benedictine Abby, at Argenteuil near Versailles. During the French Revolution of the last century, it was continually hid, but after its storm had passed, the sacred relic was anew exposed to the veneration of the faithful: it was at this period that the Jesuits of Friburg obtained a small piece of it.

AFRICA.—Whilst France is sending her Missionaries to northern and eastern Africa, and Catholicity is flourishing in Algiers and Tunis, and spreading in Egypt and Abyssinie; whilst the United States of America is sending her champions of the faith to fertilise the western shore with the dew of the Gospel in Guinea and Congo, England and Ireland are not less active in bestowing the same blessings on the southern extremities of that continent. The English papers inform us, that churches have been lately erected and dedicated to the Most High, at Port Elizabeth, at Grahamstown and at Georgetown. In the colony of Capetown there were already five priests, whose number was to be increased to seven on Holy Saturday last, by the ordination of two young men. Rev. Mr. Gibson, of Liverpool, was looked for daily at the Cape of Good Hope, having volunteered to serve these distant missions.

NOTICES OF BOOKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

The British Critic and Quarterly Theological Review, Number LXVII. July 1843.—London.*

Although not one of our religious periodicals, *The British Critic* is so orthodox in its principles, and so independent in the expression of them, that we scarcely know how to exclude it from the rank of catholic publications. Some of our readers, perhaps, will be gratified to learn now for the first time, that the *Dublin Review* is not the only Quarterly that advocates Catholic principles in the British metropolis. *The British Critic* is the acknowledged organ of the Puseyites, and its tone may be considered as indicating the views and feelings of that very important party. Were we, however, to consider it, in the present number as strictly such,—and we have no very strong reason to prevent us from so considering it, Puseyism is much nearer to Catholicism than we should otherwise have believed. In fact, a more unexceptionably Catholic periodical we believe could scarcely be found. It opens with a long, deeply reasoned, and above all, truly Catholic article, on the ‘*Synagogue and the Church*,’ in which we are at a loss what most to admire—the noble independence or persuasive eloquence of the writer. A book of the (P. E.) Bishop of Chester on *Justification*, affords matter for the second article, in which the reviewer impeaches the orthodoxy of the Rt. Rev. author, and holds up to him the decrees of Trent, as models of accuracy and orthodoxy on that important subject. “*Hebrew Biography*” exposes one of those miserable attempts at book-making, which are so common in this enlightened age. “*St. Auselem and Henry I.*” ably vindicates the principle of the contest in which the Church engaged with the civil power during the middle ages, and in which the personages from whom the article derives its title, acted so conspicuous a part. ‘*The Bishopric of Jerusalem*’ in a candid avowal of what has been generally considered more a political than religious humbug—for that it was nothing more nor less all par-

* This notice was prepared for our last No.

ties are now pretty well agreed; and the reviewer regrets the sacrifice of principle to which the English Church was a party, or in which it silently acquiesced on this occasion, and which is now justly rewarded humiliation and reproach. '*Annals*' is a beautiful ironical notice of the splendid trash that, year after year, issues from the press, decked out so beautifully and withal so empty in themselves, as to be the very popinjays of literature. '*Sacred and Semi-Sacred Concerts*,' although intended for Protestants, might be read with immense profit by Catholics, especially by many of our English and Irish brethren, and even by some of our faultless selves in the United States. But the crowning article is '*The Six Doctors*,' or a review of the proceedings which lately terminated in the suspension of Dr. Pusey. This article is a masterpiece of close reasoning and crushing rebuke, and places the conduct of Dr. Pusey's judges, 'the six doctors,' in the least enviable light.

Several prepared notices of Books crowded out.

OBITUARY.

DIED in Eastport, Maine, on the 23d July, at the residence of the Rev. B. Caraher, the Rev. M. Desmilliers, Missionary among the Passamaquoddy Indians, aged 38 years. The deceased was a native of France, and had been 14 years a missionary to the above tribe.

On the 20th of August, 1843, at the College of St. Marys, Barrens, Perry Co., Missouri, Rev. John Larkin, C. M. This young clergyman was ordained priest in the month of August, 1842, and during the short time of his ministry was distinguished for zeal and piety.

On the 27th of August, in St. Charles College, at Grand Coteau, Louisiana, of consumption, the Rev. Abraham Baekers, a subdeacon of the Catholic Church. He was 27 years of age. He left Holland, his native country, in 1840, and entered the Noviciate of the Jesuits in Missouri, in November of the same year.

During the two last months the following Sisters of Charity of the St. Joseph's community, near Emmetsburg, Md., Sister Petronilla Smith, at the St. Joseph's orphan asylum in Philadelphia, of which she had been, for 15 years, a faithful directress. She was a native of Maryland. Sister Maurice Whelan, from Philadelphia; Sister Lydia Carroll, from Ireland; Sister Vitis M'Kay, from Cincinnati: all three died in the mother house at Emmitsburg. On the 5th of September, died of yellow fever in the Charity Hospital at New Orleans Sister Frederica McDonald, born of protestant parents in Ireland. At the age of seven years, she accompanied one of her uncles, likewise a protestant, to the United States. Subsequently she was entrusted to the care of Sisters of Charity at Frederictown (Md.) It was here that the innocent soul, one day humbled before a statue of the Blessed Virgin, felt the powerful influence of God's grace and opened her eyes to the light of the true faith. She subsequently entered the community of the Sisters near Emmitsburg and was sent in November 1842, to New Orleans, where she died a martyr of Charity in the 21st year of her age.

THE CATHOLIC CABINET,

AND

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LITERATURE AND THE ARTS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

Literature and the Arts during the middle ages supply a theme at once vast and important: vast, because it comprises a period of nearly one thousand years; and important, because it exhibits the rise and progress to perfection, of institutions intimately connected with civilization and political liberty. That period was the nursery of nations—the parent of civilization and of empire.—From the partial chaos of those ages, sprang into existence systems of government, which, by their harmony and adaptation to the wants of mankind, are the admiration of the present century.

The attention of the literary world has been lately awakened to the importance of this subject. Italy has as usual pioneered the way. About the middle of the last century; the learned Muratori published in thirty huge folio volumes the hitherto inedited works of the middle ages, to which he annexed copious and learned commentaries of his own. This herculean labour was followed by another work by the same author, in which this giant of modern literature published to the world, in six large folio volumes of Essays, the results of his researches into the manners, customs, and antiquities of that period. The very vastness of this work, as well as the size of its tomes, would make one of our modern literati, who loves *meagre* volumes with *fine* covers, shudder with horror! Muratori was followed by Tiraboschi, another illustrious Italian, whose classical and extensive History of Italian Literature, has, I think, no equal, and even no parallel in any other language. These works constitute a complete repertory, where the studious inquirer into the history of the middle ages, may find all that he can reasonably ask for. Among the Germans who have laboured to illustrate this subject, it will be sufficient to name Frederick and William Schlegel, and more recent writers, Voight and Hurter, learned Protestant divines. The French have also done much in this field: it is sufficient for our purpose to name Michaud's History of the Crusades and to allude to many learned articles in a periodical work now published in France, and which would reflect honour on any country, "The Annals of Christian

Philosophy." Among English writers, Hallam has, perhaps, succeeded better than any other writer ; though his work, learned and excellent as it is in many respects, is but a *pigmy* compared to many of those named above.

The beginning and end of the period called the Middle Ages, has been variously assigned by chronologists and historians. We prefer, as the most natural and conformable to the great outlines of History, the opinion which dates the commencement of that period from the downfall of the Roman Empire in the west in 476 and fixes its termination at the fall of the same in the east, in 1453—a space of 977 years. The western empire which had commenced with Augustus terminated about 500 years after in Augustulus, or the little Augustus ; and the eastern, founded by Constantine the Great, when he removed the seat of empire from Rome to Constantinople in 330, terminated 1123 years afterwards in Constantine Paleologus, who might also be called with propriety *Constantine the little*.

That the reader may more easily follow the remarks we may have to make upon this subject, we will endeavour, 1st, to trace the causes which brought about the decline of Literature in those ages : 2dly. To present a rapid historical sketch of the condition of letters at various epochs of that period : 3dly. To point out the causes which prompted the gradual rise of letters ; and 4thly.—To take a general survey of that period, and to answer the question, “how much do we owe to those ages ?

1. The causes of the partial decline of letters during the period of which we are speaking, must be obvious to every reader of history. They are almost identical with those agencies which gradually weakened and finally overthrew the Roman Empire. This vast Colossus, which stood with one foot upon the heart of Europe, and the other upon Asia, grasping with one hand on Africa and with the other the Britains, was destined to share the fate of all earthly institutions. It trembled upon its base, tottered and fell—the victim of its own vastness, and innate tendency to decay. The German and northern hordes had ever been the most formidable enemies of Rome. The same spirit seems to have animated the Goths and Vandals under Alaric and Genseric, Atilla and Totila, as had many centuries before brought Brennus with his Gauls before the walls of Rome.

While Rome continued to be the seat of Empire, the efforts of the Northmen through centuries proved unavailing. As often as they attempted to overrun the empire, they were met by the Roman legions under an Adrian, a Marcus Aurelius or Septimius Severus and were driven back to their northern fastnesses. But no sooner had Constantine removed the seat of the empire to Constantinople, then the Western branch of the empire was devoted to destruction.—Franks, Goths, Vandals, Visgoths, Ostrogoths, Alans, Huns, Lombards, Danes and Normans, successively swept like torrents over the most beautiful provinces of Europe. Nothing could resist their force or check their headlong career. They swept everything before them. They conquered but to destroy.

They demolished almost every thing—for more than two centuries they built up nothing. From the year 400 to the year 600, was a sad period for Europe. The first conquerors did not occupy the soil which they had subdued; they pushed on to new conquests, or rather to new devastations. The territory they had last left was immediately occupied by another tribe more rapacious than themselves; and thus pushing each other on, as wave driving wave, they covered the face of Europe with the waters of a deluge of barbarism for centuries. It was only after the apparently inexhaustible population of the North had been almost drained, that the different tribes began to settle down permanently on the soil which they had hitherto only occasionally occupied.

Italy suffered most, as she was the favourite land with the Northmen; she was always aimed at because always beautiful,* as an Italian orator lately said; there was scarcely a tribe, which did not trample down her lovely fields and rich vineyards. During the brief space of twenty years, Rome was taken by assault and pillaged five times! Yet a late writer† has well said; "*Italy was to the Middle Ages, what Mt. Ararat was to the Deluge: the last reached by the waters of barbarism, and the first left.*" She was in truth the first reached by the barbarian tribes, and the last left; but she was the last upon which their barbarism made an impression.

The Northmen not only arrested agriculture, and pillaged cities, but they often destroyed libraries, and tore or defaced the finest monuments of Literature and the Arts. They spared nothing in their ruthless career of destruction.—Occasionally, indeed, an Attila, calling himself "*the Scourge of God*," would pause with awe before a Leo the Great, pleading with a Divine energy, that his flock might be spared by the wolf; and even a Totila, the last ravager of Rome (A. D. 554) would quail before the humble sanctity of a Benedict; but these are only exceptions to a general rule. Even the monasteries, those sanctuaries of learning, though often spared, were sometimes pillaged and destroyed. The famous Monastery of Mount Cassino, in Italy, to which even Totila had made a pilgrimage of reverence, was afterwards plundered by the Lombards, (A. D. 580.)

The confusion of Society—the perpetual tumults which distracted Europe—the destruction of agriculture and manufacturies, and the misery and wretchedness thereby induced—the tears and cries of the widow and orphan—and the other evils of that period, are feelingly deplored by cotemporaneous writers. So great was the distress in Europe, that about the beginning of the 10th century, many believed that the end of the world was at hand!

These causes seemed to act with but little intermission, until towards the end of the 10th century, or during a period of nearly 500 years! It required this long period to enable Europe, to settle down and to become adapted to the new

* "*Sempre bersagliata, perche sempre bella.*"

† In the North American Review—Art. Hallam's Middle Ages.

order of things, brought about by a series of revolutions till then unparalleled in History.

In the midst of continual agitation and Revolution, men could not find time to apply to the cultivation of letters. From necessity their hands were better trained to the use of the sword, than to that of the pen. From the continual devastation of wars, books, which could then be multiplied only by the copyist, became exceedingly scarce. The venerable Alexandrian library was destroyed by the Saracens in 641, and its fate was unhappily shared by many other valuable libraries in Europe. Books were so dear that they could be procured only by the wealthy, precisely because they had become so scarce. A memorable instance of this occurs in the case of the Dutches of Anjou, who for one copy of a book of homilies, gave one hundred sheep and eighty bushels of wheat! The loan of books itself, became sometimes a matter of diplomatic negotiation.

Another fact must be kept in view. Not only did new dynasties arise on the ruins of previous institutions; but a new population peopled Europe, with new manners, customs, laws and religion; whilst the miserable remnant of the original population, was reduced to a degrading vassalage. Who can wonder, if under these circumstances, literature declined? The great wonder is, that it was not entirely, and forever prostrated. And but for the finger of God, acting through the divine reactive energies of Christianity, we sincerely believe that this would have been the case.

Christianity was trampled in the dust by the armies of the infidel Northmen but her spirit was not subdued. She conquered, like her Founder, by being seemingly conquered for a time, by death! She bent her heavenly form to the storm, but did not quail under its violence; and when its utmost fury had been spent, she raised her head, and exhibited her divine countenance and heavenly features to the barbarians who held her captive—they paused—

“God! how they admired her heavenly hue.”

They were stricken with awe, they took off her chains fell down before her, worshipped at her shrine and swore eternal fidelity to her cause! Their enthusiasm was turned into another and better channel, and the subsequent history of Chivalry and the Crusades is the history of its mighty results.

After having subdued her conquerors and converted them, Christianity had to subdue their ferocity and gradually to civilize and enlighten them. And nobly did she accomplish these ends. But she determined wisely to proceed gradually and slowly in the great work. She knew that all great beneficial changes that are intended to effect whole masses are slow and gradual in their operation and that nothing which is violent is permanent. The sturdy oak which has vanquished a thousand storms has been for centuries acquiring its present firmness and solidity, while the earthquake and the tornado are the work of a moment.

A striking confirmation of this principle is exhibited in the literary history of the middle ages. Letters continued to decline for nearly five hundred years,

until they reached their lowest stage in the 10th century ; and then they gradually improved for about the same period, until they reached their highest point, or zenith, in the golden age of Leo the 10th, about the beginning of the 10th century. And this naturally leads us to the second point of our division, in which we will endeavour to give a rapid historical sketch of the various epochs of literature during the period in question.

2. In the fall of Rome, and the establishment of the Gothic kingdom in Italy, under Odoacer, in 476, literature received a heavy blow. Yet amidst the turmoil of war, and the storm of revolution, many were found in different parts of the fallen empire, who devoted their time to letters.

In the 6th century, Vigilius Tapsensis wrote and published in Africa, many works of considerable merit. Dionysius Exiguus, or the little, became famous for inventing the Paschal Cycle, and settling the Christian Era, about the year 516 ; and though his chronology has been thought to be slightly erroneous, yet it has been followed by all Christendom ever since his time. He was alike distinguished as an astronomer, historian and theologian, and would have reflected honour on any age. In the same century, Gregory of Tours wrote his History of the Franks, which is the foundation of all early French history. Italy was rendered conspicuous in the same age by two names, illustrious in philosophy and polite learning ; Cassiodorus and Boethius, both of noble family and senatorial rank, but more illustrious far by their piety and devotion to letters. The former writing to the latter, praises him for having re-established Greek learning in Italy, and for having translated for the benefit of his countrymen, the works of Pythagoras, Ptolemy, Euclid, Plato, Aristotle and Archimedes.

About the middle of the seventh century, (A. D. 669,) Greek literature was introduced into England by Theodorus, the seventh archbishop of Canterbury, himself a Greek. St. Gregory the Great, by his virtues, enlightened mind, and patronage of learning, shone like a bright light in the centre of Italy about the beginning of this century ; while St. Isidore of Seville, by valuable works on almost every subject, laid open the treasures of learning to his countrymen in Spain. The compendous and encyclopedical character of his writings, was well adapted to an age, in which books were scarce and could not be obtained without great difficulty. Towards the close of this century flourished the venerable Bede, the father of English history, whose name is in itself a sufficient eulogy. Besides his famous history, he wrote several works on Grammar, Music, Arithmetic, and other branches. The Monastery of Lindisfarne became under him, a radiating point of literature to all Europe.

St. John of Damascus, who is considered by some as the reviver of the dialectic or Aristotelian method of reasoning flourished in the 8th century, In the same age Paul, the Deacon, wrote his famous history of the Lombards and Paulinus of Aquileia published several Latin poems of respectable merit. The close of this century is famous for a praise worthy effort made by the Emp-

error Charlemagne to stay the downward tendency of letters and to infuse a new literary energy into Europe. Who has not heard of Alcuin the famous English monk, employed by that great prince to carry into effect his intentions of Peter the Deacon of Pisa, his preceptor of Eginhard, his secretary and historian, and of many others whom this munificent patron of letters attracted to his court? He established in his palace, regular conferences on literary subjects among the literati who visited his house, and thereby laid the foundation of those academies and literary associations, which have subsequently done so much for the advancement of learning. Before the reign of Charlemagne, schools had been established in many of the monasteries and parishes in Italy, France, England, Ireland, Spain and Germany : and he ordered by a public law, that seminaries of learning should be opened at every Cathedral church throughout the empire.

Towards the close of the following century, a similar effort was made by Alfred the Great of England, to re-establish learning in his kingdom. He was one of the most extraordinary men that ever lived. He fought fifty-four pitched battles with various vicissitudes of fortune, and yet, whether in the camp or in his palace, he invariably devoted one third of his time to prayer and study. He made a law, that every man who owned two hides of land, should send his children to school, until they were sixteen years of age, and that his sheriffs and officers should either apply to letters, or quit their offices. He translated many works into his vernacular language, and wrote several poems.*

It was the fate of the great men named to have their benevolent intentions frustrated, by the imbecillity and domestic feuds of their children and successors, and by the rude and evil nature of the times.

The 10th century is generally reputed the darkest of all the middle ages. It was natural that it should be so. The causes which brought about the decline of letters had been steadily operating for nearly five hundred years ; and during this century unhappy Europe, already scourged for centuries, and bleeding at every pore, was invaded, in the north by the Danes, in the centre by the Normans, and in the south by the Saracens. Yet even in this iron age there were many illustrious men ; Otho the Great, of Germany, whose praises were celebrated in a Latin epic poem of some merit, still extant, by Roswida, a cotemporary Saxon poetess : Ratherius and Luitprand, of Italy, the latter of whom was a writer of considerable spirit, and much wit, though his style is infected with some of the grossness of the age. Even during this century, the monks kept up their constant occupations of copying books ; as is proved by the fact, that when the Saracens took and pillaged a Monastery, near Novara, in the North of Italy, they found among the works in its library, copies of Virgil, Horace and Cicero. The Poles, Hungarians, and a portion of the Russians were also converted to Christianity in this century.

* See Burke's Works, Vol. 2 ; Abridgment of English History.

3. From the beginning of the 11th century, the prospects of literature began to brighten. That and the following centuries could boast the names of Gerbert, Anselm, Lanfranc, St. Bernard, Alexander of Hales, Albertus Magnus, Roger Bacon, Scotus, and St. Thomas Aquinas. The last name alone would immortalize any age or country. How subtle and well balanced the mind, how deep the research, how accurate the reasoning of Aquinas! In strength, depth, grasp, and clearness of mind, he was the equal, in many other respects he was the superior, of Lord Bacon and Sir Isaac Newton, the much vaunted giants of English scientific literature.

The causes which brought about this favourable change in the literary condition of Europe are obvious. When, as above stated, she had been reduced to the lowest point of misery reaction was naturally expected. A practice which obtained very extensively during that period contributed much to bring about this reaction. Christians were in the habit of making pilgrimages to Rome and Jerusalem to renew on the spots where they occurred, a remembrance of the sufferings and triumphs of the Apostles, Martyrs, and of the Great King of Martyrs! This custom afforded the double advantage of causing men to visit or pass through places where literature was still cultivated, and of bringing them into more frequent contact with each other.* Whatever brings the masses of mankind into continual intercourse, tends to elicit talent, to stimulate inquiry, and to promote learning. The law of physical nature, that inactivity produces disease, stagnation or death; and that motion promotes health, vigour and life, is true also of the moral and literary condition of mankind.

The pilgrimages paved the way for a series of great and mighty events, which aroused Europe from her lethargy, united all her jarring elements, and concentrated her energies on one great object. The Crusades did more than this. They broke down the feudal system, enlarged the boundaries of dynasties, and drained Europe of most of the fiery spirits, who were conspicuous for nothing but stirring up civil feuds, or causing open wars. They originated a spirit of enterprise, stimulated commerce, threw men on their own resources, and taught them how to make those resources available. The old adage that "necessity is the mother of invention," was never more fully verified, as we shall see in a subsequent part of this lecture. In a political point of view, the crusades were equally advantageous. They were a decisive blow in the great struggle which continued for centuries, between barbarism and civilization between Asia and Europe between the crescent and the cross! When the heroes who fought under Godfrey de Bouillon planted their glorious banner on the battlements of Jerusalem, in 1099; and made it float there triumphantly for near one hundred years, they planted a thorn in the side of Islamism, that did more perhaps than any thing else, to cripple that warlike monster, which was marching with giant strides, scimitar in hand, over the world, blighting and

* See Burke's Works, *ibid.* ch. 2, v. 2, p. 514. et seq.

destroying every thing in its course. The fall of Constantinople was thus retarded perhaps for centuries, and while the Mussulmans were engaged at home with the invaders of their own territory, the Christians of Europe had time to repose, and to prepare for the coming struggle.

That master stroke of policy—that of “carrying of the war into Africa”—will reflect immortal honour on the political wisdom and searching forecast of Gregory VII. and Urban II., who planned and carried into execution those expeditions.*

The invention of the art of printing, by Guttenburg and Faust, in 1436—the munificent patronage of letters by the houses of Medici, of Este, and of Gonzaga, and by the Popes in Italy—the vast number of learned Greek who fled to Europe on the taking of Constantinople by Mahomed II. in 1453, and the welcome which these men received, especially in Italy—completed what the crusades had begun: literature progressed with giant strides in Italy, which had shone as a beacon light to the rest of Europe, throughout the long period of the middle ages, and towards its close blazed up so brilliantly, as to excite the surprise, and to dazzle the eyes of mankind. There was a perfect galaxy of genius in the golden age of Leo X., in the beginning of the sixteenth century, very properly styled the second Augustian age of Roman Literature.

But see! each Muse in Leo's golden days
Starts from her trance and trims her withered bays;
Rome's ancient genius o'er its ruins spread,
Shakes of the dust, and rears his rev'rend head.
Then sculpture and her sister arts revive,
Stones leaped to form, and rocks began to live;
With sweeter notes each rising temple rung;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung.
Immortal Vida! on thy honoured brow,
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow;
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!

4. Were the middle ages as *dark* as they were usually represented to have been? How much do we owe to that period? I might rather ask, what is their in literature and the arts, that we do *not* owe to those ages? We owe to them the ancient Grecian and Roman literature, which, but for the care and indefatigable industry of men who deserve every praise, and receive nought but sneers, would have been utterly and irretrievably lost, amidst the storms and revolutions which swept over Europe during the greater part of that period.—Two institutions of the Catholic religion contributed greatly to this happy re-

* That these motives, combined with the enthusiastic desire to recover the Holy Land, desecrated by the Mussulmans, is manifest from the Acts of the Council of Clermont in 1095, and from the speech of Urban II., in this council, preserved by Baronius, and which is a master piece of eloquence and political wisdom.

sult: the preservation of the Latin language in the public service and the monastic orders. The former imposed upon all candidates for orders the obligation of learning the Latin language and of studying the ancient Roman literature and thereby afforded them a powerful inducement to preserve the master-pieces of Roman composition;* while the latter opened sacred retreats and holy sanctuaries for learning when the rude storm of war was sweeping over the world, destroying in mankind all relish for letters and desolating the proudest monuments of literature and the arts.† The monasteries were generally situated in remote solitudes, or amidst mountain rocks and torrents; they offered little inducement to the plunderer, besides being almost inaccessible to his clans. It was one of the stated rules of the Monks of St. Benedict to devote a portion of their time to study, and to copying books, and in the quietness of their cells, by their untiring industry, they preserved and transmitted to us the precious treasure of an ancient literature. Enlightened men of every religious creed have done justice to the monks. And yet it is the fashion at the present day to sneer at these deserving men, in season and out of season, and every valiant knight, who, booted and spurred, mounts his fiery Rosinante, and dashes in among the hooded monks of the *dark ages*, scattering them hither and yon, as he of La Mancha did the flock of sheep, thinks that he has achieved a brilliant exploit.

We have now before us a list of *twenty-five* great improvements and inventions, which we owe to those much abused ages—many of them of vast and paramount importance to society.

1st. At the head of the list deserves to be placed, on account of its great influence on modern refinement, the "*Elevation of Female Character*," for which we are mainly indebted to the chivalry of the middle ages. The German and Teutonic races were always conspicuous for the respect they bore to female character. Tacitus, writing of the customs of the ancient Germans, states that they thought "woman to possess an element of holiness in her nature, with a forecast of the future; and that her counsels were not to be spurned at, nor her answers neglected."‡ When they became the conquerors and settlers of Europe they brought this feeling along with them. The Christian religion which they embraced, divested it of its superstition, ennobled it, and gave it a bearing consonant with its pure and holy principles of charity. The extravagant excesses of chivalrous devotion to the sex were also curbed by the holy principles of religion: and the result of these elements and causes, is the station, which woman now occupies in society. Under Paganism she was the slave or toy of man; the creature of his caprice, or the victim of his tyranny. Even the more polished society of ancient Greece and Rome afforded but very imperfect ex-

* See Burke's works, vol 2, Abridgment of Evg. History, c 2, p 514 et seq.

† Burke, *ibid*.

‡ Inesse quinetiam sanctum aliquid et providum putant, nec aut consilia earum aspernantur aut responsa negligent. De moribus German. c 8.

ceptions to this remark. Thanks to Christianity and to the middle ages, she has ceased to be the slave, and has become the companion of man : from being the drudge of society, she has become its ornament and refiner.

The restoration of woman to her proper station in society had a powerful influence on civilization and literature. Even the extravagancies of chivalry had their beneficial results. Female influence not only prompted to deeds of valour, but also stimulated men to triumphs in poetry and literature ; the delicate hands of woman wove not only the chaplet which decorated the warrior's brow, but also the laurel and the ivy wreath, which adorned the brow of genius.—This influence may be illustrated by reference to the well known stories of Laura and Beatrice, who were to the two great restorers of modern poetry, Petrarch and Dante, what the polar star is to the mariner—guides to their path, and lights shining on their way.

Women did more at that period than exert a mere influence ; they acted their own parts. Who has not heard of the famous Joan of Arc, the maid of Orleans, who at the tender age of 17, led the disheartened troops of France to deeds of heroic valor, retrieving the fortunes of her country conquered by a foreign foe ; driving the English from more than half of France, and finishing her mission by crowning Charles VII King of France, at Rheims, which but a few months previously was in the very heart of the territory conquered by the enemy ? Nor are her laurels stained by the fact, that when taken by her enemies, she was, at the instigation of the Duke of Bedford, condemned and inhumanly burned as a sorceress and witch!! * Who has not heard of Queen Margaret of Sweden, the Semiramis of the north, who in the thirteenth century, by her political prowess, united all the jargon elements of Northern Scandinavia into one vast kingdom ? Or of Anna Comnena, the authoress of the famous *Alexiad* in the twelfth century ? Or of more than one lady who during that period taught philosophy and bell-lettres in the University at Bologna †—not to mention Heloise, skilled in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew learning, upon whose story many moderns have raised so many extravagant and ridiculous fictions ?

2d. We owe all our modern languages to the middle ages : the Italian, with its sweetness—the French, with all its grace and delicacy—the Spanish, with its stern dignity—the German and English with all their force and richness. The Italian may be considered as the first daughter of the Latin, the most soft and comely ; the French as the second daughter, less fair than her elder sister, but possessed of more tact and more varied graces ; and the Spanish, not as the *daughter*, but as the *son*, of the Latin, with the stern features and manly voice of the parent. It is a matter of surprise, how languages so beautiful, and per-

* Twenty years afterwards, in 1451, Pope Calixtus III had her sentence revoked, and pronounced her a patriot and martyr!

† The most famous of these femmes savantes, were Modesta di Pozzo, Cassandra Fidele, Isabella di Cordova, Isabella de Roseres, Catharine Ribera, and Aloysia Sigon.—[See Roblot, *Influence de la Reformat.* p 339.

fect, could have sprung from amidst the constant turmoil and confusion of those ages;—and especially, how the Italian, so sweet and musical, could have resulted from the union of the Latin, itself not remarkable for sweetness, with the harsh sounds of the north. We are forcibly reminded of a fable in heathen mythology; as the Cytherean Venus, the *beau ideal* of ancient perfection in beauty, was fabled to have sprung from the froth of the sea; so the Italian, the *beau ideal* of modern languages, may be said to have sprung, in all its symmetry and beauty of form, from the froth of a sea agitated by continued storms and revolutions.

3. We owe all our modern poetry, and also the introduction of rhyme into poetry to those ages. Italy led the way; the rude laws of the Troubadours, in the 12th and 13th centuries, prepared the world for the "*Divinia Commedia*" of Dante, in the 13th century. His effusions were followed by the noble strains of Petrarch, who was crowned with laurel at Rome in the 14th century. The English poet Chaucer, was the friend, but by no means the equal of Petrarch; his taste was often vitiated by too great attachment to the rhymes of the Troubadours, and he imitated too servilely, his great Italian cotemporary.

4. The paper upon which we write was invented in the middle ages. From an ancient MMS. it appears that cotton paper was used in Italy as early as the 10th century, while linen paper seems to have been introduced in the 14th century. We now reap the fruits of an invention, which has made the material upon which we write and print so cheap, as to be accessible to all. Before the invention of paper, parchment, and papyrus, an article manufactured from a plant in Egypt, were chiefly used, and they were both rare and expensive. When the Saracens overran Egypt, in 641, the importation of papyrus into Europe seems to have ceased; and, to the inventive genius of the Italians, thus thrown on their own resources, we owe the present material, superior to it in every respect.

5. The glory of having invented the art of printing, also belongs to the period of which we are speaking. I allude not only to the art of printing as invented by Guttenburg, and Faust, and Shroeder, in 1436, at Strasburg and Metz, but also to an invention of a much earlier date, which was only extended and improved by the persons above named. I mean the invention of *Chiritypography*, or printing by hand, of which undoubted traces are found in many ancient diplomas, as old as the 10th century, and in many illuminated works of equal antiquity, hitherto viewed as manuscripts. A learned Italian, the Abbate Requeno, in a work published a few years since at Rome, has amply established this fact, of which, however, I have been unable to find any work of standard English literature—and yet it is fashionable for our standard writers to sneer at the *ignorance of the Italians*,—though to them literature certainly owes more than to any other nation. Requeno proves that two kinds of hand printing were in use—the impression was sometimes taken by plates with letters carved on them, sometimes by moveable types of wood, or ivory,

or metal. Only one step was wanting to render this invention valuable, and to multiply copies, *the press*—and Guttenburg made this step. It should be recollected, however, that it is easy to add to inventions already made: *facile est inventis addere*. It is a remarkable fact, in both stages of the history of this invention, that the first mode adopted, was that which afterwards constituted the highest perfection in the art: viz., the use of stereotype plates, which Guttenbeug abandoned, in favour of moveable types, because he knew of no way to multiply them.

6. The illuminated manuscripts of the middle ages, show that the art of penmanship was then carried on to a degree of perfection, which it has never since attained. Who has seen those manuscripts, and has not admired their splendid pictorial illustrations; their taste and exquisite beauty. The use of gold and silver ink, was also common, at that period; and in the Vatican library, at Rome, there is preserved a splendid illuminated manuscript copy of the New Testament in Greek, as old as the 11th century, and written entirely in letters of gold! I doubt whether our modern artists could produce any thing equal, or even similar to this splendid specimen of art.

7. Universities were first founded in those ages. To them we owe the two great English Universities; Oxford, founded in 886 by Alfred the Great, and Cambridge, founded in 915—the famous University of Paris, said to have been first established by Charlemagne, about the year 800—and the perfect galaxy of Italian Universities, at Pologna, Rome, Padua, Pavia, and Pisa, which became famous in the 12th and following centuries, and counted their students not by hundreds but by thousands! The University of Padua, the *alma mater* of Christopher Columbus and Americus Vespuccius, is said to have contained, at one time no less than 18,000 students! The University of Oxford contained, in the 13th century, according to the testimony of its historian, Anthony Wood, a protestant, no less than 30,000 students. (Athend Oxon.) The Pandects of Justinian, were discovered in the 11th century: and the study of the civil and canon law was shortly after revived by the famous Werner, in the University of Bologna. Youths from all parts of Europe, frequented this and the other Italian Universities, and returned to their native countries to diffuse among their countrymen the stores of knowledge they had thus accumulated. Italy thus became the radiating point of literature to all Europe, and her universities contributed, perhaps as much as any other cause, to the revival of learning and to the march of civilization. The University of Paris also deserves great praise for having contributed its full portion to the good work. Medical schools were also established at Salerno, in the South of Italy, in the 11th century, (some say the 7th) and at Montpellier and Paris, in the 12th; and thus the science of medicine was revived. In all these improvements, the monks acted a very conspicuous part. In concluding this subject, I will remark, that of the two English Universities, Oxford has five halls and twenty colleges, and that *all her halls*, and twelve of her Colleges, were founded and endowed before

the year 1516! Cambridge has seventeen colleges, of which twelve were founded before 1511;—from which fact it would appear that the *dark ages*, have done more for literature, than a more *enlightened* period!

8. Who is so dull of ear as not to be delighted with the harmony of musical sound! We owe to the dark ages, an invention unknown to the ancients, by which Music has become a science, taught upon regular principles. Guido of Arezzo, an Italian monk, by inventing the notes of the *gamut*, in 1124, did for music, what the inventor of alphabets did for language, reduced sounds to simple and systematic rules. He also invented many musical instruments, such as the cymbal and heptachord. While on this subject we may remark, that organs were either invented in Italy, or at least introduced into Europe by the Italians, in the 8th century; and that the use of the bells in churches may be dated back to the year 605 of the Christian era.

9. But we are indebted to those abused ages, for another invention, which has perhaps had as great an influence as any other, in advancing the cause of civilization, and extending the boundaries of human knowledge. And it is in consequence of this invention that we tread the soil of this vast continent, which but for that invention, would never have been discovered by the civilized world. We mean the *Mariner's Compass*. The precise date of this invention is not known; but it is spoken of by Italian writers in the 12th century. The Amalfites, enterprising mariners in the South of Italy, seem to have been the first to apply it to navigation.

Towards the close of the 12th century, John di Gioja, a Neopolitan, made numerous experiments with magnetized needles, placed in every variety of relative position: and to satisfy himself, whether the laws he thus observed were affected by climate, he travelled all through Italy, repeating his experiments every where with similar results. He then conceived that the principles of magnetism might be applied to navigation, and having made several experiments, on a small scale, was delighted to find his anticipations more than realized.—The Venitians and Genoese immediately availed themselves of the invention, which they greatly improved. The ancients knew something of the loadstone; but never thought of applying it to navigation. Some writers, whose spirit leads them to detract as much as possible from Christian nations, and to give the merit of every thing to Pagans, have contended that the Chinese invented the mariner's compass. It is, however, certain, from the letters of the earliest missionaries to China, that the species of compass formerly used by the Chinese, was entirely different from our magnetic needle. And if we consider the *truly wonderful* progress, which this *very enlightened* people have since made in navigation, with their beautiful *junks*, as broad as they are long, ploughing the deep, we will certainly feel disposed to award them every honor and glory; especially as they make themselves some thousands of years older than the world.

10. The invention just mentioned led to other great improvements. The frequent and extensive voyages undertaken by Italian navigators, greatly in-

creased the amount of Geographical knowledge. The travels of Rubruquis, and Marco Polo, the famous Venitian navigator; as well as the written account of the Catholic missionaries, who, in the 13th and 14th centuries, penetrated into the very heart of Asia, threw additional light upon the history, manners and customs, and geography of those distant nations. From the ancient map taken by Marco Polo, and recently published, with learned essays, by the late Cardinal Zurla, it appears manifest, that Polo doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and visited Madagascar. The Canary Islands were also discovered, by the Portuguese, in the 13th century. Thus was the way prepared for the discovery of America by Columbus, in 1492.

11. Commerce was also carried on with spirit and vigor from the same time, and the products of the whole world flowed into Europe. Italy here also led the way. The Venitian, Genoese and Pisan republics, carried on an extensive trade with Asia and Egypt. The Venitians, from the year 1096, the era of the first crusade, became the carriers of Europe. Another powerful commercial league sprung up in the 13th century in the northwestern part of Europe. The Hanseatic league, which began in 1241, with the two cities of Hamburg and Lubeck, comprised in 1370, no less than 64 cities and 44 allies.

12. The first bank was founded at Venice in the year 1157. To facilitate commercial intercourse, bills of exchange (*lettere di cambio*) were also introduced into Italy about the same time.

13. The increased intercourse among mankind for commercial purposes, and the necessity of carrying on regular correspondence with distant persons, suggested the idea of a post office. We read that the University of Paris, and the Italian universities, as early as the twelfth century, established regular *couriers* through all parts of Europe, for the purpose of enabling the students to correspond with their parents, and to collect money to pay their expenses.—Such was the humble commencement of an institution, which has since been so far extended and perfected, as to ramify throughout the whole world, and to furnish a regular medium of intercourse for the most distant nations. We may here remark, *en passant*, that the first *newspapers* were published in Venice in 1562.

14. We also owe to the period of which we are speaking, an invention which enables old persons to read, and prevents those who are afflicted with short-sightedness, from falling into the many disasters, which would otherwise beset this afflicted class of human beings. Spectacles for the old and short-sighted were first constructed by Salvino, a monk of Pisa in Italy, in 1285. Some writers award the merit of this invention to the famous English monk, Roger Bacon. It is however probable that he never constructed spectacles; though in his *Opus Majus* he certainly explains the principle upon which they should be made. He also explains the principle of the telescope, microscope and magic lantern; and speaks of a certain extinguishable fire, which is generally understood to mean phosphorus. In the same work he speaks of a certain

composition of salt petre, sulphur and charcoal, which would imitate the sound and brilliancy of thunder and lightning, and one square inch of which ignited, would destroy a whole army or city. Hence some have considered him the inventor of

15. Gunpowder, of which he certainly had a clear idea. It is however probable that his knowledge was confined to theory and a few experiments.* Schwartz, a monk of Cologne, seems to have been the first who manufactured gunpowder, about the year 1320. Cannons were used in the battles of Crecy and Poitiers towards the close of the 14th century. If the Chinese historians deserve any credit, the Celestial Empire had the merit of inventing gunpowder, long before this world was made! As early as the year 688 a composition called the *Greek-fire*, was employed by the orientals, especially in sea-fights: but all agree that it was not *our* gunpowder. A work is still preserved in the University of Oxford, England, written in the ninth century by one Gracchus, who describes a composition nearly resembling that of which we are treating.

No invention has perhaps exerted a more powerful, and I believe a more beneficial influence on the destinies of the world, than that of this terrific agent. It has entirely changed the aspect of war. It has affected fortification, ship-building, and has wholly changed military tactics. Besides its beneficial influence on internal improvements, it has, strange to say, softened and mitigated the horrors of war, and greatly diminished the number of those who fall in battle. Armies formerly engaged in mortal combat, face to face, and fought for whole days, often returning to the combat, nor was victory obtained until one or the other army was nearly annihilated; men now fight at a distance, and the contest is soon decided. Thousands fell formerly where hundreds fall now. Compare any great ancient battle with any decisive modern engagement, and you will be convinced of the truth of this remark. Take for example two of the most decisive engagements recorded in history—the battle of Waterloo, and that between Poitiers and Tours in 732, when Charles Martel defeated the Saracens. In the former, the total amount of killed and wounded on both sides was about 55,000, of whom perhaps not half were killed; whereas in the latter the Saracens alone had 100,000—some say 300,000 killed!

16. Stone coal, which has since proved so extensively useful, in private residences and in manufactories, was discovered in England in 1307.

17. The Arabian arithmetical numbers were introduced into Europe by the famous Gerbert, afterwards Pope Sylvester II., about the year 991. Thus the foundation of arithmetic was laid, and the science of mathematics began from this time to be extensively studied. Algebraic calculation was also introduced into Europe by the Italians in 1412.†

* He died in 1292.

† The Arabians have the credit of these inventions. They also excelled in medicine.—They learned much from the works of the ancient Greek authors, whom this active and enterprising people translated. This is about all that can be said in favour of the literature of

18. Though the ancient Greeks and Romans were acquainted with glass, yet they seem never to have used it in windows. This improvement in the comforts of life, was generally adopted in Europe in the middle ages. The first mention of glass windows occurs in writers of the third and fourth century.

19. A method of staining glass was generally known and employed during that period, which has since been lost. Efforts were made during the last century in Germany and France to revive this beautiful art, but with very imperfect success. The solemn and mellow light of the old Gothic churches which tends to inspire us with pensive, yet pleasing emotions, is owing to the use in them of stained glass.

20. The chief sufferings of Europe during the middle ages grew out of the neglect of agriculture. The monks applied themselves early to this useful art, and taught others how to practice it. The monasteries were generally situated in remote and desert places; the monks reclaimed the soil, drained the marshes, fertilized even the rocky mountain tops, and improved whole districts. They also taught the people other useful arts. Thus when the people of Sussex in England, were perishing with hunger during a famine, in 605, Bishop Wilfrid at the head of his monks, plunged into the sea in presence of the assembled multitudes, and thus opened to them a new source of subsistence, of which their ignorance or druidical superstitions had hitherto deprived them.*

21. The monks also cultivated botany, and studied the medical qualities of plants. The clergy were in many places the only physicians. It is a remarkable feature in that age, that every pursuit was referred to, or connected with, religion. The names of flowers were taken from some supposed aptitude to recall religious reminiscences. The passion-flower, the marygold, and others are examples of this. How beautiful and poetical the turn of thought, which suggested the idea of the Floral Calendar, by which the plants, by their different times of flowering, marked the division of time, and pointed to the holy festivals of religion! This was truly giving to the flowers a *language*, which spoke of God and his saints—of religion—of Heaven!

“What a lovely thought to mark the hours,
As they floated in light away;
By the opening of the folding flowers,
That laugh to the summer’s day!”

22. The *clock* was invented in the middle ages. The invention is prior to the twelfth century, though the author of it is not clearly known. The phrase, “the clock has struck,” was common in the twelfth century. Some award the honour of the invention to the famous Gerbert, already mentioned, who certainly put up a clock for Otho the Great, at Magdeburg, about the year 1000. Others

the fanatical followers of Mahomet, at least in its relation to the European literature of the middle ages. Yet some authors would wish to convey the impression that what we do not owe to the Chinese, we owe to the Arabs!

* See Burke’s works, volume 2, page 514, et seq.

ascribe it to the Italian monk Pacificus, and others to the Abbott William, of Hirschau in Germany. It is probable that they all contributed their share to the invention at nearly about the same time. It is a remarkable fact in the history of human knowledge, that in its progress many learned men in different places hit simultaneously upon the same invention. Every scholar has heard of the controversies between the friends of Gallileo and Huygens about the application of the *pendulum* to clocks, between Newton and Hook and the Bernouillies, about the first discoverer of the laws of attraction; and between Newton and Leibnitz about the authorship of the *fluxional and integral calculi*. Before the invention of clocks, the sun-dial, the hour-glass, and the Clepsydron (constructed on the principle of water dripping through a small orifice,) were the only instruments used for measuring time.

23. In the thirteenth century, *painting* was revived in Italy by Giunta of Pisa, Guido of Sienna, and the great Cimabue of Florence. Thus was commenced the great Italian school of painting, which afterwards produced a Raphael, a Titian, a Michael Angelo, a Domenichino, a Hannibal Caracci, and a Leonardo da Vinci.

24. Silk was almost unknown to the ancients. Among the unpardonable extravagances of the Roman Emperor Heliogabalus in the third century, (A. D. 222,) historians enumerate his having had a garment entirely of silk! The silk worm was brought from the East Indies, or China, to Constantinople in 552, and the Italians first introduced its culture into Europe in the twelfth century. Roger, King of Sicily, deserves to be mentioned as the first who called the attention of Europe to this subject. The silk manufactures of Italy, France, and Flanders flourished to a wonderful extent in the thirteenth and following centuries, and the beautiful specimens of gold lace, and splendidly flowered and variegated silks of that period, equal, if they do not surpass, any thing of the present enlightened days. Many of them may be seen in the old cathedrals and museums of Europe.

25. Those ages had the merit of originating and carrying to the greatest perfection, a new style of architecture. Who has not admired the splendid specimens of Gothic architecture still visible throughout Europe; specimens which, even in the ruins, which the fanatical vandalism of the sixteenth century has left of many of them, in England, Ireland, and Scotland, are imposing still! How massive, and yet how light, is that order of architecture! How complicated the parts, and yet how simple the effect of the whole! The massive walls, and the vast pilasters, as well as the pointed arch, the delicate column and pyramid, and the fairy tracery,—all contribute their parts to the effect! Take for example the famous cathedral of Pisa, with its leaning tower, or rather the latter only. Can modern skill in architecture rear a pile like that: upwards of 200 feet high, six stories high besides the basement and pinnacle, with 209 beautiful marble columns encircling it, and leaning between 18 and 20 feet from the perpendicular! It was built by William of Norimberg and Bonanno

of Pisa, in the twelfth century, and has been standing more than 600 years! Let men of the present day build an edifice like this, leaning as much, let it stand 600 years, and then if it be still firm and uninjured, they may sneer at the darkness of the middle ages!!!

ESTABLISHMENT OF THE CATHOLIC MISSIONS IN THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

PART I.

The government of the United States having deemed it good policy to concentrate the aborigines of the country, commonly called Indians, assigned for this purpose a territory, beyond which, within a distance of 1500 miles, no suitable habitation for white men can be made. This Indian territory is bounded by the States of Missouri and Arkansas towards the east, by the so-called American desert on the west; by Texas on the South; and by the Missouri and Platt rivers to the north. It has been assigned as the permanent abode of the various Indian tribes scattered throughout the Union. The Pawnees, Omahaws, Kansas, Osages and Missourians roamed at large over the lands of this Territory, before this plan was adopted by our Government, which, as a necessary consequence of the new appropriation, was obliged to confine them within certain limits; and to persuade them to cede part of their lands to their red brethren east of the Mississippi. In consequence of this arrangement, the Choctaws, Chickasaws, Cherokees, Creeks, Seminoles, Senecas, Pottowatomies, Ottaways, Chippeways, Otoes, Miamies, Shawanees, Delawares, Kickapoor, Ioways and Foxes, emigrated,—some by force, others by persuasion, but all most unwillingly from the various States of the Union to the respective portions of the territory assigned to them by the U. S. Government. The original inhabitants of this territory are called the *Indigenous* tribes, and are savage and wretched to the extreme; the emigrant tribes are more or less civilized, according to the different relations they have had with the settlers of the States. The whole number of the Indians of this territory amounts to about 80,000 souls.—With regard to their numbers, it may be observed, that they appear gradually to decrease, owing to their inordinate mode of living, their vicious habits, the unsuitableness of the soil, the change of air by emigration &c: So that they may be said in the language of the Prophet Osce to disappear, (c. 13. 3.) as early dew that passeth away,—as the dust that is driven with a whirlwind out

of the floor,—and as the smoke out of the chimney.”* Of their character, it may be said in general, that they are “the simple nation, described by Isaias (1. 4.) a people laden with iniquity, a wicked seed, ungracious children.” It is true that the emigrant tribes have some civilization; but, generally speaking, with all the vices of the white men, they have brought few or none of their virtues over to the Indian wilds.

The state of our Holy Religion is truly deplorable among these unhappy people. Almost all the tribes are in favor of Catholic Missioners, and feel a kind of natural aversion to Protestant preachers. And yet, in the absence of the former, the latter are almost every where to be found; and the whole territory has about 40 Protestant Missionary establishments. But every plantation not made by the hand of the Father, shall be rooted out. Vain are the efforts of these unsent apostles to make proselytes among the Indians. They, may, indeed, scatter hundreds of Bibles among the Savages; but these are neither prized nor understood. The principle that faith is to be conceived by the Bible—and by the Bible alone—proves quite incomprehensible to the illiterate and savage mind: and the consequence is, that all the Protestant congregations of the Indian territory do not amount to 500 souls.

While a few of the Indians, whose devotion is bought and paid for, like any other marketable commodity, are nominal adherents to Protestantism; while thousands daily worship their Manitoos, and indulge in all the excesses of unbridled licentiousness; the voice of the Catholic Church is almost unheard, except on the banks of Sugar Creek, a tributary stream of the North fork of the Osage river. We would, however, willingly indulge the hope, that, within a few years, a line of Catholic Missions may be established, from the Missouri river down to Texas,—a plan by no means difficult of execution, and one which would be of incalculable advantage to Religion. The field is large, and the harvest promising; but the laborers are by far too few.

Twenty years ago, the zealous Bishop of Upper and Lower Louisiana directed the views of his ever active zeal towards the unfortunate Indians, especially the Osages. With the co-operation of the Rev. Charles Van Quickenborne,†

*The opinion generally entertained, and which our correspondent adopts, that the Indians are rapidly diminishing in number, is somewhat contradicted by Bancroft who asserts that the diminution of their number is far less than is generally supposed. Vol. 111. p. 253. (ED. CATH. CAB.)

†This zealous Missionary was born near Ghent, in Belgium, in 1788; he entered the Society of Jesus in 1814, and was sent to America in 1817. His success in converting many of the Osages and establishing schools for the Indians, induced Monsigneur Dubourg, the Bishop of Upper and Lower Louisiana, to entrust the whole District of the Missouri river to him. He established the order of the Sacred Heart at St. Louis, and St. Charles, where he likewise built a beautiful church of Stone. He was the founder of the Noviciate of the Jesuits at Florissant, and of the Catholic University of St. Louis, which, at present, contains 40 members of the Society of Jesus. During the month of August 1837, he fell sick on his way to visit a newly converted parish; and, on his arrival at Portage des Sioux, on the the Mississippi, he was obliged to confine himself to his bed. In the middle of the night, word was brought him, that one of the flock was on the point of death. As no other Priest was at hand, this heroic Missionary caused himself to be conveyed to the sick man's bed-side, heard

then Superior of the Jesuits of Missouri, two schools were opened for Indian youths in the township of Florissant, near St. Louis: the Indian boys were placed under the charge of the Jesuits, and the girls under that of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. To enable them to succeed in this undertaking, the Rev. Gentlemen, under whose care the schools were placed, applied to the Government for a moderate annual income, from the sum annually appropriated for the civilization of the Indians. This request was readily complied with: but the greatest obstacle to success was found to consist in the unwillingness of the Indian youth to quit their parents home, their sports and their games, and to go to a distant place for the purpose of acquiring the learning which they so little valued. It was soon discovered that to establish missionary stations among the Indians in their own country, would be a more successful and less difficult enterprise. In consequence, this having been determined on, the Rev. Charles de la Croix, then Missioner in the State of Missouri, now a Canon Regular in Ghent, set out on a visit to the Osages,—one of the most savage of the Indian tribes. His efforts were blessed with success; and records now before us prove, that the number of children baptized by him on that occasion was very large, and the number of marriages he blessed not inconsiderable. Shortly after, he was followed by the Rev. C. Van Quickenborne, who also visited the Osage nation, and who was particularly successful in inducing the Chiefs and Headmen of the tribe to send their sons and daughters to St. Louis County. The schools, composed of Osage, Iowa and Iroquois youths, flourished for a few years, but were finally broken up, in consequence of the complaints of their parents, on seeing their children separated from them by such a distance, as also of the disinclination of the young Indians to bend under the yoke of discipline. A few years after the Rev. Joseph Lutz, of the Diocese of St. Louis, visited the wild Kanzas. The courageous efforts of this zealous Missionary appeared likely to be crowned with signal success: and already the headmen of that ferocious nation knelt in prayer by his side, when, after a residence of more than four months among them, the paucity of clergymen in the diocese caused him to be recalled to supply what appeared to be more pressing wants. The unsteady Kanza fell back into his former irregularities.

In 1835, the Rev. Father Van Quickenborne paid a missionary visit to the Miamies, on the north-fork of the Osage river. They are the small remnants of four once powerful nations the Kaskaskias, the Peorias, the Weas and the Pienkeshaws. He was received by them with great joy; and many of them,

his confession, and administered the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. When conveyed home, he found that his end was approaching; all his thoughts and affections were instantly turned toward Heaven. He had been twenty years a Missionary in America, during which time he created the principal religious establishments in the Missouri, and undertook immense labors for the glory of God. He had visited the Osages three times, and several times travelled over the vast Territory, north-west of the Missouri, raising churches, and laboring with his own hands in building them. In the midst of his greatest labours, his favourite exclamation was: how sweet it is to labour in company with the Angels, for the salvation and happiness of men.

having been baptised in their infancy by the Priests who attended the old French Villages in Illinois, showed unfeigned readiness to enrol themselves anew under the standard of the cross. They seemed to be indifferently pleased with the Methodist station, established among them; and willingly promised to return to the faith of their fathers, among whom the Jesuit Missionaries had so successfully laboured during the early part of the last century. An old woman, whose gray hair and bent up form shewed that she had belonged to by-gone times, crawled up to the Missionary, grasped his hand with a strong expression of exultation, and pronounced him to be a true black gown, sent to instruct her hapless and neglected nation. She had lived at least a score of winters longer than any other of her tribe; but yet she distinctly remembered to have been prepared for her first communion by one of the Jesuits, who attended the flourishing mission of Kaskaskias. His name, she could not bring to mind, but described his dress and features, in a manner to shew what a deep impression this recollection of her early youth continued to make on her mind. She also gave a description of the old church of Kaskaskias; recited her prayers, and sang a Canticle in the language of the tribe. She told the Missioner, that her constant prayer had been that her tribe, now exiled and almost extinct, might have the happiness to see a true Black-gown among them. She congratulated those around her on the occasion, and cried out, like Simeon, that her eyes had seen him now, and that she was ready to mix her bones with those of her fathers. Her death, which took place a few days after, was a great loss to the Missioner. As she was the only person who knew the prayers in the Indian language, and the only one who appeared to have kept herself untainted by the general depravity of those by whom she was surrounded.

The few remaining Miamies have never had any permanent Catholic Mission in their situation; yet they continue to be visited at stated times. Among them however, in their original residence, near Chicago, Father Marquette, the first explorer of the Mississippi, laboured as early as 1675.* In 1836 the first Catholic Missionary settlement was made among the Indians of this territory. The Rev. C. Van Quickenborne, of the society of Jesus, opened a mission among the Kickapoox. Suitable buildings were erected, a neat chapel built; and the zeal of the Missionaries was displayed, in almost incessant labours by day and by night; but the soil proved for the time, ungrateful; it seemed that the hour for those corrupted and intemperate beings had not yet come. The Missionaries, as happens in every great undertaking for God, encountered great difficulties, occasioned especially by the opposition and imposture of one of the Indian chiefs, who styled himself a Prophet, and pretended to be sent by the Son of God. In 1839 some strong hopes of converting these Indians were entertained, but unhappily were not realized. By the exertions of the Clergyman then at the head of that mission, the Rev. A. Eysvogels, 30 Catechumens

*See Catholic Cabinet Vol. 1. No. 4. p. 196.

were instructed and baptised in the Catholic Church : The foundation of the congregation thus appeared to have been laid, but it was of short duration new clouds overshadowed these pleasing prospects : the few Christians who had entered into the pale of the Church emigrated to another settlement, and the aspect of affairs became more gloomy than ever. The following Jesuit Father laboured in this mission : Charles Van Quickenborne, C. Hoecken, F. Verrey and A. Eysvogels. They did not confine themselves, however, exclusively to the Indians, they took charge moreover of six stations, among the border settlements of the State of Missouri.

SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT OF PAUL.

In our first No. we gave a sketch of the origin and nature of this charitable association. The following details of its successive progress and actual condition, which we find in the *Tablet*, must prove edifying. Would that we could see this noble example imitated in our respective States !

The above mentioned society had its origin in Paris about the end of the year 1833. It was commenced by *eight* young students, "richer in good intentions than in money," as they themselves inform us, and whose first and almost only means of relief for the poor whom they undertook to visit, were the proceeds of some literary articles which they wrote for one of the periodicals of the day. The first two months of their existence as a society had scarcely elapsed when their number had already increased to *fifteen*.

In the course of 1834, they undertook to visit one of the prisons of Paris destined exclusively to juvenile delinquents, endeavouring by every kind and gentle means to gain their confidence, and to reclaim them from vice.

About the end of 1835, their numbers having now swelled to nearly a *hundred*, they formed themselves into four different sections, each choosing throughout Paris an appropriate field for exertion, and before the close of the year they had, in addition to their previous charities, taken upon them the charge of a number of orphans.

Since then they have been progressing steadily, and various branches of the society now extend their beneficial influence over *twenty-seven* different parishes of Paris and two of the suburban districts. In all, there are now belonging to the above society, in Paris alone, nearly *one thousand* active members, occupied in visiting the poor at their own homes, instructing the ignorant, and relieving the distressed ; watching over the progress of their children at school ; providing employment for them as they grow up ; sheltering a number of destitute orphans, and comforting within their prison walls those early victims of

crime whose tender age might, in many cases, hold out a reasonable hope of amendment, were they not too often consigned to irremediable corruption, from being mercilessly thrown into the fangs of old and confirmed profligates, and given over in pupillage to the felons' goal. Not only do these edifying young men watch thus kindly and constantly over the interests of the poor committed to their care, but when any of their wards are called away from this world, they are not unfrequently seen to follow the almost solitary hearse that bears their mortal remains to the grave.

At the close of their academical career, many of the original members of this society returned of course to their respective homes, and became gradually dispersed throughout the different provinces; but carrying with them that reward of virtue which springs, even in this world, from the happy consciousness of having endeavoured to do good, their dispersion soon became a gain to the society, by proving in course of time the means of extending its benefits to the country at large. The statistics of the society now stand as follows:— There are established throughout France *eighty-six* auxiliary branches of the Society of St. Vincent of Paul, spreading over *forty* different dioceses, taking in *forty-five* of the principal towns, and (making allowance for deaths, and for the proportion of members living in places where no auxiliary branches have yet been established,) numbering at the present moment considerably upwards of *four thousand* members, including honorary ones. The ratio of increase, as given in the report, has been as follows:—

Years.	Active Members.	Honorary Members.	Benefactors.
1833	8		
1834	40		
1835	100		
1836	242		
1837	388	2	
1838	659	39	129
1839	1068	153	512
1840	1912	458	668
1841	2531	848	2139

Candidates for admission, 15.

Of the above number, there are belonging to the society—

- 676 Barristers and law-students.
- 157 Physicians and medical students.
- 117 Ecclesiastics.
- 89 Military men.
- 153 Professors and students of the normal school.
- 24 Judges.
- 87 Artists.
- 103 Individuals in government employments.
- 20 Men of letters (*Hommes de Lettres*.)

- 18 Chemists and druggists.
 223 Merchants and manufacturers.
 261 Members living on their own means, besides many others of various professions not classified above.

NATIONAL HOLIDAYS.

FROM THE DUBLIN REVIEW.

We think it must be considered a bad symptom in any body, whether natural or politic, when that which ordinarily and by others is taken as sustenance, has to be prescribed as medicine. There must be something sadly out of order in a poor peasant's health, when the physician orders him wine, and not a bitter potion; his stamina must be gone, his constitution undermined, his frame worn out, when what his richer neighbour considers but a common drink, he has to sip by measures, as a cordial and restorative. Nay, even a peasant from Italy or Spain would wonder at such a nostrum ever being proposed; for he has all his life been accustomed to drink it at every meal. In other words, his vineyard produced it for him each year in abundance; and he had no idea of it as a rarity or a prescription. Now just as much would he wonder at the idea, that Church festivals or holydays are in any Christian country, prescribed as a cure for moral evils, and require to be made subjects of legislative enactment.

Not more naturally does the vine yield its glowing and refreshing clusters, to cheer his bodily sense, than does religion, as he conceives it, inspire the feelings which suggest, and determine the occasions which provide, recurring days of sacred festivity, of wholesome relaxation, and of innocent cheerfulness. A religion without festivals is, in fact, an anomaly in the annals of the world.—Jew or heathen, Christian or Mohammedan, Scandinavian or Hindoo, no one that ever professed a religion (till protestantism arose) ever heard or thought of a system of religious belief or practice, wherein days more hallowed than the rest, did not, from time to time, break upon the monotony of the year, arouse some peculiar feelings, and bring to mind, either in joy or mourning, some sacred event, or some memorable person, by peculiar rites, and by special commemoration.

Christmas-day and Good-Friday, the alpha and omega, it is true, of all that is written in the Book of Love, the *Ecce Venio* and the *Consummatum est* of the divine Advent, from the entire sum of festivals in the Anglican Church; the abhorrence and abolition of two holy days were and are the only step to be de-

ascended from her, to reach the low level of puritanism, on this point. But between these two, and even beyond them, how many mysteries that deserve contemplation, how many acts of mercy and love that call for affectionate remembrance! For beyond the two boundaries lie, the solemn Annunciation of the Son's Incarnation, and its accomplishment, on the one side, and, on the other, the Ascension, which crowned the word of redemption, and reopened the gates of heaven. Fortunately for the credit of modern religion, the Resurrection, and the Descent of the Holy Spirit occurred upon the Sunday; or we may almost venture to say, they would have been passed over with little love. How many opportunities are thus lost for cultivating the religious affections, and drawing the heart from time to time, towards higher aims and holier desires, than the every-day occupations of life inspire! How great a power has been surrendered of refreshing languid faith, and stirring up the expiring embers of divine love in the souls of men, by this abandonment of so natural and so beautiful an institution! But to look at the matter more religiously, how many means of grace have thus been forfeited. For who can doubt, that as in the Old Law, so likewise in the New, God has his seasons of peculiar mercies; whether such as sack-cloth and ashes, fasting and mourning, bring down, or such as the festive song and spiritual joy of His spouse invite Him to pour out? This feeling, too, is as natural to every religious system (with the exception already made) as that man should exhibit *his* varied feelings at such stated occasions. In fact, the two ideas united, form the basis of the christian cycle of festivals. This rests, on the one hand, upon the natural and religious conviction that it is man's duty to show his sympathies with the manifestations of God's kindness, whether directly or indirectly bestowed; and on the other, upon the assurance received, that such expression of feelings is pleasing to God, and draws down new blessings.*

The Catholic calender is, in fact, but the almanack of the "new heavens and the new earth," which the Lord of Mercy hath created for Himself and us. It truly represents to the Christian soul, the annual course of the "Sun of Righteousness," passing through His cycle of love, to warm and to cheer, to nourish and give growth to "the planting of His right hand," in the vineyard of His Church. Little for our sakes, and weakly, does he appear, and as though

* Quamvis enim nulla sint tempora, quæ divinis non sint plena muneribus, et semper nobis ad misericordiam Dei, per ipsius gratiam præstetur accessus; nunc tamen omnium mentes majori studio ad spirituales profectus moveri, et ampliori fiducia, oportet animari, quando ad universa pietatis officia, illius nos diei, in quo redempti sumus, recursus invitat."—St. Leo, *serm iv de Quadrag.*

† "Consors paterni luminis,
Lux ipse lucis et dies.—(Fer iij ad Mat.

"Splendor paternæ gloria'
De luce lucem proferens,
Lux lucis, et fors luminis
Diem dies illuminans."—(Fer ij ad Laudes.

scarcely showing Himself above the horizon in the bleak winter wherein He begins his giant course,* revealing himself more in infant promise, than in godlike might. Then soon he acquires brightness and strength,† to attract the eyes of nations from afar, and bring them to his glorious Epiphany. Still lasts the winter, and runs into the promising but yet dreary spring, bringing down penitential clouds and tearful dews upon the dry and stubborn land, which stronger influences of fertilizing grace alone rendered salutary;|| and the more cheerful season that will follow begins already to have its harbingers, giving promise of joy, in the very sorrow which prepares it.§ A sorrowful eclipse and dark overshadowing of the heavenly luminary will first come, and then the paschal Sun shall shine forth in the fullness of His gladdening radiance, drying up the tears that have flowed,¶ and ripening the seed that hath been scattered as they streamed. And now His beauty and power, far from declining, seem rather to grow, as festival after festival unfolds the increasing glories of Him whom we have thus figuratively described, till He attains His zenith, by ascending to the right hand of His Father, there culminating above things heavenly as earthly,†† and shedding down holy and sublime energies upon man, through His descending spirit, at Whitsuntide, and through the mystery of love on the feast of His Body.** From this highest point the outward manifestation of His splendour

* "En clara vox redarguit
Obscura quæque personans
Procul fugentur somnia,
Ad alto Jesus promicat

Sidus refulget jam novum
Ut tollat omne noxium"—(Hymn for Advent.

† "Tu lumen et splendor Patriæ."—(Hymn for Christmas.

§ "O Sol salutis, intimis
Jesu refulga mentibus
Dum nocte pulsa gratior
Orbi dies renascitur."—(Hymn for Lent.

|| "Dies venit, dies Tua,
In qua resflorent omnia."—(Ibid.

¶ "Paschale mundo gaudium
Sol nuntiat formosior,
Cum luce fulgentem nova
Jesum vident apostoli."—(Easter Hymn.

†† "Ascendis orbes siderum,

Mundi regis qui fabricam
Mundana vincens gaudia."—(Hymn for Ascension-day.

** "Jam Christus astra ascenderat,
Reversus unde venerat

Sanctum daturus Spiritum.

seems to decline, yet so that His course is marked out to us by representation, at given intervals, of His more terrene glories, in the commemoration of His Transfiguration,* in the Exaltation of His Cross,† and in the celebration of His title as Redeemer,§ till we are brought to the close of the sacred year, and begin again the mystical expectation of His Advent.

The extracts which we have thrown into the margin will sufficiently illustrate this idea of our blessed Lord's being the unsetting sun and lamp of the city of God, whether earthly or heavenly. Like the visible luminary, ¶ His course, though unceasing and unvarying, is thus marked for our observation by certain periods of seeming change, which constitute both as set on high, "for signs and for seasons, and for days and for years." † The one gives to the earth its seed-time and its harvest, its pruning-season and its vintage, its balanced equinoxes and its contrasted solstices, each calling up its emotions of hope or gratefulness, of anxiety or resignation, of public merriment or domestic mirthfulness. The other, too, gives its seasons and its days, in Lents, its Easters, and its Whitsuntides, its Octaves and its advents, and its special days, that mark the passage of one holy season into another—transitions of feeling, but wherein all is hallowed, all is consecrated. Bright and glorious break forth over all the earth, those days of marked solemnity, steeping in a flood of brightness, spire and cupola, palace and cottage, city and hamlet. Gloriously streams their radiance through the storied windows of cathedral and abbey church, chapel and chantry; cheerily steals its mildened ray through the narrow casement of the recluse's cell, and plays joyfully on his crucifix and Madonna, and makes

De Patris ergo lumine
Decorus ignis almus est."—(Hymn for Whit-Sunday.

"Verusque Sol illabere
Micon nitore perpeti;
Jubarque Sancti Spiritus
Infunde nostris sensibus."—(Fer ij ad Laudes.

• "Corpus Christi Dies.

§ "Lux alma, Jesu, mentium,
Dum corda nostra recreas,
Culpæ fugas caliginem;

Tu dulce lumen patria
Carnis negatum sensibus,
Splendor paternæ gloria."—(Hymn for Transfig. (Aug 6.)

† "O Crux splendidior cunctis astris!"—(Antiph for Exalt of the Cross. (Sept 14.)

¶ "Jesu voluptas cordium
Et casta lux amantium."—(Hymn in festo SS. Redemptoris. (Oct 22.)

|| The Manichees, as St. Augustine tells us, foolishly as wickedly, took the visible sun to be our Lord.

‡ Gen. 1, 14.

the very skull upon his table seem to smile. Clouds may on that day cover the face of heaven, and thick mists may hide the visible sun; but the joy of a thousand hearts, and the song of a thousand tongues will prove, that there is a source of light and warmth, placed far beyond the reach of such obstructions.

Yet must this glorious sun dwell in a firmament worthy of His career. He must have His well-divided zodiac, through which to move—that golden zone which girds Him—of saints * who “shine like the stars unto all eternity.” † Nor would it be difficult to allot to each of its twelve divisions the name or sign, whereby it should be known and ruled; seeing that every month of the Christian calendar (save one sorrowful month, which yet has in it the solemn commemoration of Gabriel’s announcement of salvation) has presiding in it one or more of those chief saints, of the new law, who preached it with the witnessing of their blood—the apostles of the Lamb. For to them St. Paul, and afterwards the Church, applies what is said of those visible heavens, through which the created sun walks his stately course, and which tells the glory of God to all the earth. § And each of these bright luminaries is surrounded by others of lesser brightness (“for star differeth from star in glory” ||); here shining in single brilliancy, like Stephen or Lawrence, there grouped in varied constellations,—mothers martyred with their seven children, captains slaughtered for Christ, with their legions, and holy abbots massacred with their communities † Mingled with them are bright and shining lights of holy doctrine and saintly example, ¶ that took their place after them, but are scarce less brilliant, filling up the glories of that firmament towards which we are to raise our eyes, and completing its adornment; while myriads of nameless stars—clouds, as they seem, of witnesses—pour themselves out like a milky stream, across the heavenly expanse, leaving no blank or crevice in its golden vault.

Through this glorious and splendid field, He, who “hath set his tabernacle in the sun,” goeth forth “as a bridegroom from his bridal chamber,” to run. “His going out is from the end of this heaven, and his circuit even to the end thereof.” § And ever as He moves will be seen at His side, when his rays are not so bright, as to quench every other splendour, one other star, brilliant as a gem, the morning star of hope, the evening-star of peace and calm, the load-star of the pilgrim and the mariner, the cynosure of hearts inflamed with the

* “Beatus quoque Joannes in Apocalypsi vidit Filium hominis præcinctum zona aurea, id est, Sanctorum caterva.”—Pontif. Rom. In ordin. Subdiac.

† Dan. xii. 3.

§ “In omnem terram exivit sonus eorum, et in fines orbis terræ eorum.” Ps. xviii. 1; Rom. x. 18.

|| 1 Cor. xv. 41.

† “Quid igitur per Orionas, nisi Martyres designatur?—qui ad faciem cæli quasi in hieme venerunt—Orionas ergo cælum edidit, cum S. Ecclesia martyres misit.”—S. Greg. Mor. lib. ix. c. xi.

¶ “Isti itaque sunt astiorum spiritualium ordines, qui dum summis virtutibus eminent, semper ex supernis lucent.”—Ib.

§ “Quot sunt ergo bona prædicantium, tot sunt ornamenta cælorum.”—Id. Hom. xxx. in Ev.

love of the holy and the pure.* Throughout His course He imparts, as He passes, celestial influences to these glorious beings, which they benignly shed upon their subject dominions,† each on the land, or city, or individual that owns his ruling sway, when in that happy conjunction. Sometimes the day awakens joy through kingdoms and provinces; gives simultaneous impulse to the swell of every organ; and makes every grey tower through the land to shake with its joyous peal, and lights up every countenance under the same beam of gladness. Or the ray only tips with light the modest spire of some hamlet church, and wakens to secluded festivity the sturdy inhabitants of a sheltered dell, to honour the saint scarce known beyond its precincts,—the recluse whose cell gave name to the humble village and its church, or the martyr who there shed his blood, and left his bones to consecrate its altar. Such we believe to be the true idea of the ecclesiastical calender: it commemorates the mercies of God:—sometimes more splendidly manifested in the mysteries of salvation, sometimes more condescendingly in the wonderful virtues of the saints. The same principle sanctions either class of festivals; God alone is worshipped, God alone is supplicated; but we love that the honour and the prayer should ascend conjointly with the smoke of angelic censurs, and with the fragrance of saintly phials.‡ All this feeling is natural to a Catholic, and so to speak, indigenous to Catholic countries; it is only the spontaneous expression of belief in the communion of saints. It leads to the great division of festivals of holy-days, a division which, being overlooked by the amiable nobleman who has called public attention to the subject, we deem it necessary now to notice.

The Christian religion confirmed, enobled, and sanctified every good natural feeling, and consequently, love in all its branches, beginning with the domestic affections, and gradually widening through social and national attachments, to universal philanthropy, or love of kind. But more than this, the Church, in and through which this religion was established, was ordered in perfect charity,§ in that principal of unity and communion which distinguishes her from every other body, that makes pretensions to her privileges. While this communion is Catholic or universal, the *intercommunion* whereby it is outwardly manifested, has its degrees or circles, narrower and wider, but each connected with those within, and spreading, as it were, from them by a natural expansion. There must be expression given to these various degrees of love by the religion which hallows them; there must be evidences put forth of this living communion, according to its fitting scale of intensity, by the Church which maintains it. In domestic life, nothing so evinces communion between the members of one family, as their participation in the same feelings, whether of joy, or of sorrow, as their

* Ps. xviii.

† “Ave Maris Stella!” See St. Bernard, Hom. ii. super Missus est.

•• “Thou hast made us to our God a kingdom, and priests, and we shall reign on the earth.”

—Rev. v. 10.

•Rev. viii. 3, v. 8.

† “Ordinavit in me charitatem.”—Cant. ii. iv.

feasting and their mourning together. The scattered individuals belonging to it will flock from distant parts to a family banquet, at some birth-day commemoration, or some domestic festivity; and they will hasten also to pay the last tribute of sorrowful regard to a departed relative.

And in like manner, the Church will have her various degrees of religious intercommunion exhibited by festivals, in which more or fewer join, according to their various rights.

1. She is the Church Catholic; she unites together all her children throughout the world upon certain great and solemn occasions, commemorative of universal benefits, or universal benefactors. Her great feasts are among her most certain and pleasing evidences of the universality of her communion. They prove how the hearts of millions dispersed can beat in unison, and how magnificent must be the sway that can give them a common impulse. One cannot be surprised that the early pontiffs were so intolerant of the Quartodeciman error, which led to variation in the day of observing Easter. It may seem to those who understand not the value of unity, to have been a harsh severity to repress this difference of discipline, coming apparently from so high a source. The admirers of national peculiarities and privileges, in ecclesiastical observances, may even regret such interferences. But the Church knew her real privileges better. She felt that it would never do to allow the most jarring feelings to be dividing her children on such a day,—to have some singing *Alleluja*, while others were crying *Miserere*,—some triumphing with the newly-risen, and others weeping with the expiring Saviour. Such discordant sounds could not blend as they rose to heaven; and *there* there could be no mixed festivity: *both* could not have an echo: the twenty-four elders could not divide, and one half attune their harps to a joyful, and the other to a more plaintive strain. Hence on this point the Church was ever inexorable; she hath no regard to minor proprieties, but looks to unity. By us in one hemisphere, Easter may justly be considered as rightly placed in the opening of the cheerful spring; its joys come with those of nature, its songs with the renewed carolling of birds, and its rich hangings and bright vestments with the new clothing of the trees and fields, beyond the splendour of Solomon in his glory; but to the new churches of the South it falls sorrowfully upon an uncongenial autumn, with searing leaves, and darkening skies, and decay and loss of all natural loveliness. And so likewise, how many thoughts moving to love do we find in the winter celebration of Christmas,—the long dreary night, the pinching cold, the sighing wind in Bethlehem's stable,—which must be lost to the Christian beyond the equator, obliged as he is on that day to seek shelter beneath his banana or cocoa-tree from the scorching of a vertical sun. But all this matters not: unity is a consideration far beyond all such secondary proprieties: and they who have not the privilege of looking on those stars, which crowned angels when they announced, "Glory to God and peace to man," must be content to forego such pleasing associations, for the sake of a sublimer and

more important end. These great and universal festivals, then, are declarations of religious unity, they are even among the visible bonds and ties which hold together the vast community of the Church. They are not, it is true, its essential elements,—they form not the stones whereof the goodly pile is built up, nor yet the cement nor the brazen cramps by which they are held fast together; but they are as finely moulded and richly carved string-courses, that run round the entire edifice, and show unity of design, and while they add grace and beauty, in truth as to the eye, bind compactly together the more solid parts.

And in fact, the belief of the universal Church in the incarnation and divinity of the eternal Word, in His death and resurrection, in the divinity of the Holy Ghost, in the real presence, in the supremacy of St. Peter and his successors, in the intercession of saints, in the glory of the blessed Virgin, and in the efficacy of prayer for the departed faithful, are not more strongly proclaimed to the world by her formularies of faith, than they are by the festivals, which her children every where observe in commemoration of these persons or doctrines. They stir up faith which otherwise might become forgetful, to the consideration, one by one, and more markedly, of each point; making the whole year a practical symbol of faith, in which consentient profession of particular doctrines is made, by august acts of worship and magnificent offices, throughout the world.

2. While unity of the more Catholic character is thus expressed through the festivals of the universal Church, there is a narrower sphere in which a closer communion exists, between the hierarchical components of what is called a national Church. By this, of course we do not mean independent Churches erected by states, but such portions of the universal Church as have a separate metropolitan government, whereof several may, on national or even geographical grounds, be united together. Thus the two archbishops of England, and their suffragans, used to form a division recognized by the rest of the Church, so the Gallican of the Spanish Churches. It is manifest that many links would bind together the bishops of such a portion of the Church, distinct from the bonds of Catholic communion—a common origin, one language, national manners and usages, peculiar rites, local traditions; not to mention many other just and reasonable motives of association, arising from political or social events. The sphere of influence of such considerations would be commensurate with that occupied by merely national feelings. It was natural that such religious alliances as were thus formed should lead to corresponding expressions of feeling, in the language of the Church. If the war-cry of "St. George for England," ringing inspiringly through the English ranks, cheered on our mailed barons to the charge, and nerved the arms of our cross-bowmen to speed their shafts, the same watchword excited the pious devotion of peaceful citizens at home, filled all the churches with ardent votaries, thronged the village greens throughout the land with candidates for rustic honours, and united king and people in one prayer for the welfare of their country. And so did the feast of the good king

Edward, or of the wonder-working Dunstan, or of the glorious St. Thomas, call forth national emotions of gratitude, or admiration, or enthusiastic love, from the people in whose memory their virtues were embalmed. Then, if their feelings found but a faint response, in the less solemn observance of the day across the channel, or the border, there came in its turn, over either, the song of public jubilee and of national joy, for St. Dennis of France, or St. Andrew of Scotland. Nay even to such merely national commemorations other countries would pay homage, by sending their pilgrims in crowds to worship at the favoured shrine.

3. A still closer bond of unity holds fast together a bishop and his diocese. The Cathedral, "the Mother-Church" is the centre of a more intimate communion; from it issues parochial jurisdiction, pastoral admonitions, episcopal visitation; there is the throne set of him who holds the apostolic commission to impose hands, and use the weightier keys of God's kingdom, in unlocking its more hidden treasures. Towards it turn all eyes and hearts for direction in trying moments, in critical circumstances. But in it too are sure to be laid the holy remains of some early bishop or venerable martyr, the special patron of the special patron of the noble cathedral, and its tributary diocese. Durham had its Cuthbert and its Bede, Lincoln its Hugh, Hereford its Thomas, Beverley its John, even as now Milan possessès its Ambrose and Charles, Naples its Januarius, Liege its Lambert, and Rome its Peter and Paul. The glories of such men belonged to the See which they had honoured, or to the city which possessed their sacred relics; and their festival was a public holy-day to the entire diocese. When it arrived, crowds might be seen streaming from the country round, through the city gateway, and directing their steps towards the noble cathedral, the proportions of which were calculated for such occurrences, and the joyous peal from whose massive tower floated over the highest pinnacle of ever secular building. There the shrine of the patron saint, covered with its golden palls and decked with its jewelled emblems, surrounded with blazing tapers and fragrant flowers, received the affectionate devotion of thousands of votaries, whose knees hollowed the pavement, and whose lips wore smooth the marble of the tomb, through ages of enduring love. And when the venerable Bishop, raising his hand at the close of the solemn office, blessed the silent prostrate crowd, how truly did he feel himself as the father amidst his children secure of their reverential attachment, the more because of the common devotion which thus collected them in joyful festival.

4. Finally, the parish church too had its own peculiar feast-days, its patron saints'-days, the anniversary of its dedication, and perhaps some others of a local interest. It was the expression of that family unity which more intimately existed, as it does in all Catholic countries, between the priest and his people. Those offices of love which none but he can discharge for them, must lead to feelings of a more familiar character. He has baptized them *all*, or at least their children, has instructed their childhood, has listened to their tale of sorrow, and has absolved them in Christ's name; has administered to them the sacred

gift; has attended, with kindness and comforting offices, the sick-bed of their friends; and has laid their departed ones, in peace and hope, in the grave. These and a thousand other duties which a Catholic priest discharges for his flock, must knit together their hearts, by love tempered with respect, a love shared by that sacred edifice in which the blessings of his ministry have been ever received, and to which he imparts life and vigour. The parish festival calls forth these feelings to open display; it is the people's own day, it is to *their* Church that the inhabitants of neighbouring villages, who can spare a few hours (and in a Catholic country these are many) flock on that day to pray; it is *their* pastor, who takes the lead in the more than usually solemn offices of the Church; it is *their* generosity or industry that has provided the means of giving peculiar splendour to the festival.

Now, if what we have thus far written be correct, we may pretty safely look for the causes which have destroyed holy-days in England, among those which have blighted the feelings that anciently produced, or secured them. Schism broke in two the union of this country with the rest of Christendom; a secular policy has separated all national from religious feelings; the decay of discipline, and the rise of commercial and manufacturing cities, have deprived the episcopacy and its seats of influence or interest, and dissent has utterly destroyed all parochial unanimity. And error has overspread the whole; heretical doctrine has poisoned the sources of all spiritual gladness; that belief from which Christian festivals must spring, those hopes towards which they lead, and that charity by which alone they can be nourished. These things would we have restored, and the lost holy-days would soon revive.

Lord John Manners seems to us to err in reversing this order: he would have the holy-days be the means of bringing back extinct good feelings: we would fain consider those days as their expression and their result. It seems, in fact, almost as unreasonable to expect that we should make our soldiers brave, and our generals skilful, and our entire nation warlike, and so gain great victories, by ordering a series of illuminations in cities, and bonfires all over the country. People will not rejoice and make merry over nothing, especially when some apparent and present sacrifice is to be made for the purpose; and we have made *our* people in particular so very rational that they will ask, why they are to give up a day's work, and keep holy-day? Now we believe it would be just as sensible in their eyes to reply to them, that those supposed profane public rejoicings are on account of Blenheim or Agincourt, as to say that the Church festivals, which they are ordered to keep, are in honor of those persons, whom I know" (may we add, "and care?") so little about?" The great work to be achieved is the restoration to the people of those ideas and sentiments, which will make such commemorations natural to them, the giving back the soul and spirit, and not mere visible, but imitate, forms. To go a little more into particulars, let us begin with the narrowest scale on which the

attempt might be made to restore the joyful festivity of olden times. It will be easier to induce the inhabitants of one parish to keep festival, than those of a diocese of such dimensions as the English ones now are. The parish church bears the name of some good old Saxon saint,—say St. Oswald or St. Frieswida, or of a more ancient one, as St. Clement or St. George. To learn what must be done in order to establish, not only in outward observance, but in the hearts of the parishioners, the cheerful holiness of their saint's day, we may do as business-like people do in this country, in worldly matters. When a man of this character wishes to *set up* a new apparatus, whether for warming his church or house, or washing, or prison-discipline, he goes to a place, given in reference, where he finds the machinery at work, and sees how it is managed, and how it answers. So we may learn how the restoration of holy-days may be made, by seeing how they are kept up, where they actually exist, as once they did among our forefathers.

If you go into a village or town in a Catholic country, you may easily ascertain who is the patron saint that gives a name and festival to the parish church, by simply asking the first dozen children whom you meet in the streets, boys or girls, their Christian names. Among them you will be sure to find one prevailing, which perhaps is new to you, at any rate unusual; and if so, you may conclude, that it belongs to some saint held in especial veneration, either from the church's being dedicated to him, or possessing his relics, or from his being in some way a patron-saint. In other words, you find that name become there "familiar as household words," a part of the family vocabulary in every generation. "*Corpora eorum in pace sepulta sunt et nomina eorum vivent in æternum.*" The very name is dear to the people; is associated with domestic feelings, is interwoven with many tender thoughts. When the festival returns, it recalls to mind the little one that received that name at baptism, and is sleeping in innocence in an early grave, or it is the feast day of the grey-headed old man, who can no longer go to church, but must have his festival at home, when the rest return from Mass; in other words, the parish festival is a family commemoration as well, and has an echo of joy in every household. But then with the name comes the history. The inhabitants of that village or town, may know very little of profane history: but if they know anything, they know all about their own saint, that is or can be known. Every year they hear his panegyric, in every house they have his image or picture, however rude; his palm-branch, or his lily, or his vestment declares what he was, if he have no personal symbol; every child reads in school some account of him suited to a child's capacity, and is taught to look to him as a model and a patron. And if little is known, the very mystery lends a new charm, and allows room for speculation why he has been chosen as the patron; and it is found to have been either because he lived there, or had some way made himself there known, or there had been an immemorial devotion to him; or if every thing else fail, it is at least certain that he is a great saint in heaven, a glorious martyr, or a most

holy confessor. (Would an English peasant know what these words mean?)

Now, if you go into an English town or village, and probe for your ground to build on, through the superincumbent layer of ignorance and bigotry, by these simple means, we suspect you will find it totally wanting. You will find multitudes bearing the common every-day names; but if you conjecture a holier reason for them than that an uncle or an aunt, or the parents have first borne them, you will be soon undeceived. And even here you may perhaps detect lurking the baneful symptoms of dissent, in the very names of the young Ebenezers and Icabods, whose biblical fathers would prefer the twang of a Hebrew appellation, to the softest sounds in the Church's calendar. But go on, and if the sexton or schoolmaster can happen to tell you to whom the parish church is dedicated, seek among the people for some information respecting that saint, or for some ideas or feelings regarding him. We are inclined to believe, that though you might find some traditions yet alive about Robin Hood, in the neighbourhood of Needwood, and you might pick up many stories about Dick Turpin of Yorkshire, you will find the people in St. Oswald's parish or St. Giles's or St. Ives', just as interested or as informed about these holy persons, as they are about the Hindoo mythology. And how can one hope to make them rejoice and hold festival in their honor and commemoration?

But how set about removing this obstacle? Their Church has been teaching them for three centuries nothing about the saints, farther than that there is great superstition and peril of idolatry, in performing any act expressive of active communion with them, such as asking their prayers, or trusting in their sympathy or protection. Their clergymen have been lecturing them about the wickedness of the Roman Church in showing them any honour, as derogatory to higher claims, and has proven to them the folly of invoking them, by the comfortable doctrine that they cannot hear us or see us, and by implication that they care nothing about us on earth. Who among them ever is taught that he has a guardian angel ever at his side, watching all his steps; or that he should look on the saint of his name as a heavenly advocate, and address him as such? Who has been told to turn his eyes, through the perils of youth, towards the Virgin Mother of his Saviour, as the special patroness of purity and innocence? And is it to be expected that, all at once, they will enter with heart into any project for reviving festivals, in memory of those whom they have been too well taught to regard as aliens and strangers, not to be approached, save by passing over the yawning chasm of Popish idolatry or superstition? Festivals, too, the very ground of which is a belief in the existence of close and affectionate sympathy between the inhabitants of both Jerusalem, and a firm persuasion that they in heaven are pleased with our joy, and return it in blessings obtained for us. Surely the whole teaching of past centuries must be contradicted; the web so artfully woven for generations must be unravelled; the people must be taught to revere what they have despised, to love what they have hated, and consequently to see that they have been, till now, misled, blinded, and

deceived, by the very step-mother Church, which now wishes to set them right. How this will be done we are curious to see.

Let us for this purpose have fair and honest courses. If you want to have the feast of any saint revived in his parish or cathedral, let the people know all about him or her. Tell them plainly that St. Hilda was a nun and abbess, and by vowing perpetual virginity, became more pleasing before God and man; that St. Bennet was the founder of the monks whose houses were all suppressed at the godly Reformation, as being hives of lazy drones, and useless members of society, and that he was a truly wonderful saint, to be greatly honoured for that institution; that Venerable Bede said mass in Latin, and held many Catholic doctrines. It will not do to try to smuggle into the English Church a veneration for saints, and holy-days in their honour, as if they were some respectable ancient Protestants, bishops in lawn, or pious ladies who taught poor-schools; but let them be made known as *saints*; and let it be well explained what saints are: bishops who in their day led celibate and mortified lives, distributed the greater part of their revenues to the poor, founded and endowed hospitals, built churches, and resisted the oppression of the Church, even unto death: noble and royal dames, who retired from the world into poor convents, and devoted their lives to fasting and prayer, in perpetual chastity, and induced many others of like degree to do the same. And let the people know that such things ceased in England the moment its people became Protestant, and its clergy called themselves and their separated Church "Anglican," but continued in "Popish" countries in men like St. Charles, St. Francis, and St. Alphonsus, and in women like the Princess Louisa, or the late Maria Clotilde of Sardinia, and many others of scarcely inferior rank.

If the whole truth be told to the people on this matter, we feel no doubt that holydays, in honor of saints, would soon revive, because the religion which can alone restore them would be re-established. But let us suppose the attempt to be made, without the preparatory feelings being excited; how would the practical restoration be effected? Once more, let us go to Catholic countries. The festal day of a parish or diocese is as firmly established in the calendar as is any one of the greater feasts. It has its office; its proper breviary service, probably with special hymns and antiphons, certainly with collect, and lessons appropriate, sanctioned and approved by lawful authority. The day belongs to the festival, if we may so speak, and not the festival to the day. In the English establishment there would be a difficulty in fixing the day, for its meagre calendar does not contain a tenth portion of the saints to whom old churches are dedicated; and when a day was found, supposing the bishop to approve it, where would its office be got? The dry every-day *ferial* office would have to be used, in which not an appropriate allusion or reference would be made to the cause of festivity. But to proceed. The day, in a Catholic parish, is long-established, and well-known to all: not merely to parishioners, but to neighbours all around. The lord and the peasant equally look forward

to it; it is one more tie between them. The former does not grudge the days' work to his dependents, the other does not repine at the loss of his gains: it is as the Sunday, a day calculated in the general balancing of the year's occupation and profit. The poor people will not starve on that day; they will have rather stinted themselves a little beforehand, to honour it with better cheer: nor will charitable doles and largesses be wanting to gladden the destitute, if any there be.

We saw, not long ago, an instance of how completely the village festival unites and gladdens the hearts of all classes. Who that has travelled in fair Italy, remembers not, as a vision of Eden, the shores and islands of the Lago Maggiore? Who that has seen the latter from a distance, has not leaped into the nearest skiff, and tried, though only for a few moments, to visit them, or at least the one which most invites him, "the beautiful island" as it is justly called? Among those so tempted, were ourselves: and it was as lovely a day for a festival as ever nature gave to southern skies, when we crossed the calm water which separates that charming spot from the main land. The island appears, at first sight, entirely occupied by the princely palace of the Borromeos, with its enchanted gardens. The bold front of the former, seems to rise sheer from the water, and the terrace-walls of the latter even to slant beyond the natural boundary of the land. But at one side, close to the splendid stairs which lead from the lake to the fore-court of the villa, is a small esplanade, occupied by poor but comfortable fisherman's huts, nestling under the shelter of the lofty edifice, and among them the humble parish church, now about to be beautified by its patron, to which there is access from the palace. No attempt has been by the noble lords of the island to buy up this patrimony of the poor, for these cottages are their own little property, nor to *plant them out*, as an eye-sore, nor to transplant them to the humbler islands around, chiefly occupied by persons of their rank; but they have remained undisturbed for generations, the poor inhabitants holding the same relation to the prince, as their huts do to this palace, that of humble but independent neighbours, who share his fostering and protecting care, affording the means of pleasing contrasts, and the exercise of reciprocal duties. As we approached the marble landing-place, we observed more than usual stir about it, nor were we slow to understand its cause. An elegant gondola was riding in the water, with its boatmen dressed in the livery of the Borromeos; and as we ascended the steps we were met, in frank and gentle greeting, by the young count himself, with his countess and child, beside whom was a large party of ecclesiastics and laymen, who had been partaking of the curate's hospitality. We were made welcome, and desired to call for whatever the house afforded, and invited to inspect it at our leisure. This was hardly necessary; the entire palace and its gardens seemed to belong to the public, every place was thrown open and in the occupancy of the good priest and his guests, who ranged freely, as we did ourselves, through the stately gardens and cool grottoes of the ground-floor of the palace, perfectly at their ease. It was not the season when noblemen in Italy reside in the

country ; it was, moreover, but a sultry and dusty journey of forty or fifty miles from thence to Milan ; but that young nobleman had made it, with his family, expressly for that day. It was the festival of the little parish church, and he considered it his duty not to be absent from it. Who can doubt that this mark of sympathy and religious communion between the noble patron and his poor neighbours, this act of respect to the humble parish-church and its priest, would more firmly attach the people to his family than perhaps more expensive acts of generosity,—blankets, through his steward, at Christmas, and an ox, roasted whole, on his coming of age ?

However, let us suppose concord so far secured, as that a clergyman in England could have the squire or the lord on his side (and certainly wherever a nobleman of Lord John Manners's mind and heart could be found, he would be completely with him,) in endeavouring to bring the people of any extensive parish to celebrate a new holy-day. Due notice is given, the saint's day is named—his to whom the church is dedicated—cessation from work is inculcated, morning and evening service with music, and the communion service, are arranged, and village sports (if enclosure acts have left room for them) announced. If any one rejoices, depend upon it, it will be the publicans, no small a portion of a village or town population ; but there will be sufficient that grieve at the notice, to destroy every thing like unanimity and cheerful neighbourly enjoyment of such a day. We can easily conceive the fright, the horror, and dismay that would fill the breasts, and disturb the features, of pious ladies and preachers of every sort ; nor can we help imagining to ourselves the machinery that would be set to work to spoil the holiday sport. For we have seen it put in motion in provincial towns, to avert the calamity of a good attendance on an extraordinary Catholic function. First there would be placards on the walls, and in the shop windows, of which the leading words, in unusually large letters, would tell to a hasty observer the whole sense :—
 “CHRISTIANS BEWARE!—POPISH SUPERSTITION—WORST CORRUPTIONS—PROFANE AMUSEMENTS—GLORIOUS REFORMATION—RESISTED TO THE DEATH.”
 Then the Independents would choose that very day for the ordination or reading in of a new minister ; Mr. A. interrogating him as to his call, and Mr. B. of C. reading the ordination prayer. The Methodists would convoke a missionary meeting, in which a Cherokee regenerated minister (known possibly, when a savage, as “the Great Wild-goose”) will appear in his own native plumage (hired perhaps, from Mr. Cattlin,) and address the assembly, and recount the history of his conversion ; and the Baptists would convoke another, in which Mr. D. with his wife, and interesting family of little children, will communicate their experience among the heathen : and the — auxiliary branch to the — District Bible Society would have a special meeting of subscribers ; and every other sect would have something or other to exhibit, as fantastic and as profitable as the show of a fair. More than this we have known to be done, as we have already observed, to disturb a Catholic festival :

enough, and more than enough, to destroy all idea of happy communion of religious feeling between the inhabitants of one place; probably enough to divide house against house, and turn to bitterness, even in the heart of a family, what was intended to diffuse the blessings of harmony and peace.

A Catholic festival is an occurrence which puts all the place in which it is celebrated into good humour, and makes it brimful of cheerfulness. Its meaning, its object, and its demands are perfectly understood by all, and are all of a common interest. Before its day arrives, all whose duty it is, are busy in the work of preparation; but it is like the work of the bee-hive, each does his appointed office, with the punctuality of instinct:—the choir is trained, the church decorated, the altars adorned with all the richness that the place affords; the houses are put into order, wherever the processions are to pass; the confraternities make their various preparations, to appear decorously and prevent confusion; the clergy dispose all things for the more spiritual duties to be discharged, and for the Church-offices, which will well nigh occupy the day; and those who have to look to the more secular part of the festivity will not neglect it.

When the day itself arrives, the Church is ready, with all her boundless stores of spiritual ministrations, calculated, not to deaden, but to raise and quicken, the pulse of religious joy. From the first dawn of day, the doors of the church are open not merely to the winds of heaven, but to the influx of eager faithful, who know that the morning sacrifice will be ready for oblation as soon as they, and that the morning banquet of Christ's children will be as early as the manna in the wilderness. There is no desertion of the holy place "between services," for, in fact, the whole morning is occupied by a succession of offices, which leave but few intervals; and even these are well filled up by the silent devotions of many worshippers. Then comes the great and more public function, at which all the clergy attend, and all the faithful assist, with such pomp and circumstances of festivity as the place admits of; and after sufficient respite, to allow the body its necessary refreshment, the afternoon offices, running probably till late in the evening, succeed, not equally, but proportionately, continuing the holy joy of the happy festival. And thus the more worldly demonstrations of cheerful mirth, which close the day, are not its occupation but its recreation, and come upon minds prepared to enjoy them, with good temper and sober feelings.

But there is one almost necessary part of festive observances which the Church of England has completely got rid of, as well as of all else that is beautiful in Church services; and, in her present condition, cannot hope to restore. We mean religious processions. "Behold that solemn procession," exclaims an author, whom it is always a pleasure to quote, "through the aisles of the abbey church of St. German! The holy virgins in pure white robes, like very sanctity, bearing bright tapers in their hands; crowds of holy laymen, the noble and the mechanic, side by side, alike humble, alike devout; the saintly

students, the venerable clergy, slowly moving along, singing their pensive melody through the dusky space, shedding radiance as they pass along, while all around them lies in deep darkness. O, it is an impressive thing to mark the countenance of each one who glides before you. There are some who walk, rapt like men in sleep, unconscious of all around them, conversant only with the internal vision, in a rapture of angelic thought.—During the ages of faith, the procession was considered an institution of no small importance, in an intellectual and spiritual point of view. Before those mystic flames, which seem to be mingled with the supernal luminaries,—emblems of the star which never sets,—it was thought that the delusive meteors of corrupt passions would die away, and be no more seen. That pious crowd, still encreasing as it proceeded, which passed on, walking in such humble guise after the blessed sacrament, was in sooth a sublime spectacle, as exhibiting to the eye of the world a multitude of men, who sought to follow their ecclesiastical king, hungering and thirsting after him.”* The catholic procession is the overflowing of religious joy beyond the vessel which usual contains it. It is the mystical stream which Ezechiel saw flowing from the altar of the holy place, and issuing abroad through the temple gates, so deepening and swelling, as it flows along, till it becomes a mighty torrent,† bounding forward in exultation, and making a joyful noise as the sound of many waters. It is, in fact, the Church herself, who, not content with the fainter radiation of her blessings from their centre, at the shrine and the altar, goes forth to bear them, and to impart them to the abodes long ranks of clergy and crowds of followers have left it. You saw, but a few minutes before, the vast area covered with men and women, in and resorts of her children. For, go into the spacious building, when its in their holiday attire, all giving abundant signs of life and joy, and the altar surrounded with goodly array of ministers, vested according to their offices, richly and variously, moving in fragrant clouds of incense, while the atmosphere up to the echoing vault was filled with the organ’s peal and the choral song. And now you find it solitary and silent, emptied of all that formed its life, the many tapers burning still, and the fading wreaths from the censor subsiding like evening vapours, with none to enjoy the light and fragrance; and all the beauty and charms of the holy building are there, but no worshipper to be enamoured of it; and it really seems as though the material church still remained, while the spiritual is gone forth: it is like the beautiful body of a saint entranced, while the soul is gone afar on some errand of love. And so, in fact, it is: you hear, faint and distant, the cadence of the solemn chaunt, now sweeping fuller upon the wind, as the multitude that has gone forth sings united in some ampler space, then dying, and only murmuring through the windings of streets and alleys. It is the Church of God, the rival of heavenly

* *Mores Catholici*, b. v. p. 92.

† *Ezec.* xlvii.

choirs—"almæ Sionis æmula"—that is diffusing blessings through the entire town or village, making its narrow ways the aisles of her vaster temple, the open squares its spreading nave, and the heavens with their consenting angels, its noble vault. And in place of niches and images inanimate, to adorn its walls, see every casement alive with glowing countenances, and tuneful voices; the sick man has had himself brought from his bed to join the festival, now come to his very doors; and the aged and helpless matron is supported in the arms of her children, or sits and raises her palsied head at the threshold, to salute the Church's borne treasures; and the very babes exult in their mother's arms, and stretch forth their little hands in glee, as did John in the womb of Elizabeth, at a similar visit. And now the sounds come swelling and encreasing, but wave-like, as the flowing tide, till they strike once more against the roof, and re-echo through the arches; and the bright successive flashes of the torches, as they enter, and the stirring flood of life that spreads over the pavement, and the thronging array that again surrounds the altar, give back the animation, the spirit, the soul, that seemed to have been sundered, for a time, from the visible and material frame, restore to it utterance, and make it thrill once more with stirring life and sparkling joyousness.

Now, what has the Church of England to produce, and send round among her people, in which they can confide, or to which they will turn their looks and hearts, in thankfulness and reverence, or in more solemn worship, as it moves among them? Do they, who would have processions restored in her, imagine that two long files of choristers and clergymen in hoods and scarfs, constitute them, and would rivet, long and often, the devout attention of the people? Or that flaunting banners and antique devices would give a further attraction to them? Surely these things may form a goodly pageant, and meet for the walking-day of a club, but they are not the essentials of a religious function. Where there are ministers and symbols, there must be something higher and better than either, a reality to be ministered unto. The Levites walk forth with their tunics and trumpets, only when the Ark of the Lord moves along, and they in attendance on it. Has the Church of England then the shrines of ancient saints, which priests may bear reverently in their hands or on their shoulders, to remind her people that she was (alas! *is* she cannot say) the mother of saints, to awaken in their minds the recollection of bright examples, and to excite their confidence in the intercession of those, with whose sacred remains they are thus associated upon earth? She that hath rifled the tombs of her ancient bishops, hath scattered the ashes of her martyrs to the winds, hath blotted the names of her holy monks from the calendar, and hath cast into oblivion the memory of her saintly virgins? She who cannot count one relic in all her treasures (revered as such,) who reprobates all honour shown to any, and dares not tell her people to bear them about them? Or can she presume higher, and hope to bear more solemnly about, the Lord Himself of Glory, in His Eucharistic triumph, for such the Catholic procession may, in

general, be called? She who, independent of her sacramental losses, which debar her from ever possessing the reality, may not even attempt so to honour its substituted type, in the face of her own melancholy decree against it? She who allows irreverence to any amount in the administration of it, discerning not in it the Boey of the Lord?† No: she has forfeited and lost these gifts, part of the Catholic inheritance. The motives which can suggest religious festivity, the means whereby it can be conducted, the objects towards which it may be directed, are all bound up together by that unity which, to be anything worth, must be Catholic, Catholic in the widest sense, as embracing in its universality heaven and earth. Only through that communion of saints which brings men in the flesh into living association with spiritual beings, can those feelings be stirred up from which gladsome commemorations of them, or celebration of great mysteries spring. The vesture of the Church, that is her variable ritual, sparkles as with gems, some of greater cost and brilliancy, others serving but for embroidery and every-day adornment: but they must seek in vain to fit them on again, and have them shine, who have first rent, and then stripped off her, this her seamless garment. She is as the spring, and scatters flowers along her path, wherever she treads; as the season advances, new and fresh ones rise beneath her feet, flowers of holiness as of loveliness—but it is only the dew of Hermon that can feed them, the dew which only falls where brethren dwell together in unity.‡ The attempt of our amiable nobleman to revive them in the national church, reminds us sorrowfully of those little gardens which children in Germany love to make upon the graves of their departed friends,

* Art. xxviii.

† It is but a few weeks ago that "the English Churchman" contained a paragraph complaining of the manner in which the communion service was administered in the restored Temple church. It stated that the remaining sacramental bread (considered of course as duly consecrated) was left on the paten on the altar-rails, till every thing else was cleared away, when it was taken into the vestry by a man, who carried it in one hand, and a pile of cushions in the other! And yet such irreverence and sacrilege (supposing consecration) brings down no censure upon its doers and abettors, beyond that of a newspaper. If the bishop of the diocese believes in the real presence after consecration, the least he could be supposed to do, would be to suspend the clergyman, dismiss the cushion-bearer, and take measures for future amendment. In fact the church ought to be placed under an interdict. Yet because this church has been repaired and restored, and repainted after old models, it is considered quite a demonstration of return to Catholic ideas and feelings. How little they know of Catholic truth who can so judge! Alas! these things are but as the mint and the cummin, while the others, that are neglected, are the weighty things of the law. Look at the ancient canons prescribing different degrees of penance for the casual spilling of a drop from the chalice. The decree on this head in the canon law is there attributed to Pope St. Pius I, but more probably belongs to Theodore, archbishop of Canterbury. (Dec. 3d. P. De Consec. Dist. ii. cap. xxvii. *SI PER NEGLIGENTIAM*.) Where there has been decided negligence, a penance of forty days is enjoined, besides the priest's having to wipe with his tongue the place on which the precious drop has fallen. The rubrics (*De Defectibus*, x. 12-15) specify most minutely what is to be done in cases of any accident, abstained for several days from the celebration of the divine mysteries. Surely the conduct of the Catholic Church and of the Anglican cannot indicate anything like identity, or even similarity, of belief, respecting the Eucharist. And if only one of them can be allowed to hold the real presence, Solomon's test—not here of material, but of filial, affection—will easily decide between their respective claims.

‡ Ps. cxxxii.

by studding them with flowers, plucked from the neighbouring fields. There, indeed, they had roots and lived; but here they can only look pretty for a time then fade and die, to point the moral of a comparison, between the flower above and the flower beneath the sod.

So will it be with holy-days introduced by act of parliament, or by private speculation—nay by that Church even, which has destroyed every emotion that can suggest them, has quenched the sympathies and untuned the harmonies necessary to enliven them, has long disused her people to jocund sounds, and cannot bring back these lost feelings without bitter self-condemnation.—Till she is prepared to make this, she must sit under the yoke of her own forging, and weep over the desolation of her own making; she may exhilarate the people by a passing effort, she may throw this her body of death into a galvanic spasm, that looks like a gambol of joy; she may mistake convulsive twitches for smiles, and a ghastly glare of the eye for the rekindled flash of life. But dead, heavy, and lumpish will it fall again, so soon as the wires now applied to it are withdrawn; unless advantage is taken of the momentary artificial life, to dart into it once more the living spark—the Catholic soul, which, restoring it to unity and its privileges, will put the garland into its hand, and the canticle into its mouth, and give it place once more among the children of God.

We have said the “desolation of her own making.” Truly, “*vix Sion lugent, eo quod non sint qui veniant ad solemnitatem.*”^{*} But who has made them mourn? no foreign invader, no princely oppressor, no plague or famine, nor prophet’s curse. But it was a part of the plan which made her a national Church, which purged her, as she vaunts, from errors, and made her more holy and apostolic; so at least speak her bishops and legislators. It is the designed and well accomplished scheme of those who pretended to be her fathers in Christ. “*Dixerunt in corde suo cognatio eorum simul: quiescere faciamus omnes dies festos Dei a terra.*”[†] It was a deliberate sin, and that sin must be expiated and repaired. It is in the power of England and its rulers, to bring back once more all that is now regretted as lost, but there is only one way.—England’s first national holy-day will and can only be, the bright and glorious day which sees her restored to the communion of Christ’s Church Catholic.

^{*} Thren 1, 4.

[†] Ps 73, 8.

HYMN—"PANGE, LINGUA."

Sing, O tongue, devoutly sing
 The laurels of our glorious king !
 Loud proclaim the triumph high
 Of the Cross' victory ;
 How, upon that altar laid,
 Our price the world's Redeemer paid.

When our first forefather ate
 The fruit which wrought his woful fate,
 Our high Creator piteous mourned
 His holy law by creatures scorned ;
 And, fain to make the damage good,
 Through wood revoked the curse of wood-

Such the deep, mysterious plan
 Framed to rescue ruin'd man—
 Framed with wondrous skill to meet
 The crafty tempter's arch deceit ;
 While from one source promiscuous flow
 The woe and salve that cured the woe.

Fulfill'd the course of Advent years,
 At length the promised Day appears ;
 Stoops from his Father's lofty state
 The Son who did the world create.
 Meek offspring of a Virgin's womb,
 Enshrined in flesh, behold Him come !

Full many a tear behold Him shed,
 Sunk in his narrow manger bed ;
 The while His Virgin Mother mild
 Enwraps in rags her glorious child !
 And lo ! the incarnate feet and hands
 Of God are swathed in beggar's bands !

And now six lustral courses run,
 His task of love is well nigh done ;
 The Saviour of his own free will,
 Prepares His passion to fulfil ;
 And on the Cross the Victim lies
 Meek, and bound for sacrifice.

Gall His drink, behold Him languish,
 While His tender frame with anguish,
 Thorns, and nails, and javelin fierce,
 One by one acutely pierce ;
 Till from His wounded side a flood
 Of water flows, with mingled blood,
 Which earth and sea, which world and skies,
 From sin's pollution purifies.

O faithful Cross, thou peerless Tree,
 No forest yields the like of thee,
 Leaf, flower and bud.
 Sweet is the Wood, and sweet its weight,
 And sweet the nails which penetrate
 Thee, thou sweet wood.

Bow thy branches haughty tree,
 Suspend thy wonted cruelty ;
 Relax thy tightened arms ; repress

For once thy native stubbornness ;
The Royal burden gently bear,
And spare our dying God, O spare !

Thou alone wert meet esteemed
Him to bear, who man redeemed ;
Thou' unshaken Ark, bedewed
With the Lamb's availing Blood,
Shipwrecked man dost safely guide,
And in port securely hide.

To th' undivided Tree in Heaven
Be glory, praise and honour given,
Alike to Father and to Son,
And Paraclete, the Three in one ;
Yea, let the adoring world proclaim
Of Three and One the glorious name.—Amen.

FULFILMENT OF PROPHECY.

We shall endeavour to be as brief as possible in our promised explanation of what is to be understood by the Little Horn, which forms a part of the vision presented to Daniel, as recorded in the 7th chapter of his prophecy. Although we have already inserted that chapter in the 4th No. of the CATHOLIC CABINET, we shall quote once more that portion of it, which relates to the subject of our present examination.

DANIEL VII. 19—25.

“ After this I would diligently learn concerning the fourth beast, which was very different from all and exceedingly terrible : his teeth and claws were of iron ; he devoured and broke in pieces, and the rest he stamped upon with his feet.

“ And concerning the ten horns that he had on his head : and concerning the other that came up, before which three horns fell : and of that horn that had eyes and a mouth speaking great things, and was greater than the rest.

“ I beheld and lo ! that horn made war against the saints, and prevailed over them.

“ Till the Ancient of days came and gave judgment to the saints of the Most High, and the time came and the saints obtained the kingdom.

“ And thus he said : The fourth beast shall be the fourth kingdom upon earth, which shall be greater than all kingdoms, and shall devour the whole earth, and shall tread it down and break it in pieces.

“ And the ten horns of the same kingdom shall be ten kings : and another

shall rise up after them and he shall be mightier than the former, and he shall bring down three kings.

“And he shall speak words against the High One, and shall crush the saints of the Most High, and he shall think himself able to change times and laws, and they shall be delivered into his hands until a time, and times and half a time.

“And judgment shall sit, that his power may be taken away, and be broken to pieces, and perish even to the end.”

We have already explained what the fourth beast and the ten horns prefigured the Roman Empire, and the different kingdoms that arose from its ruins. (See Nos. 4 and 5 of this periodical.) The only remaining question to be examined is, what king or power was represented by the little horn, which grew up after the other horns,—before which three of them disappeared,—and which is described under such strong figures in the verses above quoted? The greater part of Protestant interpreters find in this little horn, and in its characteristics as here described, a clear prediction of what they are pleased to call Papal Rome, i. e. the Roman Catholic Church, in the teachings, and tendencies of which they have discovered an exact correspondence with the predictions contained in these verses. To support this view, they are obliged to make two suppositions, neither of which is true.

1. That Papal Rome, i. e. the Roman Catholic Church, is or ever has been a temporal power, like that of Pagan Rome, or of the powers that rose from its ruins. Now, although the Pope is a temporal prince, inasmuch as that portion of Italy called the States of the Church recognize him as its temporal Sovereign, it is not as such that he is the visible Head of the Church on earth. His temporal power is perfectly extrinsic to his spiritual character. This latter he possessed and exercised for many ages, before the force of circumstances, rather than any other cause, invested him with temporal power; and his spiritual prerogatives, as—Christ's vicegerent, would be acknowledged by the Catholic world, to the same extent as they are known, if the same force of circumstances were to deprive him of every thing like temporal power and influence. But the church itself is not, in any sense of the word, a temporal power, the temporal power or possessions of her members no more interfering with her spiritual character, by which she is not of this world, than do the temporal power or possession of the members or ministers of any other church, *e. g.* the Church of England give to such Church the character of a temporal sovereignty. The Roman Catholic Church, then, is not a power of the same kind as described by Daniel, namely an earthly kingdom or sovereignty.

2. The doctrines and precepts of the Roman Catholic Church are not characterized by the qualities ascribed to the Little Horn in Daniel's prophecy; and those protestant writers who endeavour to make the application are under the necessity of attributing to that church doctrines and practices which she abhors, while they are very careful to keep her real principles out of view. If any one doubt of this, let him carefully compare any statement of our doctrines he may

find in such writers with the contents of the first Catholic Catechism upon which he may lay his hand. Acknowledging Christ as the only source of grace,—the only foundation of our hope, through whom alone we ask for mercy ; attributing to his institution all the powers of the ministry, and all the efficacy of the sacraments which it dispenses ; giving to no creature whatsoever, the honour that belongs to God, whom we are taught to love with our whole heart, our whole soul, and our whole mind ; commemorating and celebrating, day after day, the virtues and triumphs of the saints of God, instead of persecuting them—and extending, age after age, the kingdom of Christ, in every clime and nation of the world, rather than labouring for its extinction—how, we ask, in the name of common sense, can any sincere man who knows these to be our principles—as all may know who wish not to be deceived—how, we ask, can such a person reflect without horror and disgust, at the stupid fanaticism that could find in such a system the qualities attributed by the prophet to this mysterious power, designated under the figure of the little horn ?

The little horn appears to us to denote the rise and progress of the Mohammedan power to which all the characters here exhibited may be readily applied. But before we make this application, we have a few observations to offer on a somewhat similar prediction of Daniel, which is thought by many persons to relate to the same subject, and which, by those even who acknowledge the difference of object in these two prophecies, is not unfrequently confounded with it.

In the eighth chapter, Daniel has recorded a vision in which the contest between the Persian and Greek empires was exhibited to him under the figures of a struggle between a ram and a he-goat, which, in the 20 and 21st verses, are stated by the angel to denote these empires. When the great horn of the he-goat was grown strong, it broke, and four other horns grew up,—and out of one of them came forth a little horn, concerning which both in the 8th and 11th chapters great events are predicated. The horn of the he-goat is evidently Alexander the Great ; the four horns are the four dynasties that rose out of the division of Alexander's empire, and the little horn that grew out of one of them is no other than Antiochus Epiphanes, in whose personal character and public actions, is found an exact correspondence with all that is here said of the person denoted by the little horn. The Fathers very generally considered Antiochus as a type of Antichrist, who would persecute the people of the New Dispensation as that impious king persecuted the Jewish people, and hence have been made the application of what was literally to be understood of Antiochus Epiphanes to him whom they regarded as his antitype.—Those commentators, Protestant as well as Catholic, who assign the empire of Alexander's successors as the power denoted by the fourth beast, (Daniel 7,) have no difficulty in determining who was meant by the little horn in Daniel 7, 20, as they understand it of Antiochus Epiphanes. But we have already shown that the Roman empire was designated under the figure of the fourth

beast ; and consequently not only must we seek elsewhere the person or power that grew up among the ten horns of the fourth beast, but also as these two little horns—the one growing out of a Grecian, the other out of a Roman empire—cannot be identical, we most carefully abstain from confounding them, by taking them to represent the same thing, or by mixing up what is said of one with what is predicated by the other.

That the Mahommedan empire is designated by the little horn in the 7th chapter of Daniel, we deem very manifest ; because all the details of this prophecy appear to find their fulfilment in the character of Mahomet, and in the spirit by which the empire he founded has ever been animated.

I. The time of the rise of Mahommedanism exactly corresponds with the time of the appearance of the little horn. The power denoted by this figure was to arise after the ten kings, who were to destroy the fourth beast, i. e. the Roman empire. This destruction was effected in the fifth and sixth centuries as explained in the preceding article on this subject. Mahomet appeared in the beginning of the 7th century.

II. This power was to arise among the ten kings, that is, among those powers by whom the Roman empire was dismembered. Arabia, in which Mahommedanism first appeared, was a province of the Roman empire, and continued to be such, until the time of Mahomet.

III. The Mahomedan power appears to reunite all the characters ascribed by Daniel to the little horn.

1st, In its origin, it was humble and insignificant, and, therefore, deserving the appellation of little.

2nd, It described as a "horn having eyes ; and when we consider that Mahomet styled himself "the prophet"—which in the Arabic, and other cognate dialectics, means "*One who sees*," and hence our English word "Seer,"—when we remember that his successors claimed only the title of being the Prophet's or Seer's deputies, it appears very natural to apply this character of the little horn to the Mahommedan power.

3d, "He shall think himself able to change times and laws." (V. 24.) This has been exactly fulfilled in Mahomet, who established a new sabbath, the era of whose flight has abolished among his followers that of Christ's Nativity, and who changed the laws which Christ had established for others of his own invention.

4th, The little horn had a mouth speaking great things, (v. 20,) that is, words against the High One." (v. 25.) This suits precisely the character of Mahomet and of the power he established, whose rejection of Christ's doctrines, whose unauthorized assumption of the character of prophet, whose blasphemous and absurd fables regarding God and his angels, and whose grossly sensual religion, proclaimed as the revelation of God, must all be considered as "words against the High One."

5th, This horn was greater than the rest. Of all the dynasties that rose out

f the ruins of the Roman empire, that of Mahomet was the greatest.

6th, The king, or power, denoted by this horn was to bring down, i. e., destroy three of the ten kings, or powers, (v. 24.) Whether by the word *three*," we are to understand a definite or indefinite number, it is very easy to find in the establishment of the Mahommedan power in various parts of Asia, Africa, and Europe, events which may be regarded as the accomplishment of this prediction.

7th, "And he shall crush the saints of the Most High," (v. 24.) "And the horn made war upon the saints and prevailed over them." It is not necessary to state, what all must know, that the Mahommedan power has ever been the cruel and unrelenting oppressor of Christians, and that in too many instances it has prevailed over them. Is not Constantinople, a city which was so eminently christian in its origin and history, at the present day, and has it not been for the last four centuries, the seat of Mahommedan power and impiety? The exact conformity between the various qualities ascribed to the king, or power denoted by the little horn, and the empire of Mahomet appears to us to justify the conclusion, that it is of this kingdom we are to understand this portion of the mystic predictions of Daniel. As we merely intend to illustrate this portion of Scripture by the history of the past, we, of course, forbid ourselves to indulge in any conjectures as to whatever part of this prophecy may yet remain to be accomplished.

We trust that we have redeemed the promise made in the third number of the CABINET, and that we have pointed out the fulfilment of the prophecy in the fall of the Roman empire, and the establishment and triumphs of the Catholic Church. To our mind nothing can be clearer than the events predicted by Daniel and John, and nothing more evident than the accomplishment of these predictions. If some of our readers feel inclined to wonder why we have so long occupied their attention, and, perhaps, wearied their patience in examining so minutely the details of predictions, the general scope of which is so obvious, we have only to observe, that this was in some sort a duty forced upon us by the efforts incessantly made to profit by the mystic language of these predictions, in order to hold up that church whose triumphs over error and persecution they foretell, to public execration. But in the interpretation we have given, how clear is the fulfilment of the divine promises in our religion and in its divinely appointed guardian, the Church, which, unlike the systems of human philosophy, or the empires founded by human power, and most like to the unchangeable nature of Him from whom they proceed, "know not change or shadow of alteration," and are therefore, alone worthy of Him, who "is yesterday, to-day, and the same forever."

CRIMES OF ENGLAND.

It is not an unusual occurrence to find the crimes of England a frequent theme of reprobation in the periodical press on the continent of Europe, and in the United States; nor are we so very uncharitable as to insinuate that on those occasions the scales of even handed justice are ever and anon troubled by the disturbing influence of national antipathy and rival ambitions. But when we find the same theme eloquently and energetically handled by the matchless editor of the *LONDON TABLET*, and when we learn that the late atrocious invasion of Afghanistan, and the barbarities with which the final triumph of English arms was there accompanied, have received an indignant rebuke, not only from a distinguished and highly gifted individual, David Urquhart, the title of whose work we give below,* but also has been stigmatised as a violation of international law, "and an enterprize of a piratical character, which after causing a great loss of men, treasure and national honour, and desolating the country of a harmless, and, up to the moment of English aggression, a friendly people, has sown the seeds of disaffection among the very British residents in India, has chilled the affection (?) of the native troops, and rendered the whole Mussulman population hostile to British power;" when we find all these charges preferred by a highly influential association in London,† of whom a committee has published a report to the above effect; and thus hear the complaints and charges made in foreign lands re-echoed from the sea-girt shore of the "sceptered isle," verily, we feel a deeper conviction of her injustice than even when reading the blood-stained pages of Ireland's wrongs, traced by the master hand of Ireland's Liberator; and we feel impelled to nurse the hope, that the day is not far distant, when, for the salvation of her people, and as a terrible example of God's justice to nations, she may be brought down from her guilty elevation, and made, by salutary humiliation, to learn herself and teach others the truth, which she herself not only disbelieves, but which her successfully iniquitous career has almost effaced from the memory of public men,—"that justice exalteth a nation: but sin maketh nations miserable."—(Prov. 14, 34.)

To these reflections, a review of the two publications referred to in the preceding observations, which we find in the (*London Catholic Magazine*) has afforded occasion. Gladly would we spread before our readers this powerful and unsparing denudation of England's crimes, did our space permit. But what we cannot do entirely, we shall endeavor to do in part, and content ourselves for the present, with the following extract. To appreciate the worth of Mr. Urquhart's acknowledgment of the beneficial influence of Catholicism on national conduct, the reader must know that he is neither a Catholic nor a Puseyite.

* Duty of the Church of England in respect to Unlawful Wars. A Letter to a Right Reverend Prelate. By David Urquhart. Second Edition. Maynard, Pantons Street, 1842.

† Report of the East India Committee of the Colonial Society on the Causes and Consequences of the Afghan War. Maynard, Pantons Street, 1842.

and "perhaps," says the reviewer, "a protestant of the Church of England."—Without further observation, we shall at once introduce the promised extract, the abrupt character of the beginning of which will be easily understood from what has been already mentioned.

"‘Since the last peace,’ to use the language of the Committee’s Report, ‘this nation has become indifferent to the forms of law, and to the maintenance of right.’”* But the truth is, that ever since the Reformation, this indifference to law and right has been gaining its actual ascendancy over us. This truth is elsewhere recognised by the same Committee. Instead of being the epoch, the origin of the evil, it is acknowledged that the last peace, although the source of still further degeneracies, was in itself an indication that Europe had already lost the sense of international justice. The Holy Alliance, that system of violent intervention in the affairs of other states for unjust and not national purposes, was only a consequence of the treaty of Vienna, by which nations were disposed of without their consent, and for objects, termed in the jargon of the day, political. We must go much further back than 1815, to understand the cause of the degeneracy. Let us hear Mr. Urquhart.

"‘It has been the character of all the Churches that separated themselves from the Church of Rome, to fix attention too exclusively upon mere points of dogma, and consequently to induce neglect or disregard of the general character of the acts of the people and its government. And in this manner they have ceased to act in directing, controlling, or restraining the march of public events, through which, more especially, the character and mind of nations are formed. . . . From the performance of this function, the Church of England could be dispensed by no authority, by no law, by no encroachment of any other portion of the State. From this station it has not been forced, but has itself voluntarily or unconsciously withdrawn. How wonderful that it should not be seen that such an extensive dereliction of its religious and official duty is an entire abandonment of its hold upon existence, as a *Church of England*! . . . With what impaired authority and confidence must not its ministers proceed to speak of morality in private life, who, placed in Senates and Basilicas for the highest purposes and examples, have so far yielded to the worldliness of a mean age, as on occasions of great public crimes, not only to decline the denunciation, but even to consider themselves precluded from the right of judgment! . . . Had the bench of bishops responded to the dying appeal of the Earl of Chatham,—had they raised their voice against the injustice perpetrated against our fellow-citizens in America, what would have been the position of the Church—what the position of England? . . . In that instance, for the last time was an appeal made to the Church in a matter of justice, and then were British thoughts for the last time uttered in a British Senate.’†

* Report of the E. I. Committee, &c. p. 4.

† Duty of the Church of England in respect to Unlawful Wars, p. 22-3.

"The Protestant bishops who listened to Chatham's impassioned voice knew themselves and their position too well to obey it. Had they done otherwise, who would have regarded them? When and where have prelates of the Erastian Establishment been heard upon such subjects? Men who have accepted the law temporal, in all its aspects, as the rule of their own consciences, have not the best right to prescribe a different rule to other men. If the state can do no wrong in settling religion for the whole nation, it cannot err in the collateral points of diplomatic morality, we think. If the Thirty-nine articles may be sworn to without perfect belief on the clerical subscriber's part—if the same cleric is prepared to denounce on oath, as damnable idolatry, a worship which he firmly believes to be neither idolatrous nor damnable,—and if this may be done for no other reason than that the state awards it,—it would, indeed, seem remarkable that the reverend gentleman should afterwards, and upon an occasion not touching his private interests, turn round upon the state and its subjects, preaching to the latter about conscience, and to the former about its responsibility to God and man. It is true that the drama of prelate and priest, which these functionaries have now been playing for more than three hundred years, is a very melancholy amusement; and that, in spite of its absurdity, few of the bystanders feel their gravity much shaken by it. But there is a limit to infatuation. The Erastians of the law Church know better than to assume the tone of the sainted Hildebrands and Becketts, when they stand in presence of Administration. The mimic march of the pontiff would be irresistibly absurd in a Doctor Howley or a Doctor Philpotts. Mr. Urquhart seems to have been struck with this distinction.

"The Church of Rome, upon the other hand, retains this vast advantage in utility and influence over the whole of the Reformed Churches, that it never did divide or yield its jurisdiction over every part of morals and of human conduct, made no surrender of its rights of counsel and reproof, and neither gave, nor suffered to be torn away, the power and obligation to give or to withhold the sanction of religion to the deeds of a nation, as well as to the private acts of men." (p. 22.)

"When I reflect on what the Church might do at this hour,—what it might prevent,—how, at scarcely more than the cost of a mental and moral effort, it might reclaim England, and become at once its guide, protection, and authority I have no difficulty in comprehending how that power of the Church which dazzles through the mists of nearly two centuries, was merited and obtained. No country has produced such remarkable churchmen as England; and we have received their names as those of ambitious and dangerous men! When monks and priests could overawe the mightiest monarchs, and restrain the iron barons, by whom the soil of this Island was conquered, the church must have proved itself worthy of confidence. Whence such confidence? Can nations rise save by the comprehension of affairs? And who, among a rising estate, can be powerful, save those that understand them best? . . . In times less

reat than these, the church held duties (now termed political as opposed to spiritual) to be a more solemn trust and obligation weighing upon it, than upon the other members of the state. It coveted the administration of justice, it applied itself to legislation as an institute of education and morals,—it interposed the mercy and the justice of religion's truth in the letter of the law of christian states,—and, causing common obligations to be respected by each of the separate states of Christendom, it became the source of international law, took from war many of its worst characters, limited its frequency, and regulated its conditions, and established the forms, by which it should be made.—Thus was the influence of the Church maintained by its wisdom and usages . . . and men continued to revere an institution which, in a temporal sense, continued to fulfil a portion of those duties, which conferred on it the title of 'MOTHER.'—p. 17.

"These are, indeed, the titles of the Church of England, when that Church was. As to the establishment, which arrogates the name, and occupies the immorality of that Church, it were a contemptible thing to compare its non-resistances and misdeeds with those services to civilization, of which even the above eloquent passage is but a scanty catalogue. Let us for a few minutes examine what, for many past years, has been the character of our public acts. They will show how fatal to the nation's honour have been the nation's forgetfulness of God, and its separation from His Church. We again refer to the Report of the East India Committee.

"The war we are now examining,' observes the committee, in its third collateral report, 'does not stand alone in its causes, character, or consequences. About the same period, we assaulted Persia, without a declaration of war, and commenced our lawless invasion of China. We also piratically occupied Aden. We have thus simultaneously outraged every Asiatic people within our reach,—the Affghans, the Chinese, the Arabs, the Belouches, and the Scindians. For the last twelve years, this country has been engaged in hostilities in every quarter; *none of which have been preceded by those forms that render war legal. Such violations of law have therefore become habitual.* Great Britain, that formerly earned a character for justice, by her respect of law, is now in danger of awakening against her the execration of mankind, and arming all nations for her destruction, unless the example she sets succeeds in subverting all law and order, and converts the world into a '*societas anomala.*'

"The first collateral Report examines this matter in detail. We extract a few, in addition to such as we have already enumerated. In 1826, England isolated the law of nations, by her compact with France and Russia to settle the affairs of the Ottoman Empire, without its concurrence and consent. Into the examination of that treaty, and its untoward consequence, the affair of Javarin, we entered at large upon a former occasion. In 1828, as a further consequence of the same illegal treaty, without war, and without receiving

any injury from Greece, England blockaded the Greek ports. In the same year, she, for the first time, refused to fulfil her solemn engagement to protect Syria against Russian aggressions. In 1831, she suffered the barefaced violation, by Russia, of the Treaty of Vienna, with respect to Poland, to pass unrevenged, and the nationality, which she had guaranteed to the Poles, to be violently extinguished. In 1833 she again renewed, against her Ottoman ally, in conjunction with other powers, the illegal interference of which she had been guilty in 1826. In 1834, under pretence of settling the Peninsula, she convulsed it to its centre, and deluged it with blood; expending her own blood and treasure, in a too successful assault upon ancient rights and franchises, guaranteed to Spain by her own constitution. In the same year, she secretly concerted with Russia the same illegal interference in the affairs of her old ally, Persia, of which she had twice been guilty against Turkey. This illegal union continued during the three succeeding years, while Russia, with our connivance, was urging Persia to assault Herat. Under pretence of punishing the Persians for this act, which England herself had, in a manner, sanctioned in 1838, she suddenly declared herself no longer bound by her treaties with Persia, and, without any declaration of war, seized upon Karrak, but soon afterwards as precipitately abandoned it. In 1840, England falsely declared Naples guilty of breach of engagements, and made hostile demonstrations upon her coast. On the 15th July, in that year, she signed a treaty, stipulating warlike operations against Egypt, with which country she was not at war,—thus violating the law of nations,—and her Minister stipulated the execution of the treaty before it was ratified in London, thus violating her own constitution also. In 1841 she established, by a new treaty, the infamous conditions of Unkiar Skelessi, against which she had before protested. And, finally, to use the language of the Third Report, ‘disregard of public law has been followed by disbelief in the practice of honour and justice. These public crimes are not only suffered, but justified, (if justification it can be called,) by asserting that our whole previous career has been one of injustice: inferring, therefore, that injustice is the character of England, and that injustice is profitable.’ It is added, although the fact is immaterial to the purpose, that this assertion is altogether false,—justice having been, in past times, the character of England, and the only bulwark of her greatness.

“With such startling enormities before our shamed regards, we can well afford to hear Mr. Urquhart’s withering denunciations of our actual degradation. They afford him the means of unanswerably illustrating what he has recorded, of the influence, which the Reformed religion had in perverting and corrupting the intellect of England and her heart. We are curious to know, what impression the following bitter challenge to Dr. Philpotts, as to the spiritual endowments of the Anglican establishment, made upon that most conscientious of her prelates.

“The evidence of the Church’s usefulness is to be found in the life and cha-

racter of its flock. Does that flock do justice and love mercy? Is it moved with brotherly affection? Is it one that executes justice, shielding the weak, resisting the oppressor? Is it one that detests violence and rapine, and turns away from blood? No! this people is a house divided against itself, but it rises as one man to do wrong against the stranger. Its hand is swift to shed blood, and it exults in its transgression; and no words of rebuke have been heard, against the iniquities of earthly rulers, from the ministers of the God of Justice. They were silent in the face of the crimes of power. They bore no message to their Sovereign from the King of Kings, and they denounced no judgment and no retribution on a generation of evil doers; they had not taught justice; they could not denounce transgression.'—p. 19.

"Who is there, that has not read the memorable letter to the Protestant Bishop of London, which the present Archbishop of Tuam published in the summer of 1835? For such as have not read it, we wish the space and opportunity were afforded us, of transferring to these pages the magnificent contrast of the morality of the Church Catholic, with that of her rebellious child, pretending to the name of English Church. His grace, with happy judgment, selected for the parallel, two famous modern sermons; the one, preached by a poor attenuated friar at the inauguration of the Sovereign Pontiff, that still is—the other, preached at the inauguration of the then reigning King of England, by Dr. Bloomfield himself, the Protestant prelate whom his grace was actually addressing. The one discourse made that august assemblage, where the highest princes of the Church and those of earth sat together, to tremble with fear and shame for the coming of their Lord in judgment, as they listened to the fearless words of his poor but faithful minister. The other sermon was a most courtly lecture upon one or other of the decencies of modern high life. It was polished, and, what is commonly styled in correct society, elegant and clever; but it was not impressive. 'Epictetus might have been the composer,' said its sarcastic commentator, 'and one of his disciples might have been the preacher of it.' What the sermons and preachers were, such were the societies which produced them. The parallel might be extended from Rome to Lambeth Palace; Berlin, Petersburg, the Hague, or any seat of error would do as well as Lambeth in the contrast. It is only in the Church Catholic, that court-preachers forget so far their courtesies, as to tell to royalty and excellency the truths, which these personages are apt to suppose to have been meant solely for the vulgar. It is only the Church Catholic, that employs against these personages, when sermons are found inadequate for their conversion, a discipline of chastisement, which is unknown to them of the new learning, and would shock them, were it known, with its sturdy disrespect of persons and privilege. The Colonial Society, in its own way, has acknowledged some portion of this truth. When Peter I, it tells us (p. 53, *n.*) *Erastianised* the Russian Church, its powers and efficiency to control the passions of the executive were overturned.—Before that event, even this schismatical and rotten branch of the Church did

control the tyrants of Muscovy, but only 'to a certain degree.' In like manner, as Mr. Urquhart has very strongly but accurately put it, the Evangelical Church of Prussia is a mere utensil of bureaucratic despotism within, and of deception without it. Bad as the unhappy establishment is in our own country, and sunken deeply in almost hopeless degradation, it is, according to our author, the only one 'of the churches severed from this original stock' (the Church Catholic,) 'that imposed upon itself the duty and preserved the functions connected with a teacher and a censor of the morals of the state.' (pp. 22-3.) How, in the same writer's judgment, this least deformed of the excrescences of Reformation does, nevertheless, present itself, we have already seen. A Church that does not, or cannot, 'teach men to be just,' is something so bad, that we are unable to imagine how Russia or Prussia can produce a worse. Surely there is not a worse state for any nation to be brought to, than that of being 'so ignorant as to sin without an intention,' insomuch that 'the value of conscientiousness is totally destroyed—not one just man remaining to testify and accuse.' (p. 25.) Yet it is to this degradation of heart, that the teachings of its Protestant preachers, or their inability to teach, have now brought down this once noble nation. The Church of England, we are elsewhere told, (p. 16) 'from the protector, becomes the destroyer of the state; changed itself in character, it becomes the curse of the land whose blessing it was instituted to be.' Even the appeal he makes to one among the prelates of that Church, is made rather to the man than to the ecclesiastic. He does not seem to anticipate very great things from the Church of England, even at the best. If only one of its ministers can be induced to examine into the state of his interior, under the head of his duties as minister, it is as much as Mr. Urquhart is willing to expect. 'Has it no dignity whose powers and patriotism may struggle while it is yet day, and, if he fail, and we perish, leave still upon the name of England one ray, amid the darkness of her decline—one son who had performed his duty?' Without awaiting his lordship's answer to the question with which Mr. Urquhart closes his pamphlet, we will undertake to answer for him in the negative. There is no such dignity—no such Church, judicially known to the constitution. From the days of Matthew Parker and the Nag's Head Tavern, to our days, they have not been seen amongst us. Their very existence is sometimes doubted. It is only known that the age in which they flourished was, likewise, that of monkery—an age of superstition and fable!

"In truth, the only instances, cited by Mr. Urquhart, in which the Church of England appears to have done her duty to the State, are borrowed from Catholic times. When the Church of England existed—that is, when she was Catholic—such instances were familiar enough. 'If we apply ourselves,' he says, 'to clearing away the encumbrances of latter times, we can have no difficulty in finding them, and no doubt in judging them.' (p. 9.) And, accordingly, 'is to Catholic times and Catholic examples, that he invites the re-

luctant attention of the Protestant bishop, to whom his work is dedicated. He has the sense to see, that the men of the new learning, incompetent to improve upon those models, have done their best to forget them. From none of the Protestants, indeed, does he seem to expect much amendment in this respect. The Puseyite party he has tried, and found light in the balance. Between these and the subtle Greek Theosophists, of the latter days of the eastern empire, he traces, with much ability and soundness, a strong and strange resemblance. In these days, as in those, the cup of the wickedness and danger, into which an apostate Church has plunged both State and people, is being filled by the ascetic ambition of that Church to place itself above the ruined State, repudiating, at the same time the duty of censorship, which the Holy See always exercised, over State affairs. In the latter respect, both Constantinople and Lambeth present a strong family-likeness to the rigid dogmatising ascetism of the Puritans: in the former, they preserve, but faintly, the impress of the ecclesiastical spirit of the See, whose authority they renounced. Applied to by the friends of humanity and justice, to examine and denounce the crimes that have made our name a hissing and reproach among the nations, they have whined about the wickedness of the times, which has merited such a retribution; adding—"but with these things religion has nothing to do"!—an answer, that is strange in the mouth of any person of piety and learning; but how much more so, when they who utter it are themselves founders of a sect, that holds the Church, in its relation with the State, to be the point that culminates! We cannot blame Mr. Urquhart for the vivacity with which he judges these dreamy, fruitless speculators. To his unprejudiced eyes—(for, apparently, in the wars of the Tractarians and Parkerites he feels not the smallest interest),—"this new sect presents the ascetism of Puritanism, without its freedom; and the despotism of Rome, without its intelligence." (p. 24.) When will these mistaken men derive wisdom from their past experience? They see their sect stricken with barrenness, like the unprofitable fig-tree by the way-side, which, at the same time, if they believe the promises, they know that those who abide in the Saviour should bear much fruit. It is strange that they cannot view these points in their combination, Either the promise of God is of none effect, or they abide not in him at the present moment. They hold it sinful to serve a Protestant cause, and they are right. But then they should not continue to wear the livery, and enjoy the pay, of Protestant office-bearers. They desire to further the reconciliation of England to the Holy See;—a desire which, we are convinced, is most seriously felt by them: but which, in their actual position, unless we take the will for the deed, it is out of their power to realise. They that gather not with Rome, scatter their seed abroad—and it perisheth. For all practical purposes, neither Mr. Urquhart, nor any other man, zealous for the resurrection of our country, has any thing to hope from Puseyites, more than from Protestants: they are all bastard slips alike, and they shall not strike deep root downwards, nor shall

they bear fruit upwards. Not one uncatholic voice has responded to his impassioned appeal. The grave is not more silent to the call of duty and chivalry, than is the heart of that nation which the cold blight of Erastianism has palsied. Piety has indeed denounced the national sin to national execration, and has warned those who practise her reverence not to become sharers in it by their own acts, and fly from the colours of the recruiting sergeant, as from the ensigns of the Tempter. But piety is essentially a Catholic virtue, and in her precepts error has no part. Those who have so admonished the faithful, are themselves of the faithful. The arch-bishop of Tuam and the Very Reverend Superior of the Irish Franciscans have but revived, in these evil days, the lessons which illustrious predecessors had inculcated in the ages of faith."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

St. Louis.—The health of the venerable Bishop of St. Louis was so far improved, at the latest dates, as to allow him to leave Paris for Rome, where he designs to pass the winter.

Nominations.—The following appointments took place in the diocese of St. Louis during the course of last month. The Very Rev. P. J. Verhaegen, S. J., has been appointed Rector of the church in St. Charles; the Rev. J. B. Smedts, S. J., Master of Novices of the Vice-Province of Missouri, in Florissant; and the Rev. P. J. Verheyden, S. J., Rector of St. Francis Regis, near Westport, on the Missouri river.

The Very Rev. James Ryder, S. J., has been appointed Provincial of the Society of Jesus, for the Province of Maryland.

At Paris, (France,) the Very Rev. Mr. Etienne has been elected Procurator General of the Priests of the mission, commonly called Lazarists, from their chief house, St. Lazarus, in Paris. Three electors from the U. S. assisted on the occasion—the Very Rev. John Timon, Visitor of the order in the U. S., the Rev. B. Armengal, Superior of the Ecclesiastical Seminary of Louisiana, and the Rev. J. Bouilli, Rector of the church of Donaldsonville.

ILLINOIS.—Our holy Religion is rapidly spreading in this State, and the number of Catholics is very considerable. New churches are in progress of erection at Chicago, Alton, Edwardsville, Shawneetown, Kaskaskia, Peoria and Belleville.

IOWA TERRITORY.—Nineteen Religious Ladies, under the name of "Sisters

of Charity," but distinct from those (of the same name) connected with the mother house of Emmetsburg, Md., have arrived in Dubuque, from Philadelphia. Dubuque, Davenport and Burlington are said to be among the places in which they intend to take charge of charitable institutions.

PITTSBURGH.—The Very Rev. Michael O'Connor, D. D., has been appointed first Bishop of the new See of Pittsburgh, and was consecrated on the 15th of August last, in the Irish College at Rome, by his Eminence, Cardinal Fransoni, assisted by two other Prelates. The Prelate has been for some years Vicar General of the Diocese of Philadelphia, and Rector of St. Paul's, Pittsburgh. His Diocese comprises the western part of the State of Pennsylvania. Dr. O'Connor is a native of Cork, Ireland; he studied in the Propaganda, at Rome, and was, says the *Cork Examiner*, one of the brightest talents in that "little world" of nations.

BALTIMORE.—An ordination was held by the most Rev. Dr. Eccleston, in the chapel of St. Mary's Seminary, on the 2d September, on which occasion Messrs. Timothy Reardon, John Norris, Edward McNerhany, Stephen Hubert and John Hayden received the Holy Tonsure; Mr. Wm. D. Parsons received the four Minor orders; and Messrs. O. L. Jenkins, Charles Brenan, Michael Slattery and Thomas Foley were promoted to the order of Subdeaconship. On the next day, Sunday, Messrs. Joseph Maguire, O. L. Jenkins and M. Slattery were advanced to the order of Deaconship, and Rev. Wm. A. Blenkinsop, Deacon, was promoted to the Priesthood.—*U. S. Cath. Mag.*

NEW CHURCHES.—New churches have been lately commenced at West Kensington and at Nicetown, in the Diocese of Philadelphia; at Beloni, in the Diocese of Natchez; at Havre de Grace, in the Archdiocese of Baltimore, and at Troy, in the Diocese of New York.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Worcester.*—The new Jesuit College of this place, called the College of the Holy Cross, was opened on the 15th of September last, under the Presidency of Rev. Thomas F. Mulledy, S. J. It is distinguished from most all the other Catholic Colleges of the Union, for as its Prospectus says, it is intended *exclusively* for Catholics. The plan of education is designed to prepare young men for an Ecclesiastical, Professional or Commercial state of life; and accordingly embraces three distinct courses of study.

OREGON TERRITORY.—The Reverend Fathers P. de Vos and A. Hoecken of the Society of Jesus, who left St. Louis towards the close of April last, had at the latest intelligence, safely arrived at the South pass of the Rocky Mountains. On the 4th of July ult., the altar-tent was pitched on the summit of a mountain, the Holy Mysteries were offered up, and an address delivered suitable to the occasion, in the presence of thousands, composed of emigrants and of four different tribes of Indians.

CANADA.—In *Kingston* the corner stone of the R. C. Cathedral was laid by the newly consecrated coadjutor Bishop, Dr. Phelan; and in *Victoria* a new church was solemnly dedicated to God by the same Prelate. On the 25th of

September the corner stone of St. Patrick's Church was laid in *Montreal*. This edifice will be of considerable size, 215 feet long, and broad in proportion.

ITALY.—*Rome*.—Several Chinese Priests, who had been educated in the Propaganda, have departed for their native land.

FRANCE.—The monthly news from *France*, is, as usual, very cheering. It seems that the principles of our Holy Religion continue to gain influence on all classes of society. The King and the whole Royal Court assisted at the ceremonies of the Church, on the anniversary day of the late lamented Duke of Orleans. The Prince and Princess of Joinville, on their arrival at Brest from Brazil, entered the church of that city, and assisted at the Divine Mysteries, to return thanks to God. They ordered 4000 francs to be distributed among the poor of the city. The Chambers have voted a large tract of land for the Trappists in Algiers, and made an appropriation of 12,000 francs to them, to promote agriculture. The people flock to the meetings of an Association, which has been lately formed under the patronage of St. Francis Xavier, designed to procure christian instruction for adults, especially for the working classes, as also to secure to them assistance, temporal and spiritual, in their necessities. This Association is wonderfully successful amidst the vast masses of the Metropolis.

ENGLAND.—A new church was opened at Islington: three Bishops and about 40 Catholic clergymen assisted on the occasion. Six alumni of the Jesuit college of Stoneyhurst have arrived in London with Father Raby, and will leave within a few days for Calcutta. Dr. Sharples was consecrated at Rome, on the Feast of the Assumption, Bishop of Samaria, *in partibus*, and Coadjutor to the Rt. Rev. Dr. Browne, Vic. Apost. of the Lancashire District. The Rev. Dr. Parkins, curate of Marden, Wiltz, an old Tractarian, has embraced the Catholic faith. Dr. Oliffe has been appointed Coadjutor to the most Rev. Dr. Carew, the Vicar Apostolic of Calcutta, lately raised to the dignity of Archbishop, in reward of his signal services to religion.

HOLLAND.—The King has granted 10,000 florins for the construction of a Catholic Church and Presbytery at Healhuisen and Ghent, near Nimegue.

PORTUGAL.—The Court of Portugal has finally removed the difficulties that existed between it and Rome; it has acknowledged the supremacy of the Pope over all the churches of Christendom. The new elect Patriarch of Lisbon received the Cardinal's Hat; the Bishop of Lisbon and other prelates were consecrated for their respective Sees.

GIBRALTAR.—Bishop Hughes, the Vicar Apostolic of Gibraltar, who has been so long the subject of persecution and vexation, has finally reaped the reward of his firmity, and triumphed over the efforts of misled Trustees. These gentlemen, unaided by the arm of the English Government, have finally yielded to the rights of the Bishop. The principal mover of this scandalous encroachment on the rights of the Church, has withdrawn from the city, and retired to Algiers. The restoration of tranquillity to the Church and respect to the worthy Bishop have been the happy effects of his departure.

TURKEY.—The Catholic Archbishop of Petra, *in part*. Patriarchal Vicar Apostolic of Constantinople for the faithful of the Latin rite, Mgr. Julien Hilleureau, has lately arrived in Paris. The French press gives us, on this occasion, some particulars concerning the Mission of Constantinople, which, besides the city, extends itself to the Asiatic coast of the Bosphorus and to the borders of the Black Sea. There are in this mission about 10,000 Catholics of the Latin rite, 9,000 of whom reside in Constantinople: the others are dispersed in Salonica, Adrianople, Trebizonde and other cities. There are 46 Priests in the mission, who attend nine Churches and nine private Oratories. There have been opened three parochial schools; two hospitals have been erected for those who are infected with the plague, and a house of refuge for the poor. There is a College under the charge of the Lazarists, and another educational institution, attended by the Sisters of Charity. Late and important changes which the Sultan Mahmoud introduced in the costumes of the Mussulmans bringing them nearer to those of the Christians, have contributed much to lessen the hatred of the Turks against those who bear the name of Christ. The Catholics are no more, as formerly, obliged to celebrate the Holy ceremonies in secret. Constantinople, in the course of this year, witnessed the solemn Procession on Corpus Christi move through its streets, with great order and magnificence.

CHINA.—*Hong King.*—A handsome Catholic Church has been erected in this place. A correspondent from Hong King says: "Several Catholic Missions have landed here, and manifest much zeal for the Propagation of the Gospel. They have already a college built near their church. They entertain the hope of once more spreading in the Celestial Empire, like formerly, when the School of Loyola preached the gospel in China, and some of them had become inmates of the Court."—*Cath. Misc.*

Since 1840 a new mission has been established in Chinese Tartary. Mr. Verolle, Apostolic Missionary of Setchuen, has been appointed Vicar Apostolic. This exemplary Prelate accepted the charge with respect and humility, although with the natural fear attendant upon an undertaking so arduous and important. After much trouble and anxiety, by a protracted voyage of 69 days from Setchuen, he, accompanied by three Priests, arrived at the place appointed for him by the Common Father of the faithful, Gregory XVI.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.—Mr. Huguenin, of Bordeaux, has received a letter ✓ from Father Tignac, procurator of the Congregation of Picpus, dated Valparaiso, 29th October 1842, in which it is stated that Father Maigret had informed him that eight thousand Neophytes had already been made in the Sandwich Islands, notwithstanding the persecutions raised by the Protestant Missionaries. The speedy conversion of all the inhabitants to the Catholic faith is likely to follow, if the Catholic Missionaries be allowed to pursue their holy functions without molestation.—*Catholic Herald.*

AUSTRALIA.—*To the Clergy and faithful of the City of Sidney.* John Bede by the grace of God and of the Holy Apostolic See, Archbishop of Sydney, and Vicar Apostolic of New-Holland, placed in the church of God to watch over the spiritual welfare of her children, as having to render an account for their Souls, we are impelled by a strict sense of duty to sanction and to strengthen, as far as in us lies, the expressed judgment of the civil power on a subject of the greatest importance in a moral point of view. You are aware, dearly beloved, that the legal authorities have entitled themselves to our gratitude by the decided opposition they have made to the inundation of immoral publications, with which the colony was threatened. They have denounced, after due examination, certain publications as destructive of good order, as tending directly to the corruption of the mind and heart—in a word, as utterly unfit for perusal. The purpose of the persons who edit these publications is to obtain money, by means necessarily destructive of the morals of the community. Our object in now addressing you is to invite you to abstain from the purchase of them. We exhort you thus to set a good example to the Colony at large—an example which, if universally followed, will prevent effectually the continuance or repetition of this most dreadful evil, for so long as there are readers to purchase, there will be found wretches to publish, whatever may be the risk. Parents, guardians, masters and heads of families are particularly admonished. Let them remember their responsibility to God. Let them avoid co-operation with these assassins in the spiritual murder of those under their charge; for of their heinous crime will they be held guilty if they permit such publications to be circulated within this homes and amongst their dependants. And whilst we decline the exercise in full of that authority to rule in the Church of God, with which we are invested, and use the language of entreaty rather than of power as regards the purchasing of these publications (either under the same or different titles,) we prohibit most strictly, and in virtue of the obedience due to us, any one of our flock from aiding in the dissemination of these publications, by selling, lending, or in any other way. The peace of God be with you all. Amen.—*Australasian Chronicle.*

AFRICA.—*Ethiopia.*—A Missionary sent by the Propaganda of Rome, penetrated Ethiopia in 1842. About the epoch of his arrival at Adua some heretical missionaries were forced by the authorities to depart. Having been led before an assembly of Abyssinian priests, he saw, by God's mercy, the storm which threatened him change into favourable sunshine. They asked him first what he was. He answered: "a Roman Catholic and a priest." Why do you come into Abyssinia? "To learn the Ethiopian tongue, to visit my brethren, and labour for their salvation." Whom do you call your brethren? "All the Christians of Ethiopia, and especially you, who are invested with the priesthood." Do you adore the Cross, the most holy Virgin, St. Michael and St. George? "I adore no one but God; but I venerate the Cross on which was suspended the body of the Redeemer; I honour his holy Mother with a particular worship, and I invoke

the Saints and Angels." How many births are there in Jesus Christ? "There are two—one eternal from his Father, the other temporal in the womb of the holy Virgin Mary. 'Very well,' they said, "we are content; you can remain among us without fear." Invited by the King to a feast, and courteously received by the most influential persons of the place, the Missionary soon perceived all the errors with which, in consequence of ignorance and indifference, the creed of the clergy was disfigured. In a religious conference which he had with these priests, he caused them to agree that the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father and the Son, and that in Jesus Christ there are two natures, and but one person, that the Chair of St. Peter is the first of the world, that truth there resides, and thence is poured abroad upon all nations of the earth. After these preliminaries, the Missionary asked them, why they did not unite themselves to the See of Rome. "We are not in union with Rome," they answered, "but we respect all holy catholics, and honour their virtues." Why then do you not ask from Rome for a bishop? "This is not the custom, Alexandria must send us one: But Alexandria is in union with Rome, which you recognize to be alone the See of truth?" Very well; it is the concern of Alexandria to negotiate with Rome. Will you allow me to write to Rome and ask the Pope to send his benediction to his children in this distant land? "Yes, certainly; tell him, that in the arm which blesses us, we respect the arm of St. Peter, and even that of Jesus Christ himself." Other Catholic Missionaries are expected at Adua. We love to hope that God will bless their Apostolic labours, and under the auspices of so happy a commencement, we shall see the Abyssinian mission progress rapidly, diffusing in abundance the fruits of salvation and life.—*French Paper.*

OBITUARY.

DIED—At New-Orleans, of yellow fever, on the 19th of September last, at the age of 53 years, Rev. FERDINAND DOMINIC BACH, parish priest of the Church of St. Louis. He was born in Lorraine (France,) and after a brilliant course of studies was appointed Professor of Rhetoric, and subsequently of Theology, in the Diocesan Seminary of Nancy, where he continued until the year 1818. At that time he entered the society of Missionaries in France, and laboured at Lyons and elsewhere with great success. He accompanied Monseigneur De Janson to the United States, and delivered a course of lectures in the winter of 1839 and 1840, in the church of St. Louis at New-Orleans, which were highly prized and produced a most salutary effect. Since January last, he has been charged by the Bishop with the parish of St. Louis,

and fulfilled his difficult office with untiring patience. His illness lasted only 48 hours. His zeal, says the *Propagateur Catholique*, activity, charity, meekness, and prudence had gained the esteem of all his Parishioners.

At Little Rock, Arkansas, on the 8th of September, Sister Marie Joseph of the Loretto (Ky.) order.

On the 2d of October, at Alexandria, (La.) the Rev. Robert Dugan, since 1840 Rector of the Church of that place. He was ordained Priest in the Ecclesiastical Seminary of *Assumption* in Louisiana, in the month of March 1840, and during the few years of his ministry he distinguished himself for zeal and piety. He was buried in the church of St. Francis Xavier at Alexandria, which he had erected to the glory of God, and which will be a lasting monument of his devotedness and zeal. He made no testament, because he possessed nothing. The tears of all his parishioners accompanied him to the grave.

Le Propagateur Catholique of the 20th ult. announces the death of Rev. Baron d' Auragne at Plaquemines, in the diocese of Louisiana. The deceased had only been in the country from the beginning of the last summer, when he fell a victim to a malignant fever.

At Senegallia, in Italy, on the 3d of August last, his Eminence Cardinal FABRISIO SCEBERAS TESTAFERRATA, Bishop of that See, who was born at Valetta in Malta on the 29th of April 1758, and was promoted to the purple Pope Pius VII of holy memory, on the 6th of April 1808. This eminent Ecclesiastic has left many monuments of the charity that animated him. He opened a Seminary for Clerks, confided to religious ladies the education of the female children of his Diocese, repaired all its collegiate edifices, founded and endowed a new establishment for foundlings, called in the Sisters of Charity to the maintenance and education of female orphans, and the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine to the tutorage of orphan boys. His memory will never die in the hearts of his spiritual children.

The colony of English Guiana has undergone a severe loss in the deaths of two efficient young Missionaries. Rev. John Malley, died on the 25th of May at Georgetown, county Demerara. He had been only eleven weeks in the Mission and was the first Ecclesiastic sent by the College of All Hallows near Dublin to the foreign missions. Rev. William Yates, who acted as Vicar General during the absence of Bishop Clancy, died in the month of June in New-Amsterdam, county of Berbice. Both fell victims to the yellow fever, and expired Martyrs to religion.

~~It~~ We are authorized to announce that Bishop KENRICK, will commence a course of lectures on the principles of the Catholic Church, next Sunday Evening, (Nov. 19th,) at half past seven o'clock, at the Cathedral.

THE
CATHOLIC CABINET,

AND

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CATHOLIC SCHOOLS AND UNIVERSITIES IN THE "DARK" AGES.

Of all the puffs of this puffing age, none has been louder or of longer continuance, than that which has vaunted the triumphs of Protestantism in the matter of education. By dint of constant boasting, Protestant writers have almost persuaded the world, that its rise from barbarism, its enlightenment in literature, its progress in science and art, its present civilization—are all ascribable to the Reformation; and that before that blessed event, all was darkness and wide-spread desolation. The Church sat down in the midst of this darkness, quite at home and at her ease: she made no effort to dissipate this gloom—she fostered it rather, as the thing above all others most suited to her wicked purpose, of infusing into the minds of men the deadly poison of error and superstition!

Such is the proudly boasting theory, which Protestant writers have sought to establish, rather by bold and reckless assertion, than by calm and solid argument. Verily if History did not inform us, that a Catholic first invented Steam navigation,* we should be greatly tempted to ascribe that invention also to the Reformation! Since this religious revolution, there has been in the world one continual puff! puff!! puff!!!—and amidst the accompanying noise and smoke, men's minds have been scarcely calm enough to form a correct judgment on the true facts of History! The Catholic Church, on the contrary, has boasted little, and done much, without vaunting her literary triumphs, she has *really* been the foundress of Schools and Universities, the fosterer of arts, and sciences, and the mother of inventions, as will abundantly appear, we think, from the facts embodied in this Essay. Before Protestantism was heard of, *she* struggled single-handed for centuries against ignorance and barbarism. She had already

* Blasco de Gary, a Spaniard, first constructed a Steam Engine for Navigation, and in the year 1543 made a successful experiment with it in the harbour of Barcelona, before Charles V., and all his Court, and in presence of the whole city. The vessel with which he tried his experiment was of 200 barrels burden.—Naverette—Collection de viages, and Year in Spain I. 47.

achieved a splendid triumph over these evils, before the dawn of the reformation. The brilliant age of Leo X., which was at its meridian of glory when Luther began his revolt, has never been surpassed—not even rivaled—by Protestants at any subsequent epoch. Were this the place for such an investigation, facts might be accumulated to show that the reformation, instead of advancing, retarded the progress of learning for a whole century! Amidst the confusion, angry polemics, and bloody civil wars, to which that revolution gave rise, men had neither time nor inclination to apply to the cultivation of letters. Great minds which, during "Leo's golden days," had directed all their energies to literary pursuits, were soon destined to consume their strength in acrimonious religious controversy. Instead of drinking at the pure fountains of Helicon, they were doomed to slake their thirst at the troubled waters of controversial debate. The history of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—comparatively to the two previous centuries, sterile in literary improvement and invention—affords a striking demonstration of this position.*

In more modern times—in our own age and country—the course pursued by Protestant writers towards the Catholic Church, on the subject of education, has been singularly unjust and inconsistent. Sometimes they accuse her of fostering ignorance, and at others, of monopolizing education. These two charges are also not unfrequently made in the same breath, and in reference to the same time and place! In proof of this assertion, we confidently appeal to the course pursued by the Protestant religious press in the United States, during the last few years. Whatever line of conduct she adopts, the Catholic Church cannot please these fastidious gentry of the Protestant press and pulpit. Does she rear schools and colleges all over the land, going even beyond her means to bring education to the door of the humblest citizen; the cry is raised, that she wishes to monopolize education, and to use the influence thus obtained in order to make proselytes to her creed. Does she make no extraordinary efforts in behalf of learning; the old stereotype charge is rung in our ears, that she means to foster ignorance! Placed in a dilemma, analogous to that of her Divine Founder and Spouse, while labouring for the redemption of mankind in the land of Israel, she may apply His language to the people of this age of boasted enlightenment. "But whereunto shall I esteem this generation to be like? It is like children sitting in the market place, who cry out to their companions and say: We have piped to you, and you have not danced; we have lamented, and you have not mourned."†

The charge preferred against the Church, of encouraging ignorance, is as old as Christianity. The christians of the first three centuries were sneered at for their poverty and ignorance. This calumnious accusation is repeated over

* For full illustration of these views, see an able Essay from the pen of Dr. Carew, formerly Professor of Maynooth College, now Archbishop of Edessa and Vicar Apostolic of Calcutta, in answer to an article of the *ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA*.

† St. Math. xi. 16 Seq.

and over again with singular *gusto*, by that heartless and sneering infidel, Gibbon whose grandiloquent style and well rounded periods have contributed, perhaps more than the writings of any other enemy of christianity, to poison the minds of youth, and to foster *real* ignorance, under the pretext of promoting philosophy. And the greediness with which this and similar works are sought for, and devoured in Protestant communities, is one out of many proofs, that all errorists sympathize with each other! Such works meet with little encouragement in Catholic countries. In fact, the best reputation of the insidious history of "the Decline and Downfall of the Roman Empire," is the production of an Italian Catholic.* In the fourth century, that arch-enemy of christianity, Julian the Apostate, by legal enactments against the education of christians in the colleges and schools of the Roman Empire, sought to perpetuate this stigma of ignorance. This persecutor had the heartlessness to sneer at the ignorance of christians, and to prohibit their education, in the same breath.† It is a singular coincidence in the history of mankind, that England, after the reformation, adopted precisely the same iniquitous course towards Catholic Ireland. By her statutes, it was penal for a Catholic to teach school in Ireland: and yet, as if exulting with fiendish delight at the mischief which this iniquitous law was calculated to produce, you might hear her loud and long protracted notes of triumph over the ignorance and debasement of the Irish—a triumph not justified however by the facts, notwithstanding every English Protestant effort to "foster ignorance!"

The most usual device of Protestant writers is, to accuse the Catholic Church of promoting ignorance especially during the Middle Ages, in order that, availing herself of the general darkness of that period, she might the more easily establish her erroneous principles! This theory has been so often and so boldly stated, that it has almost passed current as truth in our *enlightened* age. Does the Catholic ask the Protestant to inform him, when even *one* of the Catholic doctrines against which he protests, had its origin, at any period after the Apostolic age? Perhaps some other answer may at first be hazarded: but when driven from every other position, the answer will probably be, that the doctrine in question originated in the "*Dark*" Ages! And when asked further—when and *where* it was first broached during that period, the respondent shrouds himself triumphantly in the *darkness* of these ages as in a panoply of strength, and thinks himself clad in a mail of proof! We have more than once been amused at *such* exhibitions of polemical skill.

And yet this argument, or rather subterfuge, has not even the merit of speciousness or plausibility. To borrow an expressive figure from

* Spedalieri—"Rifutazione di Gibbon" 5 Vol's. 12mo. An abridgment, at least, of this work should be given to the English community.

† And yet Gibbon, Tytler, and other historians much in favour among Protestants, are in the habit of eulogizing this Apostate, as the greatest philosopher and legislator of his age: while they have little but reproach and sneers to bestow on such men as Constantine and Theodosius! Another proof this of the tender feeling of kindred amongst errors of different hues!

the schoolmen of the "Dark" Ages, it is *lame of both feet*—*utroque claudicat pede*—the premises are not true; and if they were, the conclusion would be a *non sequitur*. In other words, it is not true, that the period in question was so *dark* as it is represented; and even if it had been tenfold more *dark* that it is alleged to have been, it would not thence follow, that christianity could then have been more easily corrupted, than at any other period.

To begin with this last position—did Christ any where say, that Literature was intended to be a distinctive mark of His Church? or that His promises to the Church were to depend for their fulfilment on the literary qualifications of His followers? Was the promotion of human learning a *principal* object of His Divine Mission? Had it been so, would he not have selected, as the heralds of His Kingdom, men of talents and gifted with human learning, rather than poor illiterate fishermen? Would He not have sought out and commissioned, to found His Religion, the philosophers and rhetoricians of Greece and Rome, in preference to twelve unlearned men selected from the lowest walks of life in Judea? The truth is, that "He chose the foolish things of the world, that He might confound the wise, and the weak things of the world, that He might confound the strong: and the mean things of the world, and the things that are contemptible, and things that are not, that He might destroy the things that are; that no flesh should glory in His sight."* It was a leading maxim of His Kingdom, that "knowledge puffeth up; but charity edifieth."† He promised that the "gates of hell should not prevail against His Church, built upon a rock,"‡ without even once intimating, that the fulfilment of this solemn promise was to depend on the encouragement of human learning by His Church.

The other *foot* of the argument is equally *lame*. The Church has in fact always promoted learning, even in the most calamitous periods of her history. Men of every shade of opinion are beginning to pay this homage to truth. In Germany, in France, in Italy, and in England, writers of distinguished ability, without distinction of creed, have applied themselves with singular industry and success to exploring the hitherto neglected treasures of mediæval Literature.§ And the man who, with the result of all these literary labours

* 1. Corinth. I. 27 seq.

† 1. Corinth. viii. 1.

‡ Math. xvi. 18.

§ The principal writers on this subject are in Italy, Muratori *Dissertationes de Antiquitatibus Mediævi* 6 vols. folio—Tiraboschi—*Storia della Letteratura Italiana*, 28 vols. 32 mo.—Bettinelli, *Risorgimento della Letteratura Italiana*, 2 vols. 8 vo.—Andres, *Storia di ogni Letteratura*, 6 vols. 4 to.—Battini—*Apologia dei Secoli Barba* 3 vols. 12 mo., besides many others. In Germany, Heeren—*Geschichte des studiums der classischen Litteratur im Mittelalter*—Voigt—*Geschichte Preussens*, &c., &c. In France, Guizot, and, not to mention a host of others, the Jesuit, F. Cahier, who, over the signature "Achery" has lately written a series of very learned and able articles on this subject, published in the *Annales de la Philosophie Chretienne*, upon the treasures contained in which, we shall draw copiously in this Essay. We shall also occasionally draw on Digby's great work, "the Ages of Faith," in which the reader will find every thing on this, and almost every other subject—"gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, and stubble," put together with at least as much learning as order. This work is, in truth, an abyss of learning—*abyssus multa*.

before the world, will still persist in calling the middle ages *dark*, only exhibits the *darkness* of his own mind on the subject, and resembles one who, blind-folded at mid-day, should persevere in declaring that it was as *dark* as mid-night!

It were impossible in one paper to enumerate all that the Catholic Church did during the Middle Ages to promote learning. A volume would scarcely do justice to so ample a theme, and one so fertile in facts. All that we purpose to do at present, is, to furnish a summary sketch of the Schools and Universities founded by the Church during that period.

From the earliest ages, schools and colleges grew up under the fostering care of the Christian Religion. The most celebrated in the early Church were those of Rome, Alexandria, Milan, Carthage and Nisibis. Who has not read of the brilliant christian schools of Alexandria in the third century; when christian youths even amidst the lowering storm of persecution, were seen eagerly thronging the academic halls, to drink in the teaching which fell from the eloquent lips of the great Origen! Their ardour for learning could not be quenched, even by the blood of almost numberless victims, who fell under the sword of a Decius and a Valerian. Who has not heard of the glory shed upon the schools of Carthage and Rome by the great Augustine, in the beginning of the fifth century? Though Africa was his country, yet this great man preferred the school of Rome, and determined to reflect on this city the lustre of his talents. "The chief cause of my going to Rome," says he," was my hearing that young men studied there more quietly, and that they were kept in order by a better discipline."* In these earliest models of Christian Schools, sacred was justly preferred to profane learning: the objects of the former were higher and nobler. Yet the latter was also cultivated, and was made to shine with light borrowed from the former. Great men then thought, that human learning had attained its highest standard of excellence, when its teachings were most conformable to heavenly wisdom—when it reflected most the light of Divine Truth—of God. To meet on his own ground the votary of mere human learning, the Christian Scholar was compelled to descend from his lofty eminence into the arena of the Platonic and Aristotelian Philosophies. The result of this condescension was however, to elevate pagan philosophy, rather than to lower the loftier standard of Christian wisdom. At that period, Plato had the ascendant over the Stagirite, particularly in the school of Alexandria; the latter however almost entirely eclipsed his more brilliant rival during many subsequent centuries. The famous Medicean School of Florence, in the 15th and 16th centuries, restored Plato to his pre-eminence; and F. Schlegel,† greatly prefers him to Aristotle. The Christian Schools borrowed from both what suited their purposes: and though exclusive partiality for Plato betrayed Origen and other professors into some errors and occasional extravagances,

* Confession, B. v.

† Lectures "On the Philosophy of History," vol. 2.

yet the influence of the ancient philosophy, thus moulded to the Christian standard, was generally highly beneficial. The Church allowed a reasonable latitude to her children, interposing her authority only, when the precious deposit of faith was endangered.

For three centuries after her conversion to Christianity, Ireland took the lead of all Europe in the cultivation and promotion of Literature. From the middle of the fifth, to the middle of the eighth century, she carried on a "crusade of learning" throughout all Europe. While the tide of barbarian invasion was rushing over the continent, burying under its turbid waves the reliquets of ancient literature and civilization, the "Emerald Isle of the Ocean" was devoting the repose, which Providence then granted her, to the practice of Religion, the founding of schools, and the cultivation of letters, sacred and profane. The first of the Northern nations to enter into the fold of Christ, she was destined to become a great instrument in the hands of Providence, for the conversion and civilization of the others. A bright light then shot up from Ireland, which illumined the whole Western world! To give one instance of the flourishing condition of her institutions of learning during the period in question, it is well known, that the monastery of Benchor contained no less than three thousand monks, besides scholars almost innumerable. Fired with enthusiasm, Irishmen visited almost every country in Europe, leaving behind them splendid institutions of learning and religion—for these two always went hand in hand. Irishmen established the monastery and school of Lindisfarne in England, of Bobbio in Italy, of Verdun in France, and of Wartzburg, Ratisbon, Erfurth, Cologne, and Vienna in Germany; to say nothing of their literary labours in Paris, throughout England and elsewhere.*

In England, the Episcopal Sees became nurseries of learning.† The same may be said of the Episcopal Sees in general, throughout the Catholic world. Wherever a Cathedral Church was erected, there also a school with a library attached to it, grew up under its shadow. This was not a mere chance: it was the natural tendency and result of the Catholic Religion. Catholicity and Literature always flourished together. It was also a matter of canonical enactment. Ecclesiastical Councils—provincial, national and general—made this the settled law of the Church during the Middle Ages. It would be tedious to allege all the decrees of Councils bearing on this subject, which is referred to by nearly a hundred of them held at different places, and at different times. We will only adduce some of the more remarkable.

A council held at Rome, in 826, under the Pontiff Eugene II., ordained that schools should be established throughout the world at Cathedral and Parochial Churches, and in such other places as might be suitable for their erection.—Towards the close of the eighth century, a council convened at Metz, enjoined

* For full particulars on this interesting subject, see Moore's "History of Ireland," vol. 1. See, also, *Annales de la Philos. Chret.* Art. 7, at Sup.

† Heeren opp. 1. 65. who cites Henry's History of England.

the obligation of Catholic schools, to be conducted by the clergy living in common with the Bishop. The Council of Mayence, in 813, ordered the clergy to admonish parents under their charge, that they should send their children to the schools established "either in monasteries or in the houses of the parochial clergy."* We gather from this and many similar enactments, that schools were established not only at the Cathedral, but also near the parochial churches, and in the monasteries. The synod of Orleans, in 800, enacted, that the parochial clergy should erect schools in towns and villages, in order to teach little children the elements of learning: "let them receive," this Council adds, "and teach these little children with the utmost charity, that they themselves may shine as the stars forever. Let them receive *no remuneration* from their schools, unless what the parents, through charity, may voluntarily offer."† As early as 529, the Council of Vaison had strongly recommended the erection of similar schools. A cotemporary writer of the life of Bishop Meinwercus, represents the school of Paderborn as "flourishing in both divine and human learning."‡

The princes of the earth assisted the authorities of the Church, in carrying out these benevolent intentions. Charlemagne, in one of his Capitulars, ordered the erection of schools at every Cathedral Church throughout his vast dominions, which extended over more than half of Europe. His successor, Lothaire I., in 823, promulgated a law, that public schools should be established in eight of the principal Italian Cities, "in order that opportunity may be given to all, and that there may be no excuse drawn from poverty, and the difficulty of repairing to remote places." Half a century later, Alfred the Great enacted similar laws in England. Thus, during the Catholic times, the Church and the State—Bishops and Kings—vied with each other in zeal for the erection of schools. They all felt that this was the best, if not the only remedy, for European society, then torn by civil wars, and just emerging from the confusion caused by barbarian invasion. And if their good intentions were not always carried into effect, the impartial judge will admit, that it was surely not *their* fault, but the fault of the evil times on which they had fallen. But for these noble efforts to restore learning, what would have saved Europe from hopeless barbarism? Even *with* all those efforts, the struggle between Christian civilization and northern barbarism, was long and doubtful—what would have been the result, without those noble exertions?

We have seen the action of Provincial and National Councils on the erection of schools: we will now show, that General Councils, representing the whole Church, made similar enactments. A Canon of the third General Council of Constantinople, in 680, commands priests to open schools in country places,

* Concil Moguntinum, Can. x. l. v.

† Concil. Aurelianse An. 800, can. xx.

‡ Digby's Ages of Faith, vol. II. pp. 112-3—where many similar facts are related. (We cite this work, according to the beautiful stereotype edition of Cincinnati.)

and to receive *gratis*, all children who could be induced to frequent them.—The third General Council of Lateran was convened in 1179, by Alexander III., one of the greatest Pontiffs of the Middle Ages. It passed the following Canon: "Since the Church of God, like a tender mother, is bound to provide for the poor, both in those things which appertain to the aid of the body, and in those which belong to the advancement of the soul; lest the opportunity for such improvement (*agendi et proficiendi*) should be wanting to those poor persons who cannot be aided by the wealth of their parents; let a competent benefice be assigned in each Cathedral church to a teacher, whose duty it shall be, to teach the clerks and poor scholars of the same church *gratuitously*, by which means the necessity of the teacher may be relieved, and the way to instruction may be opened to learners. Let this practice be also restored in other churches and monasteries, if, in times past, any thing was set apart in them for this purpose. But let no one exact a price for granting permission to teach."* Another great Pope of the Middle Ages, Innocent III., renewed this decree in 1215, and extended the law to parochial churches. Honorius III., and other Pontiffs, followed his example. Thus, free schools were established throughout Christendom by the authority of Roman Pontiffs and of General Councils. The Church promoted learning, both in her distribution, and in her collective capacity. And be it ever remembered, that all the schools above mentioned, were established chiefly for the benefit of the common people and of the poor. In France alone, during those ages, there were more than two hundred such schools and colleges.†

The monasteries were powerful auxiliaries in the cause of education.—Wherever they were established, the most barren waste was made to smile with verdure. Their retired situation, remote from the confusion and corruption of cities, adapted them in a peculiar manner to the purposes of education. The youth could there, far away from the turmoil of the world, drink to satiety of the pure waters of sacred and profane learning. His health was invigorated by the mountain or country air—his morals were preserved by the example and watchfulness of the monks—and literature and Religion became lovely in his eyes. In those troublous times of civil feud and bloodshed, the monasteries were asylums for learning—green spots on the surface of creation—which the foot of the spoiler seldom profaned. Who, that has read the history of the Middle Ages, has not felt refreshed in mind, as he revisited in spirit, the monasteries of Cluny and Clairvaux—of Corbie and Bec—of Fulda and Bobbio—not to mention a hundred other bright and favoured spots! The shades of St. Bernard, of Peter the Venerable and of the Abbot Hugo, seem still to hover over those holy sanctuaries, and to hallow them by their presence!

* See Cabassutius—Notitia Concil. in locum. Digby (vol. 2, p 114) gives an imperfect synopsis of the decree, which however is marked as a translation of the Canon. Besides, the marginal reference is incorrect, and without meaning.

† For proof of this, see Annales de la Philos. Chretienne, Sup. Art. 7.

There were schools in all the principal monasteries. Some of these were for primary, and others for higher instruction. In the former, boys were taught the "Our Father," the Creed, the Psalms, plain chaunt, Arithmetic and Grammar. In the latter, the more elevated branches of learning were taught—music, mathematics, poetry, and the oriental languages—the Greek, Hebrew and Arabic. At that period, Grammar had a more extended meaning than at present. It embraced, though perhaps in less perfection, what was afterwards denoted by the term *humanities*—a full course of instruction in, at least, the Latin language, which was, during the greater part of the Middle Ages, the language of the people—at least of all the educated—as well as of the Church and of the State. The laws and ordinances of France were in Latin until the sixteenth century. Till the beginning of the thirteenth century, most of the famous monasteries of Europe were of the Benedictine Order, whose services to literature cannot be calculated. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the monastic orders of St. Dominic and St. Francis covered Europe with schools, which were chiefly for the benefit of the poor. And there is no doubt, that these last named Orders greatly promoted the rise of letters, and the advancement of civilization.

Besides schools for the people, there were others, chiefly in the monasteries, for the special education of the children of the nobility and of kings. Meibom, a Protestant historian, assures us of this fact. "During the age of the Charles', of the Othos and of the Henrys, the children of kings and dukes, at a tender age, were placed in the schools of the canons and of the monks, that they might acquire a knowledge of the liberal arts, and of the languages."* The chronicler of St. Requier, who lived under the Carlovingian dynasty, tells us that in that abbey were educated one hundred youths, from the principal noble families of the Empire. Charles Martel founded the college of Richenon for a similar purpose. The kings and princes of the Middle Ages, were not so ignorant as they are usually represented to have been. Charlemagne and Alfred were both not only scholars, but magnificent patrons of learning. They were the Medici of the Middle Ages. The fact that many of the ancient diplomas and other public documents are signed by the cipher, instead of the name of a prince, is no conclusive evidence that the signer could not write his own name. This practice was often a matter of Court *etiquette*, originating in the idea more or less common at that time, that a prince should write with no other instrument but his sword.† These warlike nobles, clad in steel, did not relish the old advice—*cedant arma togæ*. When king Lewis *d'outre mer*, laughed at Foulk of Anjou, for having sung in the choir with the other canons,

* See Ziegelbauer opp. Tom. 1. "Sub ævo Carolorum, Othonum, et Henricorum, regum ducumque liberi tenelli adhuc in Canonicorum aut monachorum collegia amandabantur • • ut liberalium artium et linguarum cognitioni assuefierent."

† See—Nouveau Traite de diplomatique p. 361,—a learned work by the Benedictines.

Foulk answered bluntly: "*an illiterate king is a crowned ass.*"* The same was said to Henry 1st. of England by his father, the bluff William the Conqueror. This fact proves that ignorance was deemed disgraceful in a prince of the Middle Ages. In the 10th century, St. Stephen of Hungary had his people taught the Latin language, which is still the vernacular tongue of that country.

The following fact may serve to show that ladies of rank, also, cultivated learning during that period. In the 11th century, Ingulph, who was reared in the Court of Edward the Confessor of England, informs us, that on returning every day from school, the Queen Egitha used to examine him in Grammar and Logic; and to encourage his progress by frequent presents. The nunneries did for girls, what the Cathedral, parochial, and monastic schools did for boys: and every class, and both sexes were thus provided with ample means of education.† The Latin Language was generally understood by the Religious ladies of the convent: their rules were all in that language; and many small works written in Latin by nuns of those ages are still extant.‡ They also frequently cultivated the study of the Greek Language, and of Philosophy. Some nuns of England, with their Abbess Liobe, a near relative of St. Boniface, the Apostle of Germany, carried their learning into the latter country, and established schools there for the education of their own sex.§ In the tenth century, Hroswetha, a nun of Gandersheim, wrote Latin poems, still extant, on the foundation of her convent, and on the life of the Emperor, Otho the Great; besides six dramas on Ecclesiastical History, in imitation of France. Though not so classical as the ancient models, yet these poems are of respectable merit, and prove, that in the institutions for learning at that day—even in the 10th century, classical literature was extensively and successfully cultivated, by women as well as by men. Not only religious women, but ladies of the world also were often well educated. They received their education in the convents. St. Bernard, in the twelfth century, wrote letters in Latin to the wives of counts and barons. The convent of Roncerai at Angiers was distinguished by the number of young princesses who were there educated. It was in this school that Heloise learned Latin and Philosophy. St. Gertrude of Saxony, (13th and 14th centuries) extended her studies to the classics, to which she was so strongly attached, as to feel scruples of conscience. She has left many pious historical works.|| The Abbess Herrada of Alsace (12th century) wrote an extensive Encyclopedia,¶ which is still preserved in manuscript.

* *Rex illiteratus est asinus coronatus.*—(Martene Collect. Ampliss. v. 987.

† The *Annales de la Philosophie Chret.* has a special article (vi) replete with interesting details on the learned females of the Middle Ages.

‡ See *Historie Litter. de France*, Tom. ix. p. 129 seqq.

§ *Mabillon Prof. in Sæcul. iii. Benedict.*

|| *Insinuationes D. Pietatis*, Lib. C. chap. 8.

¶ *Hortus deliciarum.*

Many other similar facts might be alleged to illustrate female education in the Middle Ages: but these must suffice.

Pass we now to the Universities of the "dark" Ages, which sprang up in the twelfth century, and which were so numerous and flourishing in that and the following Ages, as to excite our admiration and astonishment, even at this day of boasted enlightenment. The schools and colleges erected in the larger cities gradually swelled into Universities, which had special charters of privileges from Popes and Princes. These soon became foci of learning, which radiated the light of literature through every country of Europe. Their great number, and the vast multitudes of youths from every part of Europe, who flocked to them, prove most conclusively, how great was then the thirst for learning. Italy pioneered the way. The Universities of Rome and Bologna soon became famous. Padua, Naples, Pavia and Perugia, also had their Universities. After the discovery of the Pandects of Justinian by the Amalfites, in the eleventh century, the study of the Civil Law was revived in Italy. The University of Bologna became, under Werner, the great law-school of christendom. Thousands of students from the remotest parts of Europe crowded its halls. Besides Italian youths, there were at this University no less than ten thousand foreign students at a time! Padua, the *Alma Mater* of Christopher Columbus and of Amerigo Vespucci, had at one time no less than eighteen thousand students.* The other Italian Universities were also in a flourishing condition.

The other countries of Europe had also their Universities, which rivaled those of Italy. England had her Oxford and her Cambridge. The flourishing schools, founded in these two cities in the ninth and tenth centuries, grew to be Universities towards the close of the twelfth century. The reign of Henry II., was the Augustan Age of English mediæval literature. Anthony Wood, the Protestant historian of the Oxford University, informs us that, during Henry's reign, it counted thirty thousand students!†

Spain was not behind the other Catholic States of Europe. She improved on the scientific discoveries of the Arabs, who during their long rule over her most beautiful provinces, had established many flourishing schools, and made many improvements in Medicine and Mathematics. To them all Europe was much indebted for the impulse, which their example and successful industry gave to those studies. The literary boon which they bestowed on Europe was not, however, without its poison. They paid at least as much attention to the study of alchemy, of necromancy and of astrology, as to that of the useful sciences. They wasted as much time and labor on the discovery of the philosopher's stone, as they spent in the sciences of Arithmetic, Medicine and Astronomy. To their influence, we have no doubt, Europe was mainly indebted for the importance attached to these foolish studies by many of her christian

* See Eustace's "Classical Tour" through Italy, 4 vols. 8 vo.

† Athenæ Oxonienses. The famed school of Athens never had so many scholars!

literati.* Besides the greater Universities of Salamanca, Valladolid and Alcala, Spain could boast of twenty-four others of less celebrity. In addition to the Universities already enumerated, there were various schools of Medicine, in Spain, at Salerno in the South of Italy, and at Montpellier and Paris in France. These also exercised a powerful influence on European literature and civilization.

The influence of the Universities of the Middle Ages was not confined to the mere imparting of learning. They kept up a constant intercourse in society, at a time when the masses had far less communication than at present. They excited the emulation of noble youths, and opened to them a path to eminence and glory, far more lofty than the battle-field, which erewhile was almost their only incentive to exertion. They thus exercised a humanizing influence on the manners of an age essentially warlike. There was room too for the exercise of chivalry in the intellectual tilting matches of the schools, no less than in the more exciting and less refined tournaments, where mailed knights broke their spears against each other, in pursuit of glory! Post offices arose from the necessity of regular communication, which the Universities, with their vast numbers of foreign students, created. The youths, who had studied law at Bologna, Paris and Oxford, on returning to their own countries, excited in the minds of their countrymen an ardour for such studies. Besides, with their increased knowledge, they contributed greatly to improve the jurisprudence of their respective States. Thus civilization received a powerful impulse from the Universities. The streamlets which issued from these fountain-heads of literature irrigated and fertilized all Europe! They were reservoirs,

Whence many rivulets have since been turned,
O'er the garden Catholic to lead
Their living waters and have fed its plants. †

In a late number of an able Catholic Magazine, published monthly in Paris, we find a most interesting review of a work on the University of Paris, just published by Mons. J. Daniello.‡ This distinguished author has written many excellent works manifesting deep research into the history of the Middle Ages. Not the least interesting of these publications is his late "History of Queen Blanche," the sainted mother of St. Louis IX. From the Review just

* We cannot subscribe to the opinion of Andres (*Storia di ogni Lett.* vol. I.) who enters into an elaborate course of reasoning, to prove that Europe owed to the Arabs almost all her valuable discoveries in the Middle Ages. He was a Spaniard, and perhaps his partiality for his country inclined him to attach too much importance to Hispano—Arabic influence on the rise of Letters.

† Dante. *Parad.* xii.

‡ The work is entitled: "Etudes, Littéraires, Philosophiques, et morales sur l' Université de Paris, et sur les Progres de l'esprit humain au moyen age:" or, "Literary, Philosophical, and moral researches on the University of Paris, and on the progress of the human mind in the Middle Ages." The Review alluded to, is found in the last February No. of the "Université Catholique."

mentioned, we select the following details connected with our present subject.

"We can form no idea at the present day," says M. Daniello, "of the importance and of the members of the University of France towards the close of the twelfth century. Rendered illustrious by Peter Lombard, St. Anselm, William de Champeaux, and Abeillard, it had already become the light and the *rendez-vous* of the learned, and of students from all Europe. The Holy See loved and protected it, as a cherished daughter—as its faithful shield and champion. It was the glory of the western world and of France, and no institution in all christendom was its equal. Athens and Alexandria, according to the testimony of cotemporary writers, never had schools so numerous, or so brilliant. In fact, the number of University students often exceeded twenty-five thousand! * * * The kings of France were as zealous to foster its growth, as were those of neighbouring states to diminish its patronage. These employed every kind of intrigue to dissolve this great and illustrious body, and to cause the remnant of its students to pursue their education within their own territory. For this purpose they instituted Universities at great expense; they endowed them with lands and privileges; they offered all kinds of inducements to students. But their efforts proved abortive. In spite of the prohibition of the Emperor Frederick, students continued to flock to the University of Paris, from Germany, as well as from England and Italy."

"We should remark," he continues, "that this University, besides the advantages of its location, was very accessible, and very hospitable: the students soon became *naturalized* in Paris: and after having completed their studies, it was easy for the most talented to obtain professorships, and we accordingly find more than one professor from Germany, Italy, and especially England, filling, and shining in, the various chairs. Add to this, that all the celebrated men—nearly all the Popes, Bishops and Abbots, of that period—were *élèves* and admirers of the University of Paris: many of them had been among its professors, and respectfully called it their mother."

We have no doubt that the above account is substantially correct, though we are disposed to think, that the ardent partiality of the Frenchman has in one or two instances betrayed him into no little exaggeration. Though the French University was highly distinguished in the Middle Ages, yet it had many rivals, which equalled, if they did not surpass it, both in the number of their students, and in the learning and fame of their professors. Not to speak of others, those of Bologna in Italy, and of Oxford in England, could boast equal antiquity and celebrity. The former had the merit of reviving the study of the Civil Law under the great Werner; and as a Law School, both for the Civil and the Canon Law, it long continued unrivalled. The latter under Henry II., of England, whose reign commenced about the middle of the twelfth century (1154,) reckoned thirty thousand youths among its students—a number which that of Paris seldom or never surpassed. The statement that "nearly all the celebrated men" of that epoch were students of the Paris University, must

also we have no doubt, be received with many grains of allowance. "The glory of the western world and of France," had laurels enough already, without snatching at those which decorated the brows of her fair sisters in Italy, Spain, and England.

With twenty-five or thirty thousand young men from all nations within its walls, it was natural to expect, that Paris during the Middle Ages should become occasionally the theatre of riot, growing out of contentions between the students and the citizens. If we are to credit cotemporary History, the former often equalled the latter in number, M. Danielo gives us from Roger de Hoveden, an English historian of the time, a thrilling interesting account of one of those outbreaks, which resulted in the famous Charter of rights granted to the University by Philip Auguste, in 1200. It seems, that the German students of that day liked their social glass almost as much as their successors in the German Universities do at the present time. One of them, the son of a nobleman, sent his servant to a tavern to purchase wine. The servant, it appears, misbehaved, and was chastized by the tavern-keeper; and in the encounter, the flask of wine was broken. The German students felt aggrieved both in their honour, and in their *stomachs*. They assembled in great numbers, repaired to the tavern, forced its doors, and severely chastized the *maitre d'hote* leaving him half dead. The citizens of Paris, indignant at this severe retaliation of the students, assembled, and, led on by Thomas, the Prevost of the city, an armed mob assaulted the hotel of the German students. In the conflict which ensued, the young German nobleman and several of his comrades* were killed. The heads of the University repaired in a body to Philip Auguste, king of the French, and complained loudly of this violence. The king at their instance took signal vengeance on the Prevost and his accomplices; and to protect the students, as well as to prevent similar outrages in future, he granted to the University an ample Charter of privileges, which among other things, exempted it from the jurisdiction of the Prevost and of the civil courts, and made it amenable only to the ecclesiastical tribunals. Under this Charter, the University continued to flourish for several centuries. Half a century later however, its prosperity received a temporary check from Queen Blanche, and St. Louis IX. The Pope however soon interfered, and by his influence with the French court succeeded in having all the privileges of the University restored.

The reason of the withdrawal of the Charter by the sainted King and Queen mother of France, was probably a zeal for the Catholic Faith, which one or two of the Professors made an effort about that time to undermine. The French University, though generally "the faithful shield and champion" of the Church, was occasionally tarnished with heresy; which did not however affect its entire body, but was confined to a few of its professional chairs. The pride of learning

* In all fifteen, says the preamble of the Charter, given us in full by M. Danielo.

and the habit, encouraged by the Aristotelian philosophy, of defending both sides of every question for the sake of argument, had already betrayed Gilbert de Poore and Abeillard into many errors and extravagances; and even the great "master of the sentences," Peter Lombard, had not, it was thought, wholly escaped the contagion. But the Professors who, in the thirteenth century, were betrayed into the greatest excesses, were Simon de Tournai and Amaury. The blasphemies of the former, and the signal punishment which overtook him in the midst of them, are so remarkable, that we will give the account of them in full, as furnished us by the caustic Benedictine Monk, Mathew Paris, a cotemporary English historian. M. Danielo calls him the "best historian of the thirteenth century:" in which praise we scarcely agree with him.

"A certain Professor of Paris endowed with great genius and a strong memory, having for two years taught the *Arts*, that is the *Humanities*, with great success, directed his attention to Theology, in which he made such progress in a short time, that he soon filled with distinction the chair of that Faculty. He taught with great ability, and disputed with still greater subtlety. His pleasure consisted in handling difficult questions—hitherto unheard of, and in resolving and explaining them with elegance and clearness. He had as many hearers as the largest palace could contain. One day, having discoursed very subtly of the Trinity, and having brought forward reasons the most profound for this dogma, he was obliged to defer the conclusion of the argument until the following day. All the students of Theology in the city were advised of this; and, being eager to hear the solution of so many apparently inexplicable questions, they crowded to his famous school in mass. The Professor taking his seat, began by stating in order all the questions he had hitherto treated; and those which seemed to every body unfathomable he explained with so much clearness, elegance and orthodoxy, that all his hearers were in amazement.

"After this wonderful explanation, those of his disciples who were more familiar with him, and most eager for instruction, begged him to repeat his questions and answers, that they might be able to take a copy of them under his dictation; representing to him, that it would be an indignity, as well as an irreparable loss, to suffer the light of so much science to be extinguished. But he, inflated with pride, raised his eyes to heaven, and with an insolent laugh, exclaimed: "*O Jesule! Jesule!! Little Jesus! Little Jesus!! How much have I confirmed and exalted thy law in this dispute! But with how much stronger reasons could I not abase, weaken and destroy it, should I wish to be malicious, and take the matter to heart!*" Having said this, his tongue failed, and he remained without speech. Not only he became mute, but, an idiot and radically stupid. He did not teach nor discourse any more: he became the laughing stock of all who became acquainted with the fact. Two hours afterwards he was not able to distinguish the letters of the alphabet. But the Divine Vengeance which weighed on him having become a little mitigated, his son by dint of repetition

succeeded in teaching him the *Pater Noster*, and the *Credo*, which he learned by heart, and repeated stammering: but this was all. This miracle confounded the arrogance, and repressed the boasting of many among the scholars and professors. This fact," concludes the Historian, "was witnessed by Nicholas Duffy, who was afterwards Bishop of Dublin, a man of great authority, who related it to me, and requested that I should relate it, that it might not be forgotten by posterity."*

We will conclude this paper, by briefly adverting to some of the distinguishing features of schools and Universities in the Middle Ages. These may be reduced to three: their erection was prompted by religion and charity—they were generally *free* and all could frequent them without expense—and, without excluding mere human learning, they yet attached greater importance to sacred studies. We have recognized many of those characters in the facts already alleged; but some additional illustrations may not be wholly useless, or devoid of interest.

1. Nothing is more certain, than that Religion presided over the erection of those splendid institutions of learning. No other motive could have caused the raising up of so many brilliant literary establishments. Whoever has studied the history of those ages of faith, must have observed, that Religion and Divine Charity were then the most powerful stimulants to exertion. All other motives were comparatively powerless. To rear institutions, where the poor—the favourite members of Jesus Christ—might imbibe literature hallowed by Religion—to have souls redeemed by the blood of Christ, trained to virtue and learning—this was deemed the noblest use to which money could be applied. The founders of those schools did not court human applause; it was glory enough for them, if in the eyes of heaven "they could shine like stars forever." Or if, in consideration of their pious bequests for education, God would vouchsafe in His mercy to blot out their sins. "We wish" says St. Benedict, the founder of the illustrious order which bears his name, "to institute a school for the service of the Lord, and we hope that we have not placed any thing sharp or painful in this institution."† Beraudière, Bishop of Perigueaux, founded a Seminary for poor scholars in his own city, and stated in dying, that he had left to posterity his book, his church rebuilt, and this seminary for the poor. "May gracious heaven grant," he adds, "that posterity may receive great utility, and may God vouchsafe pardon for my past sins."‡ The child's advancement in virtue, was then the greatest object of the parent's solicitude. Eginhard writes to his son, who was at the school of Fulda: "but above all, remember to imitate those good manners in which he [your teacher] excels;

* Mathew Paris *Historia Maj. Angliæ* ad au. 1201. See also Bulaeus *Hist. Universit. Paris* Tom. III. p. 8. Another Historian, Thomas de Cantimpre, likewise a cotemporary, substantially confirms the statement of Mathew Paris. He states that the blasphemy of Simon consisted in comparing Jesus Christ with Moses and Mahomet. (Bulaeus *ibid* p. 9.)

† *Præf. ad Regulam*—in fine.

‡ Gouget xvi. 13 apud Digby vol. II. p. 131.

for grammar and rhetoric and all other studies of liberal arts are vain, and greatly injurious to the servants of God, unless by the Divine Grace they know how to be subject to virtue; for *'science puffeth up, but charity edifieth.'* I would rather see you dead than abounding in vice." St. Anselm of Canterbury, employed similar language in writing to his nephew Anselm.* The school rooms of the monasteries at Rome and Bologne, were sanctuaries of piety; the student always beheld in them an image of that immaculate virgin, who was ever the patroness of christian scholars. In fine, not to multiply facts, whoever will study the history of those schools will not fail to remark that religion prompted their erection, and presided over their destinies. Every exercise was commenced and terminated by prayer.†

2. Instruction in most of those schools was wholly gratuitous. This was more particularly true of the seminaries of Rome, and of almost all the Cathedral, parochial, and monastic schools erected by order of ecclesiastical councils. This beautiful feature in education during the middle ages, was a necessary consequence of the spirit of christian charity which then prevailed, and, as we have just seen, was the main-spring of literary exertion. Teachers in those days wished for no emoluments but the smile of God! Bishops, Kings, and Emperors left immense legacies for the gratuitous education of the poor. Leopold, Arch-duke of Austria, employed his wealth in founding numerous seminaries of learning, which he committed to the charge of pious and learned monks. Pope Urban V. supported more than a thousand students at different academies, supplying them also with books. The celibacy of the clergy did more for the erection of schools for the poor, than perhaps any thing else.—Clergymen, whose income exceeded their expenses, felt bound by the spirit, if not by the letter of the canon law, to appropriate the surplus to charitable purposes, among which the principal was the founding of hospitals and schools. The forty-four colleges attached to the University of Paris were most of them founded by clergymen prompted by religious and charitable motives.

The greatest boast of this age is the founding of common and free schools.—Catholicity was the real foundress of such institutions. Money is now necessary for every thing—it is the main spring of action in this age. Teachers will not labour now without remuneration. Free schools cannot be established now unless the community be heavily taxed for their support. It was not so in the good old catholic times. Christian charity was a coin which then circulated freely, supplying the place of money. Alas! *charity hath grown cold!* Even the poor must now be supported by taxation! Alas! for the spirit of the "Ages of Faith!"

3. Many Protestant writers have asserted, that nothing but scholastic philoso-

* St. Anselmi opp. lib. 4, Epist. 31.

† For those beautiful prayers before and after the scholastic exercises, see Digby vol. 2, pp 123 and 135.

phy and theology was taught in the schools and universities of the middle ages. No assertion could be more unfounded. True, those sciences which spoke of heavenly things and of God, were more warmly cherished; but mere human learning was not neglected. The great Alcuin wrote to Charlemagne, from Tours, where he was teaching; "according to your exhortations and good desire, I apply myself to minister to some under the roof of St. Martin, the honey of the Holy Scriptures. Others I endeavour to inebriate with the old wine of *ancient learning*: others I begin to nourish with the apples of grammatical subtlety. Some I try to illuminate in the science of the stars, as if of the painted canopy of some great house; I am made many things to many persons, that I may edify as many as possible, *to the advantage of the Holy Church of God*, and to the honour of your imperial kingdom." Roger Bacon applied successfully to the study of the practical sciences and in the thirteenth century, made many brilliant discoveries, which would do honour even to this age. Albertus Magnus wrote an extensive Treatise on Natural History, in which he embodied all that was valuable in the works of Aristotle and Pliny, adding many discoveries of his own. These are a few out of a hundred examples that might be alleged, to prove that human science was cultivated in the *dark ages*. In all the Universities, mathematics and physics were taught, as well as metaphysics and theology.

How advantageously do the ancient Catholic Universities compare with those of later date and of Protestant origin! Look at the boasted Universities of Germany! Drinking, smoking, duelling, secret associations (*Burschenschaft*) are the order of the day. Morality is banished from them, and the ardour of study is greatly abated.*

P. F.

* See an able article on this subject in the North American Review for April last—a Review of a late work on the German Universities.

ESTABLISHMENT OF THE CATHOLIC MISSIONS IN THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

PART II.

The only Catholic Mission now in the Indian territory, is that among the Pottowatomies on Sugar Creek ; a tributary stream of the north fork of the Osage river, about twenty miles due west of the State of Missouri. Here, about fifteen miles distant from their unbelieving tribesmen, remote from the scenes of rioting and drunkenness prevalent among them, they chose to themselves a peaceful abode under the shadow of the Cross, which was planted on an eminence of about sixty feet, and overlooked the greater part of the settlement. The Pottowatomies formerly resided in Michigan and Indiana, and were visited, more than twenty years ago, by the Very Rev. S. T. Badin of Kentucky. This Apostolic pioneer of the western States of the Union, baptised a few hundreds of that tribe, and formed a congregation on the St. Joseph's river in Michigan. About the year 1833, the zealous Missionary L. Deseilles, after having devoted his large patrimony in Belgium, to the support of the mission among these Indians, settled among them, and became their father, their benefactor and their counsellor. He considerably improved their temporal condition; and having gained their affection, he moulded the Savage mind into a perfect christian form. He died a martyr of his labourous zeal, and was succeeded in his arduous post by the late Rev. E. Petit of the Diocess of Vincennes.

The Indians being compelled to quit the hunting grounds of their fathers, set out for their new homes to the Indian Territory in 1838, accompanied by their beloved Missioner, to whose persuasion, rather than to any other cause, must be attributed their compliance with the order for their removal, which, it need not be said, was most opposed to all their feelings. This zealous Priest, afflicted at the misfortunes of his beloved neophytes, had scarcely reached the Indian country, when his already enfeebled constitution, being exhausted by the fatigues and labour of the journey, obliged him to quit it without delay. He set out for Vincennes, but on reaching St. Louis, found it impossible to proceed further. A few days after his arrival, he expired, at the University, in the beginning of the year 1839.

The Rev. C. Hoecken, of the Society of Jesus, having lost the hope of seeing his labours crowned with success among the Kickapoox, determined to devote himself to the spiritual wants of the new emigrants on Sugar Creek. In a temporal point of view this new mission had little to encourage a missioner. The Indians, driven to a kind of wilderness, gave free utterance to the feelings of dissatisfaction such a position was calculated to produce. Death swept away hundreds of the Pottowatomie tribe. Broken down by troubles and poverty, Father Hoecken found his health so much impaired, that as early as May 1839, he was obliged to quit his beloved flock, and to return to St. Louis. In April 1839, the Rev. H. G. Aelen of the same society, was sent from St. Louis to labour in this infant mission.

On their arrival in their new home, the Pottowattomies were induced to give up their roaming manner of living, to settle permanently on a selected tract, and give undivided attention to agricultural labours. Sugar Creek, already described, was destined to contain in its borders the settlers of the congregation of converts. The Catholic Indians amounted then to about 400. They were without shelter for themselves, and without a Church for religious worship. Divine Service was performed under a tent, whilst the faithful were seated under the foliage of trees. Soon, however, upon the instances of the Missionary, the Savages were roused to action: the first dwelling to be erected was the House of God, all-men, women and children—turned out to cut down trees, split timber, etc., and within one week's time a log Church about fifty feet long, was finished in a rude style. The second dwelling was that of the Missioner; it was, indeed, of the simplest construction; a small hut, covered all around with bark, without chimney, without window, door and floor. This tenement served for upwards of two years as the residence of the Priest. In winter it was often filled with snow; and in summer it was not unfrequently overflowed with water. Indeed the life of the Missionary stationed here, was poor to the extreme; but consoling and full of satisfaction on account of the feelings of ingenuous piety and grateful devotedness with which these children of the forest corresponded with all his efforts. The Priest in their affections was their father, in their doubts their counsellor, in their troubles their consoler, in their ignorance their teacher. His words fell into their hearts as dew upon the grass, and yielded in some thirty—in some sixty—and in others a hundred fold.

Whilst they were finishing the Church, and dwelling house for the Priest, their own families were exposed to the inclemencies of the weather; nor could all the remonstrances of the Missioner prevail on them to provide a shelter first for themselves. It is not proper, they replied, that men should shelter themselves before their God: we owe him this token of our gratitude, because he has not dealt with us, as with other nations.

In the commencement of 1839, the congregation numbered about 400 souls, which, towards the close of the same year, was increased by 250 more christians, forced to emigrate from the banks of the St. Joseph's in Michigan. The Indians thus exiled from the hunting grounds, were induced by the Missionary to imitate the example of their brethren and turn their attention to agriculture. The axe was exchanged for the tomahawk, and the plough for the bow and arrow. Like unto the primitive christians, 2 or 300 united together to cultivate the earth, and build houses, and succeeded, within two years, to the astonishment of all who witnessed their labours, to form a well organized colony, whose houses, and fields might be compared with some of those belonging to the border-settlers of the States; and whose members set a bright example of union, industry, sobriety and religion—which the civilized white man might study with admiration and advantage.

The Indians, unaccustomed to the climate, and suffering various privations,

were rapidly falling victims to disease: the number of deaths to that of births bearing for some time, the proportion of five to two. Anxious to remove some of the causes of this great mortality, the Missionary got a good supply of useful medicines of which these poor people were in great need; and at the same time, succeeded in destroying hundreds of the so called "medicine bags," which generally contain some reputed charms, and other superstitious trifles, herbs and drugs, having no other effect than to destroy either virtue or life. It may be easily conceived, that in attempting to abolish these vestiges of superstition and imposture, the Missionary had to encounter great opposition, and that his life was not unfrequently exposed to imminent danger. But it pleased the Almighty to crown his efforts with success; and within a year and a half, not a single destructive medicine, nor a single superstitious Symbol was known to exist on the borders of Sugar Creek. On one occasion a pressing appeal was made by the Missionary to a hundred armed Indians to give up for ever these so called "medicine bags." For a while, a deep murmur was the only response: the Missionary seized the Crucifix, knelt down, and, betaking himself to prayer, recommended the matter to God. He who said "ask and you shall receive," heard the prayer of his servant: the hearts of the Indians relented: and ten "medicine bags" were laid on the threshold of the Church.

In order to remove another not less fatal source of ruin to soul and body *Intemperance*—the Missionary devised the following plan. A meeting was held, at which all the braves and young men assisted: the Missionary and their speakers laid before them the evils resulting from intemperance—to their health, to their temporal prosperity, and most especially to the salvation of their souls. Again and again, he repeated that Religion condemned this vice; and that it was in vain they aspired to virtue and piety, unless these efforts proceeded from sober and docile minds. This voice of faith, the only one that speaks to the heart, and leaves a lasting impression, found an echo in their souls: they all resolved, *for Religion's sake*, to abstain from all intoxicating liquor, unless when required by necessity; and they enacted a regulation among themselves, that a fine of five dollars to be taken from the annual annuity-pay, should be imposed on every one, who would presume to bring a drop of liquor within three miles from the borders of Sugar Creek. This regulation is strictly adhered to, up to the present day, and the exemplary sobriety of the Sugar Creek Indians is a monument of the influence of Religion.* The Missionary now determined to form the plan, by which the Catho-

* A circumstance which happened, among the infidel Pottowatomies, at the distance of fifteen miles from Sugar Creek, may here be mentioned. On the 4th of July 1840, a Protestant Minister who still resides among the Pottowatomies, anxious to reform the Indians around him, who were much given to intoxication: announced publicly, that on that day a great feast of roast beef would be given to all the Indians, who should resort to his Mission-house. The day came—and, we need not say, the crowd was immense. The Minister with his interpreters, carrying a heavy volume announced he was about to establish a TEMPE-

lic Missions of the whole Indian territory should be henceforward regulated. The Sugar Creek station being nearly central, it was thought proper that that mission should be regarded as a model for all. The plan was to form a congregation of zealous, charitable and edifying people: to establish pure Catholic usages, according to the Roman Ritual and practices of Catholic countries; to build a convenient Church, and large residence for a number of Missionaries; to erect two Academies—one for boys and one for girls, each of them to contain a select few of all nations of the territory, as boarders, and the children of the settlement as day scholars. In fine, after having thus established the central Mission on solid grounds to extend the Mission among the other nations. How far this plan has been realized, the sequel of this sketch will shew.

The first thought was given to build a more convenient Temple for the worship and service of God. Consequently during the summer of 1840, a spacious and neat Church building was erected on a bluff, about 100 feet above the level of the bottom land. The expenses were mostly borne by the U. S. Government, according to an agreement made in Michigan with the Pottowatomies.

The Church was dedicated by the Rev. H. G. Aelen, to the Almighty God, under the title of "*the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin*," on the festival of Christmas 1840. At eleven o'clock of the night previous to the feast; the discharge of a gun, in the front of the new building was the signal for the beginning of the ceremony, which was responded to by a salute of 300 guns, fired from the doors of their respective lodges, by as many Indian braves. Three hundred lights, borne by as many women, now approached the new Temple of God, at the birth-hour of the world's Redeemer, and seemed to proclaim, through the pitchy darkness of that winter night, that this was the hour when light came to illuminate those who sat in darkness, and in the shadow of death. At midnight when the Church bell tolled, the Indians entoned a beautiful canticle in honour of the ever Virgin Mary, Mother of God. The blessing of the new Church took place, and afterwards the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered up to the Most High amidst the sounds of music and of harmonious singing; well executed by our good Indians, of whom about two hundred received the Holy Communion on the occasion, and about five hundred assisted at High Mass, and Solemn Vespers. In the course of the day, a beautiful statue of the Immaculate Virgin was carried in procession by Indian Virgins all over the settlement, as a token of the particular devotion of the people of Sugar Creek, to the Mother of God. The greatest regularity

RANCE SOCIETY, and read out a long catalogue of regulations. In conclusion it was said, that every one who would join the Society, should come forward and write his name or touch the pen; and that the exclusive privilege of partaking of the roast-beef,—already devoured by the assembled Indians by anticipation, would be allowed to the signers. Each one hastened to the pen, by which the names were to be set down, and then to the beef which disappeared as if by enchantment. In the evening of the same day a quantity of whiskey was brought into the settlement; and scenes worse than ever before were exhibited.

marked the conduct of the hundreds who accompanied the procession. At night all retired to their bark lodges with joy and satisfaction painted on their countenances.

The Church being now in use, the following regular and edifying practices were introduced among these devout believers, and are continued till the present day. In the morning, at 5 o'clock, the Church bell is tolled, and these faithful Indians rise, with a holy enthusiasm, to appear before God in His Holy Temple, which is filled every morning. At half past 5 o'clock in summer, and somewhat later in winter, all recite morning prayers in the Church, which they conclude with a beautiful canticle, composed for them by the Missionaries, in the Indian language. After morning prayers, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass commences, during which the Missionary gives an instruction by way of meditation, pointing out the various duties they have to fulfill, as men and as Christians; and after Mass, Catechism is daily taught to about fifty children by the Catechists of the nation, and a regular instruction is given to the Catechumens by the priest. From the day of the dedication of the Church to the present day, the numbers of Catechumens has been at all times about thirty; and the number of Baptisms of adults on each Sunday of the year was seldom less than three, sometimes as many as twenty. At the commencement of 1843 no less than 1200 persons, were found within the pale of the Catholic Church on the borders of Sugar Creek.

Knowing the salutary effects, that religious practices have on the minds of men the Missionary particularly encouraged the introduction of Spiritual canticles, to be sung on various occasions and during the ordinary occupations of the day. Nothing was more suitable to the Indian taste; nothing better calculated to raise their minds to Heaven, and to avoid the occasions of idle and sinful conversations. Must it not be delightful to the pious visiter of Sugar Creek on entering an Indian lodge, to hear the mercies of God chaunted by its pious inmates; or to behold a group of Indians, reclining on the green sward, and combining their voices in exalting the praises of Mary; or to listen with attention to those who, engaged in agriculture, lighten the burden of their fatiguing labour, by sounds that speak of Heaven. When evening comes on, the Church bell is tolled, and hundreds resort to the place of prayer: some put aside their tomahawks or axes, others their pipes; while the devout squaws interrupt their household occupations, or, suspend their infant children from the branches of some neighbouring trees. At the termination of prayer, which always closes with a canticle in which all join, the Priest invokes the blessings from Heaven upon them, and all retire to their lodges, infinitely more happy than the vast majority of those whose lot is envied by the less gifted favourites of fortune among civilized men.

The Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar, is carried to the sick in procession: and it is truly a most edifying spectacle, to behold, at the tinkling of the little bell which accompanies the procession, the Indian appear at the door of his

lodge, or if, in the road, descend from his poney, or if in the field, desist from his toil, and kneel before the Majesty of God in deep adoration.

When an Indian dies, his corpse is wrapped up in a blanket, and enclosed in the excavated trunk of a tree which thus serves as a coffin. It is, then, carried to the Church, where the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered up for the repose of the departed soul: and the funeral service of the Church is performed. Hundreds of Indians accompany the corpse to the grave yard, preceded by the Priest and his attendants.

Among other practices of religion which are observed by these fervent christians is the frequentation of the sacraments: monthly confessions and communions are common; and very generally about one hundred approach the Holy Table every Sunday. It would be too long to mention all the pious usages established among those zealous Neophytes; it is enough to say that Sugar Creek's congregation is as regularly organized and presents as much edification as any of the most regular parishes of the most Catholic countries of Europe.

Agreeably to the plan, laid out by the Missionary; two Academies were to be established at Sugar Creek; one for boys, and one for girls. Application was made to the Very Rev. P. J. Verhaegen, Provincial of the Jesuits in the West, to procure religious ladies, to whom the charge of the female youth should be entrusted. He appealed to the ladies of the Sacred Heart in St. Louis, who unhesitatingly offered to co-operate in the holy undertaking. Accordingly four ladies of that order, of whom Madame Lucille Mathenvon is the Superior, set out from St. Louis in July 1841, and arrived at Sugar Creek in the commencement of the following August. The Indians, surprised at the sight of these ladies in their religious dress, had no other idea than that they were extraordinary persons, whom Providence had sent them; but when the Missionary told them that they had come to instruct the whole female population, these devoted ladies were greeted with enthusiasm, and were led, as if in triumph, to their future residence—a log cabin, consisting of one room. On the following day they commenced their labours under the foliage of some spreading trees, where Indians of both sexes and of all ages, assisted at the novel spectacle, and remained absorbed in attention, while these good religious endeavoured to teach the hands of infancy to form the saving sign of the Cross, or the lips of youth to pronounce the first elements of language or to communicate religious truths to those who were soon to be baptized. It is scarcely necessary to mention that only by the aid of interpreters were these excellent ladies enabled to engage thus early in the duties of their new vocation.

A new and spacious house for Convent and Academy was absolutely called for; and in consequence, an appeal was made to the Indians themselves to join hands for the putting up of a two story dwelling, which should contain six rooms. This call was instantly responded to: and the house fitted out for occupancy, within two months from the commencement of this undertaking. Owing to the unsettled state of affairs, the benefit of female education was

confined, at first, to the children of Sugar Creek, who to the number of about fifty daily resorted to the school. A residence for the members of the Society of Jesus and an Academy for the education of the Indian boys under the charge of the Jesuits were commenced in 1841, and completed in 1842.

In August 1841 the Rev. Father Aelen was recalled to St. Louis, although he did not actually quit Sugar Creek till June 1842. The following Jesuit Fathers succeeded him in the Missions. F. A. Eysvogels, who arrived in July 1841. T. F. Verreydt and C. Hoecken, who arrived in September, of the same year. In 1842 and 1843, the Missions were carried on with the usual success: and the number of the Missionaries being greater, more frequent excursions were made among the neighbouring tribes; and small congregations have been formed among the Miamies, Ottoways, Chippeways and Osages. In 1843 the following Fathers were added to the number, A. Hoecken, P. Verheyden and S. Soderini. What may not be expected among those numerous Indian nations from the labours of so many Apostolic men! How many souls may not be rescued from eternal death by shedding the light of pure and Catholic faith over the savage heart dimmed with the mist of Idolatry and superstition!

In 1843 the number of religious ladies having been increased, Sugar Creek's female Academy was thrown open for the gratuitous education of the children of the neighbouring tribes, especially of the Osages—the ladies receiving for board, tuition, and religious education, no other recompense than the humble hope of the reward which awaits good deeds in Heaven. These gradual but continually increasing improvements, inspire the hope, that the day of salvation has come for the thousands of Indians congregated in this territory which they cease not, however, to regard as a place of banishment. We most earnestly pray that Sugar Creek Mission may ever set an example, and become the watch-word of piety, temperance, order, and regularity among the surrounding Indians; as also, the centre of an extended plan of Missionary operations. Already the seed of life has been scattered far abroad: the wild Osage has seen and revered the Cross; the Miamies and Ottoways have revived the recollections of past days, and shewed great earnestness to follow in the footsteps of their fathers, who so devoutly worshipped, a century since, in the plains of Illinois and in the forests of Michigan. The hardened Kickapoox has opened his eyes to the illusions of a knavish impostor who assumes the name of "Prophet," and has recalled the Black-Gown to announce the tidings of Salvation. The Kansas have shaken hands with their brethren the Osages; and while they have rejected, with savage energy, the Missioners of error, have asked for those, whom the traditions of their tribe have told them are true Ministers of God, and under whose guidance their fathers formerly worshipped the Great Spirit. The more southern Indians, Cherokees, Creeks, Seminoles, Choctaws, have, when the opportunity has presented itself, admired and extolled the regularity of Sugar-Creek congregation; and often expressed their desire that the same regularity and happiness should replace their own disorders and confusion. This is a consummation devoutly to be wished for by

the philanthropist no less than by the enlightened christian, for experience must have taught even those most unwilling to admit the fact, that the voice of Catholicism alone can stop the murder of the Cherokee, restrain the perfidy of the Creek, mollify the barbarity of the Seminole, teach justice to the Osage, uprightness to the Otoe, industry to the Kanza, temperance to the Shawnee, purity to the Kickapoox and perseverance to the Pottowatomie.

Translated from the "Universite Catholique," for the Catholic Cabinet.

MARY.

THE GLORY AND THE MODEL OF CHRISTIAN WOMEN.

When at the moment of the fall, God was threatening punishment, a word of consolation fell from His Divine lips; as when from the rays of darkness a ray of light sometimes breaks forth; He said to the serpent, "I will place enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy race and hers; she shall bruise thy head." . . . God wished that the remembrance of this promise should comfort guilty man during this sorrowful pilgrimage of expiation.

Time rolled on—woman was enslaved by man; and this slavery extended throughout the whole earth, and reigned then without control and without bounds; and the plaints of the suffering victims resounded throughout the entire world, a long protracted echo of the first cry of distress uttered by Eve after her fall. But the hour of deliverance announced by the Most High could not fail to come.

Within the enclosure of a small village of Judea* was born an infant, whose birth had been piously prayed for, and long and ardently expected. It was a daughter; but her birth effacing in the mother the reproach of barrenness, was warmly welcomed, and the father, in the joy of his heart, gave her the name of Mary (Miriam,) which in Hebrew means "Star of the sea," and in Syriac, "Lady, Mistress, Sovereign." Her family was illustrious: among her ancestors were reckoned kings and pontiffs; the blood of David flowed in her veins—while of that of Aaron was allied to her.

The law of Moses ordained, that, eighty days after the birth of a daughter, the mother should present herself in the Temple to be purified of the stain contracted in child-birth. It was the usage on this occasion to offer to the Lord a lamb, or a pair of turtle-doves, according to the fortune of the parents. Those

* We do not know with certainty the precise place of the birth of Mary. It is however more probable that she was born in the little town of Nazareth in Galilee, in the year 732 after the foundation of Rome. See *Annales de la Philosophie Chretienne* Tom. 9, p. 56.

of Mary were poor: their gift was accordingly of the humbler sort, and two little doves were offered at her birth, as they were at a later period at that of her Son. There existed also another usage among the Jews—rarely followed, it is true, but occasionally adopted as a tribute of gratitude, it consisted in offering to the Lord the infant granted to the prayer of the parents by His mercy. It is believed that St. Ann, afflicted by a long sterility, had made this promise to God, and that she had solemnly vowed to conduct her daughter to the Temple, and to consecrate her to the service of the Holy Place, so soon as her age might permit. Three years later the devoted parents led their daughter to the Temple, and there left her entrusted to the care of the priests.*

What was Mary's occupation during this time, and how long she remained in the retreat, where her days were consecrated to the Most High, we know not. Tradition paints her as nourished with the reading of the Holy Scriptures, daily and hourly elevating her heart to God, and continually fed with those inspirations which already illumined for her the future. Some of the Fathers think that she was thoroughly acquainted with the language of Moses, and that she was gifted with a perfect understanding of the inspired books.—At a subsequent period in life, she in fact rendered thanks to God, in one of the most beautiful canticles of the New Law. But no positive documents on this subject has come down to our days, and in spite of human efforts, nothing has yet lifted the veil which covers the first years of Mary's life.

It is believed that she remained eleven years in the Temple, happy in the shadow of the sanctuary, and aspiring after nothing but a continuance of a life so innocent and so free from any bonds, save those of the Lord. But when she had attained the age of puberty,† the priests, her guardians, assembled to deliberate on her future life—for they had no longer the right to keep her in the temple—and her marriage was resolved on. Many authors relate that she laboured to reverse this decision, and to escape the yoke of hymen. Vain endeavour! Didst thou not know, O pure virgin, that virginity was not comprehended by thy people—that all the nations of the earth despised it—and that it was necessary that thou shouldst leave the sanctuary, and appear in open day, in order to make of this reproach a glory, and of this thing hitherto deemed an impiety, a virtue.

The choice of the priests fell on Joseph, a poor man, advanced in age, a man of the people, who had always lived unmarried, and who earned his bread by the sweat of his brow. The Jews had a custom which it is supposed Joseph followed. If a husband wished to live in continence, he said to his spouse,—

* All that we know of the birth and infancy of Mary rests on the authority of tradition, or of a "History of the birth of the Virgin," attributed to St. James of Jerusalem, or to St. Cyril of Alexandria, but regarded as spurious by the Fathers. Whatever is said above, then, has force only from its accordance with tradition, or the usages of the Jews.

† The law fixed the age of puberty for girls at 12 years and one day. Arrived at this age they belonged to society, and the father could not prevent their marriage. See Pastoret *Histoire de la Legislation* Tom. 3, p. 323.

"*thou art my mother;*" and from that time they were, in the eyes of the religious law, nothing more than brother and sister, though the marriage union still subsisted.* We have no proof that Joseph addressed these words to Mary, yet, as in the birth of Christ, all the usages of the Jewish people were scrupulously observed, so we may admit, without injury to historic truth, that they were also respected in this instance. The Virginity of Mary is so much the more remarkable, as by it commenced on the earth a state of life hitherto unknown.—"Her virginal marriage with the Eternal Father," says an oratorian, "hidden under the symbol of her chaste marriage with Joseph, is the beginning of another marriage of the Incarnate Word with the Christian Church, which was designed to bring forth so many Virgins."†

The day approached when the promise of the Lord was to be fulfilled. The Divine Intelligence was to descend a second time towards woman, not to pronounce against her the sentence of reprobation and of death, but to address her words of reconciliation and of life. The time having arrived, the Lord sent his angel into a town of Galilee called Nazareth, to a Virgin espoused to a man of the house of David. She lived in simplicity and obscurity, retired with in her small abode, when one day, being alone, a dazzling light shone around her, a heavenly form was revealed to her astonished eyes. (The interview between her and the angel is graphically related by St. Luke, Chap. 1, and need not be here repeated.)

In the beginning of ages, the proud will of Eve had revolted; she had said, "I will taste the fruit of knowledge: I will penetrate the secrets of life; *I will not obey.*" And the bold intelligence was stricken with impotency; that rebellious will had to bend, not only to the wise and just will of God, but also to the capricious and despotic will of man: and because she had said, "I will not obey," her neck was bent under the pitiless yoke of a cruel master. "*Behold the handmaid of the Lord,*" said four thousand years later, the humble and submissive Mary; and the Holy Ghost, touched by an obedience so entire, descended on her to give life again to her soul: and from the midst of slavery, raised her above all creatures, *woman was saved and redeemed from slavery!* "In the interview of the angel and the Virgin," says Father Gibieuf, "is contained a two-fold gospel and a two-fold annunciation; for the angel announced the Gospel of the Incarnation to the Virgin, and the Virgin announced to the angel the Gospel of Virginity." And on a sudden the earth shone with a great light, which enlighteneth every woman coming into the world. This light teaches woman, that by virginity she has been saved—that by virginity she has been ransomed from slavery—that by virginity she has been restored to the exalted position, from which the fault of Eve had precipitated her! O Mary! the humility of thy heart hath removed reproach from woman, and the chastity of thy life has

* Basnage Histoire des Juifs liv. 6 p. 442.

† Gibieuf vie et grandeur de Marie

taught sensual man, that there are more elevated joys than those of appetite—that woman possesses for him a moral as well as a physical interest, that by the side of maternity, is found virginity—a combined dignity which had hitherto not even been suspected as possible, and which has snatched woman from his proud dominion! Be forever blessed, O Mary! for thou hast truly bruised the head of the serpent, which was devouring the world! (Here follows a graphic description of Mary's visit to Elizabeth, related by St. Luke, ch. 1.)

A new phase of existence soon dawned on Mary. Jesus is born; and to the sweet reveries of the Virgin—to the expectation full of doubt and of fear, which in woman precedes the title of mother—succeeded the duties and the daily cares which this title imposes. The mother of Jesus was not only his nurse, she was also his instructress; and from her lips the mind of the Infant Man-God received the first elements of that knowledge, which He seemed, after he had become a man, to borrow from men. Then came the privations of poverty, the sufferings of exile: her first separation from a Son so much beloved, His first persecutions, His sufferings and His death. The joy of this life is of brief duration—it is constantly intermingled with grief.

From this epoch the life of Mary passes under a deep shade; the Holy Scriptures make little mention of her; it appears as if the sacred Historians, entirely absorbed in the life of Jesus, full of the remembrance of Him, and of His instructions, had not sufficient time to speak of the Virgin. Once or twice only in the space of thirty years, they mention her, but each time under a circumstance of importance, and, as it were, to cause us to be present with them at the first great sorrow, and at the first great joy caused her by her beloved Son. At the age of twelve years, Jesus remained in the Temple: during three days the disconsolate mother seeks Him among the travellers of the road, and the inhabitants of the city; on the third day she finds Him in the Temple, hearing and questioning the doctors with a wisdom so great, that all who heard him spoke with admiration of his answers. Perhaps Mary then had the first manifestation of the future promised to this Child; recalling to her mind the words of the angel, and the adoration of the wise men, she was penetrated with a lively joy. It is for this reason that the scripture tells us that she kept all these things in her memory.* Afterwards Jesus assisted at the nuptials of Cana;—already his mother has no fear, but relying on His omnipotence, she asks a miracle—His first miracle—that by which he manifested his glory, and His disciples believed in him.†

The Mission of Jesus began; Mary does not abandon him during the years of its continuance. Near Him in all His journeys, she shared the privations and sufferings of his wandering life, but without letting us be the witnesses of her motherly solicitude; for a deep silence reigns throughout this period of her life, and we do not find her again, but on the summit of Calvary. At that mo-

* St. Luke, ch. 2.

† St. John, ch. 2.

ment, when the Son of her womb was dying, Mary, at the foot of the cross, drains with him the cup of bitterness, which for one instant he would fain have removed from his lips; Mary drinks, drop by drop, the gall with which he was drenched; and that she also might accomplish the will of the Lord and merit the restoration of her sex, Mary, the first martyr of the Christian religion, endured greater sufferings, according to the opinion of the Fathers, than those of all the other martyrs put together, who were to succeed her in after generations.* For her, also, without doubt, in those hours of anguish, all was consummated; and the sufferings of Mary were united to those of Jesus in the double restoration of men and of women.

What became of the Virgin after the death of the Saviour? From the Cross, Jesus perceiving his mother and the beloved disciple, he said, "*woman, behold thy Son*"; and to the disciple, "*behold thy mother.*"† From that day Mary remained with John. It is believed that she followed him in his journeys, and that aiding to perfect in him the wonderful knowledge which he had received from on high, he was indebted to her teachings (in a great measure) for the heavenly brightness with which his gospel is resplendent. The existence of Mary seems to have been prolonged only to give her time to continue by her example and her influence the teachings of her Son. According to the opinion of the Fathers, she supplied what was yet wanting to the disciples, and they generally attribute to her the knowledge which St. Luke has transmitted to us of the wonderful circumstances, and different details of the infancy of Jesus Christ.

How long did this Evangelical teaching—if we may so call it—last? The Fathers are not agreed on this subject. Some think that the Virgin lived to the age of 66 years, and that she was reunited to her Son eleven years after their separation.‡ Others prolong still farther her sojourn on earth, and consequently her life.§ According to tradition, the Apostles were assembled near the Mother of Jesus, when the hour of her "*sleep*" was at hand. The Virgin, raising her eyes towards heaven, saw the Son of man descending towards her to receive her into the bosom of eternity, and her soul fled from earth to enjoy an intimate and perfect union with God.

At this passage from a terrestrial to a celestial life, begins in fact the public influence which Mary was to exercise. Like her Son, in leaving the earth, she confirmed her dominion over it. Her influence, hitherto bounded, now began greatly to extend: soon it knew no limits: people opposed in climate and manners united to honour her, and to proclaim her their *LADY*.|| Mary

* Gibieuf *vie* &c. &c.

† St. John ch. 19.

‡ Pelguot—*Recherches sur la personne de Jesus* &c.

§ Gibieuf—*ut Supra*.

|| The Algerines recently converted to Christianity call Mary "*the great Sultana of heaven, or, the Good Lady of France.*" Egron-Culte de la S. Vierge.

dies : but the purity of her life, the sanctity and importance of her mission, in placing her far above all other creatures elevate her also in the opinion of the nations above death itself. A rumour spreads among the early Christians, "that Mary is risen again." It is related that Thomas, the incredulous Apostle, having arrived from a foreign country, and not having been present at the last moments of the Virgin, implored with tears the favour of once more beholding her mortal remains. The Apostles, overcome by his importunities, granted his prayer : they opened the Sepulchre, but the body has disappeared. The tomb contained nothing but flowers half faded, on which her body had reposed : the white shroud had preserved nothing of its precious contents, but the heavenly odour which it exhaled. The Apostles retired, penetrated with respect mingled with joy : the Church assembled, and acknowledged the Assumption of the Virgin.*

Mary dies ! Immediately a concert of voices proclaims with ardour her virtues and her mission ! Suddenly she is honoured as the Queen of Virgins, as the Arc of the new Covenant * . Her life, deeply studied and commented on, is presented to the daughters of Eve, as the model which they are to follow—as the example which the Saviour has given in her to women of future generations—as that model of which St. Jerome proclaims the excellence, when he says : "a Virgin rivals the Angels : she is elevated above the difference of the sexes, and is already, in a measure, that which she is to be more perfectly in the splendour of the General Resurrection, when Jesus Christ teaches us that marriage will cease, and men will become like Angels."

Mary dies ! Virginity is established on earth : till then despised, it has become, in the eyes of christians, a most holy, a most perfect, a most glorious state ! St. Paul places it above all other states of life. [1 Corinth. ch. VII.] According to the Fathers, it is the ornament—the flower—the glory of the field of the Church. It is the most exquisite work of the hands of God : it is the natural and living image of sanctity itself.

Mary dies ! In the bosom of society then suddenly springs up a class of females hitherto unknown—the Christian Virgins. These become "the most illustrious portion of the fold of Christ"—the flowers and the comfort of the Church—the ornament of spiritual grace—the image of God in which is reflected the sanctity of the Redeemer."† St. John saw Virgins around the Lamb in Heaven, privileged above all others, and singing a canticle, the words of which they alone could utter.‡ And their joy, according to St. Augustine, different from that of other saints, is in Jesus Christ, with Jesus Christ, through Jesus Christ, and for Jesus Christ.§ St. Ambrose teaches, that Jesus

* See for all these traditions the Notes of Tillemont, on the Holy Virgin. *Histoire de l'Eglise* Tom 1. p. 481 seqq.

† St. Cyprian—de Virginit, &c.

‡ Apocalyp. ch. xiv.

§ St. Augustine de Virginitate.

the Saviour took flesh of but one Virgin, but that he has called many others.* And St. Jerome writes to Eustochium: "Since a Virgin has become fruitful, and has given us *this child*, who (according to the Prophet Isaiah ch. 17.) was to bear on his shoulder the mark of His principality—to be God, the Strong, the Father of the world to come—woman beheld herself enfranchised from her ancient malediction. Eve was to us a source of death, and Mary a principle of life; and as virginity commenced in a woman, it hath shone more brilliantly in woman. After our Saviour came on earth, he took care to establish there a new family, in order that he might be served by the Angels of the earth, as he is adored by the Angels of Heaven."† In effect, woman, the slave of man, subjected by him to his pleasures and to his caprices—suddenly shakes off the yoke, and escapes from the ignominy of her previous condition. Her eye, which hitherto had humbly sought that of her master, is now turned in a different direction: she obeys no longer his orders: she no longer fears his menaces: she has ceased to exist for him alone; for another Master hath come, who elevates, instead of abasing her; another love purifies her, instead of sullyng her; she hears another voice, which sweetly calls her, sustains and comforts her, instead of that rude and coarse voice, which before made her soul tremble. "*The Virgin consecrates herself to God—man hath lost his power over her,*" says St. Cyprian.‡

"A virgin," says St. John Chrysostom, "carries in herself the image of the Saviour. If an angel were to descend from heaven—if a cherub were to appear upon earth, he would attract the eyes of all men. So all those who see one of our own virgins are filled with admiration and astonishment at her sanctity. If she walks, it is, as it were, through a desert (by reason of the stillness,) if she sits down at church, it is in the midst of reverential silence; her eye does not perceive any of the passers by, neither men nor women; she sees no one but her Spouse; He alone is present to her, He alone is beautiful in her eyes: the she speaks to Him whenever she enters within herself: we hear of nothing but voice of her prayer, or the words of Scripture which fall from her lips. At her home, she thinks of no one but of Him whom she loves and desires; she is, as it were, in a pilgrimage over a strange land; whatever she does, she does it as if present things did not concern her in any manner, and she flies not only the looks of men, but also the assemblies of worldly women; she gives the body only what is necessary and reserves all her cares for the salvation of her soul. Who can withhold his admiration and his astonishment at thus beholding in the nature of woman the life of an angel."§

Mary dies; but her memory is perpetuated. The veneration paid to her has been fully established; the church has instituted solemn feasts, which the

* St. Ambrose de Virgin.

† St. Jerome Epistola ad Eustochium.

‡ St. Cyprian ibid.

§ St. John Chrys.—Opuscula.

faithful celebrate with joy. The Immaculate Conception, the Nativity, the Presentation, the Annunciation, the Visitation, the Purification, and the Assumption, are all destined to honour her, and each, to commemorate a circumstance of her life. The faith of the nations corresponds with this teaching, the import of which they instinctively understand. The Virgin had said: "*all generations shall call me blessed.*" And behold each Church in Christendom is emulous of celebrating a Feast in her honour: each country is eager to render her homage; and from age to age, the faith and the gratitude of nations erect new Temples in her honour. Besides, smaller Altars are raised in the bosom of forests, and on the declivities of mountains; the stranger passing by kneels down before them, and leaves there a wild flower, as sweet as the prayer he breathes.* In other places, humble Chapels are erected on barren rocks, in solitary places, or near sweet gushing fountains: these places are resorted to by numberless pilgrims. To supply each of their wants, Mary is as it were transformed, and multiplied: here she is, "our Lady of Good Succour:" there "our Lady of Refuge;" * * farther on, "our Lady of the seven Sorrows." And the handy mariner struggling with the tempest, reposes confidence in her, as the Star of the Sea; as also, the young daughter, sweetly sheltered under the eye of a mother.

Whence comes this wonderful change brought about over the face of the earth? Whence comes this sudden elevation of woman, before so much despised? Whence these honours paid to Virginitv—that thing of reproach which made the daughter of Jephth weep? Whence comes it, that in times the most rude, under circumstances of the greatest agitation, and in countries torn by civil commotions, we find a sweet thought of heaven, which bows down the spirit of pride, and originates a sentiment of humility, of confidence, of faith, of love? Whence comes it, that man born under a burning climate—that the hardy guerilla chieftain, and the fearless brigand of the Abruzzi, given up to the indulgence of appetites the most ferocious, have still preserved their respect for the *Madonna*, (my Lady)—as the only luminous ray in the dark night of a soul obscured by savage passions? Does not this light come from Thee, O Mary, Queen of Heaven?

Why those Temples reared under Thy invocation—why those Altars, those images—why that veneration—why these prayers—why that consecration to God under Thy protection of towns and of kingdoms, of the great and of the lowly, of intelligences the most brilliant, and of understandings the most humble? Why do these little infants wear Thy livery; why do those young girls bear Thy name? It is to implore Thy protection, O Mary! to bless Thee, O Mary! To imitate Thee, O Mary!

* Nothing could be more touching and more charming than this usage. It has often happened to us, while traversing the valleys of Savoy—not those which are the most frequented by tourists, but those which have retained more of their original simplicity—to meet with these rural Altars erected on the margin of some foaming torrent, or surmounting a precipice. Ordinarily the path which leads to it is rugged and difficult; yet the peasant does not fail frequently to repair thither; and the flowers which are strown before a rude image of the Virgin are carefully renewed.

THE MAGDALEN.

"OH MARY, CONCEIVED WITHOUT SIN, PRAY FOR ME WHO HAVE RECOURSE
TO THEE.

"VIOLETS, violets, who will buy my violets?"

The feeble voice was lost in the uproar of the crowd who had assembled on the occasion of some public rejoicing. "Violets, violets, who will buy my violets?" This time the mournful petition was uttered before the doors of the opera house. It was received by one with a smile and idle jest, by another with an expression of brutal indifference; and if it touched some hearts yet unhardened by contact with the world, the rapid passage from the carriage to the house prevented any charity more efficient than an exclamation of pity: and the emotion caused by real misery was soon lost in the more powerful one created by the imaginary woes of the heroine of the stage.

"Violets, violets, who will buy my violets?" The flower-girl had now paused in the porch of a church, whither a few devout adorers were flocking for a late service of the evening. The feeble cry arrested the attention of a young man who was about to enter. He looked at her with an expression of deep commiseration on his face. She held a bunch of withering flowers, and said, in a low, sad voice, "Will you not buy some violets?"

"Poor child," he muttered, "like yourself, they are fair and faded."

He placed some money in her hand; a smile brightened for a moment on her face, then she grew deadly pale, and fell fainting to the ground. The young man to whom she had addressed herself, was a member of the society of St. Vincent of Paul, which had just then been established in Paris for the relief of the poor. Without a moment's hesitation he lifted the poor girl up in his arms, and carried her into a shop which was close at hand. Starvation was too plainly written in her face; but though she revived a little on their forcing her to swallow a few drops of wine, her eyes continued wild, and her frame seemed to burn with incipient fever. A little crowd had by this time collected round the shop, and one of them hearing that the girl still continued unconscious went in search of a physician, who soon entered the shop, and offered his advice. He looked at the girl and shook his head. "Great care and perfect quiet are the only things that can save her; she is in the last stage of starvation, and fever of the worst description is preying on her frame."

"Can she not be conveyed to the Hotel Dieu, sir?"

"Impossible; in her state of weakness, the attempt would be probably fatal." The young man turned to the master of the house:

"Can you give the poor girl a room in your house for the present? I will procure a sister of charity to nurse her, and will myself be answerable for all expenses."

"And I," said the physician, "shall be too happy in giving her all the assistance in my power."

The man they addressed was good and charitable, and willingly consented to this arrangement.

The young man placed some money in his hands, and left the shop; but he soon returned, accompanied by the nurse he had gone to seek. This was a nun of that order of charitable sisters who attend the sick at their own houses. She was of approved piety and skill, and now she came to her labour of love with such a look of gentle happiness as if the anticipation of weeks spent in the atmosphere of disease and death was something pleasant to her feelings. It was not that she rejoiced in the sight of pain, for her heart was feelingly alive to the sufferings of others; but sister Placida was so thoroughly imbued with a conviction in His words, "What ye do to the least of my brethren, ye do unto me," that she received her poor patients as gladly as she would have welcomed Him, served them with the same affectionate zeal she would have shown to Him, and made them share largely in the love which she cherished in her heart for Him, her crucified Lord and Saviour.

Weeks passed away, and the poor patient still lay stretched upon her bed, amid all the horrors of delirious fever; but the skill of her charitable physician and the care and attention of her voluntary nurse, triumphed at last over the fell disease. One evening, she awoke from a profound sleep, and her eyes met those of the nun, who was anxiously watching her slightest movement. When sister Placida perceived that the crisis foretold by the medical attendant had taken place, and that the girl was out of immediate danger, she could not refrain from tears of gladness: and stooping down, she kissed her poor patient's brow, praying at the same time most fervently that He who had in mercy spared her life, might also guide her to the paths of religious peace, from whence it appeared too likely she had strayed.

The sick girl gazed upon her gentle nurse with the feelings of one not yet quite awakened from a dream: and there was a look of sympathy, a touching gentleness, in the expression of that pale face, which made her feel as if she were breathing an atmosphere of peace never known before. The heart which but a short time before had throbbed in such desperate despair, was now subdued to the gentleness of a child's; and when the nun tenderly raised her to arrange her pillows, she laid her head on that innocent bosom, and wept like an infant on its mother's breast.

"Hush, hush," said the nun, gently, "you have been very ill, but you are safe now, and you must not cry or speak, or you will be ill again, my poor child, and we shall have to watch you again as we have watched you already for many a long week."

The poor girl was utterly exhausted: but even if she had not been so, there was something in the kindness of sister Placida's voice which made her obey with the docility of a child. So she lay back quietly on her pillow, and contented herself with watching the nun; and whenever their eyes met, a smile brightened on her wasted features. It seemed as if her soul reposed on that of dame Placida's, and drew peace from the serenity by which it was surround-

ded. Thus she continued for many days, gradually acquiring strength, and with strength came the recollection of all she had suffered before Providence conducted her to the gates of the church of Our Lady; but amid the dark visions of her former life, the distorted recollections of hours of madness, the look of sympathy which had greeted her return to conscious existence, never for a moment passed away from her thoughts. Sleeping or waking, it was always before her; and as a traveller lost in an unknown cave hails the returning light of the sun as a sign of deliverance, so she dwelt upon the memory of that look, as if it were her sole assurance that there yet remained kindness for her upon earth,—her sole hope that there yet might be pardon for her in heaven. One evening she ventured to speak upon the subject.

"You were glad, dear sister, when you found I was better at last."

"I was glad, my poor child, to find you no longer suffered; most glad to find that Almighty God in His goodness had spared you to make your peace with Him, if indeed you are not in His peace already."

"If!" said the girl, sadly. "Oh, sister Placida, had you known what a wretch I am, you would have fled from the contagion of my soul more rapidly than others fly from the infection of the body."

"Had I known it," said the nun, gently, "I would, if possible, have watched you more tenderly,—have prayed for you more fervently,—because I should have known that, abandoned both by God and man, you would have more needed my cares for your temporal welfare, and more entirely required my prayers (unworthy as they are) for you, restoration to the peace of your heavenly Father."

"Then you will not scorn me," said she, weeping bitterly, "if I confess to you, good sister, that I am the wretch you describe. I have forsaken God, and God and man have forsaken me."

"Why should I scorn you, my dearest child, when our good JESUS did not scorn the thief on the Cross. Let he that is without sin throw the first stone; which of us are sinless before God? which of us, in the same situation, can say that we would not have done the same?"

The girl had once been innocent and well-instructed in all religious matters, and the words of the nun fell upon her soul like a strain of long forgotten music, which awakens every feeling it could once inspire. She wept; but there was no bitterness in her tears,—while the nun continued:

"But though man may not condemn, God by his justice must do so, if, in spite of His mercies, we continue in sin. Let us mourn then for our sins, but let us mourn them as Magdalen mourned them, at the foot of the Cross. She shared in her Saviour's sorrows,—she knew that she had caused them by her sins; but she also knew that in those sufferings was her salvation. Let us endeavour to share her feelings; let our sorrow be mingled with consolation, and our love with a gratitude that will lead us (while we shun sin for our own sake) to hate it for *His*, to whom it caused the agony in the garden, and the dereliction on the Cross."

The girl clasped her hands fervently together.

"And this good JESUS will pardon even me? Oh, dear sister, neither death nor torture can induce me ever to offend Him again."

"With the assistance of His grace," added the gentle nun.

"Ah, yes, without Him I know too well I am worse than nothing. But how am I to begin? Alas, alas, the world is closed to such as me."

"The world, dear child, but not those who have renounced the world. There are good nuns who have devoted themselves to the care of those poor sinners for whom the world has only scorn. In the convent of the Good Shepherd you will find time for repentance and repose."

"Oh, let me go there directly; how can I too soon begin to repent my wicked life?"

The nun smiled kindly.

"You must get stronger first; but hark, I hear the knock of the good father, who comes here to enquire about you every day. Will you see him?"

The poor girl covered her face with her hands.

"I fear him, good sister. I fear all good people but you."

"But you must not fear him. He comes to you on the part of the good JESUS you love so much."

"But oh, sister Placida, my sins, my shame, my sorrow!"

"Magdalen only thought of her sins and sorrow. She forgot all shame, when she entered the presence of the proud Pharisee, and declared herself a sinner at JESUS' feet. 'Many sins were forgiven her, because she loved much.' Will you, dear sister, be less loved, less pardoned?"

"Oh no, no! To the whole world would I now declare my guilt. Dear sister, pray him, for sweet JESUS' sake, to have pity on the sinner."

The father of the Bon Pasteur now entered the room. He had been sent for in the beginning of the girl's illness, and ever since had continued to pay her daily visits. He was old; but the years which had blanched his hair and bent his form, had only added strength to his intellect, and given a child-like tenderness of manner to his natural child-like tenderness of heart. He wept with the poor sinner, prayed over her, consoled her, and encouraged her. He entered into all her feelings as if they were his own. He shared in her sorrows, pitied her weakness, mourned over her sins, led her without violence from the contemplation of the past to the hopes of the future, and left her with a heart penetrated by a sweet sense of the consolations of religion and the goodness of God, and a soul firmly resolved and burning to expiate her sins by a life devoted to penance and religion. From this time she saw the good father daily; and her mind being no longer tortured by remorse, she rapidly recovered. One day he came rather earlier than usual, and told her that the brother of the Society of St. Vincent to whose charity she was indebted for her life, was most anxious to see her, and to hear her story from her own lips. The poor creature coloured deeply; she had never been hardened in sin, and

now she could not speak of her departure from virtue without the acutest feelings of shame and anguish. The priest saw her trouble.

"He has explained his reasons to me; and had they not been of importance, I assure you I never would have consented to a proposal which I knew would give you pain. But perhaps it would spare your feelings if you make me the medium of the communication?"

"No, my good father, no," she answered in a sweet sad voice. "I have deserved all this, and more. I was not ashamed to sin, therefore am I put to the shame of confessing myself a sinner."

The father would have remonstrated, but she rose and opened the door herself; the brother of St. Vincent was there. Lucille fell on her knees, and without raising her eyes, she said, in a tone of deep feeling:

"Sir, you saved my life, and I can thank you for that. But what can I say that will seem grateful enough for the soul preserved by your charity to this hour of (I trust) repentance?"

The affecting simplicity with which she uttered these words, moved the old priest to tears. The young man was also deeply affected and answered, in a low voice.

"Your prayers will be more than enough reward."

Lucille did not answer, for true humility is silent ever; but her eyes filled with tears, and her look said plainly as words could say, "How may I dare to pray for any?"

"You wished to hear my story, sir," she said, after a short pause. "I will tell it to you as soon as I can."

Sobs choked her utterance, and the young man spoke a few words earnestly to the nun.

"My dear child," said that gentle creature, "this good gentleman is seeking a poor deserted creature whom he wishes to reclaim. He hopes to find a clue to her in your story; but if it pains you, he will not hear it."

"No, sister Placida, I have no right to such indulgence. One moment, and he shall hear it all." She paused a moment, as if in silent prayer, and then began:

"My sin is so much greater than the sins of others, that when you hear my story, you will not wonder how I blush to tell it. Yes, I am bound to acknowledge that my sin is all my own. No insufficiency of education, no want of good example, caused my fall. My mother was poor, but respectable; a widow and a saint. Unfortunately for me, she had been the favourite servant of a great lady (also a widow, with an only son) who took a great fancy to me. I was her plaything and her toy; and when she offered to adopt me, for my sake, my mother thought she ought not to refuse. It had been better far for her, had she put me in my grave. I was taken from my poor home to become an inhabitant of the halls of luxury, and to receive an education which ill-suited me for the humble station in which I was born to move.

But if that education worked me evil instead of good, surely the fault was in me who received, and not in her who gave it. I grew up, and mingled in society dangerous to all, but oh! how doubly so to her who is there by sufferance, and not by right. I was brought forward for my talents, praised and petted for my beauty. I grew vain and trifling, but oh! I was not vicious then. Among the people whom I was in the daily habit of meeting, there were two who loved me, if the degrading passion which they felt can deserve the name. One of these two was the son of my benefactress. One day he told his love; but with this avowal came words that it seemed like a blight on my innocence only to have heard. I fled from him to the retirement of my own chamber; and bitter were the tears I there shed over the degradation I had met with. As soon as I could, I rose, and sought my mistress. I told her I wished to leave her service. She expressed her astonishment by her looks, and asked my reasons for such a resolution. I had none to give. How could I tell the widow of the sin of her only son? She deemed me ungrateful, as well she might, and left me in anger. I returned, without any further explanation, to my mother, and to her I confided my secret; she approved of my conduct, and advised me to persevere in a silence, which, if broken, could only bring unhappiness to her who had been so kind to me. I obeyed,—the secret was buried in my own bosom; but from that time I knew happiness no more."

The young man here uttered an exclamation which made her pause; but after a moment's hesitation, she continued, though in a lower and humbler voice than ever:

"From what I have said, you may perhaps imagine me the victim of another's sin; but listen, and you will be convinced that by my own wayward folly I fell into vice. Had I withdrawn entirely from a society where I had discovered to my cost that I could only be an occasion of sin to others and of danger to myself, I might perhaps have been unhappy and discontented, but still I should have remained without sin; and alas! I have since found that innocence is never wholly unhappy,—guilt never completely blest. I returned to my mother's home. Its poverty disgusted, its loneliness wearied me. And yet worse, I cherished in my heart a passion which could lead to nothing but evil. Yes, that other who loved me, and whose love I returned with a feeling far more fervent and more pure, found me out in my poverty: and instead of adapting myself to my altered circumstances,—instead of assisting my mother in her household duties,—I spent the day in wandering with him, and in listening to his words of falsehood and of flattery. Vain fool that I was! In neglecting these humble duties, I was depriving myself of the protection of Heaven; and in listening to the flattery of one far above me in rank and station, I was rushing on the very danger I had fled from before. I fancied he would marry me, and I rejoiced, for I loved him; but alas! I exulted in the prospect of returning to the society to which I had been accustomed, and

of restoring my mother to the comfortable independence she had possessed during her married life. My poor mother remonstrated with me in vain. I despised a warning which passion and vanity persuaded me was caused by ignorance of character of him I loved. But Heaven was preparing for me the punishment it has threatened to all those 'who, exposing themselves to danger, shall perish in the danger.' Day after day we became poorer and poorer. I tried at last to assist my mother; but I was unused to labour of any kind, and I felt with bitterness that the nature of my education had totally unfitted me for the life I was now condemned to lead. At last came the moment we so long had feared. My mother from over-exertion became too feeble to labour any longer for our subsistence, and I knew not how to supply her place. He who loved me was in the country; but even if he had been at hand, there was an indescribable fear in my heart which made me shrink from all thoughts of demanding charity from him. In despair I resolved to return to my former mistress, and to implore the charity which a short time before I would have scorned to receive. She lived a long way off and it was evening before I reached the house. Alas! my benefactress was dead, the house was shut up, and the servant, who was unknown to me, repulsed me rudely from the door. I turned away in utter despair. I must return to my mother, and tell her there was nothing left for her but to lie down and die. How I dreaded to look again upon that old beloved face, pale from illness, and pinched by want! I myself was almost starving; I had eaten little or nothing for the last three days, and I could scarcely crawl. I sat down to rest for a moment before I pursued my way. Carriages were rolling past, gay people were in the street, and many a light and idle jest I heard, as I sat in utter helplessness close to some great man's gate. They were rich and happy; I was wretched and starving. The contrast moved me to bitter tears, and there was no one near to whisper of better things, and to remind me of Lazarus reposing on the bosom of Abraham. At this fatal moment I was accosted by some one. I looked up. It was he who had seemed to love me well, and whose addresses I had so imprudently encouraged. He joined me. I dreamed of no danger, when with him. I told him all. He soothed, he caressed me;—but why need I say more? He was false,—false to God and me; and I returned to my mother,—God alone knows how I found my way,—blinded by weeping, bowed down by shame and guilt,—the price of my own innocence in my hand. Providence had been at my home before me; there was light in the room; a supper was on the table, and my mother was seated by the fire with more happiness on her face than I had seen there for months. 'See, my child, she said, 'how good is God to us; He did but try us, and now has hastened to relieve us. Your poor old mistress is dead, but she has not forgotten you in her will, her son has just been here, and provided us with this little supper.' Alas! alas! and I had been offending this good God, even when He was loading us with favours. I stood before my virtuous mother a degraded crea-

ture; infamous even in her eyes, who loved me better than anything else in the world. I dared not tell her of my sin. I feared lest she should curse me for the shame I had brought upon her: despair seized my heart, I flung the gold upon the ground, and rushed from the house. My mother did not follow; she had fainted—so I guessed from what I afterwards heard. He had fancied that a quarrel would ensue, and he was still lingering near the house. I remained with him for months; my whole employment, one vain effort to forget. I did not communicate with my mother. I dreaded her just indignation, and even feared the recollection of that venerable face. At last I grew accustomed to my situation; I became hardened in guilt. I loved him no longer; how could I love a man so steeped in iniquity as I discovered him to be—a sensualist, an Atheist, a scoffer of all I had been taught to deem holy? Yet he was generous and indulgent, and so I remained with him, despising and despised, sharing in his midnight orgies, and mingling with creatures as depraved as myself. His great delight was to undo the religious impressions of my early education, and he succeeded to his heart's content. I gloried in professing his Atheistical opinions,—delighted in his scoffing wit,—and joined with him, on all occasions, in deerying the holy religion, the dictates of which I was unwilling to follow. One day I saw a great crowd round a church of Our Lady; from mere curiosity I also entered. Murmurs of pity and horror met my ear; from an impulse for which I cannot account, I pushed my way up the aisle. In the midst of the crowd which opened to let me pass, was the body of a poor wretch just dragged from the Seine. She was quite dead, and my blood froze in my veins as I looked. I could not mistake that face,—it was one of my companions of the night before, from whom I had parted when she was riotous in drunken joy. Without doubt, in a fit of despair she had put an end to her existence. He to whom the secrets of all hearts are revealed, alone can tell in what state that spirit went to judgment; but the 'Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire,' seemed to ring in my ears; and in horror and despair I fled from the church. It seemed as if for the first time I understood the terrible reality of my guilt,—the frightful condemnation beneath which I lived. I flung off my rings, my jewels, every thing that by its costliness looked like the wages of sin. I absolutely loathed myself. I could not weep or pray;—I did not dare to address the God whom I had so deeply offended. I only said to myself, 'I will sin no more:' and then instinctively I turned towards my mother's house, certain of being there received with pity, if not with kindness. It was evening when I opened the door of my old happy home. I stood for a moment on the threshold, for I felt oppressed by an unusual sense of stillness in the chamber. My mother was not in her accustomed chair, but a nun was kneeling by the bed. I approached, and drew the curtains. My God! she was dead, and I had no mother! I did not start or scream; I felt the just vengeance of Heaven was on my head, so I sat down on the floor, and watched in silence through the livelong night. The next morning they came to bury her. Some one asked his neighbour of what the widow died, and he

was answered, 'of a broken heart.' I knew it was so before, yet the answer turned my heart into stone. No one asked me any questions,—no one seemed to remember or to heed me. I followed them to church,—I saw them heap the green sods above her,—I watched the last mourner depart,—and then I fell upon the grave in an agony of grief. I remained there all the day; but at last hunger assailed me, and an instinct of self-preservation compelled me to return to the city. I ventured to implore an alms, and was answered by insult. I felt then bitterly and truly that there is no refuge for the sinner in this cold world, and I fled to the church where I had been the day before; there was a light still burning before the altar of the Mother of God. For a long time I lay prostrate there, and in floods of tears besought her protection. I arose comforted, and resolved to perish rather than add another stain to the many by which my soul was already darkened. I passed that night on my mother's grave. I was exhausted by mental and bodily suffering, and, strange as was my resting place, I slept long and dreamlessly. When I awoke, the sun was bright in the heavens; the air was full of balm, the wild flowers were fragrant with dew. It seemed as if Heaven was smiling its forgiveness upon me, and something like hope grew into my soul. I gathered the wild violets, and made them into nosegays. I pleased myself with the thoughts that an honest and ostensible employment would obtain me charity, and guard me from insult. I wandered through the city, but no one would buy my flowers; and I was often tempted to lie down in the streets in despair, and die. But I looked at the violets, and thought of Mary, in whose church I had been first aroused to a sense of crime, and before whose altar I had received such sweet consolation. Thither again I bent my steps; and there you, sir (no doubt inspired for that purpose by the Mother of Mercy) became the preserver of my life, and, under God, the saviour of my soul."

The young man to whom these last words had been addressed, rose hastily, and took the girl's hand:

"Farewell," he whispered; "and in your prayers remember Henri."

"My God," cried the girl, clasping her hands, "it is he himself." But he had disappeared before the words were uttered.

That day Lucille parted in tears from her tender nurse, and entered the asylum of the Good Shepherd. After the priest had seen her comfortably established there, he went to the church of Our Lady to thank her for the conversion of this poor girl. He found the young man there, prostrate before her altar, in floods of tears. He beckoned him from the church, anxious to give him the consolation he seemed to need.

"You weep, my son."

"I well may weep, my father, since I have been the betrayer of that poor girl's soul. I told you that I was in search of one whom conduct of mine had driven into error. This is the very girl. I am the son of her old mistress;—when I returned to pay these poor people a second visit, I found (as she says) that the mother had died of a broken heart, and the daughter was spoken of

as a public sinner. Shocked at the consequence of my own sin, I vowed to devote the rest of my life to seeking her out and reclaiming her. I entered the Society of St. Vincent of Paul, as I thought I should there have a better chance of success."

"Be comforted, my son, be comforted; Almighty God has made you the instrument of bringing this poor soul to repentance. And great as was your sin, I do not consider it as the cause of her's."

"Father, I feel too truly that it was. But for me, she had remained under the protection of my mother's roof, and the guardianship of my mother's careful eye. But for me, she would have been preserved from the insulting addresses of profligates, and probably have been respectably married in her own sphere of life. My guilt deprived that soul of the pristine innocence which made it so pleasing to God. May he pardon me, in His mercy; and grant me grace to keep my resolution of remaining a member of the Society of St. Vincent, and devoting the remainder of my life to instructing the ignorant, and endeavouring, at least, to reclaim the guilty."

I heard this story partly from the lips of the superior of the Good Shepherd, and partly from the good father of the convent. One day I chanced to see a young woman kneeling in prayer by the side of a lowly grave. Her look of intense devotion first riveted my attention; and when she laid a little basket of violets on the grave as she rose to depart, there was a gracefulness in this little act of remembrance of the dead, that made it deeply interest me. A few days afterwards, I met her again at the gates of the convent of the Good Shepherd. I asked my good friend, the superior, her history, which, to the best of my recollection, was given to me nearly in the words the poor girl had used in relating it. The superior added, that after leaving the asylum, she had lived as a servant for five years in a private family, a model of every virtue belonging to her state; and that now filled with an ardent desire for the salvation of others, she had determined to become a sister of charity in the hospital of the incurables. She had come that very day to take leave of her old protectors,—the day after, she was to take the habit as a novice in the devoted order of beings among whom she was about to enrol herself. At my desire, the superior sent for her; and after a little conversation, I complimented her on her holy vocation.

"Ah!" she answered—and there was a sincerity in her look and voice which made it impossible to doubt the true humility of her answer—"It is not piety which calls me to this blest vocation; it is rather nature. Those only who have sinned as I have sinned, can truly appreciate the misery of the sinner's life. And it seems to me, that having myself been mercifully withdrawn from the paths of vice, I owe it to God and man to devote my life to the salvation of others who have indeed sinned as I have, but who, in all probability, have been far more grievously tempted."

How true are the words of this poor girl! None can truly appreciate the misery of sin but those who have sinned themselves. How many a fine soul has been lost, how many a noble heart has been broken, in the slavery of crime, by the pharisaical *virtue* of this world, which bids men shun the sinner far more than it commands them to avoid the sin. Those who sit in the high places of the world,—who have comforts, and luxuries, and reputation,—who have every thing to gain by virtue, every thing to lose by vice,—turn with disgust from the heart-broken wanderer of the streets, whose first crime was perhaps but a choice between comparative wealth and positive starvation; whose second was too probably caused by the inhuman pride which has declared that sin once committed can never be atoned for,—that character once lost, can never be regained. And thus are our cities filled with crime, and our churchyards crowded with the victims of disease, of famine, and despair; who by a spirit more accordant with that which dismissed without reproach the woman taken in adultery, might have become honourable members of society,—virtuous themselves, and the cause of virtue in those by whom they have been reclaimed.—[*London Magazine.*]

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

[FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.]

It was the calm and silent night!—
 Seven hundred years and fifty-three
 Had Rome been growing up to might,
 And now was queen of land and sea!
 No sound was heard of clashing wars—
 Peace brooded o'er the hush'd domain:
 Appollo, Pallas' Jove and Mars,
 Held undisturbed their ancient reign
 In the solemn midnight
 Centuries ago!

'Twas in the calm and silent night!—
 The senator of haughty Rome,
 Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
 From lordly revel rolling home!
 Triumphal arches gleaming swell
 His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
 What recked the Roman, what befel
 A paltry province far away,
 In the solemn midnight
 Centuries ago!

Within that province far away,
 Went plodding home a weary boor:
 A streak of light before him lay,
 Fall'n through a half shut stable door
 Across his path. He passed,—for naught

Told what was going on within ;
 How keen the stars, his only thought,
 The air, how calm, and cold, and thin,
 In the solemn midnight
 Centuries ago!

Oh strange indifference ! low and high
 Drownsed over common joys and cares ;
 The earth was still—but knew not why
 The world was listening—unawares !
 How calm a moment may precede
 One that shall thrill the world for ever !
 To that still moment none would heed,
 Man's doom was linked no more to sever,
 In the solemn midnight
 Centuries ago !

It is the calm and solemn night !
 A thousand bells ring out, and throw
 Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
 The darkness—charmed and holy now !
 The night that erst no shame had worn,
 To it a happy name is given ;
 For in that stable lay new-born,
 The peaceful Prince of Earth and Heaven,
 In the solemn midnight
 Centuries ago !

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, GALILEO, AND THE JESUITS.

[FROM THE CATHOLIC TELEGRAPH, OF NOV. 18TH.]

is probably known to the most distant of our subscribers, that the Astro-ical Society of Cincinnati invited the Ex-President to lay the corner stone of the Observatory about to be erected on a hill overlooking the city, and to deliver an oration appropriate to the occasion. Mr. Adams accepted the invitation, but as the weather was exceedingly inclement, he deferred reading his oration to the following day. All parties and all sects united to give him a magnificent reception. Whatever was suggested by an individual to give additional honour to his person, was zealously adopted by all, and never did a public arrival amongst us, to whom all were so willing to pay the tribute of their esteem. Catholics have often been accused of exclusiveness and an unwillingness to co-operate with their Protestant fellow-citizens in any of their public demonstrations, but no such charge could be alleged against them on the occasion to which we allude. They went forth in mass to meet him, they looked up to his venerable head with respect—they went to hear his oration *and faith!* *got their reward!!*

Little did the Catholic volunteer imagine, as he shouldered his shining musket, unfolded his banner and marched to the sound of martial music through

the rain and mud, that he took such pains to honour a man whose bosom beat with no feeling responsive to the soldier's veneration; little did the Catholic marshal, decorated with the silks and badges of his brief authority, suppose whilst riding through the pitiless storm, that he risked his health against the weather, to demonstrate his regard for a man who was only waiting the appointed hour to villify his church; nor did the Catholic fireman who aided to form the blazing avenue on Thursday night, imagine as he raised his torch on high to light the "*old man eloquent*" through the muddy streets, that the mind of him whom he so freely honoured, was teeming with the misrepresentations with which he was to bespatter his religion on the morrow.

Is John Quincy Adams an ignorant man? Every one replies in the negative. Is he a learned man—a scholar? The answer in the affirmative is unanimous. If, then, he should stand up before thousands and utter a *falsehood* of the grossest kind, which he had deliberately written in the solitude of his study, to what must we attribute it? To what department of the mind, or to what chamber of the heart must we trace the unsightly monster? But has the distinguished statesman been guilty of such an offence against the honour of others as well as his own? Yes, and we will stick it on his forehead like a show bill, so that the Catholic who reads it may hereafter know whether the performance of the actor is worthy of his attention—whether twenty-five cents is not too large a sum for such a contemptible entertainment. Had the attack been made by one of those petty declaimers

"Whose gall coins slanders like a mint,"

we would let it pass with its authors to that oblivion to which they sink like lead; but as it is sanctioned by a name full of authority for many, we are compelled to notice its spiteful meanness—its impotent malignity. The following extract is taken from the oration:

"Galileo was one of the lights of his age! Like many other benefactors of his race, he found the honours of martyrdom. He was denounced by the Inquisition for maintaining the motion of the earth and the stability of the sun. The matter was referred to the Pope, WHO PRONOUNCED HIS OPINIONS FALSE IN SCIENCE AND A MOST "DAMNABLE HERESY!" . . . In 1632 he published his work, "the system of the world" and was again summoned before the Inquisition—by which he was condemned to abjure and curse the heresies into which he had fallen—TO BE CONFINED TO THE PRISON OF THE INQUISITION and to sing once a week for three years, the seven penitential psalms."

"THE FOUNDER OF THE INQUISITION WAS IGNATIUS LOYOLA a man not inferior to Galileo in all the qualities of greatness. . . . Moving under the influence of Fanaticism and exciting the imagination, he created a Despotism."

"To which shall we yield? To the champion of Truth we say God speed."

To hear the renowned John Quincy Adams uttering this jargon, with as much gravity as if he were telling truth, is indeed passing strange, and a sad commentary on the astounding ignorance which prevails amongst Protestants,

on all subjects connected with the Catholic Religion. The misrepresentation is so glaring, that it may be treated with indignation or the broadest ridicule. His index learning or his study of Gazetteers published by some needy printer, to whose soul pennies were dearer than truth, may have misled him respecting Galileo, but to assert that Ignatius Loyola was the founder of the Inquisition, exceeds our special wonder!! Mr. Adams is a great man; he is not to be confined to the ordinary limits of common mortals; his soul is too vast to be crippled by cronology—he was determined to prove that Ignatius was the founder of the Inquisition, he wished to give the Jesuits a blow, and with a scathing sweep of his magic pen he blots some three hundred years from the course of time, thus proving the facility with which a mighty genius like his can rush to its conclusions. What a superlative historian, what an erudite Yankee! But nevertheless, his audience was in raptures—the grave and reverend signiors who formed his body-guard could scarcely restrain their laughter within the bounds of decorum—there was shouting and clapping of hands, whilst the venerable orator looked graciously on the Astronomical Society, as who should say—

“What fully I commit I dedicate to you.”

Oh! it was a rich scene, for a broader farce was never acted in Shires' Garden Theatre.

Let it be hereafter known, on the authority of John Quincy Adams, that Ignatius Loyola established the Inquisition about *three hundred years before the said Ignatius was born!!!* Mr. Adams is decidedly a great man, though it must not be acknowledged by dispassionate critics, that he is inferior to the Jesuit. Some men, says the poet, “have greatness thrust upon them,” but the Ex-President has not only thrust but heaped it, to the great admiration of his hearers, on the head and shoulders of Loyola!

When a man of ordinary character for knowledge, undertakes to instruct his fellow citizens, his blunders are scarcely noticed, because they do not disappoint the expectation of his hearers; but when a man whose reputation has extended to the remotest districts of his country, is guilty of a monstrous anachronism, not in the hurry of extemporaneous speaking but in the deliberate use of his pen, and when the additional blunder is perpetrated of making one man responsible for an act which another devised and executed, we may well refuse to yield implicitly to his judgment on questions purely historical. Was the astronomical hypothesis of Copernicus taught by Galileo, condemned by the Inquisition, or by the Pope and Cardinals, as “a damnable heresy?” No, never.

The Astronomer was not interfered with so long as he confined himself to the legitimate pursuits of his science; he would not have been troubled if he had not attacked the Scriptures, he was dazzled by the magnificence of his discoveries and in his pride assailed the correctness of revelation. Sir David Brewster (see his Encyclopædia Art. Astronomy) who had previously stated that Galileo had been imprisoned for a year, nobly affirms that he had been mis-

led by "many distinguished writers." As a pamphlet will be published in a few days, in which the whole of this subject will be treated at length, we will decline the further discussion of the subject, save to assert that Mr. Adams' deductions are absolutely, positively, and deliberately untrue. We do not charge him with the falsehood, but we charge him with uttering what, he ought to be aware, must have insulted Roman Catholics without taking the trouble to investigate the subject.

Mr. Adams delivered a speech to his constituents on the 24th of October, and the following sentiment appears in the printed Report of his address :

"I say this," said he, "to draw the distinction and to show that the force of *moral principle* which is admitted by all, is, and must be *transgressed* by the conventional rules of human society." To this easy morality we are, probably, indebted for his attack on the Pope, Cardinals, and Catholic Church.

Well aware of the respect which was so generally evinced for Mr. Adams, and not unacquainted with the designs with which it is reported that his visit was connected, we never felt more unwillingness to rebuke a public man, though the defence of our church demanded, so emphatically, a reply to his assertions. This is not the first, nor the second, nor the third time on which he has misrepresented Catholic history and Catholic doctrine, and if report may be credited, his intolerance obliged a certain Attorney General of the United States to treat him with contempt. If in connection with his speeches and writings in America, we should be *forced* to allude to his letters from Europe, we will place Mr. Adams in a position the most unenviable that his friends could desire. He has attacked us and we have defended our religion; he has misrepresented our history and we have exposed his ignorance; he has excited laughter against us and we have "turned the joke" to his own confusion, and as long as he or any other man pursues the same unworthy course, so long will Roman Catholics exert the power which Truth has placed in their hands, to vindicate their honour.

[From a correspondent of the (Cincinnati) Atlas.]

The statement of Mr. ADAMS that "The founder of the Inquisition was IGNATIUS LOYOLA," was reported in those express words in the Cincinnati Chronicle of Saturday, November 11th.

Your correspondent now asserts that "The *Institution which persecuted GALILEO was the invention of LOYOLA*. That institution was the Order of the Jesuits." This horn of the dilemma is worse than the other. It is proper to defer the consideration of the effect of this upon Mr. ADAMS' statement, until the address as printed from Mr. ADAMS' manuscript appears. There can then be no quibbling, and "sufficient for the day," he will find. I have been informed that a pamphlet treating this subject at length is about to be published; and I will not, therefore, trespass upon your columns further, than to make a few remarks upon the novel and startling statement that Galileo was persecuted

by the Jesuits. This assertion is wholly without foundation. The Jesuits, more than any body of men that ever lived, have been the pioneers, the supporters, the advocates and ornaments of science, literature and education. They were the intimate friends, the disciples, the protectors of Galileo, aye, and more, *his successful rivals in Astronomical and physical discoveries*. I beg your correspondent to read, if he can find time, some history on this point, and not trust to his recollection of the silly fables that, thank Heaven and the Jesuits, are rapidly disappearing from the primers and elementary treatises that have so long held the young Protestant mind in the lowest species of ignorance, and which, in the language of the great De Maistre, have made history "for three centuries, a vast conspiracy against truth." Let him read—I do not say Catholic writers, on this subject, but Protestant historians of high attainments and of unquestioned veracity, such as Hallam and Sir David Brewster. He will then learn that through the fostering care of the Catholic church, the system of Copernicus saw the light sixty-two years before Galileo was born,—that this system was the discovery of a Catholic priest,—that the means to publish it were furnished by a Cardinal (Scomberg) and that it appeared under the auspices of the head of the Church (Paul 3;) that the Copernican system, thus ushered into life by the Church, was taught and illustrated in all the Italian Universities. In the Roman College (Bellarmine's) the distinguished Jesuit, Torquato de Cuppis, and in the Sapienza, also in Rome, another Jesuit delivered lectures on the Copernican system—that Kepler, also a Copernican, was called in 1617 to fill the chair of Astronomy in the Pope's University at Bologna.

This same John Kepler, a great Astronomer and an honest Lutheran, was persecuted and obliged to leave home by the Protestant Theologians of Tubingen, who publicly condemned his discoveries, and he only found an asylum among—God save the mark!—the Jesuits at Gratz!* That a Jesuit, (Scheiner,) whom Sir David Brewster calls "the learned Astronomer of Ingolstadt," discovered the spots in the sun before Galileo. That a Spanish Jesuit set right an important question on which Galileo had fallen into error, viz: the flux and reflux of the tides. That another Jesuit (Grassi) corrected an absurd error that Galileo had made in entirely mistaking the nature of the three comets that appeared in 1618.† That Galileo (who was first noticed and brought forward by a Cardinal) was protected, rewarded, honoured and *pensioned for life*, by the Pope. That among the Cardinals he had his most intimate friends—avowed supporters of the Copernican doctrine. That in discourses, lectures, and pamphlets, the Copernican system was upheld and taught throughout all Italy,

* See Wolfgang Menzel's "Geschichte der Deutschen," vol. 2. p. 645. Stuttgart and Tubingen. 3d edition. Menzel, it need scarcely be remarked, is a distinguished Protestant Historian.

† Galileo unfortunately took them for atmospheric meteors. But a Jesuit, Grassi, in a treatise *De Tribus Cometis*, Rome, 1618, had the honour of explaining what had baffled Galileo, and first held them to be planets moving in vast ellipses round the sun. Hallam's *Literature of Europe*. Paris edition, vol. 4, p. 14. Harper's edition, vol. 2, p. 247.

(England still being in the dark on the subject) and in the city of Rome, before, during, and after the time of Galileo.* That Galileo was never hindered by the Church from teaching the Copernican system as an Astronomical hypothesis—but for making it a Theological question by endeavouring to prove it to be consistent with Scripture. That he was corrected—as has been aptly said—not for being a good Astronomer, but for being a bad Theologian.

Your correspondent will moreover learn—if he will consent to be taught in this matter by one of the ornaments of English science, Sir David Brewster—that “whatever allowance we may make for the ardor of Galileo’s temper and the peculiarity of his position, and however we may justify and even approve of his past conduct, his visit to Urban VIII., in 1624, placed him in a new relation to the Church, which demanded, on his part, a new and corresponding demeanor. The noble and generous reception which he met with from Urban, and the liberal declaration of Cardinal Hohenzoller on the subject of the Copernican system, should have been regarded as expressions of regret for the past and offers of conciliation for the future. Thus honoured by the head of the Church, and befriended by its dignitaries, Galileo must have felt himself secure against the indignities of its lesser functionaries, and *in the possession of the fullest license to prosecute his researches and publish his discoveries*, provided he avoided that dogma of the Church which, even in the present day, it has not ventured to renounce. But Galileo was bound to the Romish hierarchy by even stronger ties. His son and himself were pensioners of the Church, and, having accepted of its alms, they owed to it, at least, a decent and respectful allegiance. The pension thus given by Urban was not a remuneration which sovereigns sometimes award to the services of their subjects. Galileo was a foreigner at Rome. The sovereign of the Papal State owed him no obligation; and hence he must regard the pension of Galileo as a donation from the Roman Pontiff to Science itself, and as a declaration to the Christian world that Religion was not jealous of Philosophy, and that the Church of Rome was willing to respect and even foster the genius of its enemies.” He will learn moreover, that all the inconvenience Galileo underwent, was brought on by his disingenuousness, his pride, his “insulting and ironical language.” That he returned kindness with abuse, and confidence with deception. That he was not brought to the Bar of the Inquisition for teaching Astronomy, but for violating with every aggravating circumstance of ingratitude, sarcasm and artifices unworthy of him, a solemn injunction of the Inquisition, that left him and his science free as air, and only sought to protect the word of God from abuse. And that, finally, notwithstanding all this and more, during the whole of the trial of 1633, “Galileo was treated with the most marked indulgence.” He “stood there with the recognized attributes of a Sage; and though an offender against the laws of which they were the guardians, yet the highest respect was yielded to his genius, and the kindest commiseration to his infirmities.”†

* See “Martyrs of Science,” p. 95, Harper’s Family Library, No. CXXX.

† Life of Galileo in “Martyrs of Science,” p. 88.

ARCHBISHOP CRANMER.

The following appreciation of one of the actors in the English Reformation may not be entirely new to many of our readers; but as it contains the best portrait of Archbishop Cranmer that has ever been sketched by Protestant hands, we insert it in the Cabinet.

"They (i. e. the English Reformers) were—a king, whose character may be best described, by saying, that he was despotism itself personified; unprincipled ministers; a rapacious aristocracy; a servile parliament. Such were the instruments by which England was delivered from the yoke of Rome. The work, which had been begun by Henry, the murderer of his wives, was continued by Somerset, the murderer of his brother; and completed by Elizabeth, the murderer of her guest.

"If we consider Cranmer merely as a statesman, he will not appear a much worse man than Wolsey, Gardiner, Cromwell, or Somerset; but when an attempt is made to set him up as a saint, it is scarcely possible for any man of sense, who knows the history of the times well, to preserve his gravity. The shameful origin of his history, common enough in the scandalous chronicles of courts, seems strangely out of place in a hagiology. Cranmer rose into favour by serving Henry in the disgraceful affair of his first divorce. He promoted the marriage of Anne Boleyn with the king. On a frivolous pretence, he pronounced it null and void. On a pretence, if possible still more frivolous, he dissolved the ties which bound the shameless tyrant to Anne of Cleves. He attached himself to Cromwell, while the fortunes of Cromwell flourished; he voted for cutting off his head without a trial, when the tide of royal favour turned. He conformed backwards and forwards, as the king changed his mind. While Henry lived, he assisted in condemning to the flames those who denied the doctrine of transubstantiation; when Henry died, he found out that the doctrine was false. He was, however, not at a loss for people to burn. The authority of his station, and of his gray hairs, was employed to overcome the disgust, with which an intelligent and virtuous child regarded persecution.

"Intolerance is always bad; but the sanguinary intolerance of a man who thus wavered in his creed, excites a loathing to which it is difficult to give vent, without calling foul names. Equally false to political and to religious obligations, he was first the tool of Somerset, and then the tool of Northumberland. When the former wished to put his own brother to death, without even the form of a trial, he found a ready instrument in Cranmer. In spite of the canon law, which forbade a churchman to take any part in matters of blood, the archbishop signed the warrant for the atrocious sentence. When Somerset had been, in his turn, destroyed, his destroyer received the support of Cranmer in his attempt to change the course of the succession.

"The apology made for him by his admirers, only renders his conduct more contemptible. He complied, it is said, against his better judgment, because he could not withstand the entreaties of Edward! A holy prelate of sixty, one would think, might be better employed by the bed-side of a dying child,

than in committing crimes at the request of his disciple. If he had shown half as much firmness when Edward requested him not to commit murder, he might have saved the country from one of the greatest misfortunes that it ever underwent. He became, from whatever motive, the accomplice of the worthless Dudley. The virtuous scruples of another young and amiable mind were to be overcome. As Edward had been forced into persecution, Jane was to be seduced into usurpation. No transaction in our annals is more unjustifiable than this. To the part which Cranmer, and unfortunately some better men than Cranmer, took in this most reprehensible scheme, much of the severity with which Protestants were afterwards treated, must, in fairness, be ascribed.

"The plot failed, Popery triumphed, and Cranmer recanted. Most people look upon his recantation as a single blemish on an honourable life,—the frailty of an unguarded moment. But, in fact, it was in strict accordance with the system on which he had constantly acted. It was a part of a regular habit. It was not the first recantation that he had made; and in all probability, if it had answered his purpose, it would not have been the last. We do not blame him for not choosing to be burnt alive. It is no very severe reproach to any person, that he does not possess heroic fortitude. But, surely, a man who liked the fire so little, should have had some sympathy for others. A persecutor who inflicts nothing which he is not ready to endure, deserves some respect; but, when a man who loves his doctrine more than the lives of his neighbours, loves his own little finger better than his doctrines, a very simple argument *a fortiori*, will enable us to estimate the amount of his benevolence.

"But his martyrdom, it is said, redeemed every thing. It is extraordinary, that so much ignorance should exist on this subject. The fact is, if a martyr be a man who chooses to die rather than renounce his opinions, Cranmer was no more a martyr than Dr. Dodd. He died solely because he could not help it. He never retracted his recantation, till he found he had made it in vain. If Mary had suffered him to live, we suspect that he would have heard Mass, and received absolution like a good Catholic, till the accession of Elizabeth; and that he would then have purchased, by another apostacy, the power of burning men better and braver than himself."—[*Maccauley.*]

ON THE PRESENT MOVEMENT IN RELIGION.

[FROM THE (LONDON) ORTHODOX JOURNAL.]

We have for some time looked on, in silence, it is true, but not with apathy or indifference, the present religious movement in this country. The English are naturally religiously inclined. They were once famed for it, and the fair soil of our beautiful isle was termed the land of saints. The piety and zeal

of our ancestors have left in the length and breadth of the land many imperishable monuments of their faith and genius. Unhappily the day came when our country sacrificed her faith to the lust of her monarch and the avarice of her nobles; and England, that had been the edification, became the scandal, of Europe; and, to make the mockery complete, this wreck of religion was termed the *Reformation*.

No one, with any pretensions to sincerity, can deny that the immediate causes of this *reformation* were the brutal passion of Henry, who renounced the authority of the church in order to take his mistress—the rapacity of the courtiers of Edward VI.—and the worldly wisdom of Elizabeth, who rejected an authority she could not own, without bearing testimony to her mother's shame and her own illegitimacy. Then Hume asserts that the real cause of the *reformation* was the desire to steal the silver and the ornaments from the churches. And Bucer says: "The greater part of the people seemed to have embraced the gospel (?) only to live at their pleasure and enjoy their lusts and lawless appetites without restraint. Hence they lend a willing ear to the doctrine that we are justified by faith only, and not by good works, for *which* they have no relish." (*Bucer on the Kingdom of Christ*, book 1.) And *what* Bucer tells us of the parentage and birth of the *reformation*, Calvin tells of its growth and practical working:—"Of the thousands who renounced *Popery* and seemed eager to embrace the Gospel, how few have amended their lives? Indeed, what else did the greater part pretend to than, by shaking off the yoke of superstition, to give themselves more liberty and plunge into every kind of lasciviousness?" (*Calvin on Scandal*, book vi.) These are testimonies that no Protestant will controvert, and they tell awful truths.

The Reformers were guilty of a crime that cries to heaven for vengeance, *i. e.*, of impugning the *known truth*. The frightful curse of the crime has been three centuries of spiritual blindness, religious animosity and bigotry.

When Voltaire was endeavouring to overthrow Christianity, he said he could not effect his purpose till he had destroyed the Jesuits. The Reformers had misgivings of a similar nature, and knew they could not succeed as long as the strongholds and fortresses of religion, the monastic establishments, were suffered to exist. Then were these beautiful land-marks doomed, and England became the first nation that ever abolished religious houses. Tanner admits that the monasteries, till the moment of their destruction, were schools of learning and education; and that all who desired might have their children taught grammar and church music gratis. But they were doomed.

The ruin of these houses was felt as a national calamity, for the poor were fed and all were educated there. Weever says:—"It was a pitiful thing to hear the lamentations that the people made for them; for there was great hospitality kept among them," And the poor man, while wandering among the ruins, would exclaim:—

When yonder broken arch was whole,
 'Twas there was dealt the weekly dole;
 And where yon tottering columns nod,
 The chapel sent the hymn to God.

The soil that had been thickly studded with collegiate and conventual churches, and the spot where the most familiar sound had been the midnight peal of the convent bell or the chaunt of the man of blessed order, is now become desolate, and a melancholy and silence reigns there, only broken by the roar of waters or the sighing of the wind through the shattered arches. What a blighting change has taken place!

The sacred taper lights are gone,
 Grey moss has clad the altar stone,
 The holy image is o'verthrown,
 The bell has ceased to toll.

The long-ribbed aisles are burst and sunk,
 The holy shrine to ruin shrunk,
 Departed is the pious monk,
 God's blessing on his soul.

The fanaticism shown by the reformers in endeavouring to destroy every relic of Catholicity cannot be imagined. From one example an idea may, however, be formed. One Blease was hired, under the parliament, to destroy the beautiful stained glass windows of the fine church of Croydon. For this he was paid half-a-crown per day.

One effect of all this was "the debasement of our ecclesiastical architecture, which immediately ensued upon the reformation, and which is only less disgraceful than the destruction to which so many edifices were condemned." (*Quarterly Review*, No. 68.)

Still, though, in those times of persecution, the reformers did all they could to destroy every Catholic monument, yet thousands remain scattered over the land to bear witness to England's former faith and piety and Catholicity: all serve to remind us of our mighty and sainted ancestors. The number of the churches attest their devotion—the magnificence of them their liberality. The painted windows tell us that they were not ashamed of the mother of God; the sweet countenances of sainted kings and holy monks speak of the communion of saints; and the humble brasses, half concealed behind modern inscription raised by more than pagan vanity, inform us that they prayed for the dead.

From the direct application of the fundamental principles of the reformation have sprung the most frightful abortions; as, when the serpent's egg is put under the sitting bird, the young snake breaks its shelly confinement, and, stinging the foster parent, tells her too plainly the fatal error she had committed in warming the noxious reptile in her breast. For the same spirit that dictated to Luther the all-sufficiency of faith, told John of Leyden that he was King of Munster, and that polygamy was lawful—David of Delft, that incest was lawful, &c. And while Luther taught one thing, Calvin another, and Zuinglius

a third, the Socinians and Deists split the difference by taking away every resemblance of religion.

But now the principles of the reformation have well nigh worked themselves out. People begin to think and reason for themselves: a reaction is taking place, and England wishes to be again religious. We are not of the number of those enthusiasts who imagine that the conversion of England is at hand; still less are we of those who can bow the head and bend the knee to the Puseyites. But these are signs of the times, and these signs cannot be mistaken. Numbers daily flock to our sanctuaries, desirous of being admitted to the unity of Catholic faith, from the deep conviction that the last extravagance of human error is to make a religion of independence. The taste that is now abroad for studying our old Christian monuments and for imitating them, and the move at the universities shew that England would fain be what she once was, "when the sovereign of the greater portion of the western world applied to her schools for instructors—when she sent forth her saints to evangelize the nations of the north—when heroes flocked to her courts to behold the models of reproachless chivalry, and emperors left their thrones to adore God at the tombs of her martyrs."—*Ages of Faith*, vol. i. page 3.

The position in which the Church of England now stands is anomalous in the extreme. The illegitimate child of the sixteenth century, distracted between the feelings of her guilt of having thrown off dependence upon the mother church and of pride on discovering in herself some family likeness, however slight, to her fair and beautiful mother, is at the present moment "trying how far she can adjust her few remnants and shreds so as best to conceal her nakedness, and appear like her whom she would fain resemble."—*Dublin Review*, May, 1842.

And what part does the mother church act in the meantime? "She continues, as in olden times, to order the cords of her tabernacle to be enlarged and its stakes strengthened, because new multitudes are crowding with sounds of joy into her precincts. And here she sees her spark, which had well nigh been trodden out by feet of foes, break out once more into cheering light, and there the islands that sat in darkness praise God because they have beheld her brightness. She has no need of others—she would fain win them all, but she may court none; she will lean over them in motherly caress if they return, but she bends not down to honour their waywardness and caprice."—*Dublin Review*, ditto.

She does now and has constantly prayed for them that they may return to the one fold of the one shepherd, and that they may be one, as they once were one. The centuries of persecution, hatred, misrepresentation and scoffing that she has received from them she resents not, but follows the injunctions of her Divine Master: "Pray for them that persecute and calumniate you." *Matt.*, v. 44. Her universal charity embraces all, and has brought many back into her bosom that were disgusted with the religious hatred of her prodigal child. We had the pleasure of witnessing a strong proof of this in a case of a Pro-

testant who, while attending our beautiful and heart-melting services of Holy Week, when he saw that on Good Friday the church that had been so persecuted still prayed for Pagans, Jews, heretics and schismatics, threw himself immediately into the arms of the Catholic Church, exclaiming "Give the child to this woman, for she is the mother thereof."—3 Kings, III. 27.

E. C. M.

THE BIBLE.

As for the Bible, which children are usually employed in, to exercise and improve their talents in reading, I think the promiscuous reading of it through by chapters, as they lie in order, is so far from being of any advantage to the children, either for perfecting their reading or principling their religion, that perhaps a worse could not be found. For what pleasure or encouragement can it be to a child to exercise himself in reading those parts of a book where he understands nothing? And how little are the laws of Moses, the Song of Solomon, the Prophecies in the Old, and Epistles and Apocalypse in the New Testament, suited to a child's capacity? And though the history of the Evangelists and the Acts have something easier, yet, taken altogether, it is very disproportioned to the understanding of childhood. I grant that the principles of religion are to be drawn from thence, and the words of the Scripture; yet none should be proposed to a child but such as are suited to a child's capacity and notions—but undoubtedly it is far from this to read through the *whole Bible*, and that for reading's sake—and what an odd jumble of thoughts must he have in his head, if he have any at all, such as he should have concerning religion, who, in his tender age, reads *all the parts of the Bible* indifferently as the word of God without any other distinction? I am apt to think that this, of some men, has been the very reason why they never had clear and distinct thoughts of it all their lifetime.—[*Burke on Education*, p. 230.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

St. Louis.—On the 20th of November, the Office of the Dead was chaunted and immediately afterwards a Solemn Pontifical Mass was celebrated, for the repose of the soul of the late Bishop of this Diocese, a prelate venerable for his many virtues, and endeared to all who knew him by the fondest and holiest recollections. See Obituary Notice.

Episcopal Appointments.—On the 18th of September, the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, in a solemn meeting, concurred in recommending to his Holiness, the approval of all the nominations made in the late Provincial Council of Baltimore, excepting that of the Vicariate Apostolic of Oregon Territory, who, being of the Society of Jesus, was unwilling to accept the Episcopal dignity.

Vacant See of Charleston, Very Rev. Ignatius Reynolds, Vicar General of Louisville.

New See of Hartford Conn., Very Rev. William Tyler, Vicar General of Boston.

As Coadjutor to the Bishop of Boston, Rev. John Fitzpatrick, Pastor of St. Mary's Church Boston.

As Coadjutor to the Bishop of New York, Rev. John McCloskey, Pastor of St. Joseph's Church, New York.

New See of Milwaukie, in Wisconsin, Very Rev. J. M. Henni, Vicar General of Cincinnati.

New See of Chicago, Ill., Rev. William Quarters, Pastor of St. Mary's Church, New York.

New See of Little Rock, Arkansas, Rev. Andrew Byrne, Pastor of Nativity Church, New York.

For the Apostolic Vicariate, Oregon Territory, Rev. Mr. Blanchet, Indian Missionary.

IOWA TERRITORY.—We understand, with pleasure, that two Priests of the Diocese of Dubuque, labour with great zeal and signal success among the Sioux Indians, on the St. Peter's river. A new female Academy under the charge of the Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin, has been opened in Dubuque. The new Church of Iowa City, the Capital of the Territory, is nearly completed: two city lots were granted for the purpose by the Legislature.

OHIO.—According to the *Catholic Telegraph*, our Holy Religion is very flourishing in this State. Many new Churches will be erected during the next year, and several small Catholic settlements have been discovered by the Missionaries. At *Piqua*, on a visit of a clergyman, one lot was obtained for a graveyard, one for a new Catholic Church and one thousand dollars were subscribed for the erection of it. The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Cincinnati, was daily looked for from Europe, with a new supply of Missionaries.

VIRGINIA.—A new Catholic German settlement has been laid out in the Old Dominion by the Redemptionists, or Priests of the Holy Redeemer, of Baltimore. A Church and schoolhouse are forthwith to be commenced in the

centre of the new town, called *St. Mary's*. Already twenty-five families have removed to that tract.

NEW-JERSEY.—Two new Catholic Churches have been opened for divine service in this State. On the 29th of October, the Church of *St. John the Evangelist*, at Lambertville, and on the 12th of November, the Church of *St. Elizabeth*, at Port Elizabeth.

BOSTON.—A new Church was consecrated in this diocese on the 1st of October, at Cabbotville, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Fenwick.

NEW-ORLEANS.—The state of things here is truly lamentable. On the death of the late Pastor of *St. Louis' Church*, the Bishop required the Trustees to concede to the future Pastor, certain rights which these gentlemen had either usurped or were in the habit of invading. This they refused to do; and not content with refusing to comply with demands, which the Bishop felt himself bound to make, before proceeding to nominate a successor to the late Rev. Mr. Bach, they actually named a Pastor, and presented him to the Bishop, *afin qu' il y fasse droit*, i. e., that he might do what they schismatically asserted he was bound to do—give him canonical installation. It is not necessary to say that this was not done. Not only was the Trustees' right to present a Pastor formally denied, but they were informed by the Bishop that thenceforward all relation between the clergy of that Church and the board of Trustees was to cease. It is obvious that this was the only course left for the Bishop, whose patience and condescension evinced in his correspondence with persons so unhappily disposed as are the Trustees of his Cathedral, are equalled only by that firmness with which he has resisted their schismatical pretensions.

CALIFORNIA.—If we had reason to rejoice, a few years ago, at the erection of Upper and Lower California into a Diocese and at the appointment of its first Bishop by his Holiness, Gregory XVI, we have no less reason to be afflicted now at the unhappy fate of those beautiful "Missions," which have been for centuries the happiness of the Indians, the wonders of Catholic zeal and the example of the best organized Society and Government. California was divided into four principal Missions, of *Loretto*, of *St. Francis Xavier*, of *Our Lady of Sorrows*, and of *St. John*, on whom several others of minor importance were dependent. These Missions, formed as early as 1698, by the Jesuits, and continued by the Dominicans and Franciscans, till 1842, have become the victim of vile persecution.* Some profligate and inhuman beings, with envious and

* "The first Missions of Old California were formed in 1698, by the Jesuits; under the management of these Fathers, the Savages had abandoned their wandering life. In the midst of arid rocks, of brush-wood and bramble, they had cultivated little spots of ground, had built houses, and erected Chapels, when a despotic decree . . . came to banish from every part of Spanish America, this useful and celebrated Society. The Jesuits were accompanied to the place of their embarkation by the whole body of their parishioners, in the midst of sobs and exclamations of sorrow. The Franciscans immediately succeeded them in Old California, and in 1769, extended their pacific conquests over the New. Still later, the Dominicans obtained the Government of the Missions in the former of these Provinces." —[MALTEBRUN.]

speculating eyes, have encroached on the rights of the Missions, seized their beautiful improvements, and dispersed their happy inmates. The Indians are said now to be in a wandering condition without Priests. It is with no little satisfaction, that we are informed, that it has entered the benevolent designs of the Jesuits of Missouri, to collect again that unfortunate and persecuted race, and to make them once more, happy in the profession of practical Religion. We hope that the necessary arrangements will have been concluded between the Sacred Propaganda at Rome, the Bishop of California and the Jesuits of Missouri. In a late letter from London, received in the City of St. Louis, we are informed, that the Apostolic Missioner, Father De Smet, was expected in that Metropolis with ten Jesuit Fathers for the Rocky-Mountains, Oregon and California Missions.

CENTRAL AMERICA.—Guatemala.—The Rt. Rev. George de Viteri, Bishop of San Salvador, has returned to his See with several Priests from the Seminary of Foreign Missions in Paris. Their zealous labors are destined to embrace the hundreds of small Islands in the Bay of Guatemala, inhabited mostly by Savages. One of the Isles, St. Thomas, was some time ago, purchased by the Belgian Government, for the purpose of forming a new Colony. Three Belgian vessels, having on board the Belgian Consul, the colonists, various tools and materials, arrived in the port of St. Thomas on the 20th of May, the 7th and the 9th of June last. They were kindly received by the inhabitants, and they soon selected a beautiful spot for a new city. Two Belgian Jesuit Fathers were in company, and one of the vessels carried a large and beautiful frame Church, which is easily taken to pieces and had been prepared for the purpose in Belgium. Previous to their departure, the new Church was put up in Brussels, and solemnly blessed by the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines. According to the latest intelligence the new Colony was flourishing: the Jesuit Fathers, without neglecting the colonists, had already extended their labours among the indigenous Caribes, several of whom had offered their children for Christian Baptism, and attended the instructions.

WEST-INDIES.—St. Lucia.—The Catholic Religion flourishes in this beautiful Island with extraordinary success. A few years ago there were but two Priests employed here; there are now eight active, zealous and pious Missionaries. There are nine fine Churches, four of which have been erected by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Smith, Bishop of Agna, *in part.*, who arrived in the Island on the 27th of May last. There are at present 1500 young people attending a regular course of instructions for first communion. The population consists, almost exclusively, of emancipated negroes, among whom the seed of the Gospel was so successfully sown during the few years of its subjection to France. There are scarcely three hundred Protestants of all denominations on the Isle.

Granada.—The Bishop of Olympus, *in part.*, was eminently successful in his visitation of this Isle in May last. He confirmed between eight and nine hundred persons, well instructed in the principles of our Holy Religion. This

Island, now under English sway, formerly belonged to France; when its inhabitants were blessed with the religious influence of French Missionaries.

ENGLISH GUIANA.—It appears that our Holy Religion is struggling here, at present, with a great deal of adversity. Death has swept away some of the most efficient Missionaries, and Rt. Rev. Dr. Clancy appears to have resigned the Vicariate Apostolic of this Colony. We copy, however, with pleasure, the following, from the *Freesman's Journal*: "We are authorized to announce, that in compliance with the urgent request of the Sacred College of the Propaganda at Rome, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Hynes, Administrator of the united Dioceses of Zante and Cephalonia, has accepted the office of Apostolical Visitor and Administrator of the Vicariate Apostolic of British Guiana, vacant by the resignation of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Clancy."

DUTCH GUIANA.—This Mission, like every other under the Dominion of Holland, is in a flourishing condition. There are now 4,000 Catholics in the Colony, assisted by four Priests and the Prefect Apostolic. A new Church was opened on the sea coast on the 20th of March last, and four new stations were lately commenced.

ITALY.—Rome.—Cardinal Pacca, who is 87 years old, Dean of the Sacred College, opened the Academy of the Catholic Religion this year, by an eloquent dissertation, in which he reviewed the state of Catholicism in the principal countries of Europe, during the last sixty years, being the period of his own public career. We shall insert it in our next.

On the 8th of June, the learned Father Perrone, S. J. author of a celebrated work on Theology, read a dissertation before the same Academy, on the title of *Catholic*, as claimed by Communions, separated from the Catholic Church. He showed that it is incommunicable, belonging exclusively to the Church, of which the Roman See is the head and centre.

On the 25th of June last, the Pope, by the advice of the Congregation of Rites, signed a commission for the introduction of the cause of the beatification and canonization of the venerable servant of God, Monsignor Vincent Maria Strambi. He was born in Civita Vecchia, January 1st, 1745, and died in the odour of sanctity in Rome, January 1st, 1824. He was a member of the Passionists, so called from the symbol of a white heart with the words *Jesu Christi Passio*, worn on their habit, and from their special devotedness to the honour of the passion of our Lord.

ENGLAND.—Statistics of the London District, from the year 1835, to the year 1843, both included. *Churches and Chapels*.—Six Chapels considerably enlarged in accomodation, at Hammersmith, Kensington, Chelsea, Gosport, Portsea and Southampton. Four new Churches built, instead of four old small Chapels, at Bermondsey, Brighton, Reading and Jersey. Eight new congregations formed, and eight new Churches erected in the following places: St. John's Wood, Colchester, Brenwood, Islington, Tunbridge, Wells, Dover, Crogdon and Crayford. Ten new Missions formed, at Wimbledon, Wandsworth, Parson's Green, St. Leonard's Saffron Hill, Deptford, Graves-

and, Hackney, St. Alban's, Deal and Chelmsford. *Priests*.—The number of Priests in the London District in the year 1836, was ninety-one, the number in 1843, is one hundred and thirty-five, giving an increase in seven years of forty-four. *Convents*.—Four Religious communities have been established in London and its vicinity within the last four years, to administer religious instruction to the rich and poor, and to recall the profligate and abandoned sinner to the paths of innocence and industry. The Sisters of Mary, at Bermondsey, the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, at Hammersmith, the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, at Acton, and the Nuns, at Isleworth.

Conversions.—Mr. Segur, a Professor of Hebrew at Oxford, has recently abjured Protestantism, and entered the Catholic Church. In Derby, lately forty-nine adult converts were joined to the Church on one occasion. The Superior of the Brothers of Charity of the house of Loughborough, received seventy-five Protestants in the Church at Sheephead, and sixty-one at Loughborough, in the present year.

IRELAND.—The Catholic Missionary College of All Hallows, Drumcondra, has at present thirty-nine students, preparing for Foreign Missions. Eleven for Asia, one for Africa, fourteen for America, five for Europe. The destination of the others is not known.

SPAIN.—The Cardinal de Cinfuegos, Archbishop of Seville, in the 78th year of his age, an exile at Alicante, has authorized the Bishop of the Canaries, who is in Seville, to dispose of his Crosier, emerald ring and cross, for the relief of the victims of the recent siege of that City.

HOLLAND.—The Very Rev. M. T. Niewindt was consecrated, on the 24th of August last, Bishop of Cytrum *in partibus infidelium*, and first Vicar Apostolic of Curacao. The ceremony was performed in the Ecclesiastical Seminary of Warmond by Mgr. Van Wykersloot, Bishop of Curium *in part*. assisted by two other Prelates. The new Bishop is a native of Holland, and was soon expected to sail for the West Indies, with a good supply of means and Missionaries.

BELGIUM.—The Belgians have followed the example of their Irish brethren in the faith, by organizing a *Belgian Emigrant Society*, for the purpose to aid in providing for the temporal and spiritual wants of their brethren in foreign countries.

NORWAY.—By a late decree of the Government, the Catholics of Christiania, have been permitted to build a Church, to have their own Pastor, to assemble publicly for Divine Worship, and to have the Sacraments of Baptism and Matrimony performed according to the rites of their own Church. They are under the Ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the Vicar Apostolic of Sweden.

HINDOOSTAN.—*Calcutta*.—This Vicariat continues to be administered by the Most Rev. Patrick Joseph Carew, lately created Archbishop of Edessa. Dr. Oliffe, for many years Vicar General of Calcutta, and a native of Cork, Ireland, has been appointed his coadjutor, and was consecrated on the 8th of October, at Cork, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Murphy, assisted by Rt. Rev. Dr. Barron, and

Sisters of Charity, is the most remarkable. The lot on which it stands, as well as the original buildings, were the gift of the late John Mullanphy, Esq. It is used by the city of St. Louis, and by the Government of the United States for their respective patients. After having spent 16 years of indefatigable labours in his extensive Diocese, he left St. Louis for Rome, on the 25th of April, 1840. Enjoying the confidence of his Holiness, Gregory XVI, he was appointed Apostolic Delegate to the Republic of Hayti, for the purpose of settling the Ecclesiastical affairs between the republic of that island and the Holy See. Previous, however, to his difficult commission, he returned to the United States, and arrived in Boston on the 18th of November, 1841. He soon after consecrated, in Philadelphia, his Coadjutor, the Rt. Rev. Peter Richard Kenrick, who now succeeds him in the See. He sailed from New York for Hayti, and was received there with the reverence which his dignified manners, as well as his sacred character inspired. He returned to Rome in the spring of 1842, and spent there the remainder of the year. In reward of his signal services to Religion, his Holiness made him one of the assistant Prelates of the Pontifical throne. While there, he was attacked by a violent affection of the lungs, which had been caused by exposure while travelling in the performance of his important duties; but in the beginning of the present year, his health appearing somewhat re-established, he was sent a second time to Hayti, with a view to terminate what had been begun with very flattering prospects of success. On arriving in Paris, he suffered from a relapse, which detained him there until the end of August last, when his physicians induced him to return to his native land, in the hope its genial climate might have a salutary effect upon his health. He accordingly repaired to Rome, where he finished his saintly life, on the 25th of September last. The Pope, who honoured him with his intimacy, was about visiting him in his illness, when the intelligence of his death reached him. He was eminent for his Ecclesiastical learning, as well as for piety, prudence, zeal, suavity of manners, humility and all the virtues becoming his high station. In the Provincial Councils his sentiments were highly influential, and he penned several of their letters; among others, the classic letter to the Archbishops of Cologne and Posen, which breathes the spirit of a Cyprian. He was truly a holy Bishop, worthy of the brightest ages of the Church.

On the 5th of November, in St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Rev. JAMES H. JOUBERT, a Priest of great piety and charity, whose zeal for the religious instruction of the coloured population, deserves special remembrance. He was more than 60 years of age at the time of his death.—[*Cath. Herald.*]

On the 5th of November, at the Female Orphan Asylum in Washington City, St. CLAUDIA RINGE, 24 years of age.—[*Ibid.*]

On the 25th of October, in the Jesuit College at Grand-Coteau La., Mr. HENRICUS SCHMITZ, in the 47th year of his age. He was a native of Germany, and since 1839, a brother of the Society of Jesus.

Cardinal ALEXANDER GUSTINIANI, at Genoa, on the 11th of October. He was born in that City in 1778, and was raised to the purple in 1832.

At St. Mary's College, Perry County, on the 28th of Nov., Mr. JOHN DUNPHY, an alumnus of the Theological Seminary of St. Louis. R. I. P.

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DEMONOLOGY AND THE REFORMATION.

“Quando diabolum collo non habemus affixum, nihil nisi speculativi theologi sumus.”
Dr. Martinus Lutherus. COLLOQUIA MENSALIA—Edit. Eislebi DE VERBO DEI fol. 23.

“When we have not the devil hanging about our necks, we are but drivelling theologians.”
Dr. Martin Luther. Table Talk.

Be not startled, gentle reader, if, from so strange a text, we should preach a sermon somewhat singular. At the very outset, we feel and must express a lively sense of our utter incompetency to enter into the abstruse investigations connected with demonology. We fear that we are “but drivelling theologians” at best; as our ambition has not hitherto inclined us to make the special acquaintance of Lucifer, or to admit him to that kind of *tête à tête*, which the father of the reformation so graphically paints by the expressive figure, of “his hanging about our necks.” He could speak on the subject from observation and from experience, as we shall soon see; we can only look into the matter at a distance, and see it in an obscure manner. With such a guide however as Luther, we may hope to penetrate into many mysterious *arcana*, hitherto unexplored by human eye. We shall also find, that much additional light has been thrown on this hidden subject by Luther’s brother reformers: Zuinglius, Oecolampadius, Karlstadt and others.

In fact, the world was greatly in the dark on a matter of such vital interest, until the dawn of the glorious reformation. Among the benefits which this event has bestowed upon mankind, not the least important is the great additional light it has shed upon demonology: by which word we mean, a Science* treating of the various influences which the evil one exercises, or may exercise over human affairs. These influences, as we shall endeavour to show, were reciprocal. The reformation was as much indebted to demonology, as this latter was to the reformation. The two went hand in hand. A late distinguished Protestant author, Sir Walter Scott, has written an elaborate treatise

* We shall see, that the reformation raised it to the dignity of a regular Science.

"on demonology and witchcraft." We intend to do a similar work, though on a much smaller scale, by writing a paper "on demonology and the reformation," which latter, if it was not "witchcraft," has at least contributed not a little to bewitch the minds and hearts of men for the last three hundred years.

We of course mean no disrespect whatever to Protestants of the present day. Among these we are happy to reckon many enlightened men, who are as much shocked at the extravagances of the early reformers, as we can possibly be. They will not be offended with us, we trust, if we venture to lift up one corner of the veil, which hitherto concealed from the eyes of many well meaning men the deformities of their fathers in the faith. We could not raise the whole veil, without causing a blush on the cheek of modesty; and we fear that even the partial exposure we shall be constrained to make, will shock not a little the sensibility of some among our readers. To these we would beg to say, that the love of truth demands the sacrifice; and we shall make it with all the charity and forbearance which the subject will allow. We shall give nothing but undoubted facts, drawn from the testimony of the reformers themselves, which we presume will be viewed as unexceptionable evidence by their children in the faith. If we be compelled to use the knife in anatomizing early Protestantism, we will try to sharpen the instrument, to handle it with as much gentleness and skilfulness as may be, in order to give the least possible pain to the patient. The most approved modern method, adopted by the school of the able French Surgeon, the late M. Dupuytren, demands celerity in the operation; and we accordingly shall endeavour to make quick work in our surgical dissection of the inveterate ulcer of three hundred years standing, which the reformation has imparted to human nature.

There are two methods of ascertaining the influence which the evil one had on the origin and progress of the reformation. The first is that to which we just alluded—by the testimony of the early reformers themselves, who surely had the best right to know "of what spirit they were." The second, which will greatly confirm the conclusions reached by the first, will be—by a reasoning *a priori* on the characteristics and principles of the reformation itself. Both these modes of illustration will serve to throw light on a subject as interesting and important, as it is delicate and abstruse. All we ask is a patient hearing. In the language of Dr. Martin Luther himself, we say: "strike, but hear!"

1. Were we to measure the depth of Luther's theological knowledge by his own favourite rule, embodied in the aphorism at the head of this paper, we would incline to the opinion that he was indeed a profound theologian. If his knowledge did not reach upwards to Heaven, it at least had a wonderful depth: it went down to the very bottom of a certain hottish place. If we are to credit his own reiterated testimony on the subject, the prince who rules in this lower region, was his constant companion and instructor—his familiar genius! He himself has left recorded in his voluminous writings the history of many of his contests and interviews with the prince of darkness, who

sometimes appeared to him as an enemy, endeavouring to baffle him in his undertakings, and anon, as a friend, whispering comfort, and suggesting additional means of warring successfully against the Pope. Wherever he went, his familiar spirit followed him, and sometimes even anticipated him in his movements. "The devil gave not a moment's rest to the reformer; he appeared to him and annoyed him by day and by night; at table and in bed; in the church as well as in his study; at home and even in his cellar."^{*} "While at the Convent at Wittenberg, when he began to read the Bible, or was at his desk translating the psalms, the devil would steal softly up to him, and suggest all kinds of wicked fancies to his mind. If Luther feigned not to understand him, the devil flew into a passion, threw his papers about, closed up and sometimes tore his books, and then put out the candle. If Luther sought refuge in bed, the demon was there before him.† He himself said to his intimate friends, that "the devil slept with him oftener than Ketha."[‡]

After the famous diet of Worms (A. D. 1521,) in which Luther, relying on the protection of his powerful patron, the Elector of Saxony, acted so bold and fearless a part; the policy of the Elector and his own free consent made him, for more than a year, a voluntary prisoner in the strong castle of Wartburg. This he called his Patmos; and if we are to credit his own account, it was for him, if not a place of heavenly revelations—as its prototype had been to the Blessed John—at least the theatre of strange satanical apparitions, for his enlightenment, and of curious struggles with the powers of darkness. We will let him describe in his own peculiar language in the Table-Talk one of these singular combats: "Anno 1521, as I departed from Worms, and not far from Eisenach, I was taken prisoner. I was lodged in the castle of Wartburg, my Patmos, in a chamber far from people, where none could have access unto me but two boys, that brought me twice a day meat and drink. Now, among other things, they brought me hazle-nuts, which I put into a box, and sometimes I used to crack and eat them. In the night time, my gentleman the devil, came and got the nuts out of the box, and cracked them against one of the bed-posts, making a very great noise and rumbling about my bed; but I regarded him not at all. When afterwards I began to slumber, then he kept such a racket and rumbling upon the chamber chairs, as if many empty hogsheds and barrels had been tumbling down; and although I knew that the stairs were strongly guarded with iron bars, so that no passage was either up or down, yet I arose to see what the matter was; but finding the door fast shut, I said, 'art thou there Satan? so be there still, I commit myself to Christ, my Lord and Saviour, of whom it is written, *Omnia subieciisti pedibus ejus*—thou has put all things under his feet'—and then laid me down to rest again."[§]

* Tisch Reden, or Table-Talk fol. 619—Audin's life of Luther—American Edit. p. 403.

† Ibid.

‡ Tisch Reden. Edit. Eisleben fol. 173.

§ See Table-Talk—in German Tisch-Reden p. 290—and Audin p. 388.

On the wall of the room, in which he lodged at the Wartburg is still shown a dark stain, which is accounted for on demonological principles. It seems, that in one of his reiterated visits, Satan became rather importunate. Luther was engaged in writing, and could not bear to be disturbed just then. After bearing the intrusion as long as his patience would possibly endure, he at length roared out at the top of his stentorian voice—"begone!" The evil one did not however choose to take the hint; but still continued his unwelcome presence. Varying his tactics, "he changed himself into a fly, and by his buzzing annoyed the acute hearing of the monk, who at length took his inkstand, and threw it at the winged insect—"See," said the keeper of the Castle to M. Audin in 1816, "this is the stain of the ink which time has not been able to efface."* This was not the only "ink-stained" victory, which the reformer could boast of having gained over his satanical majesty. The huge blots of wasted ink, still visible on the door of his old cell in the Augustian Convent at Wittenberg, remain to this day to attest many such triumphs.† And one of the most distinguished scholars now in Germany informed the writer of this paper, that both this room and that at the Wartburg are at this present time frequented by pious Lutheran Pilgrims; and that the ink-stains are viewed with special reverence, as evidences of the superior prowess of the great German reformer! After the departure of the monks, Luther took more spacious apartments in the convent. We are not informed, whether, in thus leaving the theatre of his former glory, he was more exempt from satanical visitations.

While Luther was a voluntary prisoner in the Wartburg, Karlstadt and other hot-headed disciples of reform were enacting strange scenes in his favourite Church of Wittenberg—the cradle of the reformation. They abolished the Mass, defaced the venerable church of All Saints, broke its statues, tore down and burnt its beautiful paintings, as so many relics of "popish idolatry; and scattered to the winds the ashes of those beautiful Arts, which had for centuries within its walls paid willing tribute to Religion and to piety. Luther heard of these enormities in his Patmos: his heart was pained at the intemperate zeal of his disciples, and his pride was hurt at their daring to make any change without his co-operation. He swooped like an eagle from his mountain height on these baser birds of prey, who were tearing his beloved flock. Throwing away his cassock and his pilgrim's staff, he mounted his war-horse, and clad in a heavy coat of mail, with a long sword, casque, boots and spurs, he made his entrance into Wittenberg, surrounded by a large body of attendants. His beard was long; his eye darted fire, and his opponents already quailed before his presence. Thus strangely accoutred, he ascended the pulpit of All Saints, and delivered an eloquent invective, from which we shall extract those portions that bear on our present subject—the demonology of the reformation. "I know Satan: I know that he does not sleep: that his eye watches

* Audin p. 180.

† Ibid p. 370.

for times of trouble and desolation. I have learned to wrestle with him, and do not fear him: I have inflicted on him more than one wound from which he will long suffer. What mean then these novelties which have been introduced in my absence? Was I at such a distance that I could not be consulted? Am I no longer the source of pure doctrine? I have preached it; I have printed it; I have done more mischief to the Pope (*this was pure doctrine!*) either while I slept, or was drinking beer with Philip and Amsdorf, than all the princes and emperors put together"* "What must the devil think, when he sees you enact all your fancies? The sly rogue keeps himself quiet in hell, since he knows what tragedies your doctors are about to excite." What a misfortune! what a loss to the world is the absence of this same "sly rogue!" How worthy of a Jeremiad! !

We have already referred more than once to Luther's Table Talk. This book details to us the subjects of his familiar and unreserved conversations,—in the famous tavern of the "Black Eagle" at Wittenberg—with his favourite disciples, Philip Melancthon, Justus Jonas, Amsdorf, Staupitz, Aurifaber and others. Every thing that the reformer said was carefully noted down by his admiring disciples. It was they who first published his Table Talk in one huge folio volume of 1850 pages, besides a copious index. If there was any indiscretion in thus exposing to the world the conversation of their master in his most unguarded moments, *their* over partial zeal in collecting his words must be censured. One of them, Peter Rebstock, says, in the preface to his Latin edition of the work, that "it was at Table that Luther dispensed the Gospel in its greatest purity." Mathesius and Aurifaber also published editions in German; and they profess to have collected with pious care all the sayings of Luther, contained either in his oral conversations, or in his printed works. Fredrick Mecum, and Evasmus Albert, two other cotemporary Lutheran theologians of eminence in the sect, praise the work, "as better than the best sermon," and "as embodying consoling and affecting conversations ~~held~~ by their well beloved at table, which should be generally diffused among the people." The first and best editions of the work were published by Lutheran ministers: at Eisleben, Luther's birth place, in 1566; at Frankfort or the oder, in 1567 and 1571; at Jena, in 1591; at Leipsic, in 1603, and 1700; at Dresden and at Leipsic, in 1723.†

Let us then see what this "ale-pope" of the black eagle, and his boon companions tell us on the subject of demonology. Let us gather up reverently some of the "crumbs which fell from the reformer's table." Our appetite will be satisfied with a few "crumbs:" we will be scarcely tempted to take a fuller meal. So revolting in fact are many of the conversations recorded in that volume, that we turn away from their perusal with disgust unutterable; and dare not shock the modesty of our readers, by laying bare even one half of the

* Tom. VII. Opp. Lutheri. Chrypt. Chron. Saxon p. 247—Audin p. 237.

† See authorities quoted by Audin, p. 385; and in *Notes* on pp. 401-2.

enormities disclosed by the midnight revels of those boasted apostles of reform! No wonder Luther's disciples become subsequently ashamed of this exposure of their "well beloved" master. Christopher Besold asserts, that it was not Luther's intention to have those conversations published. According to him, they were words which escaped him in a state of semi-inebriation, and in a place where all things except piety are held allowable."* But this was manifestly an after-thought: the earliest and most favoured disciples of the reformer, as we have seen, were proud of those maxims, and published them to the world, both in German and in Latin. As they fell from him in his moments of unreserved communication with his friends, they afford perhaps the best standard by which to judge of his real character. The maxim—*in vino veritas—in wine there is truth*—is as sound, as it is old.

The Table-Talk is full of discourses on the devil, and on the charms of women. Impiety and licentiousness there struggle for the mastery. The latter perhaps has gained the ascendancy: but our business is with the former. We shall endeavour to extract from the Table-Talk those passages which exhibit Luther's theory of demonology. Should our pages be sullied in the recital, we wish it borne in mind, that the blame does not attach to us.

According to the Saxon reformer, the evil one is every where. "There are devils in the forests, in the waters, in the deserts, in the marshes—wherever in fine there are creatures to torment. Some hang on the side of black clouds; others excite storms, raise up tempests, hurl thunder-bolts, dart lightnings, and in fine, infect the air, the sea, and the fields. The philosophers and physicians attribute these things to the stars."† Still the evil one has his own peculiar tastes: he loves some places more than others. "In different parts of the world, there are places of which the evil spirits are fond. Prussia is the residence that pleases them most. (*more than the Wittenberg Doctor?*) In Switzerland, not far from Lucerne, on the top of a lofty mountain, is a lake called Pilate's lake. The devil often plays pranks there. In my own country "or Potlertsberg, there is a lake into which if you cast a stone, you are sure to excite a storm. The whole country would be in uproar."‡

A favourite theory with Luther is, that satan is the author of physical evils—of sickness and death. "The Apostle (Heb. 11) gives the power of death to the devil, and Christ calls him the man of death. Indeed he is a murderer, who could kill you with a slight tap, and who has more poison in his pocket, than all the druggists in the world. If one fails, he immediately applies another. The devil is more powerful than we can believe or imagine."§ Again: "I believe that satan is the author of all the maladies of man: for satan is the prince of death. Pestilence, sickness, wars, are the work of the demon, and not of

* "Ubi omnia cum liceant, non licet esse pium." Beckerungs—Motiven ch. 8, sec. 3 n. 5—apud Audin, p. 385.

† Table-Talk edit. Eisleben p. 277.

‡ Ibid p. 294.

§ Ibid p. 281–303.

God. Osiander may say what he likes, but there *are* hobgoblins, who torment us in our sleep, and beat us till they make us sick.”* In proof of all this, he here relates the singular adventure about the devil and the bag of nuts, which we have given above. Again: “physicians assign only natural causes for diseases. Whence comes this sickness? What has occasioned it? How is it to be cured? That is all they trouble themselves about, and they are right. They do not see that it is the devil who afflicts the sick, and that the causes of these maladies is not natural.”† Alas! physicians are equally blind and perverse at present, notwithstanding the transcendent light of the reformation! In another place he asserts, that “fools, the lame, the blind and the dumb are possessed by the devil. Physicians who treat them by the rules of art know nothing of the matter.”‡

Luther applied this strange theory, in accounting for his own sickness and for that of his friends; and, as we shall see presently, in explaining the death of his enemies. During the Diet at Augsburg in 1530, he was lying sick at Coburg. He gives this forcible description of his malady: “my head rings, or rather thunders: were I not to quit study, I would faint. My head is no longer any thing but a small chapter, which will presently become a paragraph, and end by terminating in a period.”§ “It is not a natural malady,” he adds, “it is the finger of satan that presses heavily on me.” Again: “I have received your letter. I was learning to know satan. I was alone. Veit and Cyriacus had left me. The devil did his business so well, that he forced me to quit the room, and mingle with the inhabitants.” In 1540, his cherished disciple Melanchton was taken dangerously ill at Haguenau. Luther flew to his bedside, accompanied by the Elector of Saxony. On entering the sick man’s chamber, and on discovering every symptom of death in the appearance of one he so much loved, Luther turned to the Elector, and uttered this strange exclamation: “See then, how the devil has spoiled our work!”|| But the work was not spoiled: Melanchton revived, and recovered, in spite of the prince of darkness!

The reformer gravely discourses to his disciples concerning the most efficacious means of driving away the demon. His patent remedies are, wit, music, prayer and dogged silence. And such wit! We dare not transcribe one of his exhibitions of pleasantry, to exorcize this unearthly visitant¶; and our pen very unwillingly traces the following blasphemous *recipe* for ridding one’s-self of his hated presence. The person annoyed is enjoined to say to satan; “my dear devil, if Jesus has not shed blood enough for me, do pray to God for me: I beg it of you.”** A favorite remedy was music. “The devil is a gloomy spirit, who only wishes to annoy, and whom joy afflicts. Music drives him away: as soon as he hears us sing, especially hymns, he flies off.”†† To

* Table-Talk edit. Eislénben p. 296.

† *ibid* p. 494.

‡ *ibid*.

§ Epistola Melanchton,—12 Mau.

|| Audin p. 450.

¶ Those who are curious in such matters, may see it in the Table-Table edit. ut supra p. 290.

** *ibid*.

†† *ibid* p. 266. See Audin p. 389.

some who consulted him as to the best means of driving away the spirit of darkness, who seems to have given sore trouble to the early reformers, he answered: "do nothing: speak not to him; let him alone, and he will decamp soon enough."*

He thought that, the devil frequently changed himself into the form of a wolf, of a caterpillar, or a fly. "I have found many varieties of the caterpillar in my garden. I thought it was the devil who sent them to me. They have, as it were, horns on the nose; they have rings of gold and silver. Outside they appear brilliant; inside they are full of poison" &c.† Elsewhere: "the devil is like a fly. As soon as a fine book appears, the fly goes over its white pages, leaving well known traces of its presence, as much as to say, "I have been there." So the devil, when he finds an innocent and pure heart, sullies it."‡ He could not brook the presence of a fly, which he viewed as a little winged imp of satan. When one of them would alight on his book or face, he lost all patience—"The d—l take you," he would say, "you ape and follower of satan! If I open my Bible, you are there, you wretched fly, with your paws and filth, as if you would say: this book is mine, I will ——— The devil acts precisely as you do."§

He religiously believed in witchcraft and sorcery; and held the opinion that witches should be punished with death. The subject was brought up in the Table-Talk, on the 25th of August, 1538, on which occasion, alluding to those female servants, who, being possessed by the devil, stole milk, butter and fresh eggs, he discoursed after this wise. "These sorceresses deserve no compassion. For my part, I would burn them. It is said that the butter has a bad smell, (*no wonder*) and falls to the ground when any one eats it. Whoever maltreats a witch, is himself tormented by the devil; more than one school-master and ecclesiastic can attest this. If our sins irritate and offend God, much more does witchcraft, which may truly be called a crime of high treason against God—a rebellion against His infinite power. The jurists, who have so accurately discussed the question of revolt, hold that the revolt of a subject against his prince is justly punished with death. Should not witchcraft, which is an act of rebellion of the creature, who refuses to have faith in God, and trusts in the devil, be also punished with death?" Shades of the puritans, who burnt the witches at Salem! You had a noble precedent for your righteous work of blood! You did but carry out the principle of the great father of the reformation!

Luther was on very good terms with the devil. Take this declaration of his in the Table-Talk, as an evidence. "I have been always better treated by the devil than by men; and I would rather be strangled by the devil, than by the emperor. I would at least die by the hand of a great man."|| But the most curious evidence of his familiarity with the evil one is furnished us by himself

* Table-Talk edit. p. 216. Audin p. 403.

† Ibid p. 393.

‡ Table-Talk edit. Frankfort, p. 355.

§ Ibid p. 625. Audin p. 403.

|| Ibid p. 286.

in the full account, which he gives us of his famous "conference with the devil." This is perhaps the most singular page in the life of the reformer; and we would not be doing justice to our subject, were we to omit adverting to this strange history. There is some difference of opinion among the learned as to the time and place of the conference in question: the more probable opinion places it at the castle of Wartburg, in 1521. The fact itself, with all its startling details, is unquestionable: it is vouched for by the reformer himself; and is not denied by his admirers, however they may now be inclined to explain it away.

The subject of the conference was the lawfulness of private Masses: the spirit of darkness, as might have been expected, taking ground against them, as wicked and idolatrous; while Luther feebly and imperfectly vindicated them. Its result was, that the reformer, unable to answer satan's arguments, abandoned his position; gave up the doctrine as untenable, and from that time ceased in fact to celebrate private Masses! He that had vaunted his hardihood in opposing Popes, emperors, the ancient Fathers—the whole Church and the whole world: he, that had never been known to yield his opinion to mortal man; he—the unbending Luther—yielded to the overpowering logic of the devil, and for the first time acknowledged himself fairly vanquished! The arguments of satan were so very simple and absurd on the face of them—they were based on assumptions so silly, and statements so false in point of fact, that the merest tyro in theology could have readily answered them—and yet Luther proclaims them unanswerable, and, in point of fact, yields to their evidence.*

But the most striking circumstance of all, is the tender interest evinced by the devil for the enlightenment and eternal salvation of the reformer!! We have heard of his "transforming himself sometimes into an angel of light;" but it is always to exhibit error and vice in the garb of truth and virtue, for the deception and spiritual ruin of those whom he is thus permitted to tempt. In the conference with Luther, he assumes a new character altogether. According to the Protestant view of the matter, he appears as the successful champion of truth against error; and all for the purpose of rescuing the great reformer from the destructive system of Popery and of fatal error! In the Catholic view of the case, the whole matter is easily explained: the devil appears as the bungling advocate of error, and, acting according to his well known character, succeeds in deceiving a man, who was willing to be deceived; and who, the evil one well knew, would be a powerful instrument in his hands for deceiving others.

This is all so surpassingly strange, that it will scarcely be credited without the strongest evidence. We present what must be decisive in the case—that of Luther himself. "I once suddenly awoke about midnight," he says, "satan began to dispute with me. 'Listen to me, learned doctor,' says he. 'During

* In a letter to Melancthon, (12) written about this time,—Aug. 1, 1521—he declares emphatically, "that he would never more celebrate private Mass;" "*Sed et ego amplius non faciam Missam privatam in æternum.*" Verily he was an ardent, if not a sincere convert!

fifteen years, you have daily celebrated private Masses. What if all these Masses have been a horrible idolatry? What if the body and blood of Jesus Christ be not present there, and that you have yourself adored, and made others adore, bread and wine?" Luther answered: "that he had been made priest; that he had received ordination at the Bishop's hands, and that he had acted according to the command of his superiors." In reply, the satanical theologian entered into an elaborate argument to prove: 1st. that his ordination was invalid; because both he and those who ordained him had not the true faith, by denying the one mediator Christ Jesus, and having recourse to the Blessed Virgin and the Saints: 2ndly, that in celebrating private Masses there was "wanting a person for whom he should consecrate, and to whom the sacrament should be given; that is, the Church, and the body of the faithful," who were not present at such Masses: and 3rdly, that "there was wanting, the end, the design, the fruit and object for which Jesus Christ instituted this sacrament," which according to him was "that it should be eaten and be drank, to fortify the faith of His (Christ's) members—to preach and announce in the Mass the benefits of Jesus Christ."

To these three heads the whole long-winded argument of satan may be fairly reduced: and it is singular enough, that these same satanical *theses* constituted subsequently the groundwork of the Lutheran doctrine on the Holy Sacraments condemned in the Council of Trent! The whole reasoning is obviously based on a tissue of unfounded assertions and of hollow sophisms. To the former category belong the assertions, that Catholics, in praying to the Blessed Virgin and the Saints, denied the mediatorship of Christ; and that consequently, they believe no more in Jesus Christ "than the Turks and all the devils;" as also the statement which avers, that, in private Masses, the fruit of the Holy Scripture is not applied to the whole body of the faithful, whether present or not at its celebration. To the latter class, belong the absurd principles: that sound faith is required in the minister of the sacrament for its *valid* administration; and that the priest does not *validly* consecrate, unless he be so far gifted with personal holiness, as to correspond in every thing with the "end and design" of Christ in instituting the sacrifice and sacrament. If these principles be once admitted, there is no longer any certainty in regard to the valid administration of any of the Sacraments; and the validity of ministerial ordination especially will be involved in an endless maze of perplexities.

How did Luther answer the arguments of the evil spirit? He did not answer them at all: he yielded the point to the superior logical prowess of his adversary, whom he even took as his instructor and guide in the new religion he was establishing! He concludes his graphical account of the whole conference in the following characteristic words. "I behold now the holy fathers, who laugh at me and exclaim: is this the celebrated doctor, who is nonplussed and cannot answer satan? Do you not know, doctor, that the devil is a lying spirit? Thank you, fathers. I would not have known until now, learned theologians, that the devil was a liar, unless you had said so. In truth, if you

were obliged to suffer the assaults of satan, and to dispute with him, you would never speak as you do, of the practice and traditions of the Church. The devil is a severe antagonist; and he presses one so closely, that it is impossible to resist him without a special grace of the Lord. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, he fills the soul with darkness and with fear; and unless he has to do with a man who is master of the Scripture, he easily overcomes him. It is true, he is a liar; but he does not speak untruths, when he accuses us; for then he comes to the combat with the double testimony of the law of God, and of our own conscience. I do not deny that I have sinned. I do not deny that my sin is great. I do not deny that I am liable to death and damnation.”*

Neither do we, doctor: but this strange apology for the devil, and for your own defeat—of you, who never before knew, or at least acknowledged defeat—must sound peculiarly strange in the ears of those who recognize you as an Apostle of reform, and a champion of truth against error! To us, who believe no such thing, your embarrassment and discomfiture are natural enough. All that surprises us, is, that you have had the candour to acknowledge it; and that, notwithstanding this your acknowledgment, many still believe in your mission to reform the Church of God! Many of these even go so far, doctor, as to question your own word in the above narrative; or at least to maintain, with the minister Claude, that this is all a mere allegory, and that you had no *real* struggles with the devil, your own reiterated declarations to the contrary notwithstanding! True, this attempted explanation does not mend the matter: for, allegory or no allegory, the principle is the same; and it will be always true, that the devil in person, or, “the abstract principles of evil in general” out-argued you on the subject of private Masses, and you obeyed his triumphant teaching! But could you rise from the tomb, how you would lash with your burning eloquence, those presumptuous upstarts, who thus dare to reform your reformation, and to deny the reality of your contests with satan! Then would the world be edified by a torment of withering invective, of which that poured out on the luckless heads of Karlstadt and his associate ultra reformers of Wittenberg was but a faint specimen!

The facts we have hitherto alleged are singular chapters in the history of demonology and the reformation. We will add, by way of appendix to the work, a few other curious passages. His Protestant cotemporaries never once thought of denying Luther’s intimacy with the devil: some of them went farther than this: they wished it to be increased. By his invectives from the pulpit of Wittenberg he had grievously offended the good Protestants of Orlamunde, who had been guilty of the double crime of sheltering his truant disciple Karlstadt, and of leaning to the opinions of the Anabaptists. The authori-

* De missa angulari Lutheri Opp. edit. Jenæ Tom. vi. p’s. 81-82 Edit. Wittenb. Tom. vii. fol. 228 seq. See also Basnage (Bates pt.) *Histoire des Eglises reformees* Tom. iii. ch. vi. and Bayle Dict. Art. Luther.

ties of the town invited Luther to a conference on the grounds of mutual dissatisfaction. The reformer accepted the invitation; and on his appearance at Orlamunde, he entered into a long argument with the town council, and with a famous Cobler theologian, named Crispin, who volunteered his services on the occasion. We venture not to hazard an opinion on the merits of the discussion; or to decide whether victory perched on the banner of the Cobler, or of the reformer. One thing is certain: the good people of Orlamunde awarded the triumph to Crispin, and when Luther was leaving the City, they pelted him with stones, and exclaimed: "may the devil and all the imps have you! may you break your neck and limbs before you leave the City!"*

About the time of the reformation, it was peculiarly easy to pursue the interesting study of demonology: not only "the forests, the waters, the deserts, the fields and the marshes," were inhabited by devils; but also the bodies and souls of all the opponents of Luther, who himself, if we are to credit his own declarations, had an abundant supply! Subjects for the investigation of the curious student were never more plentiful. The monks were the chief antagonists of the reformer: they of course were tenanted by a whole legion! "The monks," says he, are "the lineal descendents of satan. When you wish to paint the devil, muffle him up in a monk's habit. The monks are the ministers of satan. What a roar of laughter there must be in hell, when a monk goes down to it."†

His brother Protestants, who, following their own private judgment, ventured to differ from him in explaining the Bible, received similar courtesy at his hands. Speaking of the Zuinglians, who denied the real presence of Christ in the Holy Sacrament, he thus proves that they are children of satan: "May God chastise them, by letting them bite, tear, and devour each other: for we know that the spirit of God is a spirit of union, and that his word is one. This is a great proof that these *Sacramento-magists* came not from God, but from the devil."‡ The argument, which is a very sound one, might have been retorted with equal force against Luther and his followers: and it was retorted. After the conference at Marburg in 1528, between Luther, Melancthon, Justus Jonas and Cruciger on the one part; and Zuinglius, Ocolampadius, Martin Bucer and Gaspard Hedio, on the other; the two opposition Churches of Wittenberg and Zurich bandied the following compliments. Wittenberg: "wretched and wicked Zuinglius! you wish to destroy christianity by your new interpretation! Listen not to these sacramentarians; fly them, as if they were satan! You Zuinglius, are a false prophet, a mountebank, a pig, a heretic!"§ Zurich: "It is as certain that Luther is a devil, as it is that God is God."||

* Lutheri Opp. Edit. Jenæ Tom. ii. fol. 497.

† Table-Talk, p. 109. Audin p. 395.

‡ Letter to his brethren at Frankford, 5th Jan. 1525. Audin p's. 406-9.

§ Luther de Cæna—and liber contra Sacramentarios. Audin p. 416.

|| Ibidem.

Zuinglius also had his familiar spirit—"he could not say whether it was black or white, as he related only a vision"*—and this spirit had pointed out to him a new text (Exodus XII.) whereby he might answer the Lutherans, who contended for the real presence. These taunted him with his hesitancy, as to the important *previous question* whether his new instructor was black or white.† The Swiss reformer took ample revenge by appealing to the open avowal of Luther, who had expressed no doubt whatever as to the character of his nocturnal preceptor! Alas! for the world, if such men as these were sent by God to reform the Church, which His Divine Son "had purchased by His blood!"

On learning the death of any of his theological opponents, whether Catholic or Protestant, Luther generally ascribed the occurrence to the agency of *satan*. In his treatise *de Missa Privata* in which he relates the wonderful conference with *satan*, after having duly extolled the power of the evil one, he says: "and this explains to us how sometimes men are found dead in their beds. It is *satan* who breaks their necks and kills them. Emser, Ocolampadius, and others like them, have fallen into the claws and talons of *satan*, and have died suddenly."‡ Something similar had been predicted of Zuinglius, who met a violent death on the battle field, and who had said "that Luther was possessed not by one devil only, but that he was tenanted by a whole troop of them."§ Of his death Luther says: "Zuinglius is dead and damned, having desired, like a thief and rebel, to compel others to follow his error."|| The current opinion among the Lutherans, as to the manner of the luckless Karlstadt's death, is too curious to be passed by in silence. This weak-minded man, after having successively adopted every absurd creed that was broached in Germany, was driven a wanderer, from city to city, by the relentless persecution of Luther, his former cherished disciple. Forced to fly from Saxony, he at length, after much wandering, found a shelter for his gray hairs in the Swiss city of Basle. The reform writers of the day—Erasmus Albert, Lœscher, and others—thus relate the manner of his death. "As he was preaching in the Cathedral, (of Basle,) in 1541, he saw a black man enter, who sat down by the consul. On descending from the pulpit, he asked the consul, what was the stranger's name? The consul had not seen any one. On Karlstadt's return to his house, his servant told him, that during his absence, a black man had come there, had taken up his son in the air, and then let him fall, without doing him any hurt. On going away, he said to the child: 'tell your father that I will return in three days!' Karlstadt took to his bed, and

* Schlusserburg in Præem. Theol. Calvini. Audin p. 409.

† Ibid.

‡ Cf. Hospinian His. Sacr. Tom. II. p. 220. Audin p. 188.

§ "Non obseasum ab uno spiritu, sed occupatum a caterva demonum." Zuing. Cont. Luther.

|| Lutheri Opp. Tom. II. fol. 36. cited by Florimond.

in three days afterwards expired—"strangled by the devil"—as we are assured by many witnesses, among whom are the Pastors of Basle."*

We might, if our limits permitted, adduce many other testimonies of a similar kind, all going to show in what light the reformers viewed each other; and what were their respective theories on the subject of demonology. But the facts already alleged must convince every unprejudiced mind, how great and wonderful was their skill in this recondite science, and how vast was its influence on the revolution miscalled, the reformation. Surely the reformers themselves were the best judges in this matter. And if they are to be believed, when they deliberately state in clear and unequivocal language, what influence the spirit of darkness had over themselves and their compeers, the question is at once settled, that satan had more agency in bringing about, and consummating that revolution in Religion, than God and the love of truth! This is an inference, which flows irresistibly from the premises above laid down! May all approach the subject with the calmness necessary to view it in a proper light, and to come to a sound conclusion!†

2. We have hitherto treated of what we may call the *practical* demonology of the reformation; we have exhibited, in the sayings and doings of the reformers themselves, the practical agency of the evil one in bringing about that revolution. This would suffice to settle the whole question, and to present a satisfactory commentary on our text. But we mean to show, that the principles of *theoretical* demonology strongly confirm the conclusion already reached. These principles are laid down in the inspired volume, to which our dissenting brethren are wont to appeal with so much confidence. If we can prove from the Bible itself, that the reformation was originated in, and consummated by, a spirit more in accordance with the principle of satan, than of God, then have we made our conclusion good. Out of many arguments bearing on the subject, we select the three following:

1st. The spirit of God and of the Christian Religion, is a spirit of mortification and of self-denial: that of satan, is a spirit which favours self indulgence and the gratification of animal passion. This cannot be doubted for a moment. Speaking of the essential condition of discipleship, Christ says: "if any man will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his Cross and follow me"‡ Did the reformers manifest a spirit in accordance with this principle? They openly proclaimed the very contrary, both by word and by example. Fasting, long prayers, celibacy and monastic vows, they held in abhorrence, as the works of antichrist, and of satan, who certainly agreed with them on this point. As Erasmus had caustically remarked, the tragedy of the reformation always terminated in the comedy of marriage"! In the face of his solemn vows to God,

* Luther Epist. ad Joannem elect. Saxon. Hesse—Vie de Zuingle, &c. See Audin p. 420—Note.

† Those who may wish to see more on this subject, are referred to Bishop Treven's *Discussion Amicale* vol. 1. p. 68 to 84., where many facts and testimonies are accumulated.

‡ St. Mathew, xvi. 24.

Luther, at the age of 42, contracted a sacrilegious union with Catharine Bord, who had made similar vows! His example was generally followed by his disciples. Whatever was most painful to human nature in Religion—fasting, confession, the divine office—was totally abolished! And the passions of mankind were strongly appealed to, in order to bring about this abolition! No wonder, the attempt proved successful!

2nd. The spirit of God is one of humility and obedience to constituted authority; that of the reformation was the very reverse of all this. Christ said: "Amen, I say unto you, unless you be converted, and become as little children, you shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven: and whosoever shall humble himself as this little child, he is the greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven."* And his beloved disciple, St. John says: "We are of God. He that knoweth God, heareth us: he that is not of God, heareth us not: by this we know the spirit of truth, and the spirit of error."† The very essence of the reformation was pride, and consequent spirit of revolt against authority. Every man was to rely on his private judgment, and to reject whatever it did not sanction, no matter if constituted authority, and the judgment of the whole world, and of the Church—which Christ commanded us "to hear" under penalty of being considered "as heathens and publicans,"‡ enjoined the contrary! Luther boasted more than once of being alone: he laughed at the authority of the ancient fathers, and spurned the voice of the Church, which Christ had commanded him to hear. His whole life was a violent warfare against constituted authority; and a struggle for the proud supremacy of private opinion. Lucifer had rebelled against constituted authority in Heaven: Luther's was a similar revolt! According to the rule of St. John laid down above, his was not then certainly "the spirit of truth," but "the spirit of error."

3d. The spirit of God, is a spirit of peace, of union, and of love; that of the reformers was a spirit of warfare, of disunion, and of hatred. St. Paul tells us, that "He is not a God of dissension, but of peace; as also I teach in all the Churches of the saints."§ The reformers made him a God of war, by introducing dissensions innumerable into His Church, and by occasioning, if not causing, many civil feuds and bloody wars. Witness the bloody war of extermination carried on against the poor peasants of Germany, of whom at least 100,000, were inhumanly butchered, at the instigation of Luther and the reformers! Witness also the no less bloody civil war of thirty years duration—terminating in the peace of Westphalia, in 1648—in which all Germany was laid waste with fire and sword. This too was a religious war, caused by the doctrines of the reformation! Look at the Religious sects, which have sprung up under that principle of discord—the right of private judgment!

* St. Mathew, xviii. 3-4.

† Mathew, xviii. 17.

‡ I John, iv. 6.

§ I Corinth. xiv. 33.

It is almost impossible to count them ; so numerous and changeable are they. And yet all these are but the bitter fruits of that tree of dissension, which Luther planted and nurtured to maturity ! St. Paul reckons among the " works of the flesh 'enmities, contentions, emulations, wrath, quarrels, dissensions, sects.' " * The whole reformation was full of them : they constituted its quintessence—its very life and soul. We have seen above, that Luther employed this very argument, to prove that the dissensions introduced into the Church of Wittenberg, in his absence, by Karlstadt and others, were " the work of the devil ; " and that the doctrines of the Sacramentarians originated in the same source. These, we have also seen, retorted the argument with irresistible force. In fact this spirit of disunion and of sects is the plague spot of Protestantism. And according to the avowal of the heroes of the reformation themselves, it is a conclusive proof, that that revolution was not, and could not be, the work of God.

We will conclude this paper by an extract from one of the most able publications of the day—the Dublin Review. † We will learn from it what was the state of demonology before the reformation ; and what influence this event exercised in its development and progress. " In the ' mysteries ' of the Middle Ages, the devil always plays an odious, and a ridiculous part ; and even Dante and Tasso, who give him a gigantic stature, have only, if we may so express ourselves, looked through a microscope at the Lucifer, who excited at once the laughter and the dread of our forefathers ; so completely have they succeeded in representing him at once as hideous and stupid. The reformation was too much indebted to the great tempter, not to take his part against his Catholic aspersers. Luther first began, by showing him off in their celebrated interview as a perfect scholar ; Milton transformed him into a complete hero ; Goethe lent him all his powers of sarcasm and philosophy ; and Byron represented him as a high bred gentleman : indeed, he now stands so high in the estimation of those who have strayed beyond the pale of Christianity, that most of them, we verily believe, would feel not a little proud of a personal acquaintance with the fallen one."

We beg finally to say, that, if there is aught of severity in this article, it is not our fault : truth compelled the disclosure, which might have been much more ample and startling, had we felt disposed to be malicious ; or had we not been fearful of shocking too much the sensibility of our readers. Our object has been to heal, and not wantonly to wound. The medicine may be deemed too strong and unpalatable : but we thought, that no milder treatment could cure a disease, so inveterate.

P. F.

* Galat. v. 20.

† For November, 1840, p. 381.

FESTIVAL OF SAINT AGNES IN ROME.

(21ST. JANUARY.)

[From the Orthodox Journal.]

If the curious visit with delight and enthusiasm the places rendered illustrious by the achievements of the worthies of other days, the Christian ought surely to visit with honour and devotion the scenes hallowed by the sufferings and the triumphs of the saints and martyrs. How eagerly the scholar gazes on the spot from which the fervid Cicero excited or calmed, at will, the passions of the fierce democracy of Rome; how pensively does the lover of the stage contemplate the statue of Pompey at whose base the great Cæsar fell; with what a palpitating heart does the student descend into that dreary dungeon which heard the last groans of the degraded Jugurtha; how the fond father clasps his lovely daughter to his breast, as he surveys the site of the prison in which an affectionate daughter supported a captive father by the milk of her own breasts; how the fire of the soldier kindles into a flame on standing on the site of the bridge where the gallant Cocles stemmed the torrent of Etrurian foes; and how the heart throbs with emotion as the traveller, passing under triumphal arches, walks on the very road and pavement anciently trodden by the triumphant generals of Rome. But the historic interest of Rome is not all drawn from Pagan annals: Christianity has its recollections and its triumphs. The virtuous scholar visits with fond emotion the room formerly occupied by St. Aloysius, or kneels down by the dying bed of St. Stanislaus; the virgin receives fresh aid to preserve her chastity as she kneels down before the statue of the chaste St. Agnes to invoke the prayers of that saint, who triumphed over the evil example of her own sex and the solicitations of the debauched; and the zeal of the apostolic missionary receives fresh ardour as he visits the noisome prison where Peter was confined, or the house where the blessed Paul dwelt, or the gigantic ruins of the Flavian amphitheatre, where the courageous St. Ignatius wrestled with the lions of Rome.

Agnes, young, beautiful, and rich, was the pride and ornament of Rome. Though only thirteen years old, she was sought in marriage by the sons of the first and noblest families of the city; but she returned the same answer to all, that she had consecrated her virginity to a heavenly spouse who could not be beheld by mortal eyes. This turned her suitors into enemies, for there is a lurking malice, a base passion in the human breast, that often turns the greatest friends into the deadliest foes; and the man who feels himself unable to pay a debt of gratitude often requites it by the deadliest hostility. The passionate fondness of her admirer, who was unable to gratify his vile desires, was converted into anger and rage: unable to force her virtue he resolved to have her life by denouncing her to the governor as a Christian. Every effort was used to shake her constancy; but promises and threats were vain. With eye undaunted, yet with a calm and serene air, she beheld the fires, the iron hooks, the racks, and other instruments of torture displayed before her. Fully aware that the

Christian maid dreaded a stain on her purity more than death, that she feared the approach of a lewd youth rather than of a lion, the governor threatened to send her to a house of prostitution. But she knew that Jesus Christ was too jealous of the purity of his spouse to suffer it to be violated. "You may stain your sword with my blood," she replied, "but will never be able to profane my body, consecrated to Christ." The enraged governor sent her to be exposed in one of the public brothels that bordered the circus of Alexander (*circus agonalis*;) with full liberty to the profligate and the debauched to abuse her body at pleasure. Proof against threats and blandishments, against the concupiscence of the flesh and the concupiscence of the eyes, she kneeled down to sing the praises of Him to whom she had consecrated her virginity. And He whom the angels serve, whose beauty the sun and moon admire, who had put a bracelet on her arm and a rich necklace of precious stones round her neck, and earrings of inestimable pearls in her ears, and a crown on her head, sent an angel to protect her. Those whose reason was bowed down below the passion of the brute, who feared not the laws of men nor the vengeance of God, were terrified and awe-struck at the virtue of a woman. Only one wretch presumed to approach her, but the avenging lightning from heaven struck him blind, and he fell trembling to the ground. At the prayer of Agnes he was restored to sight and health. The enraged governor, stimulated by the fiendish vexation of her disappointed lover, ordered her head to be struck off. With light and joyful step she pressed forward to the place of execution with more eagerness than others go to their wedding place. The spectators wept to see one so young and beautiful led out to death; she alone was joyful. "He who choose me first shall receive me. Why do you hesitate, Executioner? Let that body perish which pleases those whom I cannot love." Thus nobly did the virgin St. Agnes, at the early age of thirteen, earn a double crown for her chastity and religion. She remained a virgin, and obtained the palm of martyrdom.

A church has been since built over the spot, and faithful tradition records the place, which has been preserved by the veneration of the devout, as the scene of her virtue and her triumph. You descend to it from the interior of the present church by a flight of some twenty or thirty steps. It consist of two arched chambers connected by a long passage, and is dimly lighted by two or three windows opening into Piazza Navona. It is in all respects like a cellar, or wine vault, though there can be no doubt that in ancient times it was on the ground floor, so much has the pavement in this and other parts of Rome risen above its former level. In fact, when necessity occasionally requires the water pipes to be examined, portions of ancient pavement are not unfrequently found at a depth of eight or ten feet: the height of the present road above the ancient Via Sacra is known to every body who has visited the ruins of the Roman forum. In the opinion of antiquarians, the two chambers which I have described formed a portion of the substruction of the circus agonalis, now called Piazza Navona; and it is not all improbable that women of evil fame

had taken advantage of a place so exciting and so frequented by the young and the dissolute. In each of these subterranean chambers an altar has been raised : over one is a beautiful bas-relief from the chisel of Algardi, representing the saint between two soldiers with her nakedness covered by her hair, which grew miraculously and descended down to her feet, on her being exposed in so cruel a situation. The hands crossed on the breast and the eyes meekly cast down mark the calmness and resignation of the Christian martyr. There is no proud disdainful look, no upbraiding of her persecutors, no calling on the executioner to do his worst : from the hands of God she had received her virtue and her life, and into the hands of God she resigned it to await his own good time. The Indian virgin taken by a hostile tribe will suffer without a groan the insults and torments of her enemies ; but in her you will see the scornful lip, the haughty and disdainful look, and you will hear the irritating and provoking voice stimulating the fury of her persecutors : her's is the triumph of barbarian pride : Agnes's was the triumph of Christian virtue.

The present noble church of St. Agnes was built by Pope Innocent X, of the house of Pamfili, whose palace was adjoining. Connected with it is a college for the education of priests ; which, as well as the church, is under the patronage of the Prince Doria Pamfili. It is in the form of a Greek cross, and is surmounted by an elegant cupolo and two belfreys, from the designs of Borromino, and is usually considered one of his best works : the interior of the church, as far as the cornice, is the work of Girolomo Rainaldi : the cupolo was painted by Ferri and Corbellini his scholar. The front is of Travertine stone, is gracefully curved, and is ornamented with columns of the Corinthian order. The interior is likewise adorned with eight large Corinthian columns, and is all incrustated with excellent marbles. The high altar, standing at the top of the Greek cross, is incrustated with flowered alabaster and adorned with four beautiful columns of verde antique, two of which were made out of one that anciently belonged to the arch of Marcus Aurelius in the Corso. Above the altars and in other parts of the church are statues and bassirilievi, by the ablest masters of the time : the statues of St. Agnes and St. Sebastian have gained most celebrity. The St. Agnes is by Ercole Ferrata : it represents the saint on the funeral pile, in which manner she is said to have suffered by the Eastern acts of her martyrdom.

SAINT AGNES.*

[From the (London) Catholic Magazine.]

"OH, MARY, CONCEIVED WITHOUT SIN, PRAY FOR ME WHO HAVE RECOURSE
TO THEE."

INNOCENT lamb to Jesus dear,
Fair and purest, what dost thou here?
Dost thou not dread the tiger's rage,
As it sullenly stalks its guarded cage?
Dost thou not hear the people's cries?
Dost thou not see their vengeful eyes?
Dost thou not know the hate they bear
To virgins pure, is in that glare;
And those cries that echo of death and shame,
Are for her who avows the Christian's name?
Then, untrembling victim what dost thou here,
Mid those cries of horror and eyes of fear?

"I see the eyes that on me glare,
I hear the shouts that rend the air,
The thirsty steel, the tiger's roar
That asks another victim more,
The hate that binds me to this spot,
I feel them all, but heed them not!

"Stranger, I was a thoughtless child,
Scarce seven years had o'er me smiled,
When one who loved me true and well,
Of Christian lore would often tell;
And of that God by traitor sold,
Unlike the gods in which men glory,
Whose lives such wickedness unfold,
Makes light the crimes of mortal story.
She said that for our sins He'd slept
An infant on his mother's breast,
That in a garden He had wept
A sweat of blood to make us blest.

"My name was dear to Him, she said,
The Lamb without a spot or stain;
The Lamb that was to slaughter led,
Who suffered, and did not complain.
She said, that for our sins and pride,
Upon a shameful cross he died!
She said, His Virgin Mother fair
Beneath it stood, and saw Him there;
And then in matchless agony,
That Mother saw him bleed and die!"

"And canst thou wonder that I gave,
To Him who died my soul to save,
Its treasured love, and that in vain
The world did ask it back again?
And canst thou wonder that I bow
Me gladly to the headsman's blow,
And that I would not change to day
The victim's place for Cæsar's sway?"

* There is a tradition, that at the martyrdom of St. Agnes, the blood gushed forth as white as milk, in miraculous attestation of her purity; for the other incidents in these verses, see Butler's Life of the Saint, on the 21st of January.

"They tried to change me, or to move,
They tried to tempt to worldly love;
Vain love, that flourished for an hour,
To give me to the headsman's power;
Unlike His love, who died to save,—
For baffled hopes it gives the grave!

"And blessed be that Saviour dear,
Who kept me in the hour of shame,
Who bade His Seraphims draw near,
To robe me in their wings of flame;
And who, in mercy, cast a blight
Upon that hardened sinner's sight,
Who dared an impious look to cast
Upon His Virgin, pure and chaste."

"Stranger, I was almost a child
Amid a host of hostile men?
More savage far, and far more wild,
Than lions in their tribute glen.
Yet in that dark and dreadful hour,
I felt a strange supernal power
Lift me above the trembling fear
That virgins feel when danger's near,
To that which they hold first and best,—
The chastity by JESUS blest!

"They crowded round me, and they tore
With impious hands the vest I wore;
More dreadful far than wild beast cries,
Their horrid threats around me rise;
When lo! around me sudden thrown
The living light of seraph wings;
And He, my spirit's Spouse comes down,
And blindness on my tyrants flings,
For none could gaze upon that light,
And see,—it was so wondrous bright.

"Long, long I leaned upon His breast,
Drinking the chalice of the blest,
And only awakened from that trance
Of exquisite bliss to find me here,
Where tiger's roar, and soldier's lance,
Th' arena fill with awe and fear.

"But the Christian's soul is raised above
All but the hopes of immortal love;
He trembles alone lest he should not die,
For he thirsts to drink of eternity!
And my breast is panting to meet the rage
Of the green-eyed tiger in yonder cage;
And my blood is throbbing, and not in vain,
To pour itself forth to the ground like rain;
And my soul would make itself wings to flee,
My Saviour, my Spouse, and my God, to Thee.
But hark! they call, and I must away;
The headsman waits, and I must not stay!
Oh, blest be the sword, and blest the doom!
Yes, Father in heaven, I come! I come!"

—
One radiant glance she upward threw,
And then to meet the summons flew.
A sudden shout, an outcry wild,
Arose to greet the Martyr child;
And when the headsman put aside

The glory of her golden hair,
He wept that death should have a bride
So very child-like, and so fair.

But hand and aim were good and true,
And nothing of his trembling knew ;
The blood she wished to pour like rain,
Came white as milk from every vein,
And thus before all men confest,
The favorite virtue of her breast,
While her soul had winged it, like the dove,
To seek the Spouse of its early love!

Feast of the Nativity of the B. V. Mary.

M. C. A.

THE ENCLOSED GARDEN.—A TALE.

CHAPTER I.

Once upon a time there were three children, and they were all born of one mother. Like her, they were fair and comely, and there was a joyousness and brightness in their eyes, which showed that health and happiness was theirs, and that the buoyancy of dear childhood was fresh and brightly glowing within them.

Their mother was fair and spotless, and she loved her children with the true love; and they loved her in return, and watched every expression of her countenance, smiling as she smiled on them, and obedient to her last commands. And she was well worthy of their love; for she had borne them in her arms from infancy, and having clothed them in milk-white garments, she was ever with them, leading them by the hand, and pouring into their tender ears a thousand motives of love, which took root in a good soil, and gave promise that one day, good and comely fruit of virtue should flow from so fair and early a promise. For, her great pleasure was to teach them how to walk in the ways of virtue, and how they might keep unstained the robe of innocence, with which she had clothed them.

Now the way she took to teach them this, was a secret way, which she had long ago learned from her Spouse, who, when He went away to heaven, had solemnly consigned to her the conduct of his dear and much loved offspring; for, in his place she was set, and her only care was to honour and fulfil his commands, by meek obedience to his words, and by honouring in these pledges of love, his beloved memory. For when he lived with her he charged her with many things which she was to do. How she was to remember his words, which were always sweet and full of most gracious kindness, and how she was to teach these to their mutual children, that so they might be like her, and come to him when death should call them away, to be happy with him for ever in heaven.

And lest at any time they should be at a loss in his absence, he gave to his beloved Spouse, a vast treasury, in which, all that was good and of value was stored up; much gold, and sweet gums, and silver, and precious stones, all of which were endowed with such virtue that whosoever used them, were saved from many dangers—nevertheless they had this further property of communicating their gifts to the user, so that whosoever made use of his gold became refined,—whosoever used his gums became redolent of sweet incense. His silver gave purity, and his precious stones afforded to each the several property of the gem he wore. His wealth was inexhaustible; and though his spouse was never so lavish, yet she seemed never to have come to an end of riches,—or rather, the more she gave the more rich she seemed to become. For what she gave away to her children, grew more valuable in their hands; and her wealth was to see them abound, and then she was rich and happy.

Now it is not to be supposed that these precious metals, rich spices, and goodly gems, were such as are used for pride and show, and bravery, such as where the crown encircles an aching head, where the diamond agraffe fixes a silk cope over a troubled heart, or where the dazzle of the bright emerald attracts the gazer's eye from the wan complexion of the wearer of the gay bauble; but to show in more striking relief, the lustreless and sickly eye of her that boasts thereof. But these precious things which she gave out of her treasury, were of infinitely greater value than the diamond that hides its lustre in the gloomy mine, or the pearl that lies in obscurity among the coral reefs of the depths of the ocean. Her jewels were fairer far than these, and her gold was seven times refined. The choicest amongst them was as the violet among flowers, whose perfume is rich, and its purple most beautiful, but both are hid behind the clustering leaves, so this sweet and lovely jewel grew low and retired; but whosoever wore it became lovely in their mother's eyes, and most dear in that of her Spouse; for it was such He loved, and wore the most, giving an example to all that should love him, that the surest road to his heart and love, was to walk as HE had walked, adorned with the sweetest gem of HUMILITY.

CHAPTER II.

Now it was the wont of the mother of these children to recall the words of her beloved Spouse, and to repeat them with accents so sweet and persuasive, that her instruction glided, as it were dew from heaven, softly on the hearts of those that hung about her lips, and treasured up every fond lesson that she gave them. She early told them how God made them, and for what purpose; that He made them for love, and that all He desired for the countless blessings which He poured on them continually, was, that they should give Him their hearts. And her rule of love was very easy; God was love, and therefore they were to love Him, and to show that love by loving one another; that so they might, here, as it were, prepare their hearts, like golden censers, polished and made meet, for being swung by the hands of holy Angels in heaven. For,

she said that Angels watched over them, and gathered their good desires and sighs of love, and these they offered up to God in heaven, like the rising fumes of sweet-smelling incense.

"Love one another," she would say to them, early in the morning—as she led them forth in cool calm air, and brought them to the shrine of love, which yet was odorous with the devotional incense of the preceding evening—"love one another," she would often repeat to them, as the day grew apace, and the sun shone high in the heavens, and noontide came; "Love one another," she would still repeat, as it declined from the zenith, and the slanting shadows fell long over the meadow, and its last rays lighted, then tinged, the red clouds of the West; and when darkness began to grow, and all wonted and familiar things seemed to wane away from the eye, still she would repeat the same lesson, and as plaintive and tender as before, her last words as she gave them her nightly blessing, were "Love one another"—so that even in sleep, the heart might re-echo the sentiment, and rest like her own beloved Spouse, who while he slept, yet in his heart kept watch.

Nor was there ever a cloud over her face, save only when her little ones neglected or broke her golden rule. Then, indeed, she was stern, but it was more in sorrow than in anger. And even in her sternest mood, her love was shown but the more; for she would weep when she saw her little ones going away from her, as she went to call any such branch of the great law of Love. "Why would you fly from me?" she would say,—"why would the lamb leave the fold, in thoughtless waywardness, to seek the wolf?—why would you forsake one that loves you so dearly, and has done so much for you,—who has toiled and suffered for you, in cold, and want, and lack of all, that you should be rich and want nothing? Give me back your heart, my son, and do not fly from me, for I love you even now in your unhappiness, and I will weep till you return, for I am weary while you are away from my side, and I am lonely as a solitary while even one of you refuses my embraces,—for while you are ungentle one to another, you wound my heart, and thoughtlessly it may be, but yet most truly you are unkind, ungrateful, and ungentle to me.

"He my beloved Spouse, from heaven, where his home is, looks down and implores you to return. He has Angels at his right hand, many a bright and blessed spirits, who minister before the throne of Almighty God, in the palace of the Lamb, and these He sends sweeping through the bright blue skies, in golden copes, and dazzling wings, to help you, unseen,—to lure you, by every gentle means, to come back to me. Sometimes it may be by showing you the worthlessness of what calls you away,—sometimes by making bitter the cup of pleasure,—sometimes by spreading his bright wings over a rose, that you may be saved from its thorn,—sometimes letting you pluck the rose, that, in so doing, you may prick the hand, and by its pain be reproved for your having taken to be a truant from my side,—sometimes the bright and holy visitants touch the quick of your heart, and as you weep, they gather these salt tears, as precious first fruits of your return,—laying them up as pearls of price, to be placed in my treasury, to give me joy out of sorrow.

"At other times, they breathe a sweet and unseen influence when you are asleep, pressing you in the sweet fetters of a loving obedience, and smoothing the path, as it were, by strewing rose leaves in the way in which it is your's to walk.

"Come, then," she would say, in a sweet voice of plaintive appeal, that touched the soul of her strayed little one; "arise, make haste, my love, my dove, my beautiful one, and come. 'The winter is over.' You can love one another: 'the rain is over and done,' your sorrow hath made amends for your fault. 'The flowers have appeared in the land; the voice of the turtle is heard; the fig-tree hath put forth her green figs; the vines in flower yield their sweet swell. Arise, my love, my beloved one, and come.' (Cant. ii. 10-13.) The sun of reconciliation hath risen. The stars shine out with a brighter lustre; the voice of sweet birds, Blessed Spirits, make melody, and the face of all external nature is changed, for you love one another, and the object of your existence and the sufferings of my spouse had but one object, to make you love God; and now I am happy and contented, for I know you love God, and fulfil the end of your being, when you prove this by loving one another."

Then would she tell them how needful it was that they should redouble their love one to another, in proportion as they had given offence. But though this was her lesson, yet often when any of her children had fallen, on their return, their own hearts told them how ungrateful they had been, and that their ingratitude was as great as the original offence, and that therefore they were bound to love all the more, to do a thousand little offices of affection, in token of their sorrow, and of their firm resolve never to offend again.—[*Cath. Mag.*]

M. A.

[From the Dublin Review.]

MINOR RITES AND OFFICES.

THE MANUAL OF DEVOTION. By Ambrose Lisle Phillipps, Esq. Derby: 1843.

Whoever views from the outside any building which Protestant piety, no matter of what class, has raised for purposes of worship, can at once divine what form and what arrangement the interior will exhibit. Whether church or meeting-house, it imports not; whether it be a square brick building, with stair-cases and gallery-seats staring out of long, round-headed windows, or a stone edifice, that shams aisles along its sides, thrusts out a mean chancel at one end, and spokes up a stunted tower at the other; when you have skimmed over the outer surface of either, you have planned the inside; you know at once that the inner surface of every wall will run flatly parallel with the external, that the whole body will be crammed with pews or seats, and that a pulpit and

communion-table (or pulpit alone,) will stand, where you at once see and know that they must stand. This is quite natural. The building must be according to the religion. Monotony in the one must give monotony in the other. Morning prayer and evening prayer, sermon or lecture, are at best but slight variations of the same theme ; Sunday service and week-day service are but trifling modifications of the same type. We are amused, nearly every week, by the gravity of rubrical and liturgical questions raised in Anglican periodicals : what prayers should be said at the *lectern*, and what at the *fald-stool*, what at one side of the communion-table, and what in front of it. To a Catholic, such discussions truly appear like child's play ; and we are tempted to think, how the Sacred Congregation of Rites, at Rome, would smile, first to see such matters become newspaper topics, and then to observe the vast importance attached to them. Alas ! the mysticism is fled for ever from the congregations of such churches, which alone can give value to these variations and rites ; the spiritual symbolism is no longer valued, which only can stamp dignity and meaning on such trifling ceremonials.

But we are forgetting that we have yet a counterpart to draw to what we have represented. Look on the outside of a finished Catholic church, cathedral, collegiate, or parochial, and you will not conjecture, with certainty, what awaits you within. The grand lines will not deceive you. The cross, which the lofty ridges of the towering roofs describe, tells you, at once, of the sublime and awful mystery which is to be there celebrated. But round it, and principally round its noble head,—like the glory with which the Christian painter would ever encircle its prototype,—are clustered other minor buildings, separately and minutely elaborate, richly chased gems set in the crown, each apparently the choice work of some loving mind, bent upon excelling. And there run forth, and along, secondary appendages, as they seem, of the main building, giving scarce an evidence, to the outward beholder, of their interior destination and worth. Whence comes all this variety ? From the nature of the worship to be performed within. It is varied, as are all those beautiful appurtenances, and secondary portions of the sacred edifice. The offices to be performed in them have suggested them ; and those offices grouped round the great and heavenly liturgy, as those smaller and graceful sanctuaries do round the majestic cross. Here is the chapel of the most Blessed Sacrament, *because* the Catholic Church keeps It with great reverence, and often brings It forth to her infirm or dying children, or sets It aloft, as the Lamb upon His throne, to be worshipped and adored by priests and people. There is the Ladye-chapel, *because* holy Church has especial devotion to the ever blessed Mother of God, and must have a sort of family chapel, for homely pilgrimage, where the pious people of the congregation may gather at evening, and quietly say their beads, as if in Her society. Here are shrines of saints, in other smaller chapels, *because*, from time immemorial, their relics or their memories have been much honoured in the place : and to give them proper estimation, and to direct attention, separating them from other objects, though sacred, is the proper way : just as a nobleman

will put his masterpiece of art in a rich cabinet by itself. And then you have chantries, where family sepulchres are placed, and commemorations of the departed faithfully made, and where the same devout spirit which rejoiced with souls in bliss, sympathizes sorrowfully with those in suffering.

But our allegory, or image, is not thus complete. As any one can know and comprehend all the inside of a Protestant house of worship by surveying the outside, and as one cannot really understand and estimate the interior of a true Catholic church, without going into it, and ranging round its parts, and, if he be a stranger, asking their uses; so, likewise, one may become thoroughly acquainted with all the meagre poverty (called by its fautors simplicity) of every uncatholic worship, without the pain and misfortune of belonging to it and mingling in it; while, on the other hand no man need hope ever to know, understand, or value worthily, the richness and fulness of Catholic devotion, in its many beautiful forms, till he have passed into the interior of its divine sanctuary, and have visited, in its spirit, all its separate, but harmonizing parts. We have, in a former article, spoken of the great liturgical prayers of the Church, though far from becomingly; the little volume, which we owe to the zeal and piety of a layman, of one who from the outside has passed into the inside of the Church, reminds us how much remains to be said of those secondary and minor observances of Catholic devotion, which give her a rich variety, and yet the privilege of being known only by those within. "*Omnis gloria ejus Filiae Regis ab intus, in fimbriis aureis, circumamicta varietatibus.*"

The feeling of the age, we know, is all for simplification, for curtailing, for baring everything to its pure essentials. If a machine that has been originally cumbrous in its complication is reduced to half a dozen wheels, it is reckoned, now-a-days, a great discovery. A gardener is more proud of a tree which, cut down to a few switches nailed in painful tension to a wall, bears some very choice fruit, than he is of a stately trunk, that tosses its noble head of foliage in the wind. The two great questions of the day are,—first, how much of anything (except worldly goods) is absolutely necessary; and then, what is the shortest and cheapest way of getting it. And this is applied to religion;—what are the services essential to be attended? what is the most simple form of having them? Let us answer: "the Sunday's Mass," and so far will be conceded; but then we shall be told,—"let it be as shorn of its splendour, as meagre of attendance, and as simple in ceremonial as possible. And so be it with every sacrament and sacramental; let us have all that is absolutely necessary for their efficacy, but suppress all that you can, with safety."

It is fortunate that the men who speak thus have no power over nature; or they would be playing sad pranks with her, and teaching her some very summary ways and short cuts, instead of her very complicated methods, and slow progresses. And yet the order of grace presents so many analogies to her's, that we should think it might strike any man, that it ~~was~~ is absurd and as unnatural to tamper with the spiritual, as it would be with the physical, world. Each is, in

fact, a world of life ; each has living laws, dependent upon a higher power than man's ; each refuses to be trammelled by new and arbitrary ones. Take the plant and its life ; upon how many small and trifling things it must depend ! Try to simplify them and you will at once destroy it. Shut it up and feed it with an artificial atmosphere, in which the ingredients are purified of all that interferes with their justest proportions ; and you will find it sicken. Make a soil for it upon scientific and chemical principles, and, ten to one, it will, most ungraciously, refuse to grow. And why ? because its principle of life requires many more things than you can seize or even estimate ; little, imperceptible, atomic things, which will escape the keenest eye. You know not what it sucks from the dew-drops that sparkle on its leaves at morning, beyond what the pure water from the fountain could give ; you know not what healthy element it may inhale from the very mist which sometimes envelopes it ; you know not what refreshments it may draw from the hoar-frost that clothes its naked limbs in winter with a mock efflorescence ; you know not what degree of enrichment it receives from the grass that decays—nay, from the insects themselves that die, round its foot. The chance admixture of some stray loam, or sand, or other mineral, in the soil wherein it stands, may minister to its living energies a peculiar subsidiary source of sustenance and growth. Now, in a like manner, the spiritual life may be kept up, and made up. The many lesser ministrations of grace, which seem to us minute, and of very secondary importance, have their value and their efficacy in it, which now escape our notice, but may one day appear as they deserve. It may be a pleasing exercise of the new intelligence to be hereafter granted to the soul, for the full understanding of God's mercies, to see how much of its spiritual growth was forwarded, and how much of its fruit matured, by these smaller means ; what latent strength was supplied by a blessing casually but respectfully received, what coming blight washed off by the sprinkled waters which the Church had sanctified, what measure of favour gained by an act of thoughtful reverence as we passed before God's altar ; what a buffet was given to the evil powers that would have ruined us, by the sign of the cross imprinted seasonably on our foreheads ; in fine, how much of our advancement in virtue was owing to our constant and devout employment of what others undervalue and therefore heed not.

It may be said, that yet we allow these things not to be essential ; and therefore that there may be, and are, many in the true Church, who belong to this class of persons, and are yet no less among its living members : Why, then, should they, or others, be urged to more ? We reply by asking, Are these in general the ornaments, the flower of the Church ? They may be living plants, it is true, but are they rich in spiritual fruit ? are they fair and beautiful to the eye both of the faithful and of the separated ? Is it among them that we find the instructors of the ignorant, the comforters of the poor, the endowers of charitable foundations, the propagators of truth ? Are they not invariably the cold, the worldly, or the sickly, and the lukewarm Christians ? The Church of God has the privilege of beauty and loveliness bestowed upon her ; would

she possess it indeed, if she had none but these to show? But, thank God, she has something better,—she has souls devout, fervent, zealous, and mortified; she has holy religious, active priests, edifying laymen. Now, those who keep up her noble claims to that prerogative, will be found ever to set the highest value upon the minor observances and rites of the Church—will be found most careful in their use, ever zealous in their defence of them. If, then, we see, as we always shall, the higher growth in virtue and the full comeliness of holiness united with these practices, and going hand in hand with their application, should we not cherish, rather than undervalue, them; increase and encourage, rather than diminish, them; uphold and vindicate, rather than abandon them to obloquy and misrepresentation?

Let us, by way of example, imagine a person who has stepped beyond the frozen zone of Catholicity into its more genial sphere, and has begun to feel its warmth. We speak not of place, but of mind; so that we understand by this, one who has learnt to taste interiorly the abundant consolations of his religion; who goes to the church, not one day in the week, because it is Sunday, but, if possible, every day, because his Lord is there; who approaches the altar, not at certain stated periods, with long intervals, because custom or law prescribes it, but as often as his own hunger after the food that perisheth not, impels him. A heartless Jansenist will perhaps say, that such frequency will beget familiarity, and this must be jealously guarded against; and we will say, that it is exactly familiarity which we desire to have, and to produce. He will dwell on the epithet “tremendous,” prefixed to the holy mysteries, and call out for mere fear: and we will answer, “O sacrum convivium!” He will intone in solemn key the little chapter, “Quicumque manducaverit panem hunc indigne, reus erit Corporis Domini:” and we will reply by the antiphon, in gladder notes, “O quam suavis est Domine Spiritus tuus; qui ut dulcedinem tuam in filios demonstrares, pane suavissimo de cœlo præstito, esurientes replebis bonis, fastidiosos divites dimittens inanes.” If the Jansenistic reasoning prevails, there is an end to all we wish to say. The “Sacrament of Love,” becomes rather that “of Fear; the banquet is changed into a medicine, the staff into a scourge, the *viaticum* into a heavy load. The poor wayfarer towards warmth and light—the two rays from heaven—is driven back amidst his ice-bergs again, to shiver and freeze in the cold and gloomy regions of modern semi-protestantism. But let us suppose that he has had courage to face and go by this moody monster, and to get fairly into the genial pastures of the Church Catholic, and to feed fully upon its truths and feelings; he has begun to love that which makes him love, to enjoy that which gives him joy. He will not easily be satisfied, as he used to be. He begins to think that a means of grace is at his command, which he has not sufficiently attended to. Our merciful Lord has been pleased to institute the noblest and blesseddest of His sacraments in a permanent form, which allows one to possess Him, in a marvellous manner, at all times. One may envy the ancient Christians, and almost covet their persecutions, on the condition of being allowed, as they

were, to have the Lord an inmate in the house, and rising before day, partake of Him most familiarly. The house of Obodedom was indeed but poorly honoured in comparison with theirs. But, even now, if not in our own unworthy dwellings, at least in His own house we may have Him ever. If we are sick, He comes to us when ever bidden; when we are well, shall we require much pressing to go to Him? Such a thought seems most natural; and whatever is natural to the devout soul, has place, of course, in the Catholic system: for this system is, in fact, the nature of the inward and spiritual world.

No one can go into a Catholic country without seeing at once this idea carried out into practice. Every church that can be considered public, is left open almost all the day; cathedral, collegiate, and parish churches, and often many others. It is considered a matter of right that they should be so. This, to our minds, forms a lamentable contrast between England and those countries; we mean not Protestant England, but what is Catholic of it. For truly, were the churches left open in the former, merely that strangers might more easily gratify their curiosity, by looking through them, we might perhaps indeed plead our poverty, to call it nothing worse, and say, that as we have no pictures or rich marbles to show, we may as well shut up our comparatively poor places of worship. But the case is not so. There are plenty of country churches in France, or Germany, or Italy, which can boast of no attraction for the eye of flesh, which yet invite the passer-by to enter, and to pray. And many will do so; especially at the calm evening hour, so suitable to that duty. Now, that which attracts them, we possess in our poorest chapels: and if we see them not similarly visited, the fault is in persons not in things. The same Wisdom has built a house with us, adorned with the same mystical seven columns, hath spread her table, and calleth aloud from her high citadel on all to enter, to come to her, and to partake. So far there is no difference, then; the difference, lies in the obedience to the call. We may throw the blame upon the circumstances in which we live, our country, and times, but it will not do. It must ultimately fall upon ourselves. The feeling is not amongst us which inspires our brethren abroad. It is not necessary that we should trace the matter further, that we should enquire into its hidden or patent causes, that we should specify where the fault more particularly rests. Let us all at once bear it, acknowledge it, and strive to correct it. Let us in every way study to make the house of God more loved, its privileges more highly prized, and its treasures more earnestly coveted. If circumstances will not allow us to throw it open indiscriminately all day, let us, at least, make it at all times accessible to the faithful, and let us teach them what comfort they may find there.

The terms which Catholics soon come to apply to religious practices, are no unapt keys to the interpretation of those feelings, with which they are to be accompanied. Thus, the familiar expression "*a visit* to the B. Sacrament," so well understood in Catholic countries and Catholic communities, contains at once a depth of faith and love, which long descriptions could not so adequately

convey. It declares at once the simple, hearty, practical belief in the Real Presence ; not a vague, surmising opinion, not an uncertain hope that the Lord of glory may be there, but a plain assurance that, as surely as a king dwells in his palace, and may there be found by those who are privileged to enter in ; or rather, as He Himself dwelt once in a stable, making it His first palace upon earth, and there was "visited" by kings from a distance, and by shepherds from the neighbourhood ; that He abode in the houses of His friends, and was "visited" by Nicodemus for instruction, or by Magdalene for pardon, so does He now dwell amongst us, in such sort as that we may similarly come before Him, and have recourse to Him in our wants. Nothing short of the liveliest faith in the mystery could have introduced, or could have kept up this practice. But the term is likewise the offspring and expression of love. It implies a certain intimacy, if one may use so homely a term, with Him to whom it is applied. It gets us beyond the dark regions of awe into those of glowing affection ; it raises us up above the crouching multitude of Israel's children at the mountain's base, nay, carries us straight through the clouds and lightnings at its side, to the silent radiant summit, where God and man meet face to face, and discourse together as friends are wont to do. Yes ; chamber devotion is doubtless good ; the still domestic oratory at home, with its little tokens of loving piety hung around,—trophies often from a holier land,—is very composing, soothing, and devout. But the great and generous thoughts of Catholic heroism are conceived, or rather inspired at the altar, where the adorable Sacrament reposes ; there, depend upon it, in silent prayer, the noble damsel in heart rejects the world and its vanities, and plights her troth to the spouse of her chaste heart : there the young ecclesiastic, bowing in meditation calm and sweet, thinks over the triumphs of his schoolmates, over the swords and red-hot pincers of Tonquin, and resolves to share their crown of martyrdom ; there, whatever is planned for the Church of God, that requires earnest zeal and persevering energy, is matured and resolved. And there, too, is the heart unburthened of its daily load of sin and sorrow, anxiety, and distress, with a fulness of feeling that comes not elsewhere ; sacrifices seem easy which, in any other place, would be hard ; and the Catholic soon learns to feel and utter those words which are there most applicable : "*Etenim passer invenit sibi domum, et turtur nidum sibi . . . altaria Tua, Domine virtutum, Rex meus, et Deus meus.*" *

But the idea involved in this form of devotion deserves further developement ; though we have already in part anticipated our meaning, where we illustrated it by comparing it with circumstances in our Lord's earthly existence. We described Him as visited in His blessed sacrament, even as He was in His dwellings when in the flesh. Now the perfection of true ascetic devotion, at least in its first degree, may be said to consist in this, the drawing us as close as possible to our Divine Master, and enabling us to feel near Him, and with Him,

* Ps.. LXXXIII 3-4.

just as we might hope to have done, had we been happily numbered among His friends and familiars. But this idea we shall have a better opportunity of expanding just now : we must pursue our immediate subject to its natural termination.

If the principle of private devotion among Catholics be that of coming, as near as possible, to the feelings in faith and love, of those who lived in our Blessed Redeemer's society upon earth ; the great idea and principle of public worship, in the Catholic Church, is to copy, as faithfully as may be permitted, the homage paid to Him and his Father in heaven. With the Church triumphant she is one ; and their offices in regard to praise and adoration are the same. Now, if we look up towards that happier sphere, we see the Lamb enthroned to receive eternal and unceasing worship, praise, and benediction. How beautifully has the pencil of Van Eyck transferred this scene to earth, in his splendid picture of "the Adoration of the Lamb." In it all the tribes of earth, and all estates of men, united in the Catholic Church, are represented as engaged in admiring, in praising, and in worshipping the Lamb that was slain from the foundation of the world. And this universality of homage only requires perpetuity, an unceasing perpetuity, to make it a counterpart to the scenes which opened upon John at Patmos. In the Catholic system this could not be wanting. The Church would not be content with opening her sanctuaries all day, to such chance-worshippers as devotion might lead to them, even though she might know that no hour or minute would elapse during which some one or other in her vast dominions would not be engaged in such exercise of prayer. She would not even leave this duty of perennial homage to those praying communities, who, distributing the day and night into various portions, some at one hour, some at another, no doubt fill up the entire space with holy services. But she would have a direct, uninterrupted worship ever going on, through every season, and through every day, of her Lord and Saviour, as the adorable victim on His altar-throne.

For this purpose, in large towns, where there are a sufficient number of churches, the entire year is portioned out among them, in spaces of eight-and-forty hours, an interval which has given the name to the devotion, of the *Forty hours' Prayer*. No expense is spared, no pains neglected to make this sacred rite as solemn and as devout as possible. The church is richly adorned with tapestry and hangings, while the day-light is excluded, not so much to give effect to the brilliant illumination round the altar, as to concentrate and direct attention towards that which is upon it, and make It, like the Lamb in heaven, the lamp and sun, the centre of light and glory to the surrounding sanctuary. After a solemn mass, and a procession, the blessed Sacrament is enshrined and enthroned above the altar ; at the same moment that, with similar pomp, it is reverently taken down in some other church. Around it is disposed, as it were, a firmament of countless lights, radiating from it, symbolical of the ever wakeful host of heaven, the spirits of restless life and unfading brightness, that keep watch round the seat of glory above. At the foot of the altar kneel

immovable, in silent adoration, the priests of the sanctuary, relieving each other day and night, pouring the prayers of the people, as fragrant odours, before it. But look at the body of the church! No pews, no benches, or other encumbrances are there; but the flood of radiance from the altar seems poured out upon the marble pavement, and to stream along it to the very door. But not during the day will you see it thus; the whole, except during the hours of repose, is covered with kneeling worshippers. To look at the scene, through the eye of memory, comes nearer to the contemplation of a heavenly vision than aught else that we know. It seems to us as though, on these occasions, flesh and blood lost their material grossness, and were spiritualized as they passed the threshold. Softly and noiselessly is the curtain raised, which covers the door, and passed uplifted from hand to hand, in silent courtesy, as a succession of visitors enter in; they who in the street just now were talking so loud, and laughing so merrily, how they steal in, with slow pace and gentle tread, as though afraid to break upon the solemnity of the scene! For before and around them are scattered, without order or arrangement, persons singly or in groups, as they have entered in, all lowly kneeling, all reflecting upon their prayerful countenances the splendour from the altar; and as they pass among them to find place, with what careful and quiet step they tread their way, so as least to disturb those among whom they move; and then drop down upon their knees too, in the first open space, upon the same bare stone floor, princess and peasant, priest and laymen, all equal in the immeasurable distance between them and the eternal object of their adoration. In no other time or place is the sublimity of our religion so touchingly felt. No ceremony is going forward in the sanctuary, no sound of song is issuing from the choir, no voice of exhortation proceeds from the pulpit, no prayer is uttered aloud at the altar. There are hundreds there, and yet they are engaged in no congregational act of worship. Each heart and soul is alone in the midst of a multitude; each uttering its own thoughts, each feeling its own grace. Yet are you overpowered, subdued, quelled into a reverential mood, softened into a devotional spirit, forced to meditate, to feel, to pray. The little children who come in, led by a mother's hand, kneel down by her in silence, as she simply points towards the altar, overawed by the still splendour before them; the very babe seems hushed to quiet reverence on her bosom. The hurried passer by, who merely looks in, cannot resist the impulse to sink, if only in a momentary genuflection, upon his knee; nay, even the English scoffer, who will face anything else, will not venture to stalk, as elsewhere, up the nave, heedless of others' sacred feelings, but must needs remain under the shelter of the doorway, or steal behind the shadow of the first pillar, if he wishes to look on without partaking. But more forward, or in the recesses of the aisles, how many you will find, who have not merely entered in to pay their passing, evening visit, but who have spent their hours in that heavenly presence, where they seem to breathe the pure air of paradise. To them it is, indeed, "the house of God, and the gate of heaven!"

It does one's spirit good even to look again upon such hours, through years of distance and miles of space; it recalls to mind emotions deeper and tenderer than we may hope for here; it makes one almost envious of those whose privilege they are. Never shall we forget the first evening that we were admitted to enjoy it. It was, indeed, a sumptuous church, though its rich marbles were draped over, in one of the fairest cities in Italy. But though we have since seen many more costly and more spacious, it has retained in our memory a charm peculiar to itself, a distinctive character impressed by the solemn circumstances under which we first saw it, an affection and interest which none other has been able to supplant.

But we must hasten on. As night closes in, will there not be danger of this worship ceasing? The last visitors have retired, the sacristan is locking the gates, the poor who have the privilege of asking alms at the door have ceased their pious appeals—for it is right that charity should be exercised at such a place, and where should the lame and the blind sit to ask it, rather than at that gate which of all others best deserves, for the time, the title of “the beautiful”? Still the piety of the faithful is neither exhausted nor fatigued. While equipages are rolling through the streets, conveying the worldly to and from places of entertainment, and long after they have ceased their din, there is one carriage, at least, which is busy all night with a better errand; which, at stated hours, may be seen to set down at the church a relay of night-watchers, and to take their homes those of the preceding hour. Pious confraternities devote themselves to this, as well as to other deeds of piety; and carry on the godly work for centuries, night after night, without newspaper advertisements, dinners, or steam excursions.

Why are we precluded from this truly heavenly devotion, this angelic service? Shall it be the old story—“we are not ready for these things—our people don't understand them—we are too poor for such functions;” or—we hesitate again to state the objection—“they are not essentials, they are not necessary, and we can go on, as we have done, without them?” Yet, we may boldly say, that if any country under the sun has, more than another, a want of such a devotion, it is ours. Here, where, in three hundred years, more churches have been desecrated, more tabernacles profaned, more altars broken, more impious blasphemies uttered, more sacrileges committed, more perjuries pronounced, against the Blessed Eucharist, than in the entire world else, since the days of Berengarius; here, where more consecrated plate, sanctified by the contact of the most precious Gifts, stands on the tables and sideboards of princes and nobles, than brought a hand to write judgment in the banqueting-hall of Balthassar; here, where alone denial of this most holy institution has been made a public, a legal, a national, a royal act; here, where this Holiest of Holies has been chosen as the favourite object of the profanest treatment, pierced by the jeer of the scoffer, beaten about in the unholy language of itinerant declaimers, crowned with ignominy from the pulpit and platform;—here, surely, if anywhere, should loving hearts conspire to atone and compensate, by holding the heavenly Mystery in perpetual homage, and never allowing one

moment to pass, in which adoration, and benediction, and glory, are not openly and solemnly bestowed on it. There is, indeed, in England, one community, and we believe only one, in which the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Eucharist is carried on. There is abroad a religious order devoted exclusively to this holy purpose. But the house of which we speak has obtained the special privilege of uniting it to the rule of St. Benedict: and day and night, some of the sisterhood watch in prayer before the altar. But this does not meet our wants. We should have something more general, more national. It is true that no single town could carry on the devotion as it is abroad; but what is to prevent the entire country combining for the purpose? Could not a sufficient number of churches be found (one hundred and eighty would suffice, and in England there are five hundred) of which the congregations would agree, with assistance perhaps from their neighbours, to bear the moderate expense necessary for it, and to devote themselves, according to their ability, for eight-and-forty hours to watching and prayer? The distribution of days might then be made, so that the worship should pass over the whole country, returning to different neighbourhoods at stated intervals, so as to satisfy the devotion of the faithful everywhere. If twice the number of congregations would enter into it, the perpetual adoration could go on in two distant places at once, and so on in progression. Uniform rules might be laid down; for, in fact, there is no point on which the sacred Congregation of Rites has been more explicit, than on this. And soon should we see the devotion of the faithful towards the sacred mysteries receive a new impulse, and burn up in a brighter flame. We hesitate not to say, that it would shortly become a favourite form of worship; and every one would long for the time when it would return to his own church or chapel, or into his neighbourhood at least. We might then indeed feel that we were trying to do something towards wiping off the long scores of treason and insult run up by our country, and hastening the time of merciful visitation, by propitiating the measure of wrath that yet remains.

But even if it be not in our power as yet to establish this beautiful devotion among us, which we will not easily believe, we cannot give too much encouragement to what in part attains the same object, and is common to all the Church—**THE BENEDICTION**. Of all the minor rites in the Catholic Church, there is none more esteemed and loved by devout persons,—none more calculated to inspire true piety, and to draw down blessings. We know places where several conversions are attributable to its solemn celebration; and others where not a little has been effected by it, towards exciting a thoroughly Catholic spirit, and keeping fervour alive. Abroad, its hour usually varies with the season. It is made to close the day: when its labours are over, and when the time generally given to exercise and recreation is ending, there are few towns in which the bell of some church or other does not invite those who are returning home, to join in the concluding homage of the day. Nay, so great a favourite is this devotion, that if several churches concur in performing it the same evening, they will arrange so as to satisfy the piety of the people, by en-

abling them to attend at more than one. And so great is the concourse, and so eager the devotion, that nothing is more common than to see the church full to literal overflowing, and the breadth of the street opposite the open door occupied by a kneeling crowd, who thus receive the evening blessing of the Lord of glory, form an echo without to the pealing hymn within. What a soothing, delightful end to a day of toil or of anxiety! How reconciled to its pains does one feel through it; and how prepared for the duties of home does one hasten from it! With us, this service is generally joined to vespers or afternoon prayers; and whether from the inconvenience of the hour, or from some other cause, is often comparatively scantily attended. Perhaps we have not as yet made our people feel sufficiently the beauty and advantage of the service; perhaps it is not always conducted with sufficient dignity and solemnity to impress them with its importance. But this matter belongs not to us: all that we wish, or have a right to do, is to direct attention to the fact, that equal interest is not felt amongst us for this most beautiful act of worship, as we find elsewhere. And our desire, here, as in every thing else Catholic, is to excite and keep alive a holy rivalry, that will not allow itself to be outdone,—to make us look without foolish national pride upon the advantages which others have, determined to copy, and so to gain them. We must assume the decided attitude of Catholics; we have no longer the plea of persecution; we cannot shelter ourselves under the imaginary rights of a national establishment. We belong to the Church Catholic, the *Orbis terrarum* Church,—unfettered and uncompromised; and our aim should be to assimilate, to harmonize, to be of one spirit as of one faith—of equal fervour and piety, as of equal profession and creed.

As another illustration of the beauties which the Church presents to our admiration in her minor offices, we may take the subject of the work before us, which has led us to the consideration of this topic. Its purpose is to recommend the devotion so little understood, nay often so much slighted, even by good people in our country—THE ROSARY. It is intended as a manual, or guide, for those principally who adopt it in the modified form which the Church has lately approved, of the *Living Rosary*, in which the various mysteries are distributed among different persons, who thus collectively weave together that flowery crown of exquisite devotion, the *chaplet* (sweet old name, which we would gladly see revived!) that crowns at once the divine Son, and the Virgin-Mother. For a full explanation of this holy exercise, and for an account of its origin, its advantages, and prerogatives, we will simply refer our readers to the work itself. It will amply repay them; and they will find in the meditations proposed to facilitate the practice of contemplation (which forms an essential portion of the Rosary) much tenderness of feeling and liveliness of thought, that will be at once edifying and improving to them.

Ours is perhaps a drier task, more barren and didactic—to explain the theory of the devotion itself, and so remove some prejudices which we know exist against it. And perhaps the season at which we publish this may not be inappropriate for the purpose.

We have already observed, that a great principle of Catholic devotion is the endeavouring to feel, as we should have done amidst the scenes which excite it. The Church in her public offices suggests this idea; she takes us successively to all the great events in the history of our redemption, puts us vividly into them, presents us to the actors, and instils into us their feelings. We need not enter further into this view, because it is probably not new to any of our readers, and it belongs rather to another subject. But we may observe, that the grand charm, nay, the essential power of St Ignatius's *Spiritual Exercises*,—that treasure of spirituality, that store-house of devotion, that none can rival,—consists in the vivid apprehension of the mysteries of God, which the very senses are made, in some sort, to serve. We are told that Goethe trained himself to look at objects with the eye of the artists; so that in a group he could discern what characteristics Raffaele, or Guercino, or Michelangelo, would respectively have seized; and a landscape he would contemplate accordingly as Claude, or Salvator Rosa, or Poussin would have done, each drawing from it a different picture, though all true representations. And so surely, if one wished to contemplate the tender scene of our Lord's nativity, one could gaze upon it through the eyes of those poor, but happy shepherds who witnessed it, and try to feel and adore, humbly and lovingly, as they must have done; or one may approach it in the train of the eastern kings, and, with more distant veneration, offer up such gifts as God has granted us. Again, if we go up, in devotion, to Calvary, we may place ourselves in many different positions and aspects: we may look upon THE Cross from the gibbet of the penitent thief, and take comfort from words spoken towards it; or we may think of Magdalene, and gaze through her tearful eyes, and feel love, not unmixed with remorse, and perhaps with indignation too, against the authors of all this woe (alas! ourselves;) or we may stand, with John, love predominating over every passion, noting diligently, with the evangelical eagle's ken, every minute detail of sorrow, and every marvellous mystery of charity. And after the glad third day, when HE is risen again, we may find many ways of taking part in so joyful an event: it may be shame and sorrow-stricken, like poor Peter, or with spouse-like eagerness, as Mary addressed the supposed gardener. But surely there is One, who had a share in these and all other such scenes, through whose eyes we should all be glad to view them, in whose heart we should long to feel them. If in the reflection upon another's soul we wish to view the occurrences—joyful, dolorous, or triumphant—through which mercy and glory were purchased for us, there is one "Mirror of Justice," bright, spotless, untarnished, which reflects them in their full clearness and truth. Shall we not strive to look upon it? If these events called up feelings in every spectator, in one breast alone they found depth, and breadth, and strength enough to do them full justice. Shall we not watch and study its heavings and powerful throes? The maternal heart alone could contain the ocean of bitterness, or the heaven of joy, which these various mysteries were fitted to create. And hence the natural desire of loving souls, to be its associate, and

to stand with its venerable possessor in sight of all that She saw, in hearing of all that She heard, in observance of all that She laid up in her heart.

Juxta { stramen } tecum stare
 { Crucem }

Et me tibi sociare

In { fœno } desidero.*
 { planctu }

Now this is, to our minds, exactly the object and practice of the Rosary. The history of our divine Saviour's life may justly be divided into four periods. The first comprises His blessed birth and childhood,—bright and joyful days, no doubt, in spite of the sorrows and trials that mingled with them. The second includes the three years of His public mission. The third is short indeed, but full of mighty events, and crowded with awful, yet most affectionate recollections: it occupies but one day,—a day of sadness and gloom, but a day in which more was done for man, than had been accomplished in four thousand preceding years; *the* day for which those thousands had run,—of renovation of all nature, more wonderful than that of its first creation. Finally, the fourth is the glorious period which commenced at the Resurrection, and is continuing now, and will continue without end. Of these four periods, unquestionably, there is not one, which is not overflowing both with instruction and with appeals to our affection. But it is clear that the second is more especially devoted to the first, the other three mainly to the last. A triple plea of love is addressed to us by them, a plea which no heart that meditates on them can resist. Now, it is during these especially that we ever have a witness present, who can, better than one, convey to us the becoming feelings, wherewith we should strive to contemplate them:—perhaps of our Lord's public life an apostle is the best evidence, on whose mind the wonderful teaching of the Mount, opened gradually, unfolding mysteries never before heard, or whose amazed senses saw the first awakening to consciousness of the rising dead, and the glad bound of the released cripple, and the kindling glow of the cured blind man's countenance. Or we may go into the hearts of those so benefited, and, spiritually applying their case to our own, try to imitate their sentiments. But while a Mother watches over the birthplace of Jesus, or follows His patient footsteps through torments to death, or exults in the triumphs which ensue, no inferior companionship, no smaller measure of feeling, no lower standard of appreciation will be preferred.

This is, then, the devotion which the Church of God proposes to us in the Rosary; the contemplation of the mysteries of this three-fold portion of our Redeemer's life, in connexion and sympathy with His loving Mother's feelings, in each. It is essentially directed to Him, being, in fact, the noblest and perfectest mode of meditating on Him. There is still another view of it, which,

* "Stabat Mater gaudiosa," and "Stabat Mater dolorosa."

it strikes us, will facilitate and endear its practice to many; and therefore we will venture to unfold it.

The Church realizes to the utmost the communion of saints: by making the intercourse between earth and heaven as vivid as possible. The exclamations of the old Christians at the martyrs' tombs were as bold and direct, as though they had been addressing the confessors in prison. And the Fathers represent them to their hearers, as though present to them, defending their cities from visible enemies, and actively interesting themselves in their welfare. It is only doing in their regard, what she wishes to make us do, towards their Head and Lord,—give the greatest possible reality to her belief concerning them. She existed in the small apostolic college, and the handful of disciples who enjoyed our Lord's society on earth; the pious women from Galilee, and the few like Joseph of Arimathea, formed her laity, as the others did her clergy. She increased in multitudes, but she strove to alter not in feeling. What the apostles felt towards their Master, they continued, no doubt, to feel after He was ascended—the same veneration, the same love, the same trustfulness, the same desire to imitate Him. And these feelings they would leave as a legacy to their successors; who, in their turn, would continue to *them*, after they had sealed their testimony, similar attachment, similar respect. Could Polycarp fail, to the end of his days, communing spiritually with the beloved disciple John, by passing again and again, in holy meditation, over the many happy hours, during which he had heard him recount every incident witnessed by him in his Saviour's life, and listened to the fervent accents of charity in which they were related? The same kind of communion, only more exalted and more deeply respectful, we may easily suppose to have been kept up, by those who enjoyed in life the familiarity of our blessed Lady.

It has often struck us, that many who, in latter times, have not scrupled to use the coldest, and even disrespectful, language respecting her, would shrink from the idea of acting similarly towards her, had they lived in her day, and had her near. When, particularly, we have heard the indignation of fancied zeal break from female lips against any respect being paid, or devotion expressed towards her who is the peerless glory, the matchless jewel of her sex, we have been led to think how differently the heart that gave the tongue such utterance would have felt, had its compassion been claimed by the venerable matron, whose bereavement of the best of Sons had been caused for its sake. Many who can speak unkindly of her in heaven, would have melted into compassion over her on earth; would have kissed with deep reverential awe the hand that had lifted from the ground and received into a maternal embrace the same sacred body, just born, and just dead—the infant and the corpse: and would have deemed it a privilege inestimable, if granted them, to listen, low upon the ground, to her many tales of joy and sorrow,—glowing in her delight, and softening in her griefs, and exulting in her triumphs. That some holy souls partook of such happiness, no one can doubt. During the years that she survived her Son, she conversed with His and her friends, an object surely of

affectionate regard and deep veneration. And of what would she discourse so willingly and so well, as of Him of whom her breast was ever full? Or, how would they express their love, better than by making Him their theme? How easily does the imagination depict the scene of some faithful follower, like Luke, anxious to have accurate knowledge of all things from the beginning, making enquiries concerning the earlier periods of our Lord's life; and then listening to the marvellous history most sweetly told:—how fair and reverent the Archangel came, and how her heart fluttered when she heard his salutation, and her soul overflowed with consciousness of unheard-of grace, as she accepted his errand: how wonderfully Elizabeth greeted her, and how their infants mysteriously rejoiced in mutual recognition; how that cold December night was warmed and brightened by the first appearance of her god-like child, and her breast enraptured with heavenly delights, as He thence drew His first earthly nourishment: how holy Simeon proclaimed His dignity, and showed Him honour in the temple; and how her three days' tears were dried up, when she found her lost Son, sitting mild, and radiant with celestial wisdom, amidst the old men of the law. What looks, what emotions accompany the recital! With what breathless respect is it drunk in by the future evangelist! Or, we may fancy John more privileged to tread upon that tenderer ground, on which both have walked together,—the path of the cross, on some sad anniversary, dwelling with her upon each afflicting event, recalling faithfully every sacred word, till she voluntarily felt over again the sword of grief which had pierced her soul. And then would he not change the theme, and pass over to the bright Sunday morning, which saw Him rise from the grave to comfort the sharers of His sufferings, and to how He mounted before them all to His proper seat, at the Father's right-hand, and thence sent down His holy Spirit on them? And who would now restrain her thoughts from following Him in spirit thither, and casting up a wistful glance towards the resting-place for which she longed, in which she saw Him, her sovereign love, prepared to receive and crown her, when the fulness of her time shall be complete, and the perfection of her patience manifested?

Now, a contemplative mind, deeply, affectionately contemplative, not envying, but striving to copy, those who had such singular happiness as we have described, will find in the holy Rosary the opportunity of most nearly approaching it. Looking at the Blessed Mother of God as only removed in place, not in affection,—changed in situation, not in heart, he will love to entertain himself with her, as he would then have done; will fix his eye on her, as he discourses with her, in a devout salutation and prayer, upon each of those mysteries, successively, in which she had such an interest. Instead of the barren and distracting form of prayer, which some complain they find it, they will thus discover in it that mine of spiritual riches, and that sweetness of consolation, which we know all those saints have found in it, who have been particularly distinguished for their piety and devotion towards the life and death of *the Son of God*, as well as towards his loving Mother.

We may be asked,—Is this what may be called the *popular* understanding of this devotion, and is it thus that the poor in Catholic countries practise it? We answer,—it is, as far as their capacity goes. They know that each decad in the rosary has reference to a particular mystery, and their catechism has taught them exactly to know them; and whenever the rosary is recited in common, the contemplation of each is expressly suggested. And this advertence is necessary to gain the indulgences granted to the devotion. They direct therefore their attention to the proper mystery, and say their prayers in its honour; this is sufficient. Ignorant persons cannot meditate as well as the more instructed; nor do they equally understand the words of prayers, or lessons from scripture read to them. But their good will and fervour do more than make up for this. Happy should we be, if we could plead the same excuse! What we have wished to do, is recommend the devotion of which Mr. Phillipps's book treats, to those who fancy it insipid and unprofitable; by shewing that the most spiritual-minded may find in it much food, wholesome and strengthening food; most sweet and delicious food too. But we must likewise add, that we have another ground for loving this devotion, and encouraging all to it,—those even who find it difficult to realize in practice what we have said. It is because it is the devotion of the poor among Catholics, the devotion of the lowly, the ignorant, the afflicted, the humble beadsman, the *pauperes Christi*. It is with theirs that we wish *our* prayers to be judged, not with the Pharisees'! We dread the thought of being one day interrogated concerning them, as men of education, men of information, book-men, that look down upon the poor pilgrim at the church-door, who could only repeat his *Paters* and *Aves*. We look with fear to being asked what we drew out of our silver-clasped, velvet-bound prayer books, that the simple old peasant at the bottom of the church did not get out of her beads, which we despised? Whether we have thence become more earnest, more fervent, more humble, more devout? We like not that sentence of an ancient Father, "*Surgunt indocti, et rapiunt regnum Dei; et nos cum nostris literis mergimur in profundum.*" So will we be pleased to be reckoned among the poor, and asked to be held to have prayed with them.

Want of space precludes our carrying our subject further; enough remains to occupy us again, with other secondary services of the Church, which cannot be too much recommended.

REV. MR. SIBTHORP.

One of the most extraordinary events of the last few months is the fact that this gentleman—who, after embracing the Catholic faith, received priest's orders in our Church—should have publicly received the Sacrament at the hands of a Church of England minister. Never was astonishment more excusable than that to which this conduct has given rise. By the Protestants—especially those of the ultra class—Mr. Sibthorp's apparent return to the communion he had abandoned was proclaimed as a triumph; and was tauntingly held up as more than a set-off against the numerous accessions to our ranks which the spread of Puseyite doctrines seems to have occasioned. The Catholics had no other feeling on the matter, than regret and sympathy; regret that an advocate of so much promise as Mr. Sibthorp had shown himself to be, should be likely to oppose with all the ardour of an apostate's zeal the faith once delivered to the saints; and sympathy, that he who might have stood a beacon light to the thousands that are tossed about by every wind of doctrine, should have proved an *ignis fatuus*—to involve them more deeply in the quagmires of heresy. The following account of Mr. Sibthorp's second change, and notice of its alleged motives is from the pen of Frederick Lucas Esq., himself a convert, and whose matchless talent in advocating the cause of justice and religion, is only equalled by his fearless integrity and truly Catholic Spirit. To this extract from the *Tablet* we append some others, from Protestant journals, as also a letter from Rev. Mr. Sibthorp himself; from all which it may appear, for that it *does* appear we do not venture to say, that this gentleman has not left the Church at all, and that his extraordinary conduct must be explained—if at all explainable—on some other principle than that experience had undeceived him as to our real tenets.

THE REV. MESSRS. SIBTHORP AND FABER.

The Rev. Mr. Faber has just published, with a flourish of trumpets, what is styled “an explanation of the motives which induced Mr. Sibthorp to enter into, and subsequently retire from, the Romish Church”—in the shape of a letter to the editor of the *Church and State Gazette*. The text on which this homily is written is an extract in that journal of a recent article from the *TABLET*. Mr. Faber's letter is a long one, but the pith of it is contained in the following paragraphs:—

“Now the *very* great importance of Mr. Sibthorp's palinodia I take to be this.

Relying on the fidelity of representations such as that of Dr. Wiseman, and thence believing the charge of idolatry to be without foundation, he is induced to quit the pure communion of the Protestant Church of England for the supposed still purer communion of the Popish Church of Rome. Thus, by the *actual practice* of the party which he joins, he has a full opportunity of testing the correctness of the *explanation* afforded by that ingenious gentleman, Dr. Wiseman. And what is the result? Why it is nothing less than a conscien-

tious departure from the very society into which he had entered *through a full belief that Rome was unjustly charged by England with idolatry*; a departure moreover, be it specially observed, on the avowed ground, as I have been led to understand, that *he was required to pay a species of adoration to the Virgin Mary, which after all the ambages of Dr. Wiseman, plain, unsophisticated common sense told him was palpable idolatry or creature-worship*. In other words, as soon as the veritable practice of the Latin Church was exhibited to him in its *undisguised* deformity, all Dr. Wiseman's painful explanations, and all other essays to boot of the same stamp and tendency, vanished into thin air. Mr. Sibthorp, after quitting England for Rome in the full honest belief that Rome is *not* idolatrous, finds it necessary to return from Rome to England on the equally honest practical conviction that Rome is idolatrous.

I have designedly used the word *honest*, because no man in his senses can doubt Mr. Sibthorp's *honesty* in either movement; and this very point of his indisputable *honesty* it is that makes his secession so severe a blow to the Romish party. Every line in your quotation from the *TABLET* shows how bitterly the blow is felt; though, as it is quite easy to understand, good policy would carefully pretermit the *WHEREFORE*. Mr. Sibthorp might have harmlessly seceded, either *because* he was wearied with a round of senseless ceremonies, or *because* he instinctively shrank from the wearying persecution even now carried on by the tools of the Papacy against the oppressed Vaudois, or *because* he began shrewdly to doubt the infallibility of his new communion, or *because* he could not discover the doctrine of transubstantiation, or indeed of any material presence either in Scripture or in Catholic antiquity, when (without interested suppression of evidence) the old fathers are allowed *themselves* soberly to explain, *their own* often inflated and hyperbolical language, or, in short, on the ground of *any BECAUSE save one*. But that identical one is the precise *BECAUSE*, which has been most provokingly selected by Mr. Sibthorp. He quits Rome, *BECAUSE*, quite contrary to his expectation, as formed on such *glosses* as those of Dr. Wiseman, he finds in *point of fact* that he is required to pay idolatrous worship to the Virgin Mary. That is to say, he avowedly quits Rome, *the Saviour's holy home* (as some romanising agitators call it) *BECAUSE* from all who are in communion with her, Rome extracts the practice of *IDOLATRY*.

In my own apprehension, Rome, for many years, has not received so fearful a blow as she recently has sustained from the secession of Mr. Sibthorp. Hence it is very easy to understand the angry whimpering of the *TABLET*. With Mr. Sibthorp himself I have had no communication; and I speak only from the statements which I have both heard and read. However, if I have been mistaken in this same point of the *BECAUSE*, nothing can be more easy than to set me right. Either Mr. Sibthorp or the *TABLET* has simply to declare that the *experienced idolatry* of the Church of Rome was *not* the cause of his secession, but that he abjured Popery for a totally different reason."

This statement does, as Mr. Faber says in the last paragraph, certainly deserve an answer; and we think it absolutely *requires* one from Mr. Sibthorp; or our own parts, we proceed to meet it as frankly as we can. The passages

in which Mr. Faber speaks of this secession as being felt by "the Romish party" to be "a severe blow," and quotes the *TABLET* as proof of our dismay, are not a little amusing; *BECAUSE* (to use Mr. Faber's fashion of typography) exactly the reverse of this is the truth. The *TABLET*, in the very article alluded to, spoke of it, and most sincerely, as a thing by no means to be lamented, except on Mr. Sibthorp's own account; and, but on that score, we never heard one Catholic express either regret or sorrow about the matter. Moreover, Mr. Faber is very much mistaken if he imagines that any Catholic, in his senses, could feel it a severe blow that an individual had left the Church of Christ with a falsehood in his mouth, such as that attributed by him to Mr. Sibthorp.

So much for the fact and the feeling; now for the *BECAUSE*, and the *WHEREFORE*. Obviously Mr. Sibthorp is the only person who can answer this question satisfactorily. We have no personal acquaintance with Mr. Sibthorp—having never been in his company for above half an hour on one occasion; and we are not in correspondence with him on this subject. We have, therefore, no personal *knowledge* on the matter; but our *opinion* about it is derived from three sources. The first is the common talk of the unhappy gentleman's friends and connections—who, as far as we have heard, are unanimous in supposing him to be of unsettled—or, in plain language, *unsound*—mind. This rumour may be true or false; but how far it is probable we think our readers will be in a condition to judge before we have quitted the subject.

The second source from which we are able to form a guess at an opinion, is Mr. Sibthorp's own words in the course of the present year. The reverend gentleman was received in the Church on the Vigil of St. Simon and Jude (27th Oct.) 1841—rather more than two years ago. On Sunday, the 6th March, next following, he received deacon's orders, and soon afterwards he was made a priest. It may then be imagined, that on the 24th January, 1843, or fifteen months after his reception into the Church, and ten or eleven months after receiving Holy Orders, he had had sufficient opportunity to make himself acquainted with the practice of the Church, and to judge for himself whether it differed from the representations of Dr. Wiseman and other Catholic theologians. It so happened, however, that at that time rumours had got abroad that he was dissatisfied with his conversion; that he had doubts about idolatry; pricks of conscience about prayers to Our Lady; internal workings about image worship; and, finally, scruples about the sacraments. Knowing what we now know, it seems very extraordinary how these rumours can have originated, and the more so because *at that time* they were, if Mr. Sibthorp is to be believed, absolutely and ridiculously false. True or false, however, these rumours, which have since had so strange a verification, were then boldly contradicted. Mr. Sibthorp himself met them in the following letter addressed to the *TABLET*:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *TABLET*.

DEAR SIR—My attention having been directed to a paragraph in your paper

of last week, extracted from the *Morning Herald*, I beg to assure you that, as far as it relates to myself, the statement it contains is as *false* as it is *foolish*. It is *foolish* to charge me with dissenting from the Catholic Church, because I will not *WORSHIP* the Virgin Mary. Assuredly I do not *WORSHIP* her; but neither does the Catholic Church require me to *WORSHIP* her, or any but God. But I ask her intercessions, and, as you well know, must do so, many times a day, while saying my Breviary office. And it is *foolish* to accuse me of disapproving of auricular or private confession as a practice of the Catholic Church, when the Protestant Church of England at least commands it on some and frequent occasions. See her Communion Service, and office for the Visitation of the Sick.

It is *false* that there are differences on these points between my clerical brethren and myself. And it is *false* that a reference or appeal has been made to the Pope, &c. At least, if these statements are not false, I am, to this moment, not cognisant of any such facts.

In short, the whole paragraph in the *Morning Herald* is, as it relates to me, a fabrication from the beginning to the end: the invention probably of the same ingenious, but not ever scrupulous person, who lately forged the letter, signed "Bernard Smith," denying his conversion to the Catholic Faith.

I am sure you will do me the favour to insert these few lines; and regretting that I am obliged to obtrude myself on the notice of your readers, I remain,

Dear Sir, your faithful servant in Christ,

R. WALDO SIBTHORP.

Edgebaston, January 24th, 1843.

In the number of the *TABLET*, which contains this letter, there was also published a letter from Dr. Wiseman, to the *Morning Herald*, on the same subject:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING HERALD.

St. Mary's College, Birmingham, }
3d Sunday after Epiph., 1843. }

SIR—My attention has been called to a paragraph, in which it is stated that "the Rev. Mr. Sibthorp is reported to have already serious differences with his brethren of the Romish Priesthood; that he refuses to pray to the Virgin, or to be a party to auricular confession; that an appeal is now pending to Rome for decision as to the absolute necessity of these practices; that the decision is looked for with great interest as a test of the probability of further concessions from Rome to converts from the Tractarians; and, finally, that should the decision be adverse, Mr. Sibthorp, it is said, will secede from the Romish Church."

A paragraph, much in the same strain, appeared a short time ago in the *Record*, or some other religious paper, and went what is called "the round of the papers;" but it was not thought worth while paying any attention to it; but now that a repetition of what is not true is made in your paper, and will, probably, be copied by others, I feel it my duty to come forward, however re-

luctantly, and give a direct and complete denial to every part of the statement above quoted. It is not true that there has ever been the slightest difference between Mr. Sibthorp and his ecclesiastical brethren or superiors. It is not true that he has ever refused or hesitated to pray to the Blessed Virgin, or to be a party to auricular confession (whether that mean to frequent or to administer the sacrament of Penance;) it is not true that any appeal has been made, or is pending, to Rome on these subjects, or any other connected with Mr. Sibthorp; consequently, it is not true that any decision is looked for from Rome in any such matter. It is not true that any concessions to converts have ever been thought of; and, in fine, a shadow of fear of Mr. Sibthorp's secession from the Catholic Church has never been entertained by any one acquainted with him.

Had there been the slightest ground for any one of the statements put forth in that paragraph, I must, from position, have been acquainted with it, and Mr. Sibthorp, whom I have seen this very evening, is aware of my intention of writing this contradiction. Two topics have been particularly selected by the writer of this paragraph (as calculated to give currency to this fiction) for the subject of Mr. Sibthorp's doubts—prayers to the Blessed Virgin, and auricular confession. *As to the first, if the writer had been in St. Chad's Cathedral, in Birmingham, on Sunday last, he would have heard Mr. Sibthorp preach on that very subject, in language which would have left no doubt upon his mind as to the Rev. gentleman's opinion and practice.* And as to auricular confession, I would only suggest to the same writer, to inquire from Mr. Sibthorp himself what are his sentiments, as I am not aware that he has publicly spoken on it. Nor do I think the trouble of such an application, sure as it is of being courteously met, should be considered as thrown away, when its being taken would save, what ought to be saved at any expense, the assertion of an untruth. But, in fact, it would not have cost much trouble to ascertain that the Rev. Mr. Sibthorp occupies every Saturday, or even oftener, one of the confessionals in St. Chad's, where the inquiry, if necessary, might have been made without danger of intrusion. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

† N. WISEMAN, Bishop of Melipotamus.

From these letters, then, it appears, among other things, that at the time to which we now refer, and after fifteen months' experience of Catholic practice, Mr. Sibthorp was preaching most orthodox and Catholic sermons on this very subject, in a strain that perfectly satisfied Dr. Wiseman; and also that he himself saw no idolatry in his breviary, nor in any of the requirements of the Church. So much for the beginning of the present year, on the reverend convert-pervert's own showing.

Our third source of information is also from Mr. Sibthorp himself—that is, from his letters, *ad diversos*. The first of these was written the octave after the consummation of his perversion; and we print it just as it has been forwarded to us in a manuscript copy, and with one or two errors, apparently, of transcription.

The following letter, very recently addressed to the Rev. E. Bickersteth, by the Rev. Waldo Sibthorp, was read in the progress of the meeting of the Bristol Auxiliary to the Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews:—

“St. Helen’s, 5th Oct., 1843.

“MY DEAR BICKERSTETH,—I deem it my duty to inform you, that on Sunday last, I received the holy sacrament in St. Helen’s Church, as declaratory of my separation from the Roman, and my return to the Anglican Church. I am, therefore, no longer a member of the Roman Church. I came here in the beginning of June, for the purpose of inquiring into the subject, and the conviction I am come to, after much painful deliberation, is, *that the Church of Rome is the Harlot and Babylon of the the Apocalypse; I believe her to be an adulterous and idolatrous Church, especially as it respects Mariology.*”—*Felix Farley’s Bristol Journal*, Nov. 11th, 1843.

This might seem to be decisive as to Mr. Sibthorp’s opinions on the 5th October; and possibly Mr. Faber may be entitled to glory in the bastard-orthodoxy of that eventful day. But, oddly enough, we happen to have by us an extract from another letter, of a more recent date, addressed to an intimate friend of Mr. Sibthorp’s, a Catholic clergyman, who has furnished us with it—not, indeed, with any view to publication, but without any injunctions of secrecy. The following is an extract from the clergyman’s letter to us:

“As I had the pleasure of knowing him (Mr. Sibthorp) very intimately *
* I was induced to write him a few lines, and his answer is enough to make one sad. He says, ‘that he *is now*, and had been when he took the step that cost him many conflicts, in painful anxiety. That he, alas!’ (I give you his very words to me,) ‘has passed from the torrid to the frigid zone; that his love for Rome is not changed into hatred, but rather, he thinks, remains love still.’” [Love for a harlot, Mr. Sibthorp! how is this?] “‘That we are *sure* that he was wrong in taking that last step, while others think that he was justified; *not so with him*. But he must’” (he adds) “‘check his pen, or fill the paper with the catalogue of his troubles.’” We should be glad to have Mr. Sibthorp’s *ipsissima verba* in this epistle, with the date and context of it, in order that it may be put side by side with the other epistle to Mr. Bickersteth. The two put together tell a very strange story. And it is, moreover, a noticeable coincidence that just as, in January last, there were reports abroad very like what now turns out to be true, and Mr. Sibthorp was holding towards Catholics very different language from those reports, and even denying their correctness,—so at the present moment he appears in the awkward predicament of writing to a person that the Catholic Church is a harlot and idolatrous, and at the same time having written to a priest that he is in love with this harlot, and not sure that he is right in separating from this idolatry. What Mr. Faber may think of the triumph of getting back such a subject we cannot tell; but we hope he will not be so very uncomplimentary as to suppose that we feel the getting rid of him to be any loss—other than a loss to *his* soul.

Mr. Faber insists strongly upon it that Mr. Sibthorp is honest in these changes. We believe the general opinion among Catholics is, more or less, to the same effect. We wish certainly to hold this opinion, if practicable, but after the present *expose* Mr. Faber will, we are sure, see that there is no way of saving his *protégé's* honesty, except by giving up his sanity—unless, indeed, in this, as in everything else, Anglicanism has its *via media*, or that middle way between truth and falsehood, which constitutes the very essence of its theology.

As to the supposition of any possible experience or discovery to be made by a convert, like that imagined by Mr. Faber, the whole thing is a delusion on his part, and a *lie* on the part of any sane man who states this to be his own case. We have a right to speak with some authority in this matter, because the Editor of this Journal did, as well as Mr. Sibthorp, enter the Church of Christ, crediting and (in part) convicted, by the reasoning of Dr. Wiseman, touching the wicked calumny implied by the charge of idolatry. We have probably had as much experience in these matters as Mr. Sibthorp, and as good reason as he to know the truth of the matter. We flatter ourselves that no one will suspect us of insincerity on this subject, as no one can deny our opportunities of knowing the truth. We say, then, deliberately, that any man must be mad, or a liar, who charges the Catholic Church in England with the practice of idolatry—with the practice of paying Divine honour to any being or thing other than God. We say "in England," not as having any doubt of the Church in other countries, but because we are speaking here only of our own personal experience. Moreover, we have often tried to form some conception of the state of mind which could render it possible for a person really believing and knowing what is implied in the doctrine of transubstantiation, also to believe and practise idolatry; but we have never succeeded—so all-but-impossible does it appear to us. We say, further, that since we (unworthy) have entered the Church, we have been making discoveries in another direction. We have found that instead of being too lavish, the English Catholics are far too niggardly in their use of those touching devotions, and those means and instruments of devotion which the Church encourages for the edification of her children; far too infrequent and distant in their addresses to the Saints, and to the Blessed Mother of God in particular—(whose name and titles it is a happiness even to write)—far too cold in their use of images and the sensible aids to worship. The notion that in a Catholic Christian these things lead to idolatry, or are in any way connected with it, is nothing better than a wild whimsy, proceeding from that cold, harsh, sour, soddened, bottomless, repugnant, and repulsive fanaticism, which calls itself Evangelical Protestantism. Idolatrous, Mr. Faber? because we are devout to Mary and use images? Why, we are not half idolatrous enough. We haven't half enough of Mary-worship and image-worship. We should be much better Christians if we had much more of it. But we are a perverted race; chilled down almost to freezing point in this ice-pail of Protestantism.

The dreadful contagion of scepticism everywhere around us has bred a pestilence in our flesh, and wasted the very bones and marrow of our faith. We are afraid of loving Christ as we ought in the Sacrament of the altar; and not loving Him, how can we love His Mother, His Saints, and the images and memorials of things hallowed for His sake. Idolators! We haven't heart enough, or blood enough in our torpid veins to become idolators. We haven't the making of one idolator in a hecatomb of us. There is rather too much of the Sadducee in our composition. We strive to be correct, cold, and formal. To *idolise* is a term of hearty affection. We *dare not* idolise anything; how, then, can we be idolators? No, no; the man who pretends he has smelt out idolatry among the Catholics of England, may next boast of his discoveries in the articles of pigeons-milk and strap-oil—two things which school boys are sent to purchase on April fool-day. No doubt Mr. Faber thinks he has got hold of a rare idolator in our humble person. It would be a wholesomer thought if his modesty could teach him that in his own person he has got hold of an April fool—for every month in the year.

THE REV. MR. SIBTHORP.—It has been sufficiently amusing to read, within the last few weeks, the speculations of the public press, Romanist and Evangelical, on the presumed return of the Rev. Mr. Sibthorp to the Anglican communion. By the one he was lamented as a lost sheep, a relapsed heretic, who could never again be received as a privileged member of the Church; by the other, hailed as a repentant deserter, who, having been admitted to view the secret enormities, the hidden abominations of the enemy's camp, revolted and disgusted with what he witnessed, had rushed back in sorrow and repentance to his ancient standard. And, to complete the triumph, a letter is read with great zest at a public meeting at Bath, by a well-known supporter of (so-called) Evangelical principles, and stated to have been received by him from the individual in question, wherein, with all the Pharisaic bigotry and spiritual conceit of Exeter Hall, he is made (*O quantum mutatus!*) furiously to denounce Rome as the great harlot, the mother of abominations, and her worship as idolatry! Although we must apologise to our readers for occupying so much of their time with what concerns so very eccentric and insignificant an individual, yet we cannot refrain from informing them as a fact that the Rev. Mr. Sibthorp has never abandoned the Roman communion, that he is still within its pale, and that he is now undergoing a course of penitential discipline under the superintendence of Dr. Wiseman, preparatory to re-admission to its full privileges. True he has several times received the Eucharist at the hands of priests of the Anglican Church, but that it seems was because he was temporarily, and by way of punishment for certain irregularities, shut out from the Sacraments in his own, not because he ever intended again to profess obedience to his former spiritual mother. We fear the well-pleased orator and his excited auditors, who so loudly and charitably applauded the denunciation

of their fellow-christians which was lately recited at Bath, must consider themselves in vulgar language as completely "hoaxed." We advise them, in future, neither to go and listen to, nor to believe, such "Church Pastorals."—*The English Churchman*.

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THE REV. R. W. SIBTHORP.—We are authorised to contradict the statement that the President of Magdalen College had received a letter from Mr. Sibthorp, soliciting restitution to his fellowship in that college, as no such application in any stage was ever made to the president.—*Oxford Herald*.

A correspondent says that the Rev. Mr. Sibthorp is meditating, if he have not already decided, upon another move into the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church. Since his recent alienation, or, as some assert, his abjuration of the errors of Popery, an active correspondence has been carried on between the reverend gentleman and Dr. Wiseman, and other priests at Oscott College, where Mr. Sibthorp is expected in a few days. He denies in his letters that he ever left the Roman Catholic Church, although he pleads guilty to having been absent "without leave," and to having given cause of great scandal to the enemies of the "true faith."—*Morning Herald*.

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LETTER OF REV. MR. SIBTHORP.—**MY DEAR MR.**——I am unwilling to let your last kind letter continue unanswered, lest you should suppose you had given me offence by it, which I assure you has not been the case.

I do not mean to enter into any discussion of the matters which now unhappily separate us. I ask, and shall value your prayers; and, if I am wrong, prayer will be no powerless weapon to recover me, through God's blessing, to the right path. I wish to assure you, and all who address me now with the kindness you have done, that I am aiming to lie prostrate at God's disposal—at the foot of the cross, to do and to suffer whatever be His holy will. I still praise, and, unless I come to see things very differently, shall praise the Catholic Church for her daily devotions, her hourly offices, her symbolic rites, her inestimable practice of confession, her intercommunion with the spirits of the just made perfect, her connection with the glorious company of the Apostles, &c., and her many wholesome and well-connected truths. Yes, my mind upon all these things is *unaltered*. But, as yet, I dare not retrace the step I have taken; and I trust, as you justly and devoutly observe, that my reasons—if they remain, may be found just and weighty when we shall all appear at the tribunal of God.

I shall always be happy to hear from you, and shall continue to remember with pleasure our past intercourse.—Adieu, my dear Mr.——, always faithfully yours, in Christ,

R. WALDO SIBTHORP.

St. Helen's, Nov. 18th, 1843.

TO THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM.

[From the (London) Catholic Magazine.]

"OH MARY, CONCEIVED WITHOUT SIN, PRAY FOR US WHO HAVE RECOURSE TO THEE."

LITTLE BABE OF BETHLEHEM, HAIL!

Welcome to this lowly vale !
 Gently folded and caress'd,
 Welcome to thy Mother's breast,
 Welcome to the Virgin Spouse,
 Of that Virgin Mother's vows,—
 Welcome to the eastern sage,
 And the simple shepherd's age ;
 Welcome to the old man's heart,
 Who may now in peace depart,
 Since his long-expected Lord
 Hath seen, and hath adored !
 Welcome to that prophetess,
 Thou didst by thy presence bless ;
 To the martyred innocents,
 'Mid their mothers' wild laments,
 Who, to save their Saviour, died,
 Blood-baptised by Herod's pride.

Welcome to thy new-born bride,—
 Holy Church which thou wilt guide,
 Ever without spot or stain ;
 And which purchased by thy pain,
 Seeks to give for price so dear,
 Blood for blood, and tear for tear,—
 Gifts that only are not dead,
 By the blood which thou hast shed.
 Welcome to all children found,
 In that Church's hallowed ground,
 To the men whom tongues of fire,
 With the Holy Ghost inspire,
 Wandering over land and sea,
 Calling all to worship thee.
 Welcome to the virgin band,
 Chosen lilies of thy land,
 Those who sing to thee a song,
 Never heard on other tongue,
 These whose happy right 's to be,
 Ever, ever, following thee.
 First fruits thou hast gladly given
 Of thy glorious death to Heaven !

Welcome to the martyred crowd,
 Who to tortures gladly bowed,
 And who conquering gloriously,
 Found in death their victory ;
 To the anchorites, whose feet,
 Sought the desert's far retreat,
 Shunning every worldly care,
 As they would shun satan's snare,
 Trusting for their daily need
 Thou, who doest the sparrows feed ;
 Daily to their passions dying,
 Daily at the cross' foot sighing,
 Learning as their legends tell
 How to die by living well.
 Welcome to the spirits meek,
 Who in cloisters shelter seek
 From a world, whose softest tone
 Discord hath for them alone,

And who turn them wearily
 From its smiles to weep with thee.
 Welcome to the learned sages
 Who upheld thy Church of ages.
 And who still with pious lore
 Prove her spotless as before.
 To all spirits pure and bright
 In thy love-reflected light,
 And who hold thee in the heart,
 Sweetest Babe, thou welcome art !

Welcome ! (tho' not welcomed so)
 To all sinners in their woe,
 Thus in humbler tones we say
 Weeping sadly while we pray ;
 For our sins are round us now,
 Even while our heads we bow
 To the manger and the straw,
 Where the angels gazed with awe.
 And we are not like the few
 Who thy first sweet presence knew,
 Not like her who at thy feet
 Refuge found and pardon sweet,
 Not like those who gladly bled
 For the blood which thou didst shed,
 Not like those who for thee sighed
 In the desert till they died,
 And whose hearts within them burned
 While from earth they sadly turned,
 Mourning like the turtle dove
 In the absence of its love.

In our sorrow and our shame,
 We no place with these can claim,
 We have sought in thee no treasure,
 We have found in thee no pleasure.
 But in folly and in madness
 We have drank of sin and sadness.
 Yet while matchless love we see
 Clothed in helpless infancy,
 God alike of strong and frail,
 Venture we to bid Thee, Hail !

LITTLE BABE, we humbly pray
 We may not unworthy stay
 At Thy holy shrine to-day
 We would ask Thee, did we dare,
 In the midst of woe and care,
 So to feel as Mary felt
 O'er Thee, when her heart did melt,
 In that awful, strange revering,
 With the mother's love endearing.
 We would ask the virtues bright
 Made Thee in her spouse delight ;
 We would ask the faith sublime
 Of those kings of olden time ;
 And the happy humbleness
 That the shepherd's souls did bless.
 But, alas ! we sinners are,
 Nor to ask such things we dare ;
 Only venture we to crave
 That in mercy Thou wouldst save,
 And that we may linger near
 To thy Virgin Mother dear,
 And in sad sweet tears may stay

At thy manger all the day;
Sins and sorrows to deplore,
Promising to sin no more,
And to say with soul sincere,
BABE OF BETHLEHEM, WELCOME HERE!

Feast of St. Winefride, V. M.

M. C. A.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH—DOMESTIC SLAVERY, AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

We understand that considerable attention has been excited by a document going the rounds of the papers under the title of a "Bull of Pope Gregory XVI. against slavery," and several inquiries are made as to the meaning of the document, and the truth of the charge that the Catholics have concealed or suppressed it in the United States for the last four years.

On recurring to our own files we find that the document itself, not a *Bull*, but an APOSTOLIC LETTER, was published in the Miscellany of March 14th, 1840, and that our late lamented Bishop, in his two first letters to the Hon. *John Forsyth*, then secretary of State, published likewise in the Miscellany, Oct. 3d, and Oct. 10th, 1840, fully explained its true meaning. We cannot now say whether it was published in the other Catholic papers of the day, as we have not regular files; but we are under the impression that such was the case. In the acts of the councils of Baltimore, there is a record of its having been formally read and accepted by the Prelates in the Council of 1840. So much for Catholics concealing or suppressing it. It was likewise given to the public through other channels. It is found, for example, in the Appendix to Mr. Forsyth's address to the people of Georgia on the nomination of General Harrison for the Presidency. And yet in just three years it is again trumpeted through the land as something new and hitherto unknown! Truly, we can sometimes be hoaxed.

As to the meaning of the Apostolic Letter, we can see no room for doubt. His Holiness speaks of reducing Indians, Negroes and such others, into slavery; of assisting those who engage in that inhuman traffic, and through desire of gain and to foster their trade, go so far as to excite quarrels and wars among them in their native country. He opposes the continuance of the evil which several of his predecessors, whom he names, endeavoured with imperfect success to repress. They speak explicitly of reducing freemen, Indians in South America, and Negroes in Guinea, to slavery. In one word he condemns, what our own laws condemn as felony,—the slave trade. Domestic Slavery as it exists in the Southern States and in other parts of the Christian world, he does not condemn. This is evident from the tenor of the Apostolic Letter itself,

from the declarations made concerning it in Rome, and from the fact that at the fourth provincial Council of Baltimore, in which the majority of Bishops were from the Slave-holding States, it was accepted, without any one's thinking it interfered at all with our domestic policy. We apprehend there is a vast difference between the slave Trade and Domestic slavery. At least our own laws make the distinction—punishing the one and sanctioning the other. It is absurd then to conclude, that because the Apostolical Letter condemns the piratical Slave Trade, it is also aimed against Domestic Servitude.

There is no danger, no possibility on our own principles, that Catholic theology should ever be tinctured with the fanaticism of abolition. Catholics may and do differ in regard to slavery, and other points of human policy, when considered as ethical or political questions. But our Theology is fixed, and is, must be the same now as it was for the first eight or nine centuries of Christianity. During that period, as Bishop England has ably shown in his series of *Letters to the Hon. John Forsyth*, the Church (Let. xvi.) by the admonitions of her earliest and holiest pastors; by the decrees of her councils made on a variety of occasions; by her synodical condemnation of those who under pretext of religion, would teach the slave to despise his master; by her sanction and support of those laws by which the civil power sought to preserve the rights of the owner; by her own acquiring such property, by deeds of gift or of sale, for the cultivation of her lands, the maintenance of her clergy, the benefit of her monasteries, of her hospitals, of her orphans, and of her other works of Charity, repeatedly and evidently testified that she regarded the possession of slave property as fully compatible with the doctrines of the Gospel: and this whilst she denounced the pirate who made incursions to reduce into bondage those who were free and unoffending, and regarded with just execration the men who fitted out ships and hired others to engage in the inhuman traffic. In Catholic Theology the question is a settled one, and no one would be recognized as a Catholic who would utter the expressions we have heard from the lips of American Abolitionists, who called themselves Protestants: "If the Bible allows slavery, it should be amended." "The Christianity of the nineteenth century should as far excel the Christianity of the Early Church, as that did the old Jewish law" &c.

The line of conduct prescribed especially to the Catholic Clergy is laid down by the learned Bishop of Philadelphia in his standard work, *Theologia Moralis*. Vol. I, Tract. V. Cap. VI and Tract. VIII. Cap. IV. From the first cited chapter we translate the following paragraph.

37. "But what is to be thought of the domestic servitude which exists in most of the southern and western States, where the posterity of those who were brought from Africa, still remain in slavery? It is indeed to be regretted that in the present fullness of liberty in which all glory, there should be so many slaves, and that to guard against their movements, it has been necessary to pass laws prohibiting their education, and in some places greatly restricting their exercise of religion. Nevertheless since such is the state of things,

nothing should be attempted against the laws, nor any thing be done or said that would make them bear their yoke unwillingly. But the prudence and the charity of the sacred Ministers should appear in their effecting that the slaves, imbued with christian morals, render service to their masters, venerating God, the supreme master of all; and that the Masters be just and kind, and by their humanity and care for their salvation, endeavour to mitigate the condition of their slaves. The Apostles have left us these rules; which if any one should neglect and through a feeling of humanity endeavour to overturn the entire established order, he would in most cases but aggravate the condition of the slaves. The Pope, in the before mentioned constitution, omitted not to lay this before us. 'For the Apostles, inspired by the Holy Ghost, taught slaves to obey their temporal masters, as they would Christ himself and to do the will of God cheerfully; and they also gave a precept to the masters to act kindly towards their slaves, to give them what is just and reasonable, and to refrain from threatening them, knowing that the Lord of both is in heaven, and that with Him there is no acceptance of persons.'"

How strictly this instruction is complied with, and how beneficial are its effects, is known to every one who has any knowledge of the character of Catholic slaves. They are every where distinguished as a body for orderly habits and fidelity to their masters; so much so that in Maryland, where they are numerous, their value is twenty or twenty-five per cent above that of others.

We have said this much, not to vindicate the Southern Clergy of our Church from the charge of Abolitionism, for we believe it has never been preferred against them, but simply to satisfy the inquiries of some of our fellow citizens, whose attention has been drawn by recent events to this subject.—*U. S. Catholic Miscellany.*

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

CABINET LIBRARY. Murphy: Baltimore.

Maria, or Confidence in God ultimately rewarded.

The Wooden Cross, by C. Schmid.

The Lily of the Valley.

The Souvenir.

YOUTH'S LIBRARY. Lucas: Baltimore.

Louis the little emigrant, translated from the French by Rev. I. V. Wiseman; and the *Portmanteau*, translated from the French.

The Parables of Pere Bonaventure Giraudeau, S. J., author of L'Evangile Mérité.

Ferdinanda, or the Countess of Henance.

The Glass of Water.

These are delightful tales, well adapted to the capacity of children, and worthy to hold a prominent place among the auxiliary means of training the youthful mind and heart to virtue. Both the *Cabinet Library* and *Youth's Library* seem to rival each other in the judicious selection of interesting and edifying narratives, as well as in the faultless elegance with which they are got up.

Indian Cottage,—a Unitarian Story. By the author of *Father Rowland*. Lucas: Baltimore.

We should not deem it necessary to notice this tale, so generally and so favourably known in the East, were it not that we think there may be many here who will now hear of it for the first time, and who may be induced even by these few lines to take it up, and read it.

The Manual of Catholic Melodies—Hymns, Psalms, etc., with the ordinary exercises of piety. Murphy. Baltimore: 1843. 8vo. 464 pp.

The publisher states that this is by far "the cheapest work yet offered to the Catholics of the United States;" but this is, in our mind, its least recommendation. A much better passport to public favour and general use will be found in its intrinsic merits, which are of no common order; and which justify us in expressing our desire that it may be found in every Catholic family, the members of which are able to "praise the Lord in hymns."

The Spirit of St. Alphonsus de Ligorio. Lucas. Baltimore: 1843.

It is needless to say a word in commendation of this work, which consists of a several distinct treatises, or what in another department of literature might be called essays, on various subjects of Christian virtue and religious perfection. Those who aspire to the glory of the saints—as all christians are bound to do—should study to imbibe the spirit of these favoured servants of God.

The United States Almanac for 1844. Lucas: Baltimore.

This periodical is full of exact information on the state of the Catholic Religion in our different dioceses. Prefixed to the matter peculiar to this collection are, a life of Bishop England, a statistical survey of the Catholic world, and, last not least, some excellent "Hints on Ecclesiastical Architecture," which we hope will not be passed over by any one who procures this almanac. The following summary of our religious statistics in the United States, which we find in the Almanac, cannot but prove consoling to the zealous Catholic.

"Dioceses in the United States, 21; Apostolic Vicariate, 1; number of Bishops, 17; Bishops elect, 8; number of Priests, 634; number of Priests deceased during the past year, 12; increase in the number of Clergymen since the publication of the Almanac for 1843, 55; number of Churches, 611; other Stations, 461; Ecclesiastical Seminaries, 19; clerical students, 261; literary institutions for young men, 16; female accademies, 48; Catholic periodicals, 15."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

CATHOLIC STATISTICS OF ST. LOUIS.—For the information of the numerous Catholic emigrants, who daily flock to our City, we publish the following Statistics, at the commencement of the year.

CHURCHES AND CHAPELS.

1st. WARD.—1st. *Chapel of St. Mary's*.—(Soulard's Addition,) The English and German Congregations meet here at stated hours. The foundations of a new and large Church, contiguous to this Chapel, were laid in 1839; and we have reason to hope that the work will be resumed next summer.

2nd. *Chapel of the Sacred Heart of Jesus*.—(Opposite the South Market,) This is a new and neat building, attached to the Convent of the Sacred Heart.

2nd. WARD.—*The Church of Our Lady of Victory*.—(Corner of Third and Mulberry Streets,) This beautiful new building is nearly completed, and will be opened for Divine Service in the course of next Spring. It is exclusively destined for the German Catholics.

3rd. WARD.—*The Cathedral of St. Louis*.—(Walnut, between Second and Third Streets,) The English and French Congregations meet, at stated hours, in this noble edifice, of which we have given a minute description in the second Number of this Periodical.

4th. WARD.—1st. *Church of St. Aloysius*.—(Washington Avenue, between Ninth and Tenth Streets,) This Church is used only by the German Catholics. In its stead, a new Church is about to be commenced in the North of the City.

2nd., *Church of St. Francis Xavier*.—(Corner of Ninth and Green Sts.,) This large and splendid edifice, although not entirely completed, has been opened for several months, and is frequented by a large English Congregation.

RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS.

1st. *Theological Seminary*.—(Soulard's Addition,) This Institution was removed in 1842, from Perry County in this State, to the City of St. Louis: it is under the charge of the Lazarists.

2nd. *University of St. Louis*.—(Green, between Ninth and Tenth Streets,) This Institution, which has existed more than fourteen years, belongs to the Jesuits. It has five departments of Theology, of Philosophy, of Literature and Belles-Letters, of Law, and of Medicine.

3rd. *Hospital of St. Louis*.—(Spruce, between Third and Fourth Streets,) This large and highly useful Institution is under the charge of the Sisters of Charity.

4th. *Convent of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart*.—(South Market,) With the Convent is connected an Academy for young Ladies and an Orphanage for female Orphans.

5th. *Catholic Male Orphan Asylum*.—(Walnut Street,) This Institution is under the direction of the Sisters of Charity. It contains seventy Orphans.

6th. Catholic Female Orphan Asylum.—(Broadway, near Biddle Street,) This institution, commenced in 1842, is likewise under the charge of the Sisters of Charity. It contains thirty-two Orphans.

CATHOLIC FREE SCHOOLS.

1st. Male Free School, attached to the Church of St. Francis Xavier, (Corner of Ninth and Green Streets,) under the charge of four Scholastics of the Society of Jesus. Four hundred and twenty Scholars.

2nd. Female Free School, attached to the same Church (Corner of Tenth and St. Charles Streets,) under the care of the Sisters of Charity. Two hundred and twenty Scholars.

3rd. Female Free School, attached to the Convent of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. One hundred Scholars.

4th. Male Free School, attached to the Cathedral, (Second Street, between Market and Walnut Streets;) To be opened in the course of this month, under the direction of "Les Clercs du St. Viatur."

CATHOLIC POPULATION AND NUMBER OF PRIESTS.

The Catholic population of this City is estimated at 16,000, out of a population of 30,000. The *Missouri Baptist*, published in this City, estimates the number of Catholics to be 14,000. The number of Priests in this City is about twenty-five.

ST. LOUIS.—A Branch of the "Arch-Confraternity of the most holy and immaculate Heart of Mary, "for the conversion of sinners," has been instituted in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, in this City. It contains already upwards of six hundred members.

The Funeral Obsequies of the late venerable Bishop of this See, JOSEPH ROSATI, were performed in all the Churches of the Diocese. We learn with pleasure, by our exchanges, that the same took place in most of the Cathedral Churches throughout the Union. Even at Rome they were celebrated with peculiar solemnity, on the 27th of September, by order of his Holiness, the Pope.

Towards the close of December the Very Rev. Mr. Timon, visitor of the Lazarists of the United States, arrived in this City. We understand that the Mother-House of the Lazarists of the Union, is to be removed from St. Mary's Perry County in this State, to the City of St. Louis.

The Bishop has appointed the Rev. Augustus S. Paris, Rector of the Cathedral. The Rev. George A. Hamilton proceeds to take charge *ad interim*, of the Congregation of Springfield, Illinois, vacant by the recall of the Rev. B. Rolando of the Congregation of Missionary Priests.

ILLINOIS.—Three new Churches have been lately opened for Divine Service in this State, at Edwardsville, Kaskaskia and Belleville.

INDIANA.—A community bearing the name of "The Brothers of St. Joseph" has been in existence in Indiana since 1841, under the direction of the Priests of the Holy Cross and the patronage of the Right Rev. Bishop of Vincennes.

The Brothers of St Joseph in their institute, are nearly similar to the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine; their own salvation and the sanctification and education of youth forming the great objects of their efforts. Those who are competent to teach, give instructions in the different branches of education at the Institution, or are placed over schools in different parts of the country. Those who are mechanics have separate apartments at the Institution, and every facility to make their several arts useful both to the community and to the apprentices they receive.

The Institution was at first located at St. Peter's, Davies' County, but the Bishop possessing a tract of some five hundred acres of land denominated "St. Mary's of the Lake," near South Bend, and perceiving the peculiar advantages attached to that beautiful place for the purposes of such an institution, presented it to the Brothers last Autumn; they then removed there.

Those who beheld the paucity of their numbers, and the almost insurmountable difficulties they had to struggle with, in the commencement of their charitable mission in this country, have expressed great astonishment at the very unexpected success they have had in the short space of two years; the result is such as to place the stability of the institution beyond any possibility of doubt. In 1841 there were only seven members, now they number nearly forty. At St. Mary's of the Lake they have opened two schools, one for the higher branches of education and the other as a Free School for poor children; to the different trades they have taken apprentices, for whom they have an evening school for literary instruction. In the State of Indiana they have several Free Schools, and at Pokegan, Michigan, one for the benefit of the Pottawotamie Indians.

The corner stone of the College which the Priests and Brothers are about to open at St. Mary's of the Lake, was laid last August, and the building will be ready for occupation in a few weeks; the structure is admirably calculated for its object, and it is expected that the interior arrangements will be such as to afford all the advantages usually possessed by such institutions.

MARYLAND.—The mother house of the Sisterhood of Charity of Emmitsburg has lately received a fine painting of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, presented to them by the Queen of France.

Cincinnati.—The Rt. Rev. Bishop Purcell, has arrived from Europe with several German Priests, belonging to a Religious Community, for the Ohio Missions.

Louisville.—The Magdalen Asylum of this City, conducted by the "Sisters of the Good Shepherd," has been opened scarcely two months, and already some eight or nine, of those hapless beings whom it purposes to reclaim, have sought a refuge within the sanctity of its walls.

The enterprise is, in some measure, as yet, matter of experiment, but we doubt not, it will succeed perfectly, and by its moral and social benefits, fully justify and repay the charitable zeal of those who contribute to sustain it.

Similar Institutions, we are informed, established in Italy, France, Germany, England, Ireland, &c., are succeeding even beyond expectation, and are most

popular and highly esteemed. And certainly no charitable work better merits the good wishes, prayers, and assistance of christians.—*Cath. Advocate.*

Pittsburgh.—We learn that the Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, the Bishop of this new See, has arrived in the United States with one Clergyman, several Students and six "Sisters of Mercy." The new Diocese of Pittsburgh embraces that portion of Pennsylvania, styled, in the civil division, the Western District. This District comprises the thirty-four Northern and Western Counties, and is divided from the Eastern District by a line running diagonally across the State, nearly parallel with the most Easterly Ridge of the Alleghany Mountains. According to the recent census of the United States, the Western District contains 800,000, souls. The number of Catholics is stated at 45,000, of which there are 15,000, in Pittsburgh alone. There will be attached to the See of Pittsburgh forty congregations, attended by about twenty priests, exclusive of those in the Episcopal City.

New-Orleans.—The difficulties between the Bishop of this See and the Trustees of the St Louis Cathedral, N. O., appear to increase every day. These misguided men have brought an action against the Bishop, and claim \$20,000, damages, for his refusing canonical installation to the Pastor of their choice.

PHILADELPHIA.—A pious Association has been formed in the church of St. Joseph in this city, under the direction of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, for what, by a figure of speech, we may call the perpetual adoration of the Most Holy Sacrament. The church will be henceforward open the whole day. There will be a band of Associates, who are requested to leave their names with the clergy of the church, and to choose an hour in each month, or even in the year, to be spent in prayer and meditation before the Divine Sacrament. Our cotemporary, the *Catholic Herald*, from whom we borrow, congratulates the Catholics of Philadelphia, on having at least one church in the city open at all hours of the day, in order that the devout and penitent may commune with God in prayer before the Holy Altar at all times, and in this holy privacy, which can scarcely be enjoyed elsewhere, relieve the overburthened heart. We, of St. Louis, have long been blessed with such a privilege. All the churches of this city, to which congregations are attached, are open from an early hour in the morning till sunset; and the pious custom of paying a visit to the Blessed Sacrament is observed by many whom the "ever open door" invites to enter and to pray. While on this subject, we cannot but direct attention to that part of the exceedingly beautiful article on "Minor rites and offices," which has special reference to this practice of piety.

CANADA.—Several citizens of Quebec, as well Protestant as Catholic, lately presented to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Quebec, a portrait of the reigning Pope, Gregory XVI. This portrait was painted by Mr. Plamondon, a Canadian artist, who has executed, at different times, similar works, which prove him to be possessed of no ordinary talent as a painter. The resemblance to his Holiness is verified by a gentleman who has had the means of proving the fact

by personal observation. Among the subscribers for this painting, we notice the names of several of the most respectable Protestants in Quebec.—*Montreal Transcript*.

ITALY.—*Rome*.—In the course of last September, the Congregation of Rites instituted examinations concerning the Beatification of various servants of God, eminent for their heroic virtues and sanctity. Of those the most remarkable are Father *Pignatelli*, Priest of the Society of Jesus, who died at Rome, in the odour of sanctity in 1811: the venerable *Vincent Romain*, Parish Priest in the Diocese of Naples, who died on the 1st. of January, 1831: and the venerable servant of God, *Mary Clotilda Adelaide Xavier de France*, Queen of Sardinia and sister to Louis XVI., who died at Naples, in the odour of sanctity in 1802, in the 43rd year of her age.

Naples.—The King of Naples has obtained from the chief house at Paris a number of Sisters of Charity for his capital. They were received with extraordinary honours. The municipal body went on board to receive them, and their President made them a complimentary address. Four ladies of the highest order of nobility received them on shore, by command of his Majesty. They were conveyed in State carriages to a church, where the *Te Deum* was sung; thence to their residence, where four Princesses sat at table with them, and partook of their repast. The Minister of the Interior shortly after admitted them to an audience, and complimented them on their arrival.

ENGLAND.—Above three years ago it was announced in the English papers, that Professor Lee had discovered the celebrated lost work, by Eusebius, bishop of Cesarea, entitled “the Theophania, or Divine Manifestation of our Lord.” No copy of the Greek original is extant, but a Syriac translation was discovered by Dr. Lee among some Coptic manuscripts, which Mr. Tattam, of England, brought from Egypt and submitted to the Professor. We learn from recent papers that the three years since the Syriac manuscript has been in his hands have been sedulously employed, in addition to his ordinary duties, in 1st. Transcribing the Syriac manuscript with his own hand. 2d. In publishing it and correcting it for the press. 3d. In translating it into English; and 4th. In publishing his translation, to which he has affixed a preliminary dissertation—Part I. “On certain opinions of Eusebius.” Part II. “Introductory remarks of Eusebius on Prophecy.” Part III. “On the Personal Reign of Christ on Earth.” Part IV. “On the Restoration of the Jews.” The present work of Eusebius argues from natural religion against both Atheists and Polytheists.—*Catholic Herald*.

IRELAND.—*Waterford*.—The Sisters of Charity, Waterford, administer relief every week to 140 sick and starving families. They distribute 16 tons of coal, 3 1-2 tons of oatmeal, 2 1-2 tons of straw, 1127 cwt. of potatoes, 4680 gallons of broth and bread, 22 pair of blankets, 825 articles of clothing; besides expending in small sums £60.

The Roman Catholic archbishops and bishops of Ireland lately assembled at their annual conference in Dublin, have for the third time in seven years, pub-

lished a most decided declaration against a state provision for their clergy, in any form whatever.

At a special chapter of the Franciscans of Ireland, in conformity with the decision of the authority at Rome, lately held in the church of St. Francis, Merchants'-quay, Dublin, for the purpose of electing a provincial for Ireland, and guardians of the respective convents, the Very Rev. James Walsh, of the Franciscan Convent of Wexford, was elected provincial.

FRANCE.—The Marchioness of Harcourt in a letter which she addresses to the Curate of the Parish of Argenteuil in France, informs him of a miraculous cure effected on the Marquess of that name—who had, for several years previous, been confined to his bed, by a malady which none of his medical attendants understood, and of which he was every moment expected to die. She states that he was immediately cured—by being touched with a peice of the Robe of our Saviour which is at present preserved in the Parish Church of Argenteuil.—*Quebec Herald*.

The Bishops of Marseilles had addressed a circular to the clergy of his Diocess, concerning the miraculous cure of Sister Marie Julie, of the order of the Visitation. She had been confined to her bed for three years, and been declared incurable by the physicians; when, all at once, she felt herself cured at the approach of the Statue of the Blessed Virgin, which was carried in procession along the walls of the Convent.

HOLLAND.—The Jansenist Bishop of Harlem, Henry Van Buul, recently notified the Pope of his elevation to that See, which was followed by a Bull of His Holiness, dated on the 4th of September, addressed to the Catholics of Holland, declaring his elevation and consecration sacrilegious and schismatical, and excommunicating himself and his abettors. His consecrator, John Van Santen, had been excommunicated by Leo XII., when notified of his usurpation of the Archiepiscopal See of Utrecht. This custom of the Jansenists to notify the Holy See of their schismatical consecration, is a curious vestige of the ancient canonical dependence on the Pontifical authority.

The Jansenists have in Holland, one Arch-Bishop at Utrecht, and two Bishops at Deventer and Harlem. Their whole number in that Kingdom does not exceed 5,000 souls; while that of the Catholics surpasses a million.

GERMANY.—The works at the Cathedral of Cologne, without very rapid advancement, do not stand still. The choir will soon be finished, and that of itself forms a vast church. M. Steinle, a native of Vienna, and pupil of Overbeck, is now engaged in decorating the interior. He is painting in *fresco*, and on a gold ground, angelic figures of the size of human life, who appear as taking their flight for heaven, and present a most charming aspect. He will restore the old *frescos*, which have been covered for ages with whitewash. The capitals of the columns are painted in red, black, and gold, and relieve the deep grey of the shafts and the walls. The windows of stained glass are, after seven years of labour, restored to their primitive purity. The choir will soon be completed, and there will be nothing like it in Christendom. It is impossible to imagine

lines more pure and bold, or columns more slender in such a perfect whole. The nave, which is hardly commenced, will be next undertaken; the walls will be of the height of the columns probably by next year. The re-erection of the two towers is a gigantic work which cannot be undertaken at present; however, Germany has *adopted* the Cathedral, and those colossal proportions which startled the piety of our ancestors, will yet be completed by the joint efforts of a nation, and this splendid monument will yet be restored.

SPAIN.—We are glad to announce that the negotiations between the Court of Spain and the Holy See are about to be terminated. The first condition imposed on the Spanish Government is to recall the exiled Bishops and to reinstate them in their Sees.—*Mémorial des Pyrénées*.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY OF ST. LOUIS.

Annual Report of Donations and Subscriptions received in 1843, for the Theological Seminary of St. Louis.

Donations,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	\$204 08
Subscriptions,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	\$408 25
Total,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	\$612 33

There are at present thirteen candidates for the ministry in the Theological Seminary of St. Louis; and hence it must be evident that the amount received in donations and annual subscriptions during the year that is about to close has been very inadequate to meet the expenses of this establishment. The plan of collecting subscriptions by volunteer collectors, hitherto acted on, having been thus found comparatively inefficacious, at least in this city, has been abandoned; and the Bishop has appointed Mr. John Byrne Jr., general collector for the Seminary in the city and suburbs of St. Louis. The annual subscription is limited to one dollar, but donations to any amount will be received with thankfulness. A monthly list of donors and subscribers will be regularly published in the CATHOLIC CABINET.

St. Louis, Dec. 30, 1843.

MR. JOHN BYRNE, JR. will attend on every Sunday morning, from 9 to 10 and a half o'clock, in the Catholic Book Depository at the gate of the Cathedral, for the purpose of receiving contributions towards the Seminary.

OBITUARY.

DIED, on the 8th of December, at St. Michael, La., of yellow fever, Madam ELIZABETH GALLITZIN Superior Provincial of the "Ladies of the Sacred Heart" in North America.

Madam Gallitzin belonged to one of the most ancient and illustrious families of the Russian Empire. She was born in Russia in the year 1795, and edu-

cated in the Russian Church. At the age of twenty-six she became a convert to the Catholic Faith, and was admitted into that Church at Petersburg by Father Rozaven, of the Society of Jesus. Her example was followed by several others of her illustrious family, and other nobility of Russia. The effect of which was, that the Jesuits, to whom those conversions were attributed, were expelled from Petersburg and from all the Dominions of the Empire. In 1826, sacrificing all the splendour of her elevated rank, and all the fortunes of wealth, she entered as an humble novice in the Society of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, in France. In 1828, having terminated her noviciate, she was called to Rome where she was employed as Secretary of the Superior General of the Society. Ten years afterwards she was appointed Assistant General, and in 1840, she was sent to America in the capacity of Superior Provincial. After visiting the houses of the order previously established, she founded four new ones at Sugar Creek among the Indians, New York, Montreal and Conewago, Pa. She returned to France and Rome in 1842, and revisited America in 1843. After spending a short time at the various houses of the order at Canada and the Northern States, she arrived in St. Louis in November last; and her health being somewhat impaired, and fearing the severity of a cold climate, she hastened to Louisiana, and arrived on the 22d of November at St. Michael in the house of the Ladies of her order. She was soon attacked by the prevailing epidemic, which was still raging on the coast, and after a severe illness of nine days, departed this life, in the 49th year of her age. She was a woman of powerful mind—cultivated by varied learning and devoted to the elegant arts. She was a classical scholar, versed in the Greek and Latin. She conversed not only in her native Russian, but also in the French, Italian, English, Polish and German languages. She excelled as a painter in oils, and has left behind her, scattered through Europe and America, a number of religious paintings, some of which are of considerable merit; one of them adorns the Chapel of the Convent of St. Louis. Her religious character was as much distinguished by her fervid and solid piety, as she was characterized in her official duties by intelligence, promptitude and energy.

In Philadelphia, after a lingering illness in St. John's Orphan Asylum, on the 28th of November last, Sister MARY MICHELA STONESTREET, one of the Sisters of Charity of Emmitsburg community. She closed a blameless life with great sentiments of piety.—R. I. P.

APPROBATION.

THE CATHOLIC CABINET is published with my approbation, and appears to me calculated to promote the interests of the Catholic Religion in this diocese.

† PETER RICHARD,
Bishop of St. Louis.

THE CATHOLIC CABINET,

AND

CHRONICLE OF RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. 1.

ST. LOUIS: FEBRUARY, 1844.

No. 10.

GALILEO—THE ROMAN INQUISITION.

Galileo—The Roman Inquisition: A defence of the Catholic Church from the charge of having persecuted Galileo for his philosophical opinions. From the Dublin Review, with an Introduction by an American Catholic. Cincinnati: Published for the Catholic Book Society by Monfort and Conahans, 1844.

We know of no individual who, during the last few months, has rendered more signal service to the Catholic Religion in this country than the Hon. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. Had any ordinary man betrayed such unaccountable ignorance of the facts connected with the supposed persecution of Galileo by the Roman Inquisition, as this gentleman displayed in his late address in Cincinnati, the matter would in all probability have been passed over in silent contempt; but the literary character of the Ex-President is too high to permit any thing that falls from him to be suffered to pass unnoticed; and that his peccadillos in this particular instance have not escaped a fit and proper castigation, the readers of the 8th No. of the Catholic Cabinet already know. Public attention having been thus previously attracted to the charge of the Church of Rome having persecuted Galileo—the supposed martyr of the theory of the earth's motion, richly stored minds and vigorous pens have been brought into action to defend her from the imputation. "To which of the contending causes must the voice of posterity say—God speed? To the champion of truth—and the truth shall ultimately prevail." These words of Mr. Adams, at the close of his forced contrast between Galileo and St. Ignatius, are very applicable to the position he himself occupies as the advocate of Galileo against the Church.

The pamphlet before us consists—as its title-page indicates—of two parts; first, an introduction abounding with facts, and written with clearness, force and moderation, in which Mr. Adams' blunders are ably exposed; and secondly the reprint of an exceedingly able article, that appeared some years since in

the Dublin Review, on the subject of Galileo's condemnation by the Roman Inquisition. It is difficult to say which of these two essays deserve the preference; and we regret that the talented author of the "Introduction"—instead of reprinting the article from the Dublin Review, did not himself give a complete and methodical essay on the subject, which probably would have better suited the generality of the reading public than the plan he has adopted. To afford our readers an idea of the triumphant vindication of our Church from the oft repeated calumny of being the enemy of astronomical science, which this pamphlet affords, as also—in our own humble way—to co-operate with abler and more experienced hands in this noble work, we propose to give a digest of the facts mentioned in the pamphlet before us, from which we trust it will be manifest, how little reason the Ex-President has to pride himself on this last exhibition of the anti-catholic feeling which so much marks his character. We propose to state,—most generally in the words of the Introduction and Review,—firstly the history of the Copernican theory—as far at least as that history is connected with religion, up to the time of Galileo; secondly the principal events of this great man's career up to the time when he incurred the censures of the Roman Inquisition; thirdly, the facts connected with his condemnation by that tribunal, and lastly to demonstrate the injustice of charging the Catholic Church with hostility to science from any thing that that condemnation implies.

It may not be unnecessary to state that the modern theory of the earth—called the Copernican from Copernicus, of whom presently—supposes the sun to be the centre of our system, round which the planets, the earth among the rest, make their revolutions. The ancient theory, called the Ptolomean, supposed the earth's immobility, and this orb was also believed to be the centre of our system, round which the sun, planets, and fixed stars—so called because their motions are not discernible—were believed to revolve. This latter system had in its favour the argument drawn from the appearances of things; and seems to be supported by the language of Scripture, in which the sun is said to move, and the earth to stand still. The Copernican system is now, however, universally admitted, and the objections to this theory just referred to, are satisfactorily solved, without diminishing in any thing the certainty of the testimony of our senses, or our belief in the inspired record of revelation.

Although this system is called the Copernican, it is certain that Copernicus was not the first, even in modern times, who maintained its truth; but it is still justly called by his name, as he was the first who identified himself with it, and made its establishment the principal object of his life. 'The first to broach that system in modern times,' says the writer in the Review—"was a Cardinal. Destitute and a stranger,—an ultramontane too,—indebted for his very name to the obscure village that gave him birth—Nicholas the Cusan yet had talent, and that was enough to open to him the road to the highest preferment in that Church and nation, which it is the fashion to decry as the enemy of all mental improve-

ment: but which has ever rewarded virtue and talent, unchecked by that undue regard to aristocratic pride and pretension, which forms so disadvantageous a contrast in the establishments of other lands. Well: how did this poor ultramontane recommend himself? Why he departed from the received opinions of the day,—he abandoned the doctrine of the schools,—he advanced in the teeth of the much exaggerated peripatetic dogmatism, the startling position, that “*the earth moves, the sun is at rest,*” and answered the objections from the senses as they have ever been answered, by contending that the illusory impression arises from the same cause which makes one in a ship in motion, fancy the objects on shore to be receding from him. Nor did he keep these views a secret,—he proclaimed them as best he could. He advanced them to the very steps of the Papal throne, by inscribing them to his former preceptor in Canon Law, the Cardinal Giuliano Cesarini. Subsequently rewarded with the Archdeaconry of Liege, he is found at the Council of Basil in 1431, side by side with the same Cardinal Giuliano, and presenting to that celebrated assembly a treatise on the disorders which had crept into the Calendar, and a proposal for its reformation; that is to say:—he takes up that position in the face of all Christendom, which makes every extraordinary expression of opinion on his part a matter of necessary notoriety and attention. Now what is the consequence?—persecution? Yes! if being raised to the highest dignity in the “Church of Rome,” be persecution. Nicholas the Fifth, that enlightened Pontiff, and patron of learning, creates him Cardinal, and bestows on him the bishopric of Brixen; while the most delicate affairs and important legations are entrusted by four successive Pontiffs to his wisdom and integrity. Such were the unequivocal marks of the esteem and affection with which the Court of Rome continued to honour this daring innovator, without one moment’s interruption, to the close of his valuable life in 1464.”

One of the first works that issued from the Italian press were those of Nicholas the Cusan, and that under the sanction of another dignitary of the Church—the Cardinal Amboise.

In a treatise written about 1510, Leonardo da Vinci speaks of the earth’s motion as the opinion of many philosophers of the age. “The discoveries,” says Hallam, “which made Galileo and Kepler and Moestlen and Maurolycus and Castelli and other names illustrious, the system of Copernicus, the very theories of recent geologers are anticipated by da Vinci.”

Nicholas Copernicus, a native of Poland, and a priest of the Catholic Church, studied astronomy in the Pope’s University of Bologna. In the year 1500 he was invited to the chair of professor of that science in Rome, and continued for years to teach the new theory to crowds of students, who frequently, says Jacquier, numbered two thousand. This theory he appears to have learned, according to Tiraboschi, the great historian of Italian Literature, from his friend and preceptor Novara; but according to others from the papers of one Jerome Tallavia, which had fallen into his hands. He must have embraced this theo-

ry some time before the year 1507, as it appears that he had deferred to publish his book on that subject "for four times the nine years recommended by Horace." This statement occurs in his dedication of the book to Pope Paul III. in 1543. Thus the original assertion of the theory was made in popish Italy, and there it was that Copernicus learned it, and taught it without the shadow of any thing like umbrage been taken by the Church; but on the contrary, aided and cheered on in its investigation by all that was great and dignified in the hierarchy. "Upon his retiring from his duties as professor," says the writer in the Review, "the dignitaries of the Church are found vying with each other in honouring and rewarding that admirable man. They charge themselves with the care of providing for him an honourable and safe retreat; where, above the wants and distractions of life, he may devote the undivided energies of his great mind to the reconstruction of the whole fabric of astronomy.

"Nor is he wholly lost sight of in the privacy of his learned retirement. From time to time, reports reach Rome of the progress of his labours: his coming work casts its shadow before. In 1518, we find Celio Calcagnini, the friend and companion of Cardinal Hyppolite D'Este, after journeying with his distinguished patron into Germany and the neighbouring countries, setting himself, upon his return, formally to prove "*Quod Cælum stet, terra autem moveatur.*" What is the consequence? He is taken into favour by two successive Pontiffs, both eminent for their love and protection of science, Clement VII. and Paul III.; who, in token of their esteem, attach him to the papal court in quality of Proto-Notary Apostolic. Of these, the former, Clement, has left behind him a monument still to be seen in the Royal Library of Munich, of the pleasure which he received on another occasion, in 1533, exactly ten years before the appearance of the "*De Revolutionibus*," from the exposition of the forthcoming system by John Albert Widmanstadt, who had just arrived from Germany. It consists of a volume, in the fly-leaf of which it is mentioned, in the hand-writing of Widmanstadt himself, that Pontiff had presented it to him in testimony of the gratification he derived from his exposition, delivered by his (the Pontiff's) command in the Vatican Gardens. As an additional mark of approbation, Widmanstadt was made private secretary to his Holiness.

"The second of these enlightened heads of the Catholic world, was one whom the united suffrages of Ariosto, Fracastoro, and a Calcagnini, place in the very first rank of the Mæcenates of philosophy and letters. But the most unequivocal testimony of all is to be found in the fact, that Copernicus, from the remote banks of the Vistula, sought and found in Paul III. a patron and protector for that system which was to displace the astronomical systems of all former times and of all countries. Long that philosopher hesitated ere he would commit his labour to the judgment of mankind. He knew the boldness of the enterprise, and how ill the world was prepared for the reception of doctrines so

new and so startling. He saw that there was but one spot in the universe where he could hope to find minds sufficiently enlarged and enlightened, to give him a favourable hearing. He appealed to Rome, *and especially as against the scriptural attacks of the timid and scrupulous religionist.** And the successor of St. Peter flung over the infant theory, the shield of his high protection, and secured it a period of eighty years' tranquillity and peace; a period amply sufficient to allow it to strike deep root into the minds of the astronomical world, and obtain for it every just and impartial consideration. But this was not all. Rome did not even wait till its protection was solicited. In the first year (1536) of this Pope's pontificate, it becomes known that Copernicus is prevented from producing his great work, both by the consideration just mentioned, and by the want of means. Instantly, Cardinal Scomberg (Nicholas,) with a generosity that cannot be too highly appreciated, stepped forward, and in the most earnest manner solicited the discoverer no longer to withhold his work from the public; and, in order to remove every objection as to the inadequacy of means, charged himself with all the necessary expenses. Unfortunately, he too soon dies; but another Church dignitary is found to replace him, and, under the encouragement and by the assistance of the Bishop of Eremeland (Gisio,) the work is brought to a successful issue, and comes forth to the light, bearing on its front the name and the sanction of the head of the Catholic world.

"Let the revilers of the Church of Rome put their finger on any one service commensurate with this, which any one, or all of their Churches together, have ever rendered to science; and then, perhaps, we may listen with patience to their bigoted and one-sided drivellings on the subject of Galileo."

Such is the history of the rise of the Copernican theory; and certainly, so far from the Church having assumed a hostile attitude in its regard, every thing shews that it is to the Church we owe the encouragement which secured its triumph. If, then, a century later, Galileo was censured for his maintenance of this theory, it is much more reasonable to seek for the cause of this opposition in his own personal history, than to ascribe it to the hostility of the Church for a science which she has at all times favoured, and which, in this particular instance, many of her highest dignitaries so powerfully and effectually patronised. We give a sketch of Galileo's career previous to 1615 from the "Introduction."

"Galileo Galilei was born at Pisa, in February, 1564. When a youth, he

* "For many years the publication of the work announcing his theory was in vain urged by Cardinal Scomberg, who accompanied his solicitation with the funds necessary for its printing. (One of the Cardinal's letters, dated 1536, is prefixed to the work.) Another dignitary of the Church, the Bishop of Culm, himself superintended its publication, and it was dedicated to the Head of the Church, Paul III., 'on the express ground' says Sir David Brewster in his *Life of Galileo*, 'that the authority of the pontiff might silence the calumnies of those who attacked these opinions by arguments drawn from Scripture.'" Introduction, p. 7.

was intended for the medical profession, but having manifested a great fondness for mathematics, his father reluctantly consented to his pursuit of that study. At the age of twenty-six, when about to leave the school of mathematics, he was noticed by Cardinal del Monte, and recommended to the reigning Duke of Tuscany as a young man of whom the highest expectations might be entertained. He was immediately nominated lecturer on mathematics in his native city. Galileo now pursued his researches in physics with increased diligence and ardour.

"At that period, the doctrines of Aristotle still reigned in the schools, although Leonardo da Vinci, who lived in the early part of the sixteenth century, Nizoli, his contemporary, Giordano Bruno, and Benedetti, who wrote about the time of Galileo's birth, had already, by many striking and successful experiments, shaken the authority of the Stagyrice in matters of science. Galileo followed zealously in their path, and proved by experiment the falsity of many of the prevailing opinions. Among these was the axiom that the velocity of falling bodies is proportionate to their weights. The Leaning Tower of Pisa afforded Galileo a favourable opportunity to demonstrate its incorrectness; and the simultaneous descent of unequal weights should have convinced the unwilling Aristotelians of the absurdity of their doctrine.

"But if he had denounced this and other errors to his pupils 'with a zeal, perhaps, bordering on indiscretion,' they were not the less to blame in refusing credence to their young teacher, the success of whose experiment they ascribed to some cause unknown. Their hesitation instantly to embrace the principles he announced, was as ungrateful to Galileo, as his rebukes were intolerable to them. Harshness begat alienation, and sarcasm, ill will.

"For the sake of the advancement of science, and for his own peace of mind, Galileo much needed another philosophy than that in which he has so well earned the title of 'Master of Modern Physics' For a prejudice that had its root in centuries, he would make no allowance. For an ignorance against which he alone, among the many, was enlightened, he had no consideration. The inevitable consequence was a rupture between the young philosopher and his unenlightened hearers, which soon ripened into enmity. That discretion of valour which is the brightest quality in the veteran soldier and the experienced controversialist was hardly to be expected from a young and ardent mind, flushed with success, and impatient of the fetters with which aged prejudice had loaded the swift feet of Science.

"But well would it have been for the cause of philosophy had Galileo, in after years, laid this lesson to his heart and profited by it. Sir David Brewster remarks in commenting upon this incident, 'Forgetting that all knowledge is progressive, and that the errors of one generation call forth the comments, and are replaced by the discoveries of the next, Galileo did not anticipate that his own speculations and incompleted labours might one day provoke unmitigated censure; and he therefore failed in making allowance for the prejudices

and ignorance of his opponents. He who enjoys the proud lot of taking a position in advance of his age, need not wonder that his less gifted contemporaries are left behind. Men are not necessarily obstinate because they cleave to deeply rooted and venerable errors, nor are they absolutely dull when they are long in understanding and slow in embracing newly discovered truths.'

"These and other difficulties made Galileo enemies, whose machinations, it is said, rendered his stay at Pisa unpleasant. At this time, by the death of his father, the burthen of supporting the family fell upon him, and he gladly accepted, (September, 1592,) the appointment of the Republic of Venice to the chair of Mathematics in the University of Padua. There he remained until 1610, when he was called to Florence by Cosmo II. to fill the station of Grand Ducal Mathematician. This period of eighteen years was nobly employed for Science. During this time he invented the Telescope,* improved the Thermometer, wrote many valuable papers, and completed numerous inventions.

"There is much uncertainty as to the precise time when he abandoned the Ptolemaic System for that of Copernicus. The weight of authority appears to fix it somewhere between 1593 and 1597. His fame had meanwhile risen deservedly high. His reputation became European. Crowds, among whom were Dukes and Princes, flocked to hear him. Galileo's first telescope magnified only three times. A second which he made, and presented to the Venetian Senate, had a power of eight. His third telescope, constructed with great pains, magnified thirty-three times.† With this instrument‡ early in 1610 he discovered the inequalities or mountains of the Moon, forty stars in the Pleiades, and the Satellites of Jupiter. He announced these discoveries in a work bearing the appropriate title 'Nuncius Sidereus.'§ It is difficult to convey an idea of the deep and exciting sensation which the appearance of this book produced. Joy, doubt, astonishment and unbelief all manifested themselves with more or less violence, according to the prejudices of the parties and their means of making themselves heard. Kepler, in a letter to Galileo, described his impressions on hearing of the discovery of the Satellites of Jupiter, in the following graphic manner 'Wachenfels stopped his carriage at my door to tell me, when such a fit of wonder seized me at a report which seemed so very absurd, that between his joy, my colouring, and the laughter of both, confounded as we were by such a novelty, we were hardly capable, he of speaking, or I of listening.'

* The credit of this invention is disputed by Italy (for others than Galileo) Holland, and England. According to Galileo's own statement, having heard (in 1609,) of an instrument by the use of which distant objects were represented much nearer than they appeared to the naked eye, he set himself to discover upon scientific principles by what means such an effect could be produced. The result of his admirable labours was the construction of a telescope, with the aid of which he commenced a series of grand discoveries.

† Bailly, *Histoire d' Astronomie Moderne*, Vol. 2. p. 35.

‡ Still presented in the Museum at Florence. Valery. *Voyage Littéraire*, p. 296.

§ 'The Herald of the Stars.'

"Galileo visited Rome, for the first time, in the early part of the year 1611. His fame had long preceded him. Nowhere were his discoveries better appreciated, his merits more highly prized, than in the Capital of the Christian world. His visit was a continued ovation. Honours the most distinguished were lavished upon him. 'Whether we consider Cardinal, Prince, or Prelate,' says Salusbury, 'he found an honourable welcome from them all, and had their palaces as open and free to him as the houses of his private friends.' His reception was indeed, as is beautifully remarked, 'as though one of his own starry wonders had dropt from the sky.' Having brought with him his best telescope, he erected it in the garden of Cardinal Bandini. For weeks, all classes, Prelate, priest, layman, noble and plebeian flocked to see the wonders given for the first time, to human gaze. The spots on the Sun lately discovered by Galileo,* were the particular object of their curiosity.

"The remainder of the year 1611, and a part of the following year were occupied by Galileo in his usual astronomical observations, and in a protracted controversy on the question, whether the shape of bodies has any influence on their disposition to float or sink in a fluid. His three treatises on this subject are said to contain much acute reasoning in support of the true principles of hydrostatics, and, it is conceded by all, left him master of the field.

"Galileo had now attained reputation, wealth, station, and high honour. With leisure and means at his command, he could pursue with every advantage his professional career, adding new riches to science, and fresh laurels to his fame. His pupils had been called to fill the scientific chairs in the principal Universities of Italy. His friends and correspondents, were Philosophers, Princes, and Prelates. Both they and his disciples of every rank were devoted to him. If he encountered opposition, it was to him more a subject for triumph than for sorrow. Each success more brightly illustrated his fame, and, so firmly established was it, that, even some startling errors he fell into, and which were corrected by his adversaries, did not, it would appear, at all dim its high lustre.

"Not his were the essays of the timid and discouraged;—jeered at, as was Fulton, up to the very instant that demonstration silenced his mockers:—he wrote *ex cathedra*, and, whether right or wrong, in a tone of overbearing confidence.† Not his the constant struggle with poverty and 'hope deferred,' in

* The honour of first making this important discovery is claimed for the Jesuit Scheiner. Hallam claims it for his countryman Harriot, while Sir David Brewster insists upon the precedence of Galileo, without questioning the right of either of the three to the merit of an original discoverer. Nor was this the only distinguished service rendered by the Jesuit Father to science. By dint of labourious and intelligent observation of the spots on the Sun, he discovered more than two thousand. He published a work (*Rosa Ursina*) giving an account of them. Scheiner is also the first astronomer who observed and explained (*Sol ellipticus*) the elliptic form which the Sun takes in approaching the horizon. Bailly, *Hist. d'astronomie Moderne*, T. 2 p's. 144, 145.

† 'When argument failed to enlighten the judgment of his adversaries, and reason to dispel their prejudices, he wielded against them his powerful weapons of ridicule and sarcasm.' Lardner's *Cab. Cycl.*, Life of Galileo, p. 29.

spite of which Columbus found a new world—unlike Galileo's visible in the blue vault of Heaven—but beyond the unknown and trackless wave:—cheered on in the path already explored for him, every step he made was hailed as progress, every novelty he announced was received with joyful confidence. Not his the fate of Kepler and Tycho Brahe,—compelled to find in exile the kindness refused at home. Not his the labours of sad and silent years, destined only to see the light when the hand that traced them was cold in the tomb:—sovereigns received their dedications, and learned academies sent them forth with all the illustration of their high authority. But the pride of intellect and thirst for glory of the Man, were too strong for the Philosopher's love of Science. The path to the firm establishment of the Copernican system lay open and broad before him. He must needs render it rugged and difficult by obstacles of his own creation. 'Twas not the quiet seclusion of scientific investigation he desired, but the garish, noisy display of power. Galileo strove not for truth, but for victory !”

Three several times was the Roman Inquisition occupied with the affair of Galileo; first in 1615 when his opinions were alone in question, and afterwards in 1616 and 1633 when he was personally before that tribunal. The writer in the Dublin Review thus narrates these events; and from this relation it is evident that the Philosopher's excessive imprudence, and not his maintenance of the earth's motion, was what caused him to incur the censures of the Inquisition. The reviewer shews satisfactorily that the principal argument on which Galileo grounded his imagined demonstration of the earth's motion,—the flux and reflux of the tides,—was inconclusive, and as such rejected by contemporary and succeeding astronomers. He then proceeds: “Having thus persuaded himself that he had demonstrated the earth's motion, his next step was to prepare vigorously to remove the only remaining impediment as he conceived in the way of its universal adoption, namely, the scriptural difficulties; and, for this purpose, addressed so early as 1612, the letter to Cardinal Conti, to which we have before alluded, by way of enquiry on this subject. The Cardinal's reply bears date July 12, and proves to us at least, that the new theory was not then considered ‘heresy’ at Rome. After stating that the texts which assert that *the earth stands*, would admit of being so construed as to mean merely its stability or permanence, the Cardinal proceeds,—‘but when it is said that the sun goes round, and the heavens move, the only interpretation that can be proposed (by the advocates of the new views) is, that they speak after the common manner of the people, which mode of explaining cannot be admitted without great necessity; nevertheless, *Diego a Stunica** says, the

* “C'est un Theologien Espagnol,” says the learned Simon, speaking of Stunica in one of his letters, “d'un grand merite, et qui parle de la sorte dans un pays d' Inquisition, et dans un ouvrage applaude avec eloge.”

As a farther proof that there was no idea at the time of looking at the new doctrines as heretical, we will add, that when in 1613, Galileo's friend and favourite pupil Castelli was

the earth's motion is more in conformity with the Scripture; his interpretation, however, is not followed.'

"In pursuance of his unwise purpose of raising the question, as to the value of Scriptural objections against his system, Galileo seizes the opportunity afforded by a letter from Castelli, wherein is reported a conversation on the subject held at the table of the Grand Duchess of Pisa, to enter on that series of theological epistles which formed the sole ground of the impeachment against him which followed in 1615.

"Lorini, a Dominican of Tuscany, and associate of Caccini, contrived by some means to get hold of a copy of the first of these letters—the one to Castelli; and armed with the document, proceeded to Rome to lay his complaint before the Holy Office. The Inquisition, however, demanded *in limine* the production of the original;—it was not forthcoming—proceedings were stayed, and the purpose of the denunciator was defeated. The correspondence of the leading characters on the occasion, which has come down to us, and which we now proceed to lay before our readers, reveals the whole temper of the tribunal in question, and the light in which they were disposed to look at the affair.

"The denunciation took place towards the close of February 1615: near a year before that, we have a letter from Monsignor Dini, the Bishop of Fermo, to Galileo, stating, that Cardinal Barberini, afterwards Pope Urban VIII., under whom Galileo was finally condemned, told him, "how he (Galileo) should comport himself—to speak with circumspection, and as a mathematician,' and that he, the cardinal, '*never heard a word, either in his own or in Bellarmine's congregation, of quei interessi of Galileo's although, in either, the first mention of such things is made.*'

"Immediately after the denunciation, viz: on the last day of February 1615, Ciampoli, the friend of the accused, and subsequently secretary to Pope Urban VIII., writes to say, that Barberini repeated to him the same sentiments, to wit, that 'Galileo should not travel out of the limits of physics and mathematics, but confine himself to such reasonings as Ptolemy and Copernicus, used, because—declaring the views of Scripture—the theologians maintain to be their particular province.'

"On the 21st. of the next month (March) while the proceedings against Galileo were at their height, the same writer again addressed his friend:—'I have been this morning together with Monsignor Dini to the Cardinal Del Monte, who told us he had lately had a long conversation with *Cardinal Bellarmine on the subject of the new opinions, and that the conclusion was, that by confining himself to the system AND ITS DEMONSTRATION, without interfering*

receiving his instructions on being appointed to the mathematical chair at Pisa, the Provettore (Provost) of that university, Monsignor Reverendissimo Arturo d' Elci, in 1613, he was expressly allowed to take every opportunity of teaching his opinion **AS PROBABLE**, provided only he did not put it forward from his chair as the **DECLARED** opinion of the school. Surely we need not ask how probable if heretical? or how give permission to instil a heresy into the minds of a rising generation?

with the Scriptures, the interpretation of which they wish to have confined to theological professors, approved and authorized for the purpose, Galileo would be secure against any contradiction, but that otherwise explanations of Scripture, however ingenious, will be admitted with difficulty when they depart from the common opinion of the fathers.* On the 15th of next month (April 1615) Bishop Dini, in a letter to his friend, testifies to 'Bellarmine's having remarked to him (Dini) that there was no question about Galileo, (the case had been by this time dismissed,) and that by pursuing the course mentioned, that of speaking as a mathematician, he would be put to no trouble.†

"Thus terminated in a few weeks the first judicial enquiry into the doctrine of Galileo, which Mr. Drinkwater and others seem to confound with the second, which took place in 1616, at Galileo's own instance, and with which, as we learn from his (Galileo's) own correspondence, Lorini had nothing to do. The denunciation then by this friar was a failure;—the original letter on which it was grounded, and without which the Inquisition refused to proceed, having been suppressed by Castelli; yet Castelli was never so much as reprimanded for the suppression, but remained in as great favour at Rome as ever; neither was he, or others who saw the original, examined as to whether the copy put in by the accuser was authentic. Had that obvious course been pursued, he dared not have withheld the truth,—but there was no disposition to urge matters to this length. The accused was not so much as cited, or otherwise in the least molested, and the whole affair was dismissed in a very few weeks. Certainly as yet, there is no evidence of a disposition on the part of Rome to quarrel with science, the only quarrel being that of Galileo with the theology of some of his countrymen. So little indeed do the authorities at Rome appear to have wished for any angry collision with the new doctrines, that at the very moment when they are accused of trying to crush these doctrines by the means of the Inquisition, that is to say, on the 7th of March 1615, Prince Cesi writes to his friend in Florence to tell him, that the preceptor of Popes, the talented Jesuit Torquato de Cuppis is delivering lectures in the Roman College (Bellarmine's own,) in support of the same Copernican doctrine,—while in the Pope's own University (Sapienza) another Jesuit, as Nelli testifies, is delivering similar lectures; and yet Bellarmine and the Jesuits have been accused of the most bigoted hostility to the Copernican system of Astronomy. We may here observe, that Padre Grassi,† the Jesuit who wrote the '*Astronomical Ballance*,' and who is charged with having, out of pique, urged on the measures of hostility against Galileo in 1633, explains, in 1624, some time after Bellarmine's decease, what that Cardinal's views were. These are the words: 'When a demonstration shall be found to establish the earth's motion,

* Lib. Nelli. quoted by Venturi.

† Ibid.

‡ "Grassi himself was not averse to the Copernican notions." Targioni, Scienze in Toscana, vol. 1.

it will be proper to interpret the sacred Scriptures otherwise than they have hitherto been in these passages where mention is made of the stability of the earth, and movement of the heavens; and *this ex sententia Bellarmini*.* To resume; Monsignor Dini, a correspondent who seems to have enjoyed the privilege of the freest intercourse with the Cardinals, and who took the liveliest interest in every thing that concerned his friend Galileo, says in a letter of the same 7th of March 1615: 'Bellarmine has not spoken, that I could hear, of the prohibition of Copernicus's works, but possibly there will be appended to that work a *postilla*, to say, that it was written to save the phenomena, and furthermore that people must not run on blindly and condemn either of these opinions.' What after all this shall we say to an attempt† on the part of Drinkwater, to disguise the plain but material fact of the dogmatical nature of the course pursued and disapproved of? That gentleman expressly undertakes to controvert a position taken by M. Bergier, '*Galileo was persecuted*,' (we would say *prosecuted*—the persecution part of the story having been long since given up,) '*not for having been a good Astronomer, but a bad theologian*," and how does he go about it? why he gives a *portion of a part* of the letter, that did *not* form the groundwork of the prosecution against Galileo, the letter to Madame Christina. Yet even this, too, is one tissue of theology from beginning to end, and so described by its own author, as is its precursor, that to Castelli: in fact, we do not know one well-informed writer who has made this attempt before Mr. Drinkwater. Nelli, Montucla, Delambre,—and so late as our own time, Biot‡ speaks of the letter to Madame Christina, (the very one from which Mr. Drinkwater quotes, and which is in substance the same as that to Castelli,) as one 'in which Galileo undertook to prove *theologically*, and by reasons drawn from the Fathers, that the terms of Scripture might be reconciled with his new doctrines on the constitution of the universe.'§

"It is then undeniable, that at the period we are now considering, the authorities at Rome had no wish to pass a sweeping censure on the doctrine in question, but only to restrain its assertion within bounds, recognized by philosophy itself, and prevent its supporters from wounding unnecessarily the religious prejudices of those who, in the absence of demonstration, refused it their

* Letters of Guiducci, 6th and 13th September, 1624, Venturi and Nelli. Bartoli, another contemporary of the Cardinal's, his brother in religion, and biographer, asserts that documents in the handwriting of Bellarmine remained in his possession, which showed that the Cardinal never questioned the truth of Galileo's doctrine, but only the prudence of his manner of propounding it; but those we have cited above are more than sufficient.

† See "Life of Galileo," chap. xi.

‡ Biot's Life of Galileo, Biographie Universelle.

§ Another assertion of Mr. Drinkwater, (Ibid.) is that "Galileo did not enter on this discussion till driven to it by a most indecent attack from the pulpit by a Dominican friar, (Caccini.*)" Even admitting this to be the fact, who does not see that the more than ample apology of the General Maraffi, struck from under the Tuscan's feet every ground of justification for entering on his improper course? but the slightest inspection of dates totally disproves the statement. The letter to Castelli was written before any attack.

assent.* In one word '*men must not run on blindly, and condemn either of these opinions.*' On this principle the Inquisition acted; allowing the system to take its stand among its rivals, that is, they set it down for all it is worth—a plausible, but as yet unproven opinion,—the truth or falsehood of which had still to appear.

"The equitable and temperate decision thus come to, appears to have given general satisfaction to the advocates of the new opinions: Padre Griembergero's associate mathematician, and brother Jesuit, in particular, congratulates Galileo, through Monsignor Dini, on the 25th April, 1615, '*that his affairs are settled*, for that now there will be no difficulty in writing on the Copernican system, as mathematician and by way of hypothesis.' Galileo, however, was not to be so easily pleased; he set his heart on having his adopted theory received as an unquestioned and unquestionable truth; nor could he rest easy till that object should be accomplished.

"The whole history of his life is the illustration of this truth. According-

* "It is doubtless an extraordinary fact in the history of the human mind, that the very same doctrines which had been published with impunity by Copernicus—and in a work, too, dedicated to the Roman Pontiff Paul III., for the avowed purpose of sheltering them under his sacred *Ægis*—should, nearly a hundred years afterwards, when civilization had made some progress, have subjected Galileo to all the terrors of the Inquisition. If we study, however, the conduct of Galileo himself, and consider his temper and tone of mind, and his connexion with a political party, unfriendly to religion as well as to the Papal government, we shall be at no loss to account for the different feelings with which the writings of Copernicus and Galileo were received. Had the Tuscan philosopher been a recluse student of nature, who like Copernicus, announced his opinions as accessions to knowledge, and not as subversive of old and deeply cherished errors;—had he stood alone as the fearless arbiter and the champion of truth, the Roman Pontiffs would, probably, like Paul III., have tolerated the new doctrine: and, like him too, they might probably have embraced it. But Galileo contrived to surround the truth with every variety of obstruction. The tide of knowledge, which had hitherto advanced in peace, he crested with angry breakers, and he involved in its surf both his friends and his enemies. When the more violent partisans of the church, in opposition to the wishes of some of its higher functionaries, and spurred on by the schoolmen, and the personal enemies of Galileo, had fixed the public attention upon the obnoxious doctrine, it would not have been easy for the most tolerant Pontiff to dismiss charges of heresy and irreligion without some formal decision on the subject. The astronomer was therefore summoned before the Inquisition in 1615, and it was decreed that Cardinal Bellarmine should enjoin Galileo to renounce his heresy, and pledge himself neither to teach nor publish it in future. But even this decree was not an unanimous one. Cardinal Maffeo Barberini (afterwards Pope Urban VIII.) and other members of the congregation concurred in opposing it; and we can therefore view it in no other light than as a gentle expostulation with Galileo, and a necessary assertion of ecclesiastical authority." *Edinburgh Review*, Oct. 1837.

"For eighty years the theory of the earth's motion had been maintained without censure; and it could have only been the greater boldness of Galileo which drew down upon him the notice of the Church." Hallam, *Litt. of Europe*, Vol. iv. p. 16.

"The Church party were not disposed to interfere with the prosecution of science, however much they may have dreaded its influence." Sir David Brewster. *Life of Galileo*.

"Copernicus had been allowed to dedicate his great work to Pope Paul III.; and from the time of its first appearance under that sanction in 1543, to the year 1616, of which we are now writing, this theory was left in the hands of mathematicians and philosophers, who alternately attacked and defended it, without receiving either support or molestation from ecclesiastical decrees. For we cannot often enough repeat the assertion that it was not the doctrine itself, so much as the free unyielding manner in which it was supported, which was originally obnoxious." *Life of Galileo*, (Drinkwater,) *Lib. of Useful Knowledge* p. 48.

ly his first attempt is to get the new system declared by the Inquisition to be conformable with the Scriptures. This, and his dissatisfaction, are both revealed by the following letter, written three days after the preceding, by his indefatigable friend the Bishop of Fermo. 'We may be quite sure,' says the prelate, trying to quiet the philosopher, 'that there is no question of the opinion, but among four or five not very friendly to you; and none of these have spoken to the Master of the Sacred Palace, but to a certain friend of his: all which is confirmed by the word of Grazia himself: and therefore it is perhaps as well not to raise the question, lest by assuming the attitude of defence, where no attack is made, you may excite the suspicion of something wrong; and such too is Cesi's opinion.*'

"Thus we see that the Florentine sage was bent on forcing this matter on again himself. In fact, he wrote, on the 23rd of the preceding month, an argumentative epistle to Dini, expressly that it might be submitted to the perusal 'of Bellarmine and the Jesuits, as being those who know most about such things.'

"'It appears to Prince Cesi,' writes his friend, in reply to the perhaps repeated wish that this letter should be presented, 'that I† should not present your letter to THAT personage, because he and many others in authority being decided Peripatetics (pretti Peripatetici,) it is doubted he might be irritated on a point already gained; which is, that you can write as a mathematician, and by way of hypothesis; as they will have it Copernicus did: and this, though not conceded by his followers, is nevertheless sufficient that others should obtain the same result; that of being left at liberty, provided only, as he has said, people do not invade the sanctuary. (Purche non s'intrè in Sagrestia, come sie detto altre volte.)‡'

"This very significant hint, that his best friends could not follow him with their approbation in the intemperate and uncalled-for course he was now meditating, was unfortunately lost on the sage. He proceeds with the elaboration of the last and most formidable of his polemical epistles; and having completed it, and sent it to the court of Florence, thereby 'stamping it,' says a modern writer, 'with the impress of royal authority,' he proceeds, towards the end of the year, with this armoury of theological weapons in his head, to storm the citadel of orthodoxy, the papal Inquisition; otherwise, in his own words, to learn 'what he should believe on the Copernican System,' (letter to Renieri;) and thus uncited, and of his own free motion, does he place himself—personally for the first time—his opinions for the second time—before the Inquisition, in opposition to the remonstrance of his friends: for it is idle in Mr. Drinkwater to try to lend plausibility to the prattle recorded in a gossiping letter of the day

* Letter of the 28th April, in Venturi.

† From this it appears that Nelli has fallen into one of his many mistakes, when he says that Dini caused several copies of this letter of the 23rd of March to be taken, especially, among others, for Bellarmine (Nelli, Vita, vol. i. p. 400, Losanna, 1793.)

‡ Dini to Galileo, 2nd of May, 1615, in Venturi.

(it is to the letter of Querenghi we suppose him to allude, when he speaks of Galileo's cotemporary,) to the effect that Galileo was *cited*, on this occasion, to appear before the Inquisition.

"Was it, we would ask Mr. Drinkwater, according to the rules of sound criticism and equity, thus to entertain this charge, when he must have had before his eyes at the moment, the fullest disproof of any such citation, in the correspondence both of the philosopher himself and his patron the Grand Duke? The latter, in his commendatory letter which he gave his mathematician for a Cardinal, (who must have been in the secret, if any there had been, and whom it would be therefore folly to try to deceive) asserts that Galileo is proceeding to Rome, '*of his own accord*' (spontaneamente.)* While he himself, in a letter to his court, dated from Rome, says, 'I every day perceive more and more, *how happy an inspiration* and excellent a resolution was mine in determining to come hither, whence, I thank God, *and the kindness of their Serene Highnesses, who have granted me the necessary permission, &c.*' In that letter, he alludes to the various and disgusting artifices to which his untiring enemies had recourse, in order to vilify and injure him in the estimation of the great world in the Eternal City; no longer by legal prosecution—in that they had failed—but by private malice and whisperings, which, however, his sole presence sufficed to defeat. We shall leave himself to declare his triumphs. 'My affair has been brought to a close, so far as I am individually concerned: the result has been signified to me by all their eminences, the Cardinals, who manage these affairs in the most liberal and obliging manner (*liberalmente e affettuosamente,*) with the assurance that they had felt, as it were with their own hands, no less my own candour and sincerity, than the diabolical malignity and iniquitous purposes of my persecutors. So that, so far as I am personally concerned, I might return home at any moment.†' He did not so return. His characteristic ardour and impetuosity would not let him. He remains to try to sway the ulterior deliberations on the general merits of the question, and to procure a decision that his opinion is in accordance with the Scripture.‡ For this purpose, having requested and obtained from his court, letters to Cardinal Orsini, who seems to have particularly lent himself to the views of his philosophical friend, he girds his loins for the work, and puts forth that argument upon which, on all occasions, he so fondly relied—the everlasting flux and reflux of the tides. Whether he succeeded in producing, by this boasted argument, the same degree of conviction in the mind of the Cardinal, to whom he inscribed it, as swayed his own breast, does not appear. He at all events, most unfortunately, succeeded in imparting to him no small portion of his own heat and imprudence. It happened, that the consideration of Galileo's theory was not taken up so warmly as either he or his eminent friend could wish. The

* Fabroni Lettere, vol. i.

† Letter to Pecchena, 16th February, 1616.

‡ Despatches of Guicciardini, 4th March, as quoted by Bergier and Bercastel.

Cardinals appeared to them to wax cold upon the subject, and from time to time it was postponed to matters of weightier concern: at length, at a most inopportune moment, when the Pope and Cardinals were engaged in one of their largest congregations, in some deep and important discussion, Orsini, in the most abrupt manner ('*arrepta potius quam capta occasione*,' says the historian who narrates the circumstance,) interposes, to force on Galileo's question. Conduct so ill-advised, draws down the immediate reprimand of the Pontiff; still the Cardinal, nothing abashed, returns to the charge, and again interrupts the business in hand. Then, and not till then, did the Pope, under feelings of irritation, declare that *he will* send the whole affair before the Inquisition.* Bellarmine, on the moment, is summoned to an audience with the Pontiff, where he is detained in a long and animated conference, which results in the determination instantly to call together a congregation to condemn the proposition. However, even under all these disadvantages, good sense and moderation prevail; and the utter condemnation, said to have been at first contemplated, is, chiefly through the instrumentality of Cardinals Barberini and Cajetan, softened down into declaration, 'that it appeared to be contrary to the sacred Scripture.' Such is the account left us by a contemporary, who assisted Galileo in his cause, and who wrote this account in Rome for the philosopher at his own especial request.†

"Thus, it was not, as some Protestant writers would have us believe, pronounced heretical, but untenable in its absolute and unqualified form, until, as Bellarmine decided, a new demonstration should arise to prove its truth; then, as Grassi informs us (*supra*,) according to that father, the Scripture interpretation should be altered.

"Galileo himself, explaining the same thing *the day after* the decision, in a letter to Picchena, tells him that 'the result has not been favourable to his enemies; the doctrine of Copernicus *not having been declared heretical*, but only as not consonant to the sacred Scripture: whence, the sole prohibition is of those works in which that consonance is maintained.'

"With regard to the philosopher himself, they deemed it prudent to reduce him to a total silence on the subject. Yet even this step (of silencing him) they did not take but in the last resort, commissioning one of their number (Bellarmine) to intimate to him their decision, and try, by all the arts of friendly persuasion, to engage him to give up 'agitating,' as the ambassador terms it, the question; and if he had a mind to hold these opinions, to hold them in peace. It was only when this last expedient failed, the biographer in Fabbri tells us, that Bellarmine called in the public notary and witness-

* Il quale gli dissi che avrebbe rimesso il negozio a' Signori Cardinali del S. Offizio e jer l'altro, sento, fecero una congregazione sopra questo fatto per dichiarla tale (eronea e eretica;) Guicchiardini's Despatch, 4th March, 1616.

† "E così," are the words of Geo. Francesco Buonamici, di Prato, the authority alluded to above, "si ridusse il decreto Pontificio a temperamento di ordinare che il sistema non si potesse difendere ne tenere, perche pareva che fosse contraria alla sacra scrittura."

was, to have him juridicially bound to silence; and in doing so, dispensed with every circumstance that might tend unnecessarily to irritate his wounded pride. They did not place him at their bar; the witnesses were as few as possible; and the Cardinal furnished him with a certificate to the effect that they did not at all visit him with their displeasure, but left him in the enjoyment of his opinions—opinions then once more not deemed heretical. He was immediately admitted to a long and friendly audience with the Pontiff, and dismissed with every demonstration of favour and regard. Such is the plain, unvarnished statement of the facts of this (the second) inquiry by the Inquisition into the doctrine and conduct of Galileo: it was of *his own seeking*, against the advice not only of his declared friends, but of some of his judges; it arose out of the attempt, on the philosopher's part, to give the law in the interpretation of Scripture; was marked by heat and intemperance on his side, by kindness and good feeling on that of the court; it left him the enjoyment of his opinions, but reduced him, as '*an ecclesiastical precaution*,' to use the words of Venturi, to an absolute silence in doing so: it warred not with the doctrine, for it left every other teacher to enforce the same views; nay, scarcely was the ink dry on the paper that recorded this decision, when the chair of astronomy in the Pope's own University of Bologna, vacant by the death of Magini, was offered to the immortal Kepler; that is, the instruction of the rising generation in heretical astronomy (bless the mark!), is sought to be placed by Rome itself in the hands of, after Galileo, the most active, and, before Galileo, and all others, the most efficient advocate of Copernicanism in his day: not only so, they did not even wait for Kepler to come amongst them to have it taught. We have seen how, in the year before, it was upheld both in the Sapienza and in the Roman College; and now a Theatine father is occupied in enforcing the truth of the same Copernican views.* Why, then, it may be asked, was Galileo, and why Galileo alone silenced? The answer is ready—because of his extreme intemperance; which is fully evinced by his whole conduct in the affair, and is still farther attested by the ambassador of his Prince, resident on the spot, and who dared not to have misrepresented him to a court which idolized him. We shall give the extract from that minister's dispatch: it is dated the 4th of March,—the day before the sentence was pronounced,—and expresses, with great earnestness, the heat of the sage, proof against every expedient to the last.

"Galileo makes more account of his own opinion than that of his friends: and the Lord Cardinal del Monte, and I, so far as lay in my power, *together with many Cardinals of the Holy Office*, have tried to persuade him to keep himself quiet, and not to agitate (*stuzzicare*) this affair, but, if he had a mind to hold his opinion, to hold it in peace, [*hold a heresy in peace! this from In-*

* Nelli, Vita.

quisitors!] and not to make such efforts to draw over others to his way of thinking. . . . He is heated in his opinions, and displays an extreme of passion, with but little prudence or strength of mind to know how to govern it. He is heated. He is passionate in this affair, and altogether blinded as to how he should act; and will remain so, as he has hitherto done, bringing himself, and every one else who will be fool enough to second his views, or be persuaded by him, into danger. . . . He is vehement, obstinate, and passionate, so that it is impossible that any one around him can get out of his hands.*

"Is it any wonder that, after all this, they should try to tie up these hands by enjoining him to an 'opportune silence,' as they called it? He, however, violated this injunction, referring to it, after a lapse of seventeen years, in a most contemptuous and sarcastic style; for that he was indeed arraigned, and finally condemned in 1633; but still treated to the last with every indulgence and consideration for his infirmities and high philosophic character.

"It is astonishing how completely this opportune silence was followed by peace in the scientifico-religious world. Galileo, in consequence of the repeated and urgent representations of the Tuscan ambassador at Rome, is gently remanded by his court to Florence, with the aid of an occasional letter, serving as a sort of safety-valve to his restless and dissatisfied spirit. The astronomer returns to his previous calm. He is still admired—still courted as ever: Cardinal Barberini composes verses in his honour, and mounts the papal throne. From that moment Copernicanism is once more in the ascendant. It is enough that any one should be the friend of Galileo, or a partaker in his opinions,—he is immediately placed round the pontifical person, in some post of honour and profit. Castelli is called from Pisa to be mathematician to his Holiness; Cesarini, in whose house Galileo found a home when before the Inquisition in 1616, and who sang the motion of the earth, and the praises of its hero, is made Grand Chamberlain, and would have been honoured with a cardinal's hat, but for his too early demise (in 1624.) Ricardi is made master of the Sacred Palace; Ciampole is made secretary; Campanella, the hot and intemperate, is rescued from the grasp of his Neapolitan jailers, and attached to the papal household; the founder of the French oratory, the celebrated Bérulle, is raised to the dignity of Cardinal, though an avowed Copernican. In fine, Galileo himself comes to Rome, not in consequence of a citation, as Mr. Drinkwater, true to himself, yearns to make us suspect,† but in compliance with the advice of his illustrious friend, Prince Cesi, to offer his congratulations to his brother academician, Barberini, on his recent elevation to the chair of St. Pe-

* Fabroni. Even after having been silenced, he could not keep from wrangling and embroiling himself and others in worse than useless arguments on this subject. Hear Guicchiardini, in a despatch written two months after:—"Egli (Galileo) e d'un umore fino da scaponire i frati; e combattere con chi egli non puo se non perdere, pero un poco prima, or poi, sentiranno costa che sara cascato in qualche stravagante precipizio."

† Life of Galileo, c. xii.

ter. He is loaden with honours. The substantial proofs of papal partiality and esteem with which he returns to his own country, are recorded in almost every history of the time, and it is unnecessary for us to enumerate them. Suffice it to say they met him in every shape—the cordial interview—the commendatory letter—the pension for himself and his son, came unsolicited, to attest how high the philosopher stood in the papal favour. Not only during the visit is he before the Pontiff's mind. The friends of Galileo in their correspondence testify to the kindness and frequency of Urban's recollections. He is beforehand with his officers in remembering the remittances to be made, and orders them to be increased. Does an unkind word drop from some bigoted friar?—He is immediately reprimanded with the assurance that the Pope and Cardinals have no dearer friend than Galileo.* What more favourable conjuncture for the flux and reflux proof of Copernicanism? The papal pulse is accordingly felt. Those now at the head of affairs are sounded. From one end to the other of the court it is proclaimed that the geocentric doctrine is *not* a matter of faith—that its opposite is *not* heresy. Urban repeatedly expresses himself to the same effect.† All is now bright with promise, and after much manœuvring and characteristic finesse, Galileo surprises his devoted friends, the Maestro di S. Palazzo, and Ciampole, into an approbation of a work which he permitted them but partially to examine. Thus, by conduct such as no one can admire, he succeeds; and, to the wonder of all, comes out with the famous *Four Days' Dialogues*, in which he gives all the preponderance of argument to the opinion of his choice—treating the opposite, and its advocates, with ridicule and contempt. The very first page, addressed *To the Discreet Reader*, most indiscreetly reveals and points the transparent satire against the decree of 1616 *by name*, in a vein of the most bitter irony and sarcasm. It was a daring attempt; and the air of defiance, with which it was paraded, made it scarcely possible that any tribunal pretending to public respect, should tamely submit to be thus ostentatiously trampled on. The writer has the farther imprudence to put in the mouth of Simplicius, to whom is allotted the task of sustaining the old opinion, the arguments which the reigning Pontiff had previously urged against the doctrine of the earth's motion, with the express notification that he heard them from *a most learned and elevated personage* ('*gia appreso da*

* When, in 1630, un certo frate spoke somewhat insolently of Galileo in the presence of Barberini, he was instantly reprimanded by his Eminence, who observed that the philosopher had no greater friends than his Holiness and himself. This friar may have been Caccini, who is known to have vented his splenetic disappointment about this time, in the bitter remark that "Galileo's proper place, were he not so protected by the Court of Rome, would be a dungeon."

† In March 1630, the Pope, in a conversation with Campanella, uses these words: "It never was our intention to condemn the Copernican system, and if it depended on us, the decree of 1616 would never have been made." (Castelli to Galileo, who fortifies the relation with the authority of Prince Cesi.) In the year following, speaking with Cardinal Zoller, he emphatically rejects the idea that the new opinion is heretical: adding "it is only rash; and there is no fear that any one will undertake to prove that it must necessarily be true." He might have added, there was still less fear of his succeeding at the time.

dottissima e eminentissima persona.') Gratitude should have taught him to spare this pointed illusion to the first personage in the realm, who was also his own most generous benefactor. However, the shaft was sped, and sorely did it rankle in the Pontifical breast. It is said there were not wanting those behind the scenes, who, instigated by secret envy, fanned the flame that was thus lit up. Wounded pride, it is at all events certain, was the passion that urged on the steps that were afterwards taken to vindicate, as was asserted, the violated order of 1616. This was the ostensible ground of complaint. Certainly hostility to science in general, or to the peculiar doctrine of the earth's motion in particular, was not among the motives, real or avowed, that brought down the severity with which the delinquent was at last visited. All the springs of action are laid open in the correspondence of the day. In the important despatches of Nicolini, the resident ambassador of Florence at Rome, we have evidence on the one hand of the Pope's taking up the cause, '*come propria*,' and on the other, 'that the great difficulty consisted in its being maintained by the Cardinals of the congregation, that in the year 1616 a command was laid upon him (Galileo) that he should not dispute nor argue (*discorrere*) on this point. Every thing else seems to be of minor consideration, and more easily got rid of.'

"The same point is restated in a second letter of the same date, as well as in those of the 23rd of May, 1633; the 18th of June, 1633; the 26th of June, 1633; the 3rd of July of the same year; and the 11th of September of the year previous,—all of which may be consulted in Venturi;—and it is still farther confirmed, if confirmation were necessary, by the authority of Geo. Francesco Buonamici, who expressly testifies, that the Inquisition 'solely examined him upon the license and approbation of the book.' They demanded of him, why he had not informed the master of the Sacred Palace of the injunction of 1616. He replied, that he thought it was useless. 'There,' says Venturi, 'in rigorous justice, was his fault.'

"Campanella, altogether in the interest of Galileo, even to violence, with the best opportunities, too, of becoming acquainted with the truth, tells us in the like manner, that the infringement of the injunction of 1616, was the cause of the proceedings in 1633. See his letter to Galileo, 22nd October, 1632.

"Were even this express evidence of the true springs of motion in this unpleasant affair lost to us, it would still be clear, that to whatever cause the prosecution of Galileo might have been owing, it could not be attributable to any unworthy dislike of scientific pursuits generally, nor to the conclusion in question—that of the earth's motion in particular. The character of the times and of the actors of the scene, clearly forbids the supposition. We have before seen, that Urban and his court were rather friendly than otherwise to the doctrine, and regarded it, in a theological point of view, as perfectly harmless. Its most zealous advocates were in favour and in place round his own person. Next, the Jesuits are accused as having urged on the authorities behind the

scenes, to exercise the severity they displayed against the poor delinquent. We do not consider it necessary to enquire into the justice of the charge. So far as it is meant generally to affect the society as a body, we deem it unquestionably unjust. Galileo counted many friends in the order, such as Griembergero, Guldino, Tanner, and others. Venturi* tells us, the superiors of that order tried to put a stop to the controversy between himself and Grassi. Monsignor Dini particularizes the Jesuits as the Tuscan's friends, and praises them as counting then the greatest men in their body. Galileo himself has rendered the most ample and unequivocal testimony to the superiority of that religious order, and his own obligations to it. Writing to Prince Cesi, on the 29th of December, 1611,† he thus speaks of Terenzo, a Lyncean, who had then lately joined the Jesuits: 'The news has pained me, by reason of the great loss our society will sustain; but, on the other hand, has given me pleasure, both for the nature itself of the holy resolution, and that a company, to which I am much indebted, has obtained such an acquisition.' At the same time, it appears to have been held by the best informed at that period, that many among that celebrated body, were disaffected towards the sage, and were influencing the Holy Father in a spirit that boded no good to the philosopher's peace: but yet, far from their hostility having been owing to any dislike of either science or the new system of the world, it is expressly attributed to their envy and desire to appropriate to themselves the glory of his discoveries. The Heliocentric doctrine was taught in their schools, and still more generally held than taught. Scheiner, for instance, is said to have held it privately, although he did not avow it openly,—perhaps, simply, because it was espoused by Galileo; and in the correspondence of the day, it is expressly affirmed to have been the *favourite* doctrine among the sons of Loyola. The state of feeling, too, in Rome, towards science, was, at the time, most liberal and enlightened,—and far, very far, indeed, in advance of that of those countries, whose principal writers, down even to our own days, have taken particular pleasure in decrying the character of Italy in this respect."

To this account of the real nature of the investigation before the Inquisition in 1633, we append the relation of the affair given by Sir David Brewster, which we find in the "Introduction," together with some circumstances mentioned in this latter, regarding the citation, trial and punishment of Galileo, which we do not find detailed by the Reviewer.

"Whatever allowance we may make for the ardour of Galileo's temper and the peculiarity of his position, and however we may justify and even approve of his past conduct, his visit to Urban VIII., in 1624, placed him in a new relation to the Church, which demanded on his part a new and corresponding demeanour. The noble and generous reception which he met with from Urban, and the liberal declaration of Cardinal Hohenzoller on the subject of the

* Parte 2nde, p. 58.

† Giornale Letterario di Roma, 1749.

Copernican system, should have been regarded as expressions of regret for the past and offers of conciliation for the future. Thus honoured by the head of the Church, and befriended by its dignitaries, Galileo must have felt himself secure against the indignities of its lesser functionaries, and *in the possession of the fullest license to prosecute his researches and publish his discoveries*, provided he avoided that dogma of the Church which, even in the present day, it has not ventured to renounce. But Galileo was bound to the Romish hierarchy by even stronger ties. His son and himself were pensioners of the Church, and having accepted of its alms, they owed to it, at least, a decent and respectful allegiance. The pension thus given by Urban was not a remuneration which sovereigns sometimes award to the services of their subjects. Galileo was a foreigner at Rome. The sovereign of the papal states owed him no obligation; and hence we must regard the pension of Galileo as a donation from the Roman pontiff to science itself, and as a declaration to the Christian world that religion was not jealous of philosophy, and that the Church of Rome was willing to respect and foster even the genius of its enemies.

“Galileo viewed all these circumstances in a different light. He resolved to compose a work in which the Copernican system should be demonstrated; but he had not the courage to do this in a direct and open manner. He adopted the plan of discussing the subject in a dialogue between three speakers, in the hope of eluding by this artifice the censure of the Church. This work was completed in 1630, but, owing to some difficulties in obtaining a license to print it, it was not published till 1632.

“In obtaining this licence Galileo exhibited considerable address, and his memory has not escaped from the imputation of having acted unfairly, and of having involved his personal friends in the consequences of his imprudence.

“The situation of master of the palace was, fortunately for Galileo's designs, filled by Nicolo Riccardi, a friend and pupil of his own. This officer was a sort of censor of new publications, and when he was applied to on the subject of printing his work, Galileo soon found that attempts had previously been made to thwart his views. He instantly set off for Rome, and had an interview with his friend, who was in every respect anxious to oblige him. Riccardi examined the manuscript, pointed out some incautious expressions which he considered it necessary to erase, and returned it with his written approbation, on the understanding that the alterations he suggested would be made. Dreading to remain in Rome during the unhealthy season, which was fast approaching, Galileo returned to Florence, with the intention of completing the index and dedication, and of sending the MS. to Rome, to be printed under the care of Prince Cesi. The death of that distinguished individual, in August, 1630, frustrated Galileo's plan, and he applied for leave to have the book printed in Florence. Riccardi was at first desirous of examining the MS. again; but, after inspecting only the beginning and the end of it, he gave Galileo leave to print it wherever he chose, providing it bore the license of the

Inquisitor-General of Florence, and one or two other persons whom he named.' Life of Gal. Brewster, p. 79 et seq.

"The work for which a license for publication was thus obtained, was entitled '*The System of the World of Galileo Galilei, &c.*' Its introduction, which is addressed 'To the Discreet Reader' is characterized by the utmost imprudence. In it he speaks 'in the most insulting and ironical language' of the decree of 1616, and does not even spare his benefactor, Urban VIII. It is thought, by some, that his Holiness deeply felt this personal attack, and that, from a friend, he became an enemy of Galileo,—but Sir D. Brewster 'cannot admit the truth of this supposition.'

"'The dogmas of the Catholic faith' he continues, 'had been brought into direct collision with the deductions of science. The leader of the *philosophic band had broken the most solemn armistice* with the Inquisition*: he had renounced the ties of gratitude, which bound him to the pontiff; and Urban was thus compelled to intrench himself in a position to which he had been driven by his opponents.

"'Pope Urban VIII., attached though he had been to Galileo, never once hesitated respecting the line of conduct which he felt himself bound to pursue. His mind was nevertheless agitated with conflicting sentiments. He entertained a sincere affection for science and literature, and yet he was placed in the position of their enemy. He had been the personal friend of Galileo, and yet his duty compelled him to become his accuser. Embarrassing as these feelings were, other considerations contributed to sooth him. He had, in his capacity of a cardinal, opposed the first persecution of Galileo. He had, since his elevation to the pontificate, traced an open path for the march of Galileo's discoveries; and he had finally endeavoured to bind the recusant philosopher by the chains of kindness and gratitude. All these means, however, had proved abortive, and he was now called upon to support the doctrine which he had subscribed, and administer the law of which he was the guardian.'

"Galileo was consequently summoned to Rome to answer for his infraction of the injunction of 1616. A congregation of ecclesiastics, taken from several orders was appointed to judge his case; and, in obedience to the summons, he arrived at Rome, Feb. 14, 1633. It had been represented by the Tuscan Ambassador that Galileo was aged, and his health infirm. In consequence of

* On this point, Mr. Drinkwater—unwittingly, it would seem—makes a distinction that he elsewhere avoids. 'It is more likely that he flattered himself that, under the new government of Rome, he was not likely to be molested on account of the personal prohibition which he had received in 1616, 'not to believe or teach the motion of the earth in any manner,' provided he kept himself within the letter of the limits of the more public and general order, that the Copernican system was not to be brought forward otherwise than as a mere mathematically convenient, but in fact unreal supposition. So long as this decree remained in force, a due regard to consistency would compel the Roman Inquisitors to notice an unequivocal violation of it; and this is probably what Urban had implied in the remark quoted by Hohenzoller to Galileo.' Life of Gal. Lib. of Usef. Knowl. p. 56.

these representations, the usual quarantine was relaxed in his favour—and he was desired to come at his leisure. Galileo remained at the palace of the Tuscan Ambassador until after the trial had commenced. When it became necessary to examine him personally (April 11,) ‘he was honourably lodged in the apartments of the Fiscal of the Inquisition!’* And while Mr. Drinkwater admits that Galileo was treated with unusual consideration,† Sir David Brewster states that ‘during the whole of the trial which had now commenced, Galileo was treated with the most marked indulgence,’—‘on this occasion, the deliberations of this odious tribunal were not dictated by passion, nor its power directed by vengeance,’ and ‘though placed at their judgment-seat as a heretic, Galileo stood there with the recognised attributes of a sage; and though an offender against the laws of which they were the guardians, yet the highest respect was yielded to his genius, and the kindest commiseration to his infirmities.’

“We have seldom seen or heard the story of Galileo in any form, in which great care is not taken to keep out of sight, *First*, His glaring violation of his own solemn promise, and the equally solemn injunction of 1616: *Secondly*, The fact that the Congregation by which he was examined, confined itself almost exclusively to the inquiry concerning the license and approbation of the book,—avoiding any direct examination of the scientific question.† The decree of the Inquisition of 1633, is based upon, and mainly taken up with the recital of the proceedings 1615, of the injunction of 1616, of the ‘glaring violation’ of that injunction, and of the effect of the certificate given by Cardinal Bellarmine.‡ Upon these grounds alone, and upon his ‘confessions and excuses’ the decree and sentence were passed. Although the latter important fact has been almost uniformly kept out of view by Protestant historians; one of them, at least, has had the candour to place it in its true light.

“‘After the Inquisition had examined Galileo personally, they allowed him a reasonable time for preparing his defence. *He felt the difficulty of adducing any thing like a plausible justification of his conduct; and he resorted to an ingenious, though a shallow artifice*, which was regarded by the court as an aggravation of the crime. After his first appearance before the Inquisition in 1616, he was publicly and falsely charged by his enemies with having then abjured his opinions, and he was taunted as a criminal who had been actually punished for his offences. As a refutation of these calumnies, Cardinal Bellarmine had give him a certificate in his own handwriting, declaring that he neither abjured his opinions, nor suffered punishment for them; and that the doctrine of the

* Drinkwater. *Life of Gal.* p. 58.

† ‘Dans ses defenses, il ne fut point question du fond de son systeme, mais toujours de sa pretendue conciliation avec la Bible.’ Bergier *Encyclopedie*; vol. 7. p. 337.

‡ ‘A long and elaborate sentence was pronounced, detailing the former proceedings of the Inquisition, and specifying the offences which he had committed in teaching heretical doctrine, in violating his former pledges, and in obtaining by improper means a license for the printing of his Dialogues.’ *Life of Gal.* Brewster, p. 91.

earth's motion and the sun's stability was only denounced to him as contrary to Scripture, and as one which could not be defended. To this certificate the cardinal did not add, because he was not called upon to do it, that Galileo was enjoined not to *teach in any manner* the doctrine thus denounced: and Galileo ingeniously avails himself of this supposed omission to account for his having, in the lapse of fourteen or sixteen years, forgotten the injunction. He assigned the same excuse for his having omitted to mention this injunction to Ricciardi, and to the inquisitor-general at Florence, when he obtained the license to print his *Dialogues*. The court held the production of this certificate to be at once a proof and an aggravation of his offence, because the certificate itself declared that the obnoxious doctrines had been pronounced contrary to the Holy Scriptures.

" ' Having duly weighed the confessions and excuses of their prisoner, and considered the general merits of the case, the Inquisition came to an agreement upon the sentence which they were to pronounce, and appointed the 22nd of June, as the day on which it was to be delivered.'

" After a nominal confinement of four days,* Gallileo returned to the palace of the Tuscan Ambassador, where he remained until July following. As a contagious disease was still raging at Florence, he did not return there immediately, but remained at Sienna with the Archbishop Piccolomini, one of his most intimate friends, until the month of December. The contagion then having ceased in Tuscany, he returned to his own home at Arcetri near Florence, where he spent the remainder of his days."

" Of the evidence, then, which we have adduced," says the Reviewer, "and in stating it we have held back no one circumstance of the slightest importance—the following appears to us to be the legitimate summary: that the distinguished individual with whose story we have been all this while occupied, was never condemned—never indeed, so much as arraigned—but once; and then not for his science, or his religion, or any other mere matter of opinion whatsoever, but for the *moral* fault of having in a most flagrant manner transgressed a solemn injunction placed on him by the highest tribunal in the land; a tribunal to which he had himself appealed,—whose decision he loudly and pertinaciously demanded, and at last succeeded in extorting. For the transgression of an injunction like this, aggravated too, by circumstances of insult and contumely against the authority that awarded it, was he condemned for the first and last time, towards the close of his life, 1633; in one word for a grievous contempt of court.

" Already had his long and active life, spent in the unwearied prosecution of science, been allowed to draw to its close, without entailing on him, for this hateful exercise of his powers, from Rome and its dignitaries, any severer

* Not having the means at hand of examining this point, we give the statement of Mr. Drinkwater, p. 64.

visitation than what may be summed up under the head of honours, pensions, and caresses, and every other demonstration which the liveliest admiration of talents transcendent as his own, could inspire; and this—while, as if to impart to it the relief of contrast, he was experiencing from the countries around, and especially his own (Florence,) more or less of petty persecution, and vexations annoyance. He had taught, published, proclaimed—extended the boundaries of human knowledge to the utmost regions of unexplored space; in fine, pulled down with one hand, the venerable fabric of philosophy that had stood for ages; and with the other, erected on its yet smoking ruins a substitute of a new and altogether different construction. All this he did, not only under the eyes, but cheered by the countenance and applause of Rome: till in an evil hour, as if intoxicated by the universal sway he held in the world of science, and the series of victories he achieved over every successive adversary, as they arose, he burst, in the wantonness of wayward pride, through the restraints of personal respect, public order, and even private gratitude; and levelled the shafts of his satire and contempt against the very highest personage in the land,—the same his own best benefactor. Then, and not till then, was he made to feel the heavy hand of power, when he had stung it to the quick; then, and not till then, was he made to bite the dust of humiliation before the authority he had insulted. Yet, even then, the sage was not forgotten in the delinquent, nor the claims of the ‘High Priest of science’ lost on the clemency and consideration of his judges. He was treated with a leniency, we had almost said a respect, perfectly without parallel in the annals of princely vengeance; and never before or since has power been seen to relax its grasp with so little of injury to the victim, that had the temerity to offend it. Lastly, we have seen that the persons who thus treated this great man, were, in the whole world *at the time*, the most friendly to science; and who looked with the most favourable eye upon the very conclusion for which our own Protestant writers would have it that he suffered; as though Providence, foreseeing the unjust inference that would be sought to be deduced by the enemies of his Church from this remarkable transaction, designed to bring together the circumstances of all others the most happily fitted to expose and defeat it.

“But was not the opinion declared to be heretical? No,—and in thinking otherwise, men permit themselves, perhaps wilfully, to be deceived by the words of course of a legal instrument,—the set phrases of a court of justice, without attending to the public acceptance of those terms, which, more than their grammatical construction, ever decides their meaning. The words ‘*heretical*’—‘*heresy*,’ in the sentence of 1633, are but the *stylus curiæ*,—the evidence is most decisive: that of the Pontiff, in whose name it issued, and of the person condemned addressing his very judges. ‘No!’ says Urban, ‘the Church has not condemned that system, nor is it to be considered as heretical, but only as rash.’ Let us now here Galileo himself standing before the Inquisition in the year named; he speaks of it with the consent and acquiescence of the

court, as of a doctrine condemned *ad interim*, 'pour le présent condamnée,'*—that is, not to be taught in its absolute form, until proved to be true. But do we not see the two propositions, the one declaring the immobility of the sun, the other the motion of the earth, both condemned in the sentence as respectively heretical and erroneous in faith? Yes; but that condemnation is solely the work of the qualifiers—inferior officers and not of the Inquisition itself, which merely recites this, together with the other facts of the inquiry of 1616, by way of preamble to their sentence; whereas the Inquisitors did not at all trouble themselves with considering the truth or falsehood—the innocence or poison—of the opinion asserted, but only with the question, whether or not the publication of its defence in the '*Dialogues*' was an infringement of their injunction of 1616? The whole history of the trial proves, that the abstract question they left where they found it. Now, we have had more than ample evidence to show that it was never pronounced heretical†. Why, then, is it styled throughout the sentence a heresy? We have already assigned the reason; it is a style of a court, which, being primarily established '*against heretical depravity*,' by a very natural adaptation of language, terms every thing that comes before it 'heresy,' *even offences not at all against faith; nay, matters of fact which have nothing whatsoever to do with opinion; the sole punishment of excommunication inflicted on the staunchest and most unsuspected in faith of Catholics, for some moral fault, constitutes in the language of the court a 'heretic,'*—and to show that this is not an explanation adopted for the convenience of the occasion, any one that wishes for its confirmation, has only to consult the '*Directorium Inquisitorum*' of Nicholas Eymerick, compiled many a long year before Galileo was thought of.

"It was only, then, in that wide, improper, and *technical* sense, that the opin-

* Pieces originales, p. 75, as quoted by Delambre.

† It would be easy to extend that evidence. Thus,—on the 24th of August, 1632, when the *Dialogues* were about to be condemned, a letter was dispatched by order of the Grand Duke, to Rome, in exculpation of his mathematician. It was penned in the name of the Duke's secretary, Andrea Cioli, but there was no doubt that it was composed by Galileo himself,—Venturi says it is in his hand-writing. That letter is demonstrative of the point, that the anti-Copernican doctrine had never been definitely asserted; since in it, Galileo alleges it as a proof, at least of his zeal and well-intention interest, that he composed the *Dialogues* with a view of affording those with whom it rested to decide on a point of doctrine, as he says, involving questions about which they could not ordinarily be supposed to be conversant, with the arguments for and against, so as to abridge their labour and expenditure of time; the words are, "That those, with whom it rested to deliberate on such matters, might, with less labour and loss of time, know to which side truth leans, and reconcile accordingly the meaning of Scripture."

In 1624, in his letter to Ingoli, he describes his opinion as barely "suspected;" nay, in his letter to Renieri, in which he gives an account of his final condemnation, he vents himself in bitter complaint, that he was made out "almost a heretic."

The truth is, there was no decision to the effect, that the doctrine of the earth's motion was in the strictness of the term heretical,—this we cannot too often repeat. Thus Grassi—thus Bellarmine—thus Urban to Cardinal Zoller, and to Campanella—thus Ricardi Ciampoli—thus the whole court of Rome, described it; thus, with the consent of his judges, (the Inquisition itself) did Galileo more than once, both by word and in writing, describe it. The Jesuits, even those who, like Scheiner, externally combatted it, are asserted to have believed it.

ion in the sentence has been denominated a 'heresy;' and the circumstance offers no more proof that it was ever held as such in the proper and ordinary sense of the word, than the language of our several courts of law affords to show, that one man had been at such a time in '*the custody of the marshal of the Marshalsea,*' while he may never have had the honour of seeing the face of the said marshal, or his Marshalsea,—or that another was a debtor to our gracious Queen, though owing at the moment to her Majesty nought, save that which no Briton worthy of the name will ever tire of either owing or paying—his allegiance. We recollect once hearing an amusing story of a very worthy squire from the west, coming up to town express for the sole purpose of chastising an unfortunate barrister who had been constrained to describe him, in the pleadings, as 'confederating' and 'conspiring.' 'Me!' he would exclaim, boiling with rage, 'who never confederate or conspired in my life. I'll teach the rascal what it is to call an O'Branagan a confederator!' and pretty much the same irresistible temptation to smile, do our English self-complacent wise-aces produce in their Italian neighbours, when they are described as deducing, in the plentitude of their sagacity, shrewd consequences from the style of an Inquisitorial decree."

From the foregoing facts, and the conclusions to which they lead, it must be evident that the oft repeated charge against the Catholic Church of having condemned the theory of the earth's motion as heretical is entirely without foundation; and that, whatever Galileo had to suffer for this doctrine, must, in all fairness, be attributed to his own imprudence. Let it be remembered that this theory—although now known to be true—was then a novelty, opposed to the testimony of the only sense which could take cognizance of the matter, opposed to the language of Scripture, as then universally understood, subversive of a system which, for almost two thousand years had been regarded as certain, and not only then destitute of the confirmation which subsequent discoveries have given to it, but chiefly maintained by Galileo on the strength of an argument—the flux and reflux of the tides—now acknowledged to be inconclusive. Let these things be remembered, and, perhaps, instead of stigmatising those who viewed the new system with suspicion and distrust as narrow-minded bigots, we shall only discover men whom prudence had made cautious, and who felt a very excusable unwillingness to adopt a theory which, at first sight, seemed to conflict with the inspired word of God. But whether such persons are to be excused or not, it is an obvious injustice to throw all the odium of having opposed or rejected the new system on the Catholics, many of the most distinguished of whom, as the preceding pages shew, were its warm supporters. Strange as it may appear, a Protestant astronomer no less distinguished than Galileo, suffered at the hands of Protestant divines much more than did Galileo from the Inquisition; and what must appear still more extraordinary, is the no less certain fact, that this victim of Protestant intolerance—after being offered the professorship in the Pope's university at Bologna—found an asylum

in a Catholic college, conducted by those Jesuits, concerning whose founder Mr. Adams anachronized so amusingly, and who themselves were held up by him as a body that sought to extinguish the light of science in its dawn. We allude to Kepler, concerning whom Wolfgang Menzel writes: "The theologians (Protestant) of Tübingen condemned his discovery because the Bible teaches that the sun revolves about the earth, and not the earth about the sun, (Joshua commanded the sun to stand still.) He was about to suppress his book, when an asylum was opened to him at Gratz. The Jesuits, who better knew how to prize his scientific talent, retained him, although he openly avowed his Lutheranism. It was only at home that he suffered persecution, and it was with difficulty that he succeeded in saving his own mother from being burnt alive for a witch." From Adolphus Menzel we learn that "the Lutheran theologians pronounced his (Kepler's) astronomical truths damnable, and condemned the theory because it did not appear to accord with the command of Joshua." The original German of these two writers may be read in the notes to pages 8 and 9 of the 'Introduction.'

The great Danish Astronomer, Tycho Brahé, a Protestant, rejected both the Ptolemaean and Copernican systems, and his principal objection to this latter was its opposition to the word of God. He accordingly invented the system which is known by his name, of which the earth's immobility and the revolution of the sun round the earth are prominent parts. We do not mention this as a matter of reproach to one of the greatest names that astronomy can boast; but we adduce the fact to shew how just and natural was the feeling to which we have before alluded, and how very compatible with great devotion to science was its existence in religiously disposed minds. Another instance of a highly philosophical mind refusing to admit the new theory, is that of the renowned Lord Bacon who, the writer of the Introduction tells us on the authority of Hume,—“rejected with the most positive disdain the system of Copernicus.”

Once more we quote the reviewer,—and with this quotation terminate an article, in which our only merit, if any, consists in having strung together such extracts from the pamphlet before us as, we believed, would give the reader who may not have the opportunity of consulting it, a tolerable idea of its contents, and at the same time present a clear and connected statement of an affair, so much and so frequently misrepresented, and with the details of which every Catholic should make himself acquainted.

“But to return;—there is a loftiness in the air with which every little Protestant takes his fling at the Church of Rome, on the subject of Galileo, as though he were as strong in conscious rectitude as to be perfectly unassailable on that point. They have certainly very convenient memories, these our Protestant friends; the story of Galileo is as fresh with them as though it were of yesterday—while they forget ‘those modes of inquisition’ (as Burke said,) ‘that should never be named to ears organized to the chaste sounds of equity and justice:’—that barbarous code whereby they enacted ignorance and pro-

scribed a nation's mind, making it felony for the professors of religion of their fathers, to get taught at home, and double felony to get taught abroad. They talk of Copernicus and Galileo, as though they knew what they were talking about. Do they know that in the sentiments of Galileo one of the proudest achievements of Copernicus's genius, was the reformation of the Calendar, in which he had so large a share? and what was it that kept 'the vigorous and independent minds of England,' for full two centuries, from adopting that improvement which has made nearly all Europe its debtor? Sheer bigotry—hostility to science through religious hate,—yes! they had rather quarrel with the whole host of the heavens, than agree with the Pope in counting time. It was a just humiliation, when at length they were driven into its adoption, and obliged to call in the aid of those Catholic talents they had proscribed in the person of Bishop Walmesley. For the solitary instance of Galileo, how many a Galileo could we not point out in Protestant history? How was not Descartes hunted down by the churchmen of Holland? How was not poor Christian Wolff, the most amiable of men; a man who may be said to have raised the superstructure, if not laid the foundation, of the philosophy of his day? He was persecuted, not indeed as Galileo, for Galileo was not exiled from his country, nor strip of his honours and emoluments,—but poor Wolff suffered this and more from the ministers of his own persuasion; by them he was denounced to the secular power, not as an innovator, but as an atheist,—a confederate of Spinoza's. It was not a mere Gerundian text from an obscure Friar that was hurled at him,—but it was the celebrated Franké, the founder of the *Orphan House*, that, prostrate in his church, gave God thanks publicly, that the inoffensive sage was banished his home—his kindred—his friends.* Such was the savage triumph over a fallen victim; while there was no Maraffi found to make the *amende*, and soothe the outraged feelings of the injured man. No! but the sacred name of the Divinity was solemnly invoked, to sanction and approve the pride of ferocious bigotry.

"Let the English portion of our revilers, ere they would again open their lips on this subject, go read their own history at this very period, and see what it exhibits. What Pope half so infallible as the Protestant Pope, James I? What scenes more calculated to excite inexpressible disgust and contempt in every ingenious mind than the history of the Reformed Churches throughout Europe at that moment? To see the Synod of Dort—that Protestant general council convened by Pope James, ratifying its decrees in the blood of the patriot Barneveldt, and Moloch-like demanding for its victims whole hecatombs of its own children; its Grotiuses among the rest. What Inquisition more complete than the hateful Star-chamber? or, the High-Ecclesiastical Commission-court for the suppression of heresy, 'Whereby,' says the Act 16 Charles I.,

* This fact has been wisely passed over in silence in the life of Franke, which has lately appeared in the English press.

that abolished it, 'the king's subjects sustained great and insufferable wrongs and oppressions.' Let them read the degradation of their nation in the persecution of the unhappy Edmund Peacham, the Somersetshire clergyman, victimized for a sermon, which he never preached or published—which, perhaps, he never intended to preach—for no earthly crime, but that it was possible he might preach it—questioned, the poor old creature, in the graphic language of the record, 'before torture, in torture, between torture, and after torture,' for matter of accusation against himself; then, in the absence of proof thus cruelly sought for, tried and found guilty, and at length expiring the victim of the foulest conspiracy. King, ministry, every judge in the land but one, and a jury of Englishmen, all co-operating to crush a poor feeble country curate."

TO THE MADONNA.

[From the (London) Catholic Magazine.]

"OH MARY, CONCEIVED WITHOUT SIN, PRAY FOR ME, WHO HAVE RECOURSE TO THEE."

Oh Pure! Oh Holy! Thou whose very name
Brings bright-eyed purity to charm the mind;
Spotless, most spotless, is the sacred fame
In which thy memory still rests enshrined!

Virgin, yet mother of thy God most high!
His daughter and His spouse! What creature blest
With soul so gifted, who can lift the eye
To scan the majesty where thou dost rest?

As lily that derives its blossom fair
And floats securely on its parent wave,
As rose that sheds its fragrance on the air,
The fragrant sweetness earth and darkness gave,—

So, Mary, in thy meekness didst thou rest
Where bold-faced crime its banner had unfurled,
So like the rose, unheeded and unblest,
Didst shed thy fragrance o'er a thankless world.

Yet some there are the lily's charms to prize;
Some, with delighted love the rose to tend;
Thus bid me, Mary, from the crowd arise,
Down at thy shrine in gratitude to bend!

M. C. A.

SACRED MUSIC.

[From the (London) Catholic Magazine.]

"I do not much approve of the *Canto figurato* used on grand occasions in the Italian Churches. How much more impressive is the ordinary service, and the singing of vespers throughout the year, when the fine voices with which Italy abounds arise in solemn chorus, accompanied only by the swelling peals of the organ. The *Canto Gregoriano* is so well adapted to religious sentiments, so much in unison with the sublime effusions of sacred poetry! It soothes the heart, it elevates the mind above the selfish concerns of men; it gives us a foretaste of joys more pure,—of an existence beyond the limits of this visible world:

‘ C’est la que finiront un jour tous nos malheurs,
Car l’habitant des cieux ne verse point des pleurs.’

Man comes out from the sacred ceremony refreshed and renovated, his feelings softened by religious melancholy; and the effects of this disposition must be beneficial to himself and to his fellow-creatures.”*

These lines convey my sentiments on sacred music. Correct taste and genuine piety are outraged by the present state of sacred (?) music. Gorgeously theatrical and military, it vies with the performance of the opera-house and the ball room. The poet has said of some, that they “who come to scoff, remained to pray;” but I fear much the case is often reversed now-a-days: many who come to pray in our principal churches, are forced to join the fashionable herd. The divine art of music is never so truly divine, as when it sings of God and His wondrous works. Sacred music is meant to be ancillary to the high and solemn duty of public worship; to raise the mind of the worshipper from earth to heaven; to soften the sinner’s hardened heart, to warm the cold, to soothe the afflicted, to embody, and reveal in its own expressive language, the whole conduct of God to man, and man’s relation to God. How noble its objects! to render us wiser, better, happier beings. Are these ends attained by the nine-tenths of modern sacred music? Alas! no. What with meretricious decorations, with difficulties of artistic execution, “sleights of hand,” with a total want of the living soul of sacred song, it not only wholly fails as an aid to the exercises of religion, but is positively opposed to them. There are playgoers,—yea, there are churchgoers,—who go to hear what they (in their ignorance) call fine music! What Catholic, aye, or Protestant, acquainted with the lions of London, has not heard of the vulgar appellation by which our solemn rites are profanely designated?

It is a solemn mockery of holy thoughts and feelings to unite them to sounds

* Italie, &c.—A. Viéseux.

wholly inexpressive of them,—directly antithetic to them. But with whom is the crying abuse of these profanities? Alas! with many. With the priest, with the people, with musicians, both composer and performer. The composer, partly because he has not the inward soul of his high art, and finds its language an unknown tongue; partly because he desires to pander to the prevailing rage, and for fame and lucre,—bah!—betrays his sacred trust. The people follow in the wake of the fashionables who give the tone to church society; who wish to catch occasionally, in the music of the choir, some favourite passage of a French or an Italian air, which haunts their memories with visions of brilliant scenes in the world. And the priest, who, from his severe sacred studies, from the fresh recollections of the simple, sublime Gregorian chaunt of his college life, should know better, allows such things to be. “*Video meliora, proboque, deteriora sequor.*” Some clergymen may say, they are forced to submit to the wishes of their congregations; to suit a part of the sacred service to their tastes, or lose their hearers, and sundry receipts. But were the leading clerics to exclude all profane music, to invite the exercise of true art, meet composers and performers would soon come forward, and the people too would cordially approve. Yes; there is a heart of truth in the great “people;” I mean not the little great of the world. The congregations would appreciate and applaud the holy efforts of their minister; and under the spiritualizing influence of music wedded to devotion, would worship in spirit and in truth.

All places have their associations, and their influences on the mind. Perhaps the noble edifices raised in the Ages of Faith, filled with God’s majesty,—their lofty vaults, their sculptured Saints, their stained windows of storied Christianity, their “dim religious light,” and all the meet appliances of divine service,—naturally produced in priest, choir, and people, sacred music of the true style. *E converso*, perhaps these hybrid structures miscalled churches, erected in later times, in a confusion of styles, or no style,—like a meeting-house, a lecture-room, a ball-room, or what you will,*—perhaps these naturally educe the new-fangled patchworks of modern sacred (?) music. A friend of mine is acquainted with an organist in a Catholic church, who is an excellent artist in his way: he does wonders on his instrument; he is quite ‘au courant’ with the last waltz and the last song, and by way of treat makes an *escapade* now and then in his performance to some favourite turn in them. He is free of his art,—the good man. In an evil hour, he composed some pieces of sacred music, and prepared to bring them out with *éclat*. There was great choir practice, great expectation, a solemn festival, and crowded church,—and the music was performed. Alas! despite the very clever manipulation of the organ, the perfect singing of the parts, the well-wishing of several friends,—

* Pugin is labouring well in his high vocation to remedy this evil.

it proved a failure. My friend, who was present, on leaving the church, heard some humble persons remark that they recognized in what they had just heard passages exceedingly like some popular airs. Well they might, good souls; for the music was made up of snatches of airs, sacred and profane, in every style of most admired disorder.

All things belong to God: I hold it sound theology that every thing which can properly enter into his service may be made ancillary to the duties of public worship. Lights and flowers, frankincense, painting and sculpture, music, and "thoughts that breath and words that burn," all are His,—all are exponents of Him, and may be made aids to bring us to Him. Too often do they lead "the other way." The church removes the desecration, in making them holy to God. The human voice is the first instrument (so to speak) of sacred music, for it is that of God's worshipping creature; its act, a rational and meritorious one. Therefore should we sing the praises of the Lord, as the Royal Psalmist did so well, and invited men to do. The noble instrument the organ is next in order: it is peculiarly adapted to the different purposes of sacred song, from its full majesty of sound, its grave and solemn thunder, its angelic sweetness, its shrill loud trumpet note, calling, as of old, the faithful to join in adoration of their PRESENT GOD. Yes, the man must have no music in his soul, who is not affected, moved, and raised, by the majestic tones pealing from the organ, echoing through the House of God, and sending abroad, on the wings of the wind, HIS THRICE HOLY NAME.

I alluded above to the singular inaptitude of modern music writers for the production of standard sacred music. It is the grave and sad complaint of sound critics, that the painters and sculptors of sacred subjects labour under a like inaptitude. All these artists are similarly incapable. They have not the training of preparatory studies—the associations that are prolific of excellence—the high religious enthusiasm that inspired and guided the elder sons of the sister arts. These were frequently poets and scholars, as well as great artists in painting, sculpture, and architecture. I agree with Lord Brougham that the well-stored mind of a man of general education, endowed with even second-rate talent, will achieve greater things in his art than the unlettered artist of a higher order of native talent. But what are many modern artists?—creatures of society, mere worldlings, mechanics in high art, their talent cramped and ill-directed, and producing fine monsters. The fault is in the spirit of the age,—that is, in ourselves.* We have not, we cherish not, the deep spirit of contemplation, which brings forth creations worthy of genius. Let us hope for better things.

Some Protestant composers (I willingly note it) have had a high sense of their art, and a large share of the *mens divinior*. What amateur of sacred

* Hazlitt's Spirit of the Age.

music is ignorant of Handel's glorious work, "The Creation," a series of anthems which may have been composed and sung by Angels. How well he caught the *animus* of the inspired historian! How pregnant grew his capacious soul, by dwelling on the "wondrous works of God;" and how intelligible the language in which his music sings the first grand epic in all parts. I remember well, the first time I heard his first anthem, "In the beginning," &c. When the organist performed the score descriptive of the creation of light, and the mighty contest between it and darkness, I thought and felt as if "chaos were come again;" but presently all was light, and harmony, and order. Oh! the soul of the man!—it was inspired, for genius is inspiration.

Why should there be a war to the death between the Gregorian and Italian musics? Why may not both be improved and employed when and where fitting? The former boasts its Requiem Mass, its lamentations in the office of Tenebræ for Holy Week, and many pieces in the Graduale Romanum. The effect which a well sung Requiem and office for the dead has on the hearer, is the best proof of its great merit. *That* I would not give for all the sacred music, Webb, and Novello, and Mozart too, ever wrote. In the Italian music there are some good pieces; retain them by all means, and let more of the same high character be written. But "Procul oh! procul este profani,"—away with profane music from our churches. Every thing has its time and place: music is of various kinds; let all that deserve encouragement be encouraged, talent for their production patronized and rewarded. But let not any one species claim universal empire, and endeavour to enter the legitimate domains of the others. The demand creates the supply; and in musical works we find it so. Profane music (I use the word as the antithesis of sacred, not in a bad sense) in all its departments, particularly the dramatic, engrosses musical talent at home and abroad. The rich and the noble of the land extend to its professors their almost exclusive patronage. Honour, distinction, wealth, are showered in profusion on genius successful in the production of "*chef d'œuvre*," for purposes not sacred;—while scarcely any favour is extended to the aspirant for distinction in the far more difficult, more elevated, and more meritorious department of sacred music. This is the power of the world, against which, all good men should contend. There are, it is true, one or two indifferently supported societies for the cultivation of sacred music: but they should be as numerous, as there are large, wealthy, and influential congregations. They may, *sui modo*, be followed in spirit by smaller bodies in less favoured localities. The sounds of prayer and praise should ascend from the whole earth: why will man alone be silent amidst the universal choir of nature?

THE MONASTIC LIFE.

[From the Rev. Mr. Newman's Church of the Fathers.*]

I would maintain, then, that the monastic life holds a real place in the dispensation of the Gospel, at least providentially.

One great purpose answered by it in the primitive age was the maintenance of the truth, at times and places in which the Church had let it slip (!) from her. Under such sad circumstances, the spouse of Christ 'fled into the wilderness, where she hath a place prepared for her.' Thus in that noxious Arian 'flood' which 'the serpent cast out after the woman,'

When withering blasts of error swept the sky,
And love's last flower seemed fain to droop and die,
How sweet, how lone the ray benign
On sheltered nooks of Palestine!
Then to his early home did love repair,
And cheered his sickening heart with his own native air.

Augustine's monasteries indeed were not meant for this purpose. They were intended as the refuge of christian piety and holiness, when the increasing spread of religion made the Church more secular. And we may confidently pronounce that such provisions, in one shape or other, will always be attempted by the more serious and anxious part of the community, wherever Christianity is generally professed. In Protestant countries, where monastic orders are unknown, men run into separatism with this object. Methodism has carried off into its own exceptionable discipline many a sincere and zealous christian, whose heart needed what he found not in the Established Church. This defect in the appointments of the latter is less excusable, because, I believe, there is no *præmunire* attached to the formation of such a subsidiary system as I am speaking of. That the formation of it requires the most wary judgment, special insight into human nature and christian truth, and extensive knowledge of history, and, above all, a single measure of the temper of obedience in those who are to be the subjects of it, need scarcely be said; but there is no reason why the English Church should not, from among its members, supply these requisites.

Let it be considered, too, whether there is any other way of evangelizing towns but that of posting bodies of a monastic character, for the purpose of preaching and visiting, among the dense and ignorant population.

There is another reason for such establishments, which applies particularly to women; religious sisterhoods are as much demanded in the model of a perfect church by christian charity, as religious fraternities can be by christian zeal. I know not any more distressing development of the cruel spirit of Protestantism, than the determined, bitter, and scoffing spirit in which it has

* We need scarcely remind the reader that Rev. Mr. Newman is a Protestant Clergyman, whose name is identified with the principles of Puseyism.

set itself against institutions which give dignity and independence to the position of women in society. As matters stand, marriage is almost the only shelter which a defenceless portion of the community has against the rude world—a maiden life, that holy estate, is not only left in desolateness, but oppressed with heartless ridicule and insult, whereas, foundations for single females, under proper precautions, at once hold out protection to those who avail themselves of them, and give consideration to the single state itself, thus saving numbers from the temptation of throwing themselves rashly away upon unworthy objects, transgressing their sense of propriety, and embittering their future life.

And if women have themselves lost so much by our present state of things, what has been the loss of the poor, sick, and aged, to whose service they might consecrate that life which they refuse to shackle by the marriage-vow? what has been the loss of the ignorant, sinful, and miserable, among whom they can only move without indignity who bear a religious character upon them; for whom they only can intercede or exert themselves, who have taken leave of earthly hopes and fears; who are secured by their holy resolve, from the admiring eye or the persuasive tongue, and can address themselves to the one heavenly duty to which they have set themselves with singleness of mind? Those who are unmarried, and who know, and know what others know, that they are likely one day to marry, who are exposed to the thousand subtle and fitful feelings of propriety, which, under such circumstances, are ever springing up in the modern breast, with a keen sensitiveness ever awake, and the chance of indefinable sympathies with others any moment arising, such persons surely may be beautiful in mind, and noble and admirable in conduct, but they cannot take on them the high office of Sisters of Mercy.

THE CHURCH AND EUROPEAN CIVILIZATION.

[From the Foreign Quarterly Review.]

A desire of corporate security, and a vague notion of an imperial majesty, an absolute and sacred power vested in an individual, were the bequests of ancient times to the middle ages. Christianity, or rather reverence for the Church, was the most powerfully formative opinion of modern civilization, and here it is especially necessary to distinguish between the institution and the ideas on which it was founded. The antiquities of clerical organization need not now be investigated; it is sufficient to say, that the Christian Church, before it was established by Constantine, had a fixed system of government with a due subordination of parts, and that, when Christianity became the established

religion of the empire, the clergy at the same moment became an organized and recognized political body. In the decay of municipal institutions, the bishops and priests succeeded to the influence of the civic magistrates, not by usurpation, but by the sheer pressure of circumstances, possessing the additional advantages of irresponsibility, for their offices were deemed sacred and inalienable. From the fifth to the ninth century, the barbarian elements of force and violent movement were predominant, because horde followed horde, as wave follows wave, and one race of the conquerors had scarcely established itself in a country, when it was forced to make room for another. But amid all these changes and convulsions, the Church remained firm and unshaken; like a gallant vessel in the stormy ocean, it rode proudly over the billows, and, though it sometimes bowed before a sudden burst of the tempest, it instantly rose again in all its pride and all its security. The Church was the first permanent establishment of modern Europe; for four centuries it alone maintained the struggle against barbarism; it preserved the memory of municipal freedom and Roman majesty in temporal government, and actually established the system in spiritual affairs; and, by working on ignorance, superstition, and barbarity, by means too closely adapted to the materials of the operation, it obtained a mastery over the energies of the northern tribes, and not unfrequently the guidance and direction of their movements. Such a power was legitimated not merely by continuance but by its usefulness, and from the Church, temporal authority was almost at the outset forced to borrow its sanctions and derive its legitimacy. It is needless to describe feudality, or point out its inherent tyranny and injustice; but that it was necessary in its age is indisputably proved by its universal adoption in every European country nearly at the same time; the first consequence of the system was a transfer of the influence of the towns to the country, and the almost total extinction of municipal institutions, the last relic of ancient civilization. It was apparently a retrogradation to anarchy; it was subversive of all social security and happiness; but it fostered the growth of individual prowess. The chivalrous virtues, such as they were, sprung from feudalism: the chivalrous literature, by which these virtues were exaggerated and the accompanying vices concealed, was the child of the same parent, and for many centuries has thrown a bright veil over the horrors of its origin. Feudalism was the worst foe to social order, because it was equally opposed to the sovereignty of the monarch and the liberty of the people. Could it have held its position, Europe must have sunk into barbarism; but it had to oppose a powerful principle,—the influence of the Church. In the eleventh century the Papacy fought the battle of freedom and civilization.

It was under the pressure of the feudal system that the organization of the papacy was completed and defined; there is no part of the Romish creed, not one of the Romish institutions, that was not of the utmost importance in the great struggle it had to maintain: and of the doctrines and practices on which the nineteenth century passes just sentence of condemnation, there is scarcely

one that could have been spared seven hundred years ago without imminent peril to the great cause of human civilization and social happiness. By its numerous gradations of rank, the Church of the middle ages linked itself to every class of society; its bishops were the companions of princes; its priests claimed reverence in the baronial hall; its preaching friars and monks brought consolation to the cottage of the suffering peasant. When the distinction of caste was rightly established in every other form of social life, the Church scarcely knew any aristocracy but that of talent; once received into holy orders, the serf lost all traces of his bondage; he was not merely raised to an equality with his former lord, but he might aspire to dignities that cast those of temporal princes into the shade. Before we pass sentence on an institution, we should examine the opinion on which it is founded; and before we judge of the opinion we should know the circumstances by which it was engendered. The public opinion of Europe in the eleventh century was represented by a truly great man, Hildebrand, or, as he was called after his accession to the chair of St. Peter, Gregory VII. It has been the fashion to describe this prelate as a species of moral monster, the enemy of all improvement. There is no doubt that a Pope possessing any thing like his influence who would propose, and strive to enforce, the same measures in the nineteenth century that Gregory did in the eleventh, might justly be regarded as one of the worst despots that ever existed, and furthermore as one of the most blundering tyrants that ever disgraced humanity; there is just as little, indeed rather less doubt, that in his own age, every one of these measures counteracted some evil principle, and helped to work out an antagonising principle of civilization. Gregory VII. was a reformer as well as Luther,* he used despotic means, but there were no others at his disposal; he was nearly in the ecclesiastical world what Charlemagne and Peter the Great have been in the political; he wished to reform the church and by means of the church to reform civil society, to introduce into both more morality, justice, and order; he did not live to see the triumph of his principles, but he prepared the way for the rule of his successors. The theory of Hildebrand's system was beautiful; it apparently based supreme power upon intelligence, and concentrated both in the Church.

* The difference being, that Gregory reformed the morals, and Luther reformed the faith of christendom.—ED. CATH. CAB.

THE ENCLOSED GARDEN.—A TALE.

[From the (London) Catholic Magazine.]

CHAPTER III.

Now, the mother of these children had a pleasaunce, or Enclosed Garden of delight, in which were contained all manner of goodly trees and shrubs, and flowers of every variety. And it was laid out with consummate skill, and in some manner after the fashion of a maze:—for as the ground on which it stood was varying, so the walks wound up and down, meandering in great variety. Sometimes they passed under bowering alleys of tall and stately trees, that were arched over head, ever cool, and most pleasant, while the ear was refreshed by the warbling of countless birds, that filled the whole air with their woodland minstrelsy,—save only at noon-tide, when their notes were silenced while they enjoyed the shade of the ample branches: then were these long avenues even more delightful than before, for the silence accorded well with the cool shade, and persuaded the heart to sweet meditation; as their mother used to say: “It is good to wait for the salvation of God in silence,”—and her children hearkened to her voice, and felt that the silence of these cloistral walks had indeed a tongue that spoke music to the heart.

Countless were the variety of goodly trees and sweet-scented shrubs and flowers that grew in this pleasaunce. Sometimes, it might be, on emerging from the thick wood, they would come to a green carpet of grass that stretched out into a smooth glade, girt about with trees, where they would sport and cull garlands of sweet and gentle flowers; there would they sport for hours, gathering the painted blossoms of spring,—for each little flower had a virtue in it, that made the wearer more comely. And like as we have already said of those precious stones which communicated their several gifts to the happy possessor, so these also had a true gift to make him that wore the rose of modesty, more beautiful; and the lily of chastity, altogether comely; and as of these, so was it of all: and hence it came, that the more they gathered, and of greater variety, the fairer the wreath became; so that when the rose was blended with the lily, and both with the violet of humility, they became more like their mother, who was herself all beautiful, and was “clothed in varieties.”

Now at the entrance to this pleasaunce there was a gate, carved in goodly stone, and by the side thereof there stood many fair and comely Beings, clothed in long white garments, over which was hung an ample cloak, fastened in front by an agraffe of costly pearls; and the cloak, like the garments, was white, and studded with golden stars, from the back whereof appeared wings, which hung down behind, fair, white, and glistening, as the rays of the sun. And some were in a kneeling position, and some bore lights in their hands, and some had their hands clasped together, and some had golden censers in their hands; and one there was who had a scabbard round his loins, though without a sword,

but in its stead he bare the likeness thereof, which, however, he carried not by the hilt, but by the end of the blade; and there was no appearance of steel; for though wavy, as if once it had been a deadly weapon, its form was still wavy, but it came from the flickering brilliancy of the light of which it was composed,—a radiance that increased as it rose towards the hilt, where, and in the *Cross* thereof, it seemed to centre, or rather whence the light arose as from a centre, and diffused itself four ways,—upwards and downwards, to the right and to the left.

Now when the little children saw this seeming sword, they were afraid to enter, for the brilliancy was very great, and it struck their young hearts with awe, and they held back. Then their mother took them gently by the hand, and told them that there was once an Angel who carried a sword here, terrible to behold,—and that they might well be filled with awe, for that sword was once of fire, and waved fearfully over the entrance of the Enclosed Garden, into which she was about to lead them, and that for many long and weary years he had stood there, to prevent any one from passing in; and that at last her Holy Spouse, by his goodsees, won an entrance therein, and bequeathed to her, as a gift, the power of entrance therein; for “see how kind and sweetly these blessed Beings regard you, and beckon you to come; and see how they point to that fountain, which with waters chrystaline as diamonds, perpetually flows therefrom.”

So saying, she took her little ones by the hand and led them within the gate of the pleasaunce, and set them down by that clear and beautiful fountain; and she stooped down and laved them with the water thereof, and gave them to drink of its sweetness; and when they had drunk, they felt as if a heavy burthen had fallen from them, and that they were assimilated to the blessed Beings, whose brilliancy had at first awed, but who, as their mother had shewn them, were all smiles, and ever beckoning them to enter.

From that moment, external things were changed to them; the woods, which they had before but, as it were, seen at a distance, wore now a fairer green; a new light seemed to dawn, and they saw further into the deep glades; the flowers gave a sweeter smell, the pastures seemed richer and more inviting; the very air was balmier and more serene, and the song of the birds of the air fell with greater depth into their hearts. Joyfully they entered and sported in the goodly pleasaunce,—heedful were they to the voice of their mother,—gentle and mild the one to the other; and as they sang sweet wood notes, they felt that they indeed went on rejoicing.

Could it be otherwise, where all was blissful,—where all echoed but joy,—where all their wants were provided, and nothing but the breath of heaven was sweetly breathing upon them? Where they had bowering shades above, and green turf beneath,—where they had such a mother to lead them by the hand, to call their eyes now to this, and now to that fair light,—who discoursed with them as they walked along, and told them how they might find good in

all, and how from the very barren places they might find precious rubies, as the bright diamond is dug up from the dark mine, and the purest gold from the inmost recesses of the earth. For virtue, she said, was not to be won without toil, neither was goodness to be kept without watching: and therefore it behooved them to cherish the virtues they possessed, and to dig up new ones from the inmost recesses of the heart: that being polished, and the refuse and dross thrown away, they might shine with becoming lustre; for, as she said, this was the way to prove their love to her, and to secure to themselves the continual happiness of ever going on, rejoicing.

CHAPTER IV.

And when she spoke these words of cheer, the children clung closer to their mother, it is true, and entered within the gates with awe, but not with dread,—with that reverence which is very comely to the grey head, but which in youth and childhood is surpassingly beautiful. For the spirit of reverence is better than wealth and lineage, and happy is he who possesses it: for all around is a mystery, and we cannot tell how a simple flower is painted in the meadow, nor how the bird floats through the air; far less can we dive into the secrets of that Fatherly Hand which holds all, as it were, in a balance,—whose breath hath breathed into our nostrils the breath of life,—and who sustains us while we walk blindfold, with but one pulse of our heart between life and death, time and eternity. How needful then the spirit of reverence,—how kindred it is, yea as a parent, to devotion. And when the mother of these children perceived their awe, she drew them closer to herself, for it told her that their love was true and assured, and therefore she knew that they would walk worthy of her, and as her Holy Spouse desired.

Now when she had washed them in that clear fountain, she saw in the eye of her beloved little ones that they were indeed cleansed;—for the eye is, as it were, the window of the heart, and whether that be good or evil, it is sure to reflect what is written within; dark hearts, where the inward thoughts are troubled and poisonous fountains, send forth through these chrystal conduits like their troubled or their poisonous streams; and the side glance, unfixed and restless gaze, the muddy and darksome scowl, the bright but fiery glance, show what is hidden within,—and which, though shut up in its dark and unrevealed recesses, for ever unseen to the ken of man, must needs be very dark and noisome, when it can change the aspect of beautiful jewels, that were made to be fairer in man than the diamond: for in them were to be writ, as in spiritual letters, on a substantial surface, all that was beautiful without, reflected by the soul, and raised as an offering to Him who made external things but as a palpable book, wherein the soul might study His perfections, and ever draw therefrom new motives of love, holy happiness, and purification both to the soul and body.

And such was the effect of those waters on these happy children, and their mother saw it and was glad ; for she knew that their hearts were right, and the brilliant lustre of their eyes told her that they were cleansed within, and made meet for the end for which man had been originally created. She saw that the soul was calm, for it shone in their eyes serene as those of the dove ; and as the fire of love and earnest devotion arose within, so did they sparkle like the bright stone, in which, as was fabled of old, a good and bright spirit was constrained for awhile to dwell. But with them it was no fable, for a Good and a Bright Spirit did truly dwell within them, and it was this that lit up those lamps of the soul, and made them sparkle with a lustre that was at once beautiful in itself, but showed that the Baptismal Purity which begat it was itself far fairer.

“ The placid look and eye serene
Tells where the SPIRIT of God has been ;
The sunny glance of HOPE is there,
All rainbow-like, in promise fair ;
The gaze of Trust declares full well,
That FAITH within that heart doth dwell ;
Affection’s glances, beaming prove,
How deep the soul is set in LOVE,
And every look so fair and bright
Gives proof within of HOLY LIGHT,
For which the soul was made, and now
Receives it in BAPTISMAL VOW.”

M. A.

REV. WILLIAM BYRNE.*

The Rev. WM. BYRNE was born of poor, but respectable and pious parents, in the county of Wicklow, Ireland, about the year 1780. He was one of a large family of children, and his father dying when he was yet quite young, the care of his widowed mother and of the family devolved, in a great measure, on him. He fulfilled the trust thus committed to him by heaven, with all the earnest disinterestedness for which he was ever after so conspicuous. He had neither opportunity nor means to acquire a classical education : he could only learn the common elementary branches, and for a knowledge of these, he seems to have been indebted to a pious uncle. This was the more painful to him, as from his earliest boyhood, he had an ardent desire to become a priest, and to

* We transfer from the pages of the CATHOLIC ADVOCATE, this sketch of the life and labours of a very remarkable and efficient Missionary in the West, the late Rev. WILLIAM BYRNE of Kentucky, who fell a victim to the cholera in 1833. It forms part of a discourse delivered on the 5th of last June, by Rev. M. SPALDING, D. D. on the occasion of a monument being erected to the memory of the deceased by the Fathers of St. Mary’s College Kentucky.

labour for the salvation of souls. While yet a boy, he heard read from the altar, that passage from the Apocalypse which represents the virgins as following the Lamb, whithersoever He goeth—and from that moment he resolved to consecrate his virginity to God. But he could bide his time, and trust in Providence. The bloody scenes of the “Rebellion” in 1798, made a lasting impression on his youthful mind. He sympathized deeply with the Irish patriots, and he had many near relations who fought under their banner at Vinegar Hill. Often has he described to us in glowing language the closing horrors of that bloody struggle, when the beautiful scenery of Wicklow was marred and desolated; and even his own mother’s cottage was threatened with the flames. By night, you might then behold one half of that beautiful county lighted up, from hill-top and valley, by the burning houses and cottages of the more odious “rebels.”

After remaining with his mother until he had passed his twenty-fifth year, he found that he could make the necessary arrangements for coming to the United States; and one leading motive for this step, was a hope that he might thus be enabled the more speedily to carry into effect his darling project, of devoting himself to God in the holy ministry. Not long after his arrival in America, he entered Georgetown College, and applied for admission into the Society of the Jesuits. He was received on probation, and made his thirty days’ retreat. After remaining, however, for some months at Georgetown, he ascertained that, in consequence of his advanced age, and his neglected studies, he could not hope, at least for many years, to be ordained in the Society of Jesus; and not wishing to confine himself to the humble office of a simple lay-brother in the Society, when he thought he had a vocation for the priesthood, he resolved to leave Georgetown, and to seek counsel, as to his future life, of the venerable Founder of the American Hierarchy—Archbishop Carroll. The Archbishop received him kindly, heard him patiently, entered into all his views, and advised him to apply for admission into Mt. St. Mary’s College, Emmitsburg. The late excellent Bishop Dubois, then President of this Institution, received him with open arms, pointed out his future course of study, and, with the tender charity of a father, encouraged him to proceed in his undertaking. Finding in him a great talent for managing youth, he assigned to him the office of Prefect in the institution, and from the vigilance, activity and tact of Mr. Byrne, in the discharge of his important office, he derived great satisfaction and relief in the most responsible station of President.

Like St. Ignatius, Mr. Byrne began to study Latin, when near the age of thirty; and he often cheered himself on by so bright an example. Less energetic minds would have given up the undertaking as impracticable; but his, like a vessel riding the topmost wave, always rose with the difficulties it encountered. His labours were hallowed by religion, and sweetened by the tender offices of friendship. At Mt. St. Mary’s he became acquainted with the late Rev. G. A. M. Elder, and, though different in disposition, and seemingly uncongenial

in temperament, yet these two contracted an intimate and tender christian friendship, which lasted through life, and contributed much to the happiness as well as to the usefulness of both.

To prosecute more rapidly his sacred studies, Mr. Byrne repaired to the Theological Seminary of St. Mary's, Baltimore, which was then in a flourishing condition, under the newly constituted "Marian Faculty," composed of Doctors Tessier, Deluol, and Damphoux. Here, however, Providence permitted that he should encounter new difficulties. He had not been long in Baltimore, when, owing to circumstances which is not necessary here to detail, it was thought advisable for him to leave the Seminary, and to go—he knew not whither. It is proper, however, here to record the fact, that he ever entertained and expressed for the distinguished gentlemen of that institution, sentiments of the greatest respect: and though he often spoke on the subject of his leaving Baltimore, he is not known to have uttered one unkind word of any of them. Of the late venerable Dr. Tessier in particular, he was wont to speak in terms of the highest eulogy, and his pupils were as much conversant with the character and virtues of this truly good man, as if they had been acquainted with him all their lives.

He had been ordained subdeacon, and had therefore made an irrevocable vow to attach himself to the holy ministry: nor had he, when leaving Baltimore, the most distant idea of abandoning his vocation. He threw himself into the arms of Providence, and Providence directed his course westward. At Pittsburgh, he met with the venerable Bishop Flaget, who willingly accepted the tender of his services for the Diocese of Bardstown. The fact, that he was to labour in the same field with his dear friend Mr. Elder, and that, toiling side by side, they would sweeten the labours of the ministry by the soothing words of friendship, was an additional reason for attaching him to the choice he thus made. After some preparation at the Seminary of St. Thomas, he and his friend Mr. Elder were both raised to the holy order of priesthood, in the new Cathedral of St. Joseph, at Bardstown, by the late Rt. Rev. Dr. David. They were the first priests ordained in this Cathedral, and the first ordained by Bishop David. Shortly after his ordination, Mr. Byrne was appointed pastor of the congregation of St. Charles and of Holy Mary's, and of the adjoining stations. Though his health had been much impaired by a long and rigid course of study, yet he laboured in his new charge with the most indefatigable industry. He was always at his post, and never was known to miss an appointment. Whether sick or well, he might be seen, by day and by night, on horseback, visiting the sick, or attending his congregations or stations. His zeal was fed by labours and difficulties, as fire is fed by fuel. Besides his ordinary duties, he visited monthly the congregation of Louisville, more than sixty miles distant. As a preacher, he was not eloquent nor pathetic—but his discourses were plain, solid and instructive. His style was different from any which we find laid down in books on rhetoric—it might be called the *pointed*. He had a quick

eye to observe the faults and deficiencies of his flock; and many who would not be led to the practice of virtue by the honeyed tones of persuasion, were at least often deterred from open vice by his pointed invectives from the pulpit. He eradicated many evil customs, and did much, both by word and example, to stimulate that spirit of sincere piety, for which those congregations are now so conspicuous.

He had lived so long in colleges, and had so long fulfilled the disagreeable office of prefect, that he had become disgusted with that kind of life, and had firmly resolved never more to engage in it; and he was not much in the habit of changing his resolutions. Yet, the ignorance of the children in his various congregations, and the consequent difficulty of teaching them their religious duties, whilst most of them could not read, made him think seriously about establishing some institution for elementary instruction, by which this inconvenience might be remedied. The difficulties were great and appalling. But what were difficulties to him? They only quickened his zeal and nerved his resolution. He had neither money to build, nor men to conduct such an institution. But his energy supplied every difficulty. Once he had overcome his great repugnance to the undertaking, by persuading himself that it would promote the glory of God, and the good of his neighbour, all other obstacles vanished. He laid his plans before the Bishop, who had already entertained similar views, and who warmly approved them, encouraging his zeal with a solicitude truly paternal. He immediately set about his task. The first thing to be done was to procure a site for the seminary. He purchased a farm, and paid for it by subscriptions raised among those favourable to his undertaking. As there was however but little money in the country at the time, he had great difficulty in raising the necessary amount, and especially in converting into cash the articles of produce subscribed by many. The farm paid for, the next thing was to erect suitable buildings. An old stone distillery on the premises, was soon fitted up for the purpose of an Academy of learning. Mr. Byrne was himself almost constantly with the workmen, and labouring with them bearheaded, under a scorching sun. He had made an arrangement with the parents of children, that every thing contributed by them to the institution, either in money or in work, should be refunded in tuition, which was to be at the very lowest rates. The parents were to pay nothing for board, only furnishing a certain quota of provisions per session. A plan so reasonable, and so fully adapted to the wants of the community could not fail to be successful. At length the long and anxiously expected day for the opening of the new school arrived, and it was on that day filled to overflowing. Long shall I remember the mingled sensations of awe and joy which I felt, in common with forty or fifty urchins, as on that day we entered the walls of St. Mary's Seminary—the name given to the infant establishment. It was early in the Spring of the year 1821.

Thus were laid the foundations of a school, which, with more trials and dif-

difficulties than have perhaps fallen to the lot of any other institution, has subsisted with ever increasing popularity for twenty-two years, and has at length taken its stand among the first chartered Colleges of the country. It was founded by *one man*, amidst difficulties which would have appalled almost any other—it was sustained for more than twelve years by the indomitable energy of *one man*. It boasted no money endowment, but it could boast an endowment far more noble—unquenchable zeal, hallowed by religion! The Rev. Mr. Byrne was President, sole disciplinarian, sole prefect, sole treasurer, and at first almost sole professor—he filled every office. And at the same time, he was often compelled to attend missionary calls. Yet he found time for every thing. Often have we known him after all had retired to rest, to go several miles on horseback, to attend a sick call, which he could not find time to attend during the day, and after returning and taking a brief repose, to be the first one up in the morning. His quick eye immediately discovered those who possessed the greatest talent, and amidst all his other occupations, he found time to train up several of those for teachers. Thus in less than a year he had raised up a body of tutors and officers, who subsequently relieved him of much labour, and continued their studies, whilst engaged in teaching those branches which they had already learned.

The seminary had become very popular throughout Kentucky: its strict discipline, and the moral and literary advancement of its pupils were justly admired. Its founder had liquidated almost all its debts, and had nearly completed an additional building for the accommodation of more students, when God permitted the whole to be consumed by fire! He was absent in Louisville at the time, and we remember well the sadness which sat on his brow when on the next day he rode into the enclosure, and beheld the smouldering ruins of what had cost him years of anxious toil! Yet the suddenness of the shock did not unnerve him—it gave him new energy. In a few short months St. Mary's Seminary arose from its ashes fresher and more beautiful than ever! During the months in which the new college was being erected, Mr. Byrne toiled day and night—he was not a mere looker on, but he took part in the work. While not thus employed, he was engaged in giving instructions to several of his more advanced students, whom he retained with him. In a few years he had recovered from the pecuniary embarrassment consequent upon the late accident by fire—he had also paid the debts of the new building, and had an additional edifice almost completed, when in one night, by another severe visitation of Providence, this last was consumed by fire, involving him in a debt of more than four thousand dollars! He was not discouraged by this second misfortune, and offered up the Holy Sacrifice the next morning in thanksgiving to God for having preserved the main building. While those who came to condole with him seemed sad and dejected, he treated the matter lightly, and observed, smiling, that his only cause of grief was the loss of his hat, which he had forgotten in the new building on the evening previous!

Nothing daunted, he rebuilt the burnt edifice on a more enlarged plan, and in a few years was enabled, by patient industry, and rigid economy, to pay all his debts, and to place the Institution on a firm and enduring foundation. It may here be proper to glance at the advantages which St. Mary's Seminary has bestowed upon the country, especially during the twelve years, from 1821 to 1833, that it was under the immediate superintendence of its founder. During all that time, the number of students ranged from eighty to one hundred and twenty; and taking one hundred as the average number, we ascertain that the Institution gave instruction, partial or complete, to at least 1200 youths. These were from all parts of the State and many of them, on their return to their respective neighborhoods, established private schools, which they endeavoured to assimilate to their *alma mater*. Thus the benefits of education were not confined to those who had been students of St. Mary's Seminary; this institution gave an impulse to knowledge, which affected the whole State, and extended even to the adjoining States. And all this good must be attributed to the energy of one man! Those who know how difficult it is to found, and how much more difficult it is to keep up a literary institution, must be impelled by these facts to give him more credit, than is usually awarded in such cases.

We now come to an act in his life which displays his character more perhaps than any other, and which must forever endear his name to St. Mary's College, and immortalize it with posterity. He had founded St. Mary's—had clung to it amidst all its misfortunes and vicissitudes, for twelve years—he had twice raised it up from its ruins—he had spent thousands on thousands of dollars upon it; the property was his own, the fruit of his own industry; and he made a free donation of it, while living, to the Society of Jesuits, believing them much better qualified to conduct it than himself, and thinking that he could be more usefully employed elsewhere? Though advanced in age, and worn out in constitution, yet he thought of renewing in his declining years, the scenes of his more vigorous manhood. He had been on a visit to Nashville, and having seen the necessity of an institution such as St. Mary's at that place, where the Catholic religion had to contend with neglect and scandals, he had resolved to make it the theatre of his future labours. In a letter to Bishop Flaget, he observed, that all he needed in leaving St. Mary's to found a new Institution, was his horse, and ten dollars, to bear his travelling expenses! Sometime before this, he had conceived a similar idea in regard to an establishment near Paducah, in Jackson's Purchase. This last enterprise he had however abandoned, probably because he had reason to believe, that his absence at that time might have been detrimental to the interests of St. Mary's: at least it was not because he deemed such an undertaking impracticable; for whoever knew him, must have learned that to him few things appeared or were impracticable. He had made up his mind in regard to his undertaking at Nashville, and he delayed it for a short time, only to aid for a season his friend, Rev. Mr. Elder, in the administration of St. Joseph's, which was then labouring under pecuniary difficulties.

But God was satisfied with his previous labours, privations, and sacrifices, and called him to Himself. He allowed him to breathe his last in the arms of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, whom he had always respected, and with whom, at Georgetown, he had first learned to breathe the pure atmosphere of a religious life. But in the closing scene of his life God wished to give us a bright example of virtue the most heroic. He had sacrificed bodily comfort, by a long course of privations and of toils—he had sacrificed the fruit of all his labours, by one generous donation, made for the love of God—he was now to sacrifice his life, and fall a victim of divine and fraternal charity! The *cholera* came with all its fearful horrors: consternation seized upon the spirits of all. It was an awful storm, which bowed down even the oaks of the forest. But there was one spirit which quailed not—the Rev. William Byrne was ready to live or to die, as might be the will of God! In common with all his brethren of the ministry, he exposed himself to the danger, wherever duty called; but he had greater reasons than any of them to fear the fatal disease. He had been for many years subject to a chronical complaint, very analogous to the *cholera* in its symptoms, and whenever he exposed himself to rain or to cold, as he did whenever duty required, he might be seen for hours writhing in the very agonies of death—with cramps of the stomach, and spasms just like those of a cholera patient. He was well aware of all this, and he had reason to predict that if ever he should take the cholera, he would fall a victim to it, being a subject already predisposed to its attacks, without having any longer strength of constitution to struggle successfully against them. Under these circumstances, he cheerfully answered a call to visit a poor negro woman, dying with that disease. He was not bound to answer the call by any pastoral charge, but he felt himself bound, by the more general consideration of catholic charity and zeal. Before going, he was heard to say, that it would probably cause his death. He went; prepared her for death, and came home himself to die! With the disease upon him, he yet said Mass the next morning—from the altar he went to his bed of death, and five hours after he had terminated that hallowed sacrifice, he offered cheerfully the sacrifice of his life! One would think that he was reading of the saints or martyrs of old—but he is only reading of the closing act in the life of one who lived and moved in the midst of us, and whose life, while he was living, was not sufficiently appreciated! The minister of God may well exclaim: may the Lord, in his mercy, grant me the happiness to die a death worthy of a priest! “May my soul die the death of the just, and may my last end be like unto their’s!”

THE CHURCH AND THE UNIVERSITY IN FRANCE.

[From the Tablet.]

It will have been seen from recent notices in this journal that the relations of the Church and the University in France are becoming more and more complicated, and assuming a more menacing attitude. The position of the Church, with regard to the University, is well known to our readers. In France the University—a body endowed and founded by the State—that is, by an irreligious Government—is all but supreme over secular education. “Freedom of education,” indeed, was guaranteed by the charter of 1830; but of it there is not even a shadow or a vestige in France. The whole scheme of national education is a huge monopoly in the hands of infidels and Pantheists. It is true, a recent Catholic writer, in the *Dublin Review* (p. 184, Sept., 1843,) kindly assures us that “from all he has been able to see about these matters”—(that is apparently, *from nothing*, for he obviously has seen nothing, and knows nothing on the subject)—no “really intellectual being will ever embrace” Pantheism; and that “our friends on the Continent” (meaning all the educated Catholic laity, and the universal clergy in Italy, Germany, France, Belgium, and elsewhere,) with very admirable intentions indeed, are little better than blockheads, who talk about matters they do not understand, rave about imaginary dangers, fight like Quixote against windmills, and mistake sheep for troops of armed men. No doubt this revelation—for, if true, it is nothing but a revelation—will, when it becomes generally diffused and adopted, marvellously encourage “our good friends,” and do something towards allaying present dissensions about these matters in France. In the meantime, the evidence of fact, and the universal consent of all persons who know how to read (except our reviewer,) induce us to take for granted the notorious and avowed fact, that the popular philosophy of Germany and France is Pantheistic, and that to the discretion of Pantheistic philosophers the education of the rising generation in France is actually committed. The rising intelligence of France is as much ruled over by a Pantheistic philosophy as the charity of England is domineered over by a Benthamite and Malthusian logic. In England, sleek, fat-brained John Bull knows nothing about transcendental philosophy—whether Pantheistic or Catholic. In France, they know little about Bentham and Malthus. But, for all that, it is true that a man who in France should deny the existence of Pantheism would be laughed at just as in England a man would be ridiculed for denying the existence of Benthamite-Charity.

In France, then, the University governed by a board of Pantheists, and working throughout the whole kingdom by the agency of Pantheistic professors, enjoys an unwieldy monopoly over the entire field of secular education. No school can be opened throughout the length and breadth of France unsubject to the jurisdiction of Pantheism, or without a license from its authorities. All the lay scholars throughout the kingdom are (in fact) bound to go through the course of studies followed in its colleges, inasmuch as no one can be ad-

mitted to practise in law or in medicine without the disgrace of its Bachelor's degree. The only exception to this intolerable monopoly is to be found in the ecclesiastical schools. Young men intended for the priesthood may be educated in the Episcopal seminaries. But they do it at their own risk; and if it should turn out that they have mistaken their vocation, their prospects in life are blasted. Their course of study will avail them nothing for either of the other learned professions. They must go back like children to the commencement of the University course, and pay with years of obscurity and poverty for the conscientiousness which made them abstain from inflicting dishonour upon the priesthood.

With this exception, clogged with an insulting condition, and with the exception of such private schoolmasters as receive their license to teach religion or irreligion indiscriminately from the Pantheistic board, the education of French children is in the hands of the Imperial Colleges, in whose halls, it is avowed by the advocates of the system, infidelity is taught publicly and with applause by the subtlest intellects of France. That this is a very unsatisfactory system will be readily admitted by every candid person who is not either a Deist, an Atheist, or a Pantheist. It is far from giving satisfaction in France; nor is the dissatisfaction confined to the ranks of the pious and the Catholic. The bishops, it is true, protest publicly against it; but their complaints are endorsed (as we shall see) by the organs of French Protestantism, and, on several occasions, even the hard hearts of Administrative Ministerialism have laboured (or pretended to labour) to find a remedy for the abuse. About every other year for the last six years have we had the programmes of a Ministerial measure of educational reform. In 1837, in 1840, in 1841 such attempts were commenced with a good deal of parade and ostentation; and negotiations were entered into with the bishops with the object of devising some scheme of accommodation. A scheme of this kind was, in effect, drawn up by Mgr. Affre, of Paris, with the sanction of two other archbishops and six bishops, and presented to M. Villemain on the part of the French clergy. This scheme was, indeed, deemed by many far too liberal in its concessions, and as such it was publicly denounced by the Bishop of Chartres and many other ecclesiastics. The plan, however, proved abortive, and the question still remains to be adjusted.

But, though the University Colleges are avowedly on this irreligious footing, the Government which—like most Governments now-a-days—is besotted enough to see in religion a good instrument of police, and nothing more, must have the sanction of religion for these establishments. Accordingly, part of the staff of every college is an Almoner or Chaplain; a State functionary who is resident at the college; receives State *alms* (whence, we should imagine, his name;) and is employed in putting what we should call in this country a sort of *French polish* upon the students' minds—an artificial external plastering of religion over the surface of the soul—while the grain and substance of it is

trained, moulded, and fashioned by unbelievers. However, the sacraments are administered to the scholars by these Chaplains. Confession and Communion—as often as respectability demands—are given them by contract; and so long as the Bishop consents to wink at the courses of spiritualised sensualism, which are nicknamed philosophy, every thing goes on well and creditably. The students are trained up for damnation; and the Administration has the credit of patronising religion. Can any thing be imagined more comfortable on both sides?

However, during the last two years (as before) the clergy have exhibited many inconvenient symptoms of recalcitration. It is true that a short time ago the Archbishop of Paris published a statement of the case, in which he reproached the more warm advocates of religious independence for their over-zeal, and declared that the State and the Crown were never more disposed than at the present moment to deal out a large measure of justice to the Church. The events of the recent weeks show how inaccurately his Grace then judged the matter.

Several of the Bishops, as we have hinted, recently appeared disposed to withdraw the Chaplains from Colleges where irreligion was notoriously taught. One of the first cases that occurred on this subject was that of the Coadjutor Bishop of Nancy. Under the pretext of having preached an objectionable sermon, the famous Abbé Lacordaire, the reviver of the illustrious Dominican Order in France, was denied access to the Chaplain of the College at Nancy (M. Lemblin,) at least through the gates of the establishment. The Coadjutor Bishop (Mgr. Menjaud) took affront at this insult, and threatened to withdraw the Chaplain from the College. This threat was disregarded. At length his lordship proceeded to put it in execution. M. Lemblin was directed to take up his residence with the Bishop outside the College; to continue his sacerdotal duties provisionally, up to a certain day; and then, if the Rector proved obstinate, to cease his functions altogether. The day is yet future, but the Rector has given no signs of concession. The Bishop has been to Paris, and has had several interviews with the Minister, in order to bring about an amicable adjustment. In this he has had little success; nay, his efforts have been turned into ridicule, and garbled accounts of his private and official conversations have been published by the organs of the University, who have thereupon jeered and calumniated him, and have wound up their ribaldry by the stale and musty outcry of—"Jesuit!" So stands this case, which yet is only the beginning of troubles.

A new and well-aimed assault upon the infidel University was directed by the hand of Cardinal de Bonald, Archbishop of Lyons, in a letter directed to the Rector of the Academy there, from which we published a long extract three weeks ago. In this letter his Eminence professes no hostility to the University, so long as it fulfils its proper functions. On the contrary, he desires its stability. But along with this he desires also the execution of "the 69th clause

of the fundamental law," which secures to the French citizen "liberty of education" as an inalienable right. Lutheran education for the Lutheran, Calvinistic education for the Calvinist, and "for the Catholic child an entirely Catholic education. A philosophy (continues his Eminence) which may be Pantheistical, Deistical, Theistical, or Protestant will not suit him." He thus proceeds:—

"I do not know whether or not it enters into the projects of the Minister of Public Instruction to make any changes this year in the *personnel* of the University colleges of the diocese of Lyons. As, however, it is possible that some such changes may take place, I consider it my duty to address to you some frank and temperate remarks on the subject. * * * If the University have admitted professors whose principles cause alarm to Catholic families, it is certain that there are, as the Bishop of Belley has said, numerous very honourable exceptions. The diocese of Lyons has the happiness of being, at present, peculiarly favoured in this respect. We find in its colleges men who unite the cultivation of letters with the strict observance of religious duties. Would not this happy state of things be seriously affected by the arrival of a professor who would mingle error with instruction? I indulge myself with the hope that it will not be so. But, Mr. Rector, as certain nominations may be imposed upon you, and as it may happen that a professor who enjoys the confidence of his pupil's parents may be compelled to give place to a colleague who, with respect to doctrine, may not merit that confidence in an equal degree, I think I ought, in order to free myself from responsibility, throw off all reserve and show you in advance the line of conduct which I should pursue in such a case. * * * Let Catholic students listen to Catholic lessons only, and I shall applaud the instruction of your schools; but if a professor, with a mind infected by a sceptical or materialist philosophy should come among you to instil into youthful hearts the poison of his doctrines—if he should profit by his position to undermine the authority of Revelation, and sap the foundations of the Catholic religion, silence would not become either the ministry by which I am honoured, or the position I occupy. I forewarn you, Mr. Rector; and if the faith of my Catholic diocesans be not speedily placed beyond all reach of danger, I shall from that moment regard the presence of an almoner in your colleges as a bitter mockery, and I shall not hesitate a moment as to the measures to be adopted. I trust that I shall not be constrained to come to extremities so painful, but as we do not know what changes the superior authorities may make in the university establishments, I beg you, Mr. Rector, to make known to the Minister of Public Instruction the part that I intend to take if my young Catholic diocesans should be called on to receive a *philosophical* teaching in opposition to the symbols of our faith, the doctrines of the Catholic Church."

This letter naturally caused some alarm; and a reply to it, in the *Journal des Debats*—it is said, from the pen of the Minister of Public Instruction—was speedily forthcoming, to threaten the bishops with the loss of their salaries if

they persevered. But, alas! this Ministerial thunder did not serve to allay the storm.

On the 26th of October there appeared another episcopal letter from his Lordship of Chalons, in which, after describing the farce of a religious education in the University Colleges, he thus proceeds to treat the remedy:—

“We may do as the Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons proposes, we may suppress the almoner, who is a priest, only in name; we may take away his powers, or so reduce them as to prevent his abusing them to anybody’s injury. The spiritual and religious direction of the pupils may be entirely remitted to the Curé of the parish, to whom responsibility and all duty belong, as the proper pastor of the place. By this means all will be legal; the principal may continue, since he likes it, and no one can prevent him (which is a great misfortune) to profess his Pantheism. The Curé, on his side, may do his duty; and parents may be informed, for that is very necessary, that instructed and educated in this manner, their children have little chance of admission to their first communion at the parish church. For those of the college of which we have had a specimen last year, there is no longer any doubt upon the matter. This case, Mr. Editor, is not chimerical. It is one that has been witnessed in a district that I know, but which I name not. Consequently nothing can be more wise than the advice of the Lord Archbishop of Lyons, in whose sentiments and affections I entirely agree. We say to the Ministry as he said—“It does not please you to be Catholic, and it does not please us to set foot within your establishments. Wherefore two kinds of teaching in one house? If yours ought to prevail, why do you not say so? Why ask us to act in your colleges a part that does not at all become us? It is to render us ridiculous, and it is making you say, clearly enough, ‘We are all hypocrites, men who want your money.’ These are noble titles! I know, however, that there are exceptions.”

Since the publication of this letter, a second missive of the same tenor, has been issued by the Cardinal-Archbishop, and the Bishop of Perpignan has written decisively on the same side. By this bold and honest conduct the Government has been exceedingly embarrassed, and has done everything in its power at once to terrify and cajole. Besides the mean threat of withdrawing the bishop’s income, the Minister of Public Worship has addressed a circular to all the French prelates, conjuring them not to follow the example of their colleagues. Hints, we are told, have been thrown out of honours and rewards for the complying, and to terrify the refractory a prosecution has been commenced, and carried to its termination, against the Bishop of Chalons. The Cardinal-Archbishop, it is true, was the first offender; but says the *Courrier Français*, “the courage of the Ministry fails before a Cardinal’s hat; it can only muster boldness enough to attack a mitre.” Of this important prosecution we have given some particulars in another column; but as to the threats of making the Curé do duty for the chaplain, and mulcting the Bishop of his

salary—the first of these has been already answered by the Bishop of Chalons, who plainly tells the Government that when the matter reaches this crisis, the *cure* will not be permitted to administer the Sacraments to those who rebel against the Church by frequenting the teachings of heresy ; and the second is answered by M. de Bonald, when, with mildness and dignity, he informs his unscrupulous opponents that such a pecuniary burden, if inflicted upon him, would not be borne by him alone. The timid revolutionary Government of France, frightened at its own shadow, and dreading every symptom of popular movement, would not be very well pleased at finding general subscriptions raised among the faithful throughout a diocese, to furnish the necessaries of life for a prelate—the father of his flock—doomed to beggary, because he will not make religion the tool and pander to a prostitute philosophy.

The particulars of the trial of the Bishop of Chalons, we hope, to touch upon next week, because they are pregnant with instruction. In the meantime our readers, we hope, understand perfectly that the claim of the Bishops in France is purely a spiritual one. The foundation of the whole question is about the administration of sacraments. The ultimate point in dispute is not whether the Church shall have a monopoly of education, but whether French Catholics shall have the privilege of being taught the Catholic Faith, or shall be subjected to the torture of having their minds souled by an impure and degrading Pantheism. This is the sole question. The French Ministers and the University say to the children of Catholics, "You shall be compelled to drink in "heresy;" and to the Bishops, "You shall be compelled to lend the sanctions of religion to this heretical teaching." The Bishops refuse both. They say—"If your professors teach irreligion, no parent shall send his children to your colleges except as to avowed seminaries of infidelity : you shall have no chaplain; and the children taught infidelity in your pestilential halls shall not enjoy those consolations of religion of which you have made them unworthy." The propriety of this is so obvious that (as we remarked at the outset) even the organ of the French Calvinists (*Le Semeur*) admits that right is on the side of the prelates and against their persecutors. After quoting some phrases from the letters of the Bishop of Chalons, it thus proceeds :—

"That is rather strong : no doubt of it ; but we must not stand on forms ; and, on closer inspection, are we not obliged to acknowledge that the situation described by the Bishop of Chalons, which is certainly not at all an improbable one, *deserves to be designated as it is by his Lordship*. There is, indeed, **HYPOCRISY** in this demand for support from Catholicism, while seeking its absolute destruction. If Catholicism threatens to retire now in order that it may be the more sure to reign hereafter, is that to be imputed to it as a crime ? M. de Prilly (the Bishop of Chalons) *has neither transgressed the laws, nor arbitrarily disturbed men's consciences*. However the Council of State, or the ordinary tribunals, might decide as to the two former cases, the Church of Rome, if called upon to judge on the two latter, would certainly not have

decided thus. But it is the Council of State that this concerns; it ought not to surprise us to find that that body has ideas of what should arbitrarily trouble Catholic consciences—very different from the ideas of the Catholic Church on the subject. Here, again, is another demonstration of the opposition of views that exist between *this* (the Catholic) Church and the State.” The *Seminar* concludes as follows: “The important point is not to ‘give and take,’ and so arrive, through fair and foul, at a sort of accommodation; but rather so strictly to define and firmly to maintain on either part such pretensions as though irreconcilable, are equally legitimate; that, at last, it may be possible to separate from public instruction all that may not usefully be united with it, and at the same time to enlarge the common law as regards the *liberty of teaching*; then no one will have cause to complain. But when will that happen?”

CATHOLIC MORALITY.

O Catholic church, most true mother of christians, thou proclaimest that God Himself, the possession of whom is most perfect happiness, is to be adored most purely and chastely, presenting no creature to our worship, whom we must serve: and from the idea of this incorrupt and inviolable Eternal Being, to whom alone man must be subject, by cleaving to whom alone the rational soul is not wretched, excluding every thing created, every thing changeable, every thing temporal, not confounding what eternity, truth, peace itself distinguishes; nor separating what the same Majesty unites: and not only this, but thou so embracest the love and charity of the neighbour, that every most powerful remedy is found with thee for all the variety of maladies by which souls are afflicted according to their sins. Thou trainest up and teachest children in a manner adapted to childhood, youth strongly, old men calmly, according to the condition not of the body merely, but of the soul. Thou subjectest women to their husbands in chaste and faithful obedience, not for the gratification of passion, but for the propagation of men, and for domestic society. Thou givest husbands authority over their wives, not that they may oppress the weaker sex, but govern them by the laws of genuine love. Thou subjectest children to their parents by a kind of free bondage, thou placest parents over children, to rule with affectionate authority. Thou connectest brothers with a religious bond, stronger and closer than the ties of blood. Thou bindest together in mutual love, relatives of every degree and friends, cementing the natural and voluntary relations. Thou teachest slaves to cleave to their masters, not so much through necessity imposed by servitude, as by the love of duty. Thou makest masters kind to their slaves, by the consideration that the Supreme God is their common Lord, and thou inclinest them to use counsel rather

than coercion. Thou unitest not in mere Society, but in fraternal bonds, citizens, nations, and men universally, by the remembrance of their first parents. Thou teachest kings to seek the good of their people: thou warnest the people to be subject to their rulers. Thou diligently teachest to whom honour, affection, reverence, fear, consolation, admonition, exhortation, instruction, reproof, punishment are severally due, showing that not all things are due to all, but that all have claims on our charity, and that wrong should be done to none.—*St. Augustin, de mor. Eccl. Cath. l. 1, c. xxx.*

CATHOLICISM AND THE ARTS.

I implore those students in Art, who, far from participating in the general degradation, behold it with mingled feelings of sorrow and disgust, to reflect deeply on the facts I have brought forward; and, acting upon them as a foundation, carry on the research themselves. Let them examine, try and see if what I have advanced is not true. Let them reflect on these most important points: First,—That it was by Catholic artists alone that all the most glorious achievements in Art have been produced. Secondly,—That the Catholic Church was always ready to give every aid which would enable the youth of promise to advance in the noble career of Art, munificent in rewarding the talents of those who were deserving, and incessant in finding the most noble occupation for genius, by employing it in the decorations of the sumptuous temples consecrated to her worship, and illustrating the divine truths of which she is the living testimony. Thirdly,—Let them reflect that the Established Church in this country has not only treated the arts with apathy, but has actually been the barrier that has opposed their progress; for its clergy have denounced the introduction of painting and sculpture into religious edifices, as part of the vile practices of ‘popery,’ and consequently not to be suffered. Only a few years since, when certain artists, members of the Academy, disgusted with the naked internal appearance of St. Paul’s, offered *gratuitously* to decorate the church with sacred history, the Chapter refused to suffer them on this very ground; considering, as I suppose, that a whitewashed panel was more edifying than the death of an apostle; and to this day, the church remains as bare of decoration as a Quakers’ meeting-house.

I will assert that it is from the *Church alone* that the arts can look for real protection and advancement. The court may fill the pocket of a flattering face-painter; the government may occasionally require the representation of some national achievement; the public will buy what is cheap; but the great efforts of the artist’s skill are suitable only for ecclesiastical purposes. Such being

the case, how lamentably small are the hopes of reproducing such works, while a mercenary church monopolizes the wealth, which pious men of old had destined for the glory of religion, and with it that which is the natural result,—the advancement of the Arts. The Church is, indeed the spring which nourishes them. Placed under her influence, they flourish and send forth wondrous fruit; but, deprived of her protection, they wither and die. Let those, who would deny this, look to Italy in the 16th century, the centre of Catholicism, pouring forth talents without end; let them see what a host of gigantic men in art she produced, who so filled her with astonishing productions, that even excellence became common. In Germany and the Low Countries, we find Albert Durer, Rubens, Lucas Leyden, Vandyke, Rembrandt, Jordaans, and many more, carrying on the most glorious works: Murillo, Valasquez, Ribera, and others, in Spain; in France, the same. Every Catholic nation in Europe was giving birth to artists, the memory of whose wondrous talents will live while time lasts. England—Protestant England—alone remained barren and unproductive; and, during the whole of this golden age of Art, she could not produce even one individual worthy of ranking with those great masters, who were flourishing around her. All the decorations that embellished her palaces, and even the portraits of her illustrious characters, were the productions of foreign artists; nor, from the establishment of Protestantism, under Edward VI., till the reign of Queen Anne,—a period nearly 200 years,—was the slightest thought bestowed on promoting the arts at all: and truly, as I have shewn, no great credit can be attributed, on that score, to the present generation, notwithstanding the mighty boastings that are made on the subject.

The only men who have obtained real eminence in historical painting, in this country, are Hogarth and Sir Joshua Reynolds. The first of these was undoubtedly one of the most acute observers of human nature and, I may say, powerful censurers of its vices and follies that ever lived: but, unhappily, the absence of proper religious influence over his mind caused him to disgrace himself indelibly by publishing a filthy caricature of St. Paul before Felix,—a subject which, had it been treated by an old Catholic artist, would have been overpowering by its impressive grandeur, but which Hogarth selected as a fit subject even for ridicule! As to Sir Joshua Reynolds, great as were his talents, possessing, as he did, so many of the highest qualifications of art, yet he was quite unequal to the illustration of sacred subjects. His ‘Holy Family,’ in the National Gallery, will fully illustrate this assertion. Beautiful as is the colouring of the picture, lovely alike in touch and composition, it does not possess one spark of that sublime feeling which forms the soul of ancient art. The general effect is ravishing: but we look in vain for the placid dignity of the Virgin Mother, or the mighty spirit of the Godhead in the child beside her. These were achievements which even Sir Joshua could not accomplish. I do not say this in disparagement of his great and justly acknowledged abilities; I even believe that he possessed all the requisites, except religious zeal, for as-

ending to the highest pinnacle of Art: but he lived in a land that suffered his greatest powers to lie dormant. Had he been blest with the faith of Raphael and Angelo, and had the Vatican been the theatre of his exertions, what splendid results would he have produced!—*Pugin.*

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Catholic Statistics of the Indian Missions in the United States.

OREGON TERRITORY.—*St. Mary's.*—The Central Mission-House of the Jesuits of Missouri is situated on the bank of a river called "Bitter Root;" west of the Rocky Mountains. This site was chosen on the Feast of the Rosary, first Sunday of October, 1841. It is a pretty large establishment, containing a Chapel, dedicated to God under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, an Academy for boys, a residence for the Fathers, and various workshops, where the Indians are taught some mechanical arts by six Lay-Brothers of this Society. The Mission is situated among the Flathead Indians, the whole of whom, about one thousand in number, have been converted to Christianity. The Fathers, five in number, have found Missionary Stations in various parts of the Territory, principally among the Kalispels, Nez-Percés, Pointed Hearts, &c. The number of converts is estimated at 2,000.

INDIAN TERRITORY.—*Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary.*—This Central Missionary Station is situated on the left bank of a Stream, called Sugar-Creek, a tributary of the Osage River.* It is under the charge of the Jesuits of Missouri, on the lands appropriated by the United States Government to the Pottowatomie tribe. The Fathers attend Missionary Stations among the Osages on the Neosho, the Chippeways and Ottoways on the Marais des Cygnes, the Missouries on Bull-Creek, and the Kickapooxs on the Missouri River. Number of Converts 1,500.

IOWA TERRITORY.—Two zealous Missionaries of the Diocess of Dubuque, labour with great energy and signal success among the Sioux, divided into three small bands, each numbering about three hundred souls. This mission is placed under the invocation of St. Francis Xavier, and is situated about two hundred and fifty miles above the falls of St. Anthony. These Indians may be said to be in a fair way to conversion, on account of their free determination to join the Catholic Stations.

WISCONSIN TERRITORY.—Two Priests of the new Diocess of Milwaukie, attend the flourishing missions at Duck-Creek, Rapides des Peres, Canton and

* See a minute description of this Mission in No's. 7, 8, of this Periodical.

Little Chute Cockalin, among the Menomonie Indians. But the best organized mission of this Territory is that of *St. Joseph's*, at La Pointe, on Lake Superior, among the United Ottoways and Chippeways, under the direction of the indefatigable missionary, Fr. Frederic Baraga. This Apostolic man, who has laboured for a long series of years among the Indians, has laid the foundation of nearly all the flourishing missions among the Ottoways and Chippeways in Michigan and Wisconsin Territory. Having perfectly familiarized himself with the manners and language of these Indians, he has a powerful influence on their minds, and his zeal and virtue, no less than his sagacity and learning, have ever been productive of much spiritual fruit among them. His *Otaw-anamie-Misinaigan*,* (Ottowa Prayerbook,) and his *Jesus obimadiswin ajondaking* (The life of Jesus here on earth) will for ever endear him to the gratitude both of the Chippeway, Ottawa and Pottowatomie Indians, and of their missionaries. There is also a Catholic Station among the Winnebagoes, attended from Prairie du Chien.

MICHIGAN.—Arbre Croche, Middletown, La Croix, St. Ann in the Isle of Michillimakinac, St. Ignatius, Sault St. Marie, Grand River Rapids are Catholic Indian missions and Stations, attended by three Priests of the Diocese of Detroit. The Indians belong to the Ottawa, and Chippeway tribes. There is a Catholic Station among a small remnant of the Pottowatomie tribe at Pokegan's Village, near the boundary line of Indiana. The brothers of St. Joseph have a school here, and the mission is attended, we believe, by the Priests of the Holy Cross of Southbend, Indiana.

MAINE.—St. Ann at 'Indian Old Town,' and St. Ann at 'Pleasant Point,' are small but edifying missions, composed of the remnants of Passamaquoddy and Penobscot Indians. They are attended by the Clergy of Maine.

ST. LOUIS.—On the 8th of January a new Free School for male children, attached to the Cathedral, was opened by the Brothers of a Religious Community, called "Les Clercs du St. Viateur."

NEW CHURCHES THROUGHOUT THE UNION.—The Cathedral of *Natchez* was dedicated to Divine Service on Christmas last, by Rt. Rev. Bishop Chanche, assisted by two Priests. On the 1st of January the new Church of *Nictown*, in the Diocese of Philadelphia; and on the 7th a new Church of *Springfield*, Ky., were opened for the same purpose. On the 7th ult., the cornerstone of a new German Church was laid in *Lafayette*, adjoining the city of New-Orleans.

CINCINNATI.—The following are the names of the German Clergymen who have come recently to labour on the missions in this Diocese:—Rev. F. T. Brunner, Rev. Antony Meyer, Rev. Martin Bobst, Rev. John Wittmer, Rev. Jacob Ringle, Rev. Peter Antony Capeder, Rev. John Baptist Jacomet, Rev.

* A third edition of this Indian Prayerbook, with fifty Spiritual Canticles, and a complete Catechism, has lately been published in Detroit.

John Vanden Broek. They are all of the community called "*Pretiosi Sanguinis*," devoted in a special manner, to the adoration of the most precious blood of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. This Society was formed by a pious Priest, Gaspar Bufalo, a native of Rome, and who died in that city five years ago, in the odor of sanctity. The edifying particulars of his holy life are withheld for the present, as the Holy See has authorized measure to be taken for his canonization.

The Fathers are accompanied by six German Students in theology, who are destined to join the same institute. Norwalk, in Huron county, has been selected by the Bishop for their residence. They will attend to the spiritual wants of the German Catholics in that vicinity, as well as of the other Catholic congregations in the adjoining counties not yet provided with German Pastors. Missions or Retreats, are the principal objects of the zeal of the Society. In these they will be subsequently engaged throughout the Diocese.—*Cath. Tel.*

NASHVILLE.—The Rt. Rev. Bishop of this See held an Ordination on the first Sunday of Advent, in his humble Cathedral, on which occasion Messrs. Ivo Schachet, a native of Belgium, and William Howard, a native of Ireland, were raised to the holy order of Sub-Deacon. These youngmen have received their theological education in his own Seminary, and are the first students of his own formation, who have been raised to this dignity. On the 23d inst., being Saturday in Quatertertense, these Rev. gentlemen received the holy order of Deaconship, and on the following day, being the fourth Sunday of Advent, were ordained priests.—*Cath. Adv.*

PHILADELPHIA.—The Rt. Rev. Bishop of this See, at the request of the Bishop of Pittsburg, on the 23d of Dec. last, admitted to Tonsure and Minor Orders, Michael O'Brien, Thomas O'Flaherty, Peter Brown and Patrick Duffy, theological students from Ireland for the diocese of Pittsburg. Robert Kleineider, from Silesia, was likewise ordained Sub-Deacon for the same Diocese. Messrs. Hugh Brady and Hugh Lane, were promoted to Sub-Deaconship, and &c. Philip O'Farrel received the order of Deacon for the Diocese of Philadelphia.

On Sunday the Sacred Order of priesthood was conferred on Rev. Philip O'Farrel, John Mackin and Dominick Forrestil, students of the Theological Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo.—*Cath. Herald.*

DETROIT.—A Spiritual Retreat was given to the French Congregation of this city by two Priests of the Order of the Holy Redeemer, in December last. Signal success and great fruit resulted from their efforts. No less than seven hundred of the inhabitants took the Temperance pledge; which in conjunction with the thousands of confessions, heard during the space of three weeks, by six confessors, promises much good to Religion.

WISCONSIN TERRITORY.—We extract from a late letter of Rev. T. T. Van Den Brock, Missionary among the Menomnie Indians, to the Editor of the *Godsdiensvriend*. "I arrived at Greenbay, so called from the green meadows that beautify its borders, on the 4th of July 1834. There were then no more

than ten dwellings, inhabited by white men, but numerous Indian lodges around the Bay. Shortly after my arrival a new Church and a dwelling-house for the Priest were erected, and the Congregation partly by the conversion of the Indians, and partly by emigration increased rapidly. In 1836, the number of Catholics amounted to 1,000, dispersed in three little towns, *Aster*, *Navarino* and *Rapide des Pères*. The two first places derive their names from the first purchasers of their sites, the last place, which is interpreted *the Rapids of the Fathers*, is called so from its situation near the Rapids, where formerly the Jesuits had a Missionary Station. It was here that, about one hundred and fifty years ago, one of those Apostolic men fell a martyr of his zeal. The Indians, in hatred of his Religion, mangled his body, cut it in pieces, burnt it to ashes, and threw those into the Rapids, for fear, they said, he might rise again.

"On the 6th of December 1836, three Fathers, Redemptionists, having replaced me at Greenbay, I was stationed at *La petite Chute Cockalin*, at that time inhabited by Menomnie Indians. *Cockalin* means in the Indian language a *Waterpool*: there is a rivulet which admits of a small fall (*La petite Chute*) near the pool, whence that place derives its name. On my arrival here the Indian women put up a bark lodge, fifteen feet long, by six high for my residence. Towards the middle of the year 1837, there were upwards of fifty converts among the Indians, and a new Church was commenced, which was completed in 1839. The mission had gradually increased, and numbers at present about six hundred souls, one half of whom are converted Indians. Shortly after my arrival here, I visited a spot, called *Milwaukie*, where resided about twenty Catholics: I formed a Missionary Station there and visited it for some years at stated times. It is now destined to be the See of a Bishop, and numbers about 4,000, Catholics. During 1842, I built two German Churches in this neighborhood at *Treves* and at *Neuen Kirche*, so called from places of the same name in Germany, from which the settlers have emigrated."

OREGON TERRITORY.—A devoted band of the Sisters of the Community of "Our Lady" at Namur, Belgium, a branch of which is established in Cincinnati, have sailed from Antwerp in a merchant vessel bound for Valparaiso, Chili; whence they will re-embark for the mouth of the Columbia, to reach their destination, on the Willamette. It was during the recent visit of Father De Smet, S. J., to the Mother House at Namur, that the consent of the Superiors was given to this new Mission.—*Cath. Tel.*

CANADA.—The Jesuits, who entered Canada in 1842, have commenced their useful labours among the Indians. Some of them have crossed the Rocky Mountains, and labour among the Indians north of the Columbia river; others have commenced missions among the savages of the Hudson Bay; others again have opened missions in the western part of the new Diocese of Toronto among the Ottawa and Chippewa nations, who have emigrated from the United States.

ITALY.—Rome.—The solemn Beatification of the illustrious servant of God, *Maria Francisca*, “of the five wounds of our Lord,” took place in the Church of St. Peter, with the usual ceremonies, on the 12th of November last. This saint was born on the 25th of March, 1715 in Naples, and made the vows according to the order of St. Peter de Alcantara, in the 16th year of her age. She closed her saintly life on the 6th of October, 1791.

ENGLAND.—The system of Catholic free-schools seems to be no less valued by our Brethern of the faith in England than by us. According to a late statement, there are at present upwards of eight thousand children who frequent the Catholic free-schools in London and its environs. Among the latest conversions to the Catholic faith in England, is mentioned that of a very respectable and rich lady, Miss Elliot, the most influential person on the Isle of Wight. Her charity to the poor has been most remarkable, so that she is greatly beloved. Her first act after her being received into the Church was to distribute Catholic books among the poor in her district.

SWITZERLAND.—Extract of a letter from Fribourg, dated 26th September, 1843, and received in this city. “The great Federal question has come to a close. Three or four convents of women will be re-established by the Government of Argovia; all the others remain suppressed and their goods entrusted to the philanthropy of the rulers of Argovia. The convents of Thurgoviæ, according to the decision of the Federal Diet, may receive no novices without the consent of the Government.” This is one phase of modern liberty; the condemnation of Mgr. Prilly, Bishop of Chalons, by the Council of State of Louis Philippe, for a letter published by him against the odious monopoly of the *Universetè*, is another!

FRANCE.—The pious Associations of *St. Vincent of Paul* for the relief of the poor and the distressed, and of *St. Francis Xavier* for the instruction of the working classes, seem to rival each other in awakening sentiments of Religion in the people of Paris.

AFRICA.—Algiers.—To the many Religious Orders who already labour on the African soil, have been lately added the Trappists, to promote agriculture, and the Brothers of St. Joseph, to instruct the youth.

The excavations recently made by order of the French Government, at Orleansville, have led to an important discovery. The foundation and remains of an ancient chapel were discovered, with an inscription, written in Latin, in the following words: “Here reposeth our Father *Reparatus*, a Bishop of holy memory, who spent eight years and eleven months in the Episcopate, and who has preceeded us in the peace of God the 22d day of July, in the year 436 after the birth of Jesus Christ.” Sanguine hopes are entertained that the body of this illustrious saint of the Church will be discovered. The Bishop of Algiers has repaired to the place.

GUINEA.—The Rt. Rev. Dr. Barron, Bishop of Constantina, *in part.*, and Vicar Apostolic of the Guineas, has sailed from the continent of Europe for

his vicarate, accompanied by ten French Missionaries, one ecclesiastic and one lay-brother.

ASIA.—*Antakia*.^{*}—An Apostolic Delegate of the See of Rome, accompanied by Father Obrompalski, of the Society of Jesus, lately visited this town: and all the inhabitants—Christians, Turks and Schismatics made a request to have an establishment of the Jesuits among them.

Ceylon.—The Very Rev. Cajetan Anthoni has been appointed by the See of Rome, Bishop of Ursuls *in part.*, and Vicar Apostolic of this Island. There are about an hundred priests, two hundred and fifty churches, and 200,000 Catholics on the Island.

MADURA.—The Missions of Madura, in the Vicariate Apostolic of Pondicherry, under the charge of the Jesuits, have lately sustained very severe losses. Fathers de St. Sardos, Charignon, Faurie and Garnier have all fallen victims to the malignant influences of the climate. Father Garnier was Superior of the Missions since 1842; he had built a fine church at Trichinopoly and another at Madura.

* The famous city of Antioch, once greater and richer than Rome itself, but often ruined, and finally razed by the Mamclukes in 1269, is now only a small town full of gardens, known by the name of Antakia.—[MALTEBRUN.]

OBITUARY.

DIED, at Rome on the 21st November, CARDINAL CHARLES MARIA PEDICINI, born at Benevents on the 2nd November, 1769. He was for many years Secretary to the Congregation of Propaganda, and raised to the purple on 10th March, 1823. He received all the aids of religion in death. He was distinguished for piety and attachment to the Holy See.

A READING ROOM has been opened by the Young Catholic Friends' Society in the school-room attached to the Cathedral. It is open every evening, except Sunday evening, from 7 to 9 o'clock.

MR. J. BYRNE, JR., attends at the Catholic Book Depository, at the gate of the Cathedral, every Sunday morning from 9 to 10 and a half o'clock, to receive Donations and Subscriptions for the SEMINARY.

APPROBATION.

THE CATHOLIC CABINET is published with my approbation, and appears to me calculated to promote the interests of the Catholic Religion in this diocese.

† PETER RICHARD,
Bishop of St. Louis.

THE
CATHOLIC CABINET,

AND

CHRONICLE OF RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

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No. 11.

A LECTURE

On the mixture of Civil and Ecclesiastical Power, in the Governments of the Middle Ages,

BY RT. REV. DR. HUGHES, BISHOP OF NEW-YORK.

DELIVERED AT THE TABERNACLE,

On Monday evening, December 18th, 1843, by request of the
IRISH EMIGRANT SOCIETY.

“The mixture of Civil and Ecclesiastical power in the Governments of the Middle Ages”—in other words, a blending or union of Church and State—a theme which has extended over the whole of Christendom, for the last 1400 years; a theme having its origin at the **very** root of modern States; which has grown up with their growth; which has, **it** must be confessed, produced much of the improvement that distinguishes the legislation of Christian countries;—but a theme, also, in the use or abuse of which, tears and blood have been made to flow in mingled torrents.

A hundred folio volumes would not be sufficient to develop the origin and history, to analyze the connections and philosophy, to detail the benefits, and to point out the evils, which have resulted from this system. How, then, shall I be able to compress any adequate idea of it, into the lecture of a single hour? Success is more than I can promise; but I shall make the attempt, notwithstanding.

The reproach of having first sanctioned, or tolerated, this union of Civil and Ecclesiastical authority, in the government of mankind, is laid at the door of the Catholic Church. And some persons may suppose, that, for a Catholic Bishop to treat a question in which his Church and his order are so deeply implicated, is at once a bold and a delicate undertaking. I have not, myself, any such feeling on the subject. First, because it is the genius of that Church to conceal **nothing** of her doctrines or of her history; since the scandals, as well as the good, which have marked her progress in the world, are woven up in the annals of

her history, by her own best writers, with the same impartial fidelity. And, secondly, I have no such feelings, because admitting that the Catholic Church was the *first* to tolerate or sanction such a union, I do not know the name of any Protestant, or other Christian denomination, that has hitherto practically discovered the error and repudiated the connection. As regards denominations, therefore, if this be a sin, we have all sinned alike. The doctrine is maintained with more dark and desperate determination in Russia, than it is in Italy. It finds more numerous, more obstinate, and, I will add, more able advocates, both among Statesmen and Churchmen, in England, than it does in Austria. It is cherished with as unrelenting a tenacity in Holland, in Sweden, and Prussia—indeed in all the Protestant States of Europe—as it is, or ever was, in any Catholic State. In fine, to show what a powerful hold this doctrine, as a principle, seems to have on the human mind, I may mention, that, while the majority of the clergy and people of Scotland go out from the Church-and-State dependencies, on a matter of fact, still they maintain the rightfulness of the union, as a true and indisputable principle. If, therefore, this is the condition of Christendom, in the meridian light and high civilization of the nineteenth century, there is no reason to blush for the Catholic faith, for having tolerated, or approved of the principle, in the rude and uncivilized condition of mankind in former ages. It is supposed, however, that such a union is a necessary doctrine of the Catholic Church. This is utterly false. It is no more a doctrine of the Catholic Church, than the destruction of the old Roman Empire—or the incursions of the barbarians, by which its fall was precipitated. It is simply a historical *accident*, in the annals of the Catholic Church. It happened so; but, if Providence had arranged the outward affairs of the world differently, it would have happened otherwise.

I have said, that to this rule of union between Church and State, there is one—and only one—exception. This may surprise some of my hearers; but you may take the history of the whole human race, in all times, in all nations, under all forms of government, and wherever you find men living under any social organization, there you will find the Church and State united:—save and except the United States of America. That union, or, at least, the spirit of it, had been imported into these colonies, while they were in subjection to the English Government. It had been planted, had taken root, and had already yielded its bitter and bloody fruit, even in this virgin hemisphere. England withheld from these Colonies those privileges of civil liberty, of which her people were so jealous at home. This led to resistance; resistance led to strife: and in the ranks of strife, men forgot their religious differences; Catholics and Protestants of every denomination stood shoulder to shoulder, until British authority was totally annihilated within their boundaries. Here, then, was an interruption of all hereditary legislation; the link of connection, in the whole social organization, had been broken; and a *new* State was to be formed, happily at a period when civilization was in a high state of advancement.

The same men who had achieved the independence of the country, were equal to the task of framing a Constitution for its government; and the wisdom of that Constitution is as just a subject for our admiration, as the valour by which the right to make it had been won. It was framed for the government and guidance of a free people, who claimed to be free in both their civil and religious rights and opinions. It was framed to secure, at once, order and equality of rights; and, considering the purpose which it was intended to accomplish, I regard the Constitution of the United States as a monument of wisdom,—an instrument of liberty and right, unequalled—unrivalled—in the annals of the human race. Every separate provision of that immortal document is stamped with the features of wisdom; and yet, among its wise provisions, what I regard as the *wisest* of all, is the brief, simple, but comprehensive declaration, that “CONGRESS SHALL MAKE NO LAW RESPECTING THE ESTABLISHMENT OF RELIGION, OR PROHIBITING THE FREE EXERCISE THEREOF.”

This event—forming an epoch in the history of Governments—took place more than half a century ago. It has hitherto found no imitators, among either the Protestant or Catholic States of the world; and the only nations that have hitherto followed the example, even by the approach of remote imitation, are Belgium and France.

The subject on which I have to speak, is obviously too ample, to permit that I should either enter into detail, or indulge in the critical business of citing historical authorities. In truth, it is the spirit and the philosophy of history in regard to my subject, that must engage attention; but, at the same time, I would not have it to be imagined that I am about to draw a picture of fancy. On the contrary, I hold myself responsible for the historical correctness of what I shall advance, and am prepared with dates and facts, and special authorities from cotemporary historians, whenever it may be necessary to use them.

There is another remark, also, which it is important to keep in view, in considering the subject; and this is, that, in examining any complex historical question—especially a question which is connected with the developement of civilization—we should not read the subject backward. If we were to ridicule or criticise Columbus and his associates, for not having made the discovery of America in steamers, this would be what I call reading history backward. His gallant little squadron was composed of almost open boats; and if he had not been able to accomplish such a discovery, even so, it is quite probable, that the ocean would never have felt the power of steam.

There is an infancy, a growth, and developement of the public mind, analogous to that of the individual understanding;—with this difference, that, in nations, the progress counts by centuries, which, in individuals, is numbered by years. To judge the *past* by the *present* is absurd. The benefit of studying history at all, consists in the wisdom which may be gleaned from it—and the wisdom can only result from the truth which it furnishes—and the truth can be discovered only by studying it in the proper manner. In fact,

there is another great difference between the individual and the public mind. The former is trained up by other minds, already ripened; but the latter has no senior tutor. The aggregate mind, in its largest sense, moves forward on a mysterious point, dividing two eternities—the past and the future. It has a certain measure of experience—a certain general idea of the ground over which it has travelled; but of its direction or tendency in reference to the future, all is, at all given times, uncertain and unknown. There is a mysterious veil, at all times, hanging over the future, which moves onward in exact keeping with the advance of the present—so that men may preserve a vague recollection of what *has* happened; but no man is able to tell with certainty what is to come. Thus looking back at the history of civilization, we can *now* discover that society has made many a curve, and many a pause, while those, of whom it was composed, imagined themselves to be always in motion, and always moving on a strait line. We suppose this to be the cause in our own regard; but it is quite possible that the five-and-twentieth century, looking back to the nineteenth, will perceive how divergent from the strait line were the leading impulses and directions of our age. In fact, the public mind, in its progress is like the course of a vessel at sea. It is obliged to tack on the one side and on the other, sometimes even to recede, by the force of circumstances, over which the pilot can have no control. To judge of its action at any given time of history, we ought to assimilate our own mind to the condition of the public mind, *at such a period*. We ought to *forget*, if possible, the experience which has been, since then, acquired: but taking our starting point at the *origin* of any historical question, to travel downward with the current of its development, instead of absurdly rowing our shallow boat of criticism against its mighty stream.

The first period of the Christian Church was a period in which she knew the State only as the source of her sufferings and her triumphs. Almost all her pontiffs, from St. Peter downward, during three hundred years, sealed their mission by a glorious martyrdom. Her missionaries had extended themselves throughout the length and breadth of the Roman Empire. They had penetrated into countries where the Roman eagles had never been known or heard of. Her converts were numerous in all the provinces—in the Capitol—in the army—in the Senate—and even in the houses of the Cæsars themselves. Still the frown of the State was upon her; and to escape it, she found a hiding place in the catacombs of Rome. If she met the State at all, it was only at the tribunal of some consul or governor—or on the scaffold, to witness the triumph of some glorious member of her body, against whom the sword of the State was uplifted, for no other crime save that of belief in Jesus of Nazareth. At length Constantine is triumphant over his rivals and his enemy. He embraces the Christian religion; and the Cross, which had hitherto been the emblem of all that is vile, is now set in the imperial diadem as the most precious of its ornaments, and the most expressive type of its duties. The condition of the

world, even the civilized world of the Roman Empire, was lamentable in the extreme; and, unless it should be derived *from the Cross* there was no hope of its renovation. Every department of society was depraved, not only by the natural depravity of man's heart, but that depravity itself was incorporated in almost all the legal and social institutions of the degenerate times. In the family, the father alone was under the protection of the law; the wife, the children, the slaves—or rather all were then slaves—had no protection beyond the caprice of the husband, the father, and the master. His order was enough to consign these, or any of them, even to prostitution; against which neither the laws of the empire, nor the morality of Paganism, opposed a barrier. Now, to allow, thus, disorder and corruption in the family, was to vitiate and corrupt the whole of Society in its very root. Hence the public crimes which history has recorded of that age, and those immediately preceeding.

The people plundered by every petty officer of the government—the oppression and importance of the rural and provincial populations—the licentious and unpunished conduct of the Roman soldiers—the debaucheries and cruelties of the imperial court, and all connected with it—present a picture which causes the heart to sicken at the condition of humanity at that period—the setting sun of old Roman civilization. As one fact, to give an idea of the times, I will mention, that, during the hundred years which preceed the age of Constantine, the average reign of each emperor was but two and a half years; that, out of forty emperors, more than one-half had perished by a death of violence; that the Prætorian Guards and their prefect had put up the throne of the great empire, at public auction, to the highest bidder; and that the purchaser had scarcely time to wear off the novelty of his new elevation, when he was murdered to create an opportunity for a new sale. Constantine moved the seat of empire to Byzantium, now Constantinople. His successors in the empire, with a few exceptions, fell infinitely below him in every attribute of talent, capacity and virtuous greatness. Of his successors, it is sufficient to say, in general, that, with some few exceptions, they were lost in luxury and effeminacy; showing oftener a greater disposition to meddle in the metaphysics of theological disputation, than either to govern or defend their empire, according to the better morals of the law they professed. There is not a single dispute of the subsequent ages, in which they did not interpose their sovereign will, on one side or on the other. By joining with the Iconoclasts, or image-breakers, of the eighth century, they prepared the way for the Greek schism; and the Greek schism, in its turn, prepared the way for their utter annihilation, by the wrenching from their feeble hands, to be transferred to the disciples of Mahomet, that sceptre, of which they were unworthy. When such weakness and such imbecility were at the head and heart of the Imperial Government, the events which occurred throughout its extremities, ceased to be surprising. The barbarians of every name, and of no name, from the East and North of Europe, from the shores of the Baltic

and the interior of Tartary, rushed into the empire, as if by concert, and inundated it with their savage and ferocious habits. Huns, Burgundians, Goths and Vandals, all came in mingled confusion, to take possession of the undefended provinces, as of a rich but abandoned prey. Not by a single irruption—though even that would have been sufficient to extinguish the feeble remains of Roman institutions—but wave after wave, from this inexhaustible ocean of ignorance and barbarism, rushed with destructive fury over the length and breath of the Roman empire.

It would be wrong to say, that they had not brought with them certain rude elements, from which a *future* civilization might, under a propitious culture, be matured, and ripen. But their code of police was suited rather to the common good in their common condition of a banditti of robbers, than to any state of settled, peaceable and social life. The type of the civilization which they came to overthrow and extinguish, was, in their mind, with all its developments and accidents, a type of effeminacy, which they held in the most sovereign and unutterable contempt. Of this type they looked upon Roman legislation, Roman habits, architecture, books, learning, arts and sciences, as the pernicious offspring. Hence they regarded them as things to be destroyed, with the same determination which had vanquished the authors of them. Lombardy, Gaul, the southern coasts of the Mediterranean, Spain and other portions of Europe, the choicest of Imperial Rome, became the seat of their ravages and future habitations. Other hordes may have come subsequently to disturb their residence; but, finally, the whole remnants of Roman government, Roman laws and usages, and institutions are made to give place to the crude and barbarous habits of these ignorant, but warlike invaders of the North.

It would seem, that under such a catastrophe, there was no hope for the renovation of the human mind. The only models of government, which the ancient world had left, would seem to have perished.

Government and society, upon a large scale at least, must result from the exercise of *power* somewhere. But here were men who acknowledged *no* power on earth, and hardly any in Heaven; they may be said to have had no law, but their *own will*; and, it may further be said, that it was not in *their nature* to submit to any other.

Out of this chaos—not the deliberations of men, but the irresistible force of necessity, brought about, slowly, something like Civil Government. This government is stamped with all the rude prejudices of those on whose will its formation depended. Privilege, distinction, power, were supposed to be the prerogative of the bold, the daring, and the few;—submission, obedience, and degradation were conceived as resulting from the natural distribution of things, in reference to the weak, the timid and the many. Hence the formation of what, at a later period, when it became better organized, is known as the Feudal system.

In a period of social disorder, and the absence of all laws, except the laws of physical strength; life and protection are the first necessities of man. The common people, therefore, for the sake of life and the protection of it, attached themselves to the train of chieftains, from whom these first claims of human existence might be expected. The chieftain was bound to provide for their subsistence and protection. They, on their part, as an equivalent, were bound to go to war with him; and to fight for him, in every quarrel, aggressive or defensive, which he might be pleased to undertake. They were his vassals; and he was, in the first stage, their baron or lord:—afterward, when the system refined and developed itself more, this order was extended and diversified into lords and earls, and marquisses and dukes. In this system, framed in such circumstances, it is hardly necessary to add, that the desire of extending their several territories, or of defending them, as it might happen,—where each claimed the right of assailing his neighbour, when he found himself strong enough for the undertaking—must have produced incessant warfare. Those who were lords and barons, in reference to the vassals who were dependent on them, became themselves vassals, in regard to others, on whom they, in turn, felt dependence. Thus, the King might be regarded as the head baron of the nation; and yet there are instances in which he held his fief, as if he were a vassal to some of his own subjects. Naturally, this condition of things, wherever it prevailed, was calculated to retard civilization. It shows that the only thing held in high estimation, was—not justice, nor arts, nor learning, nor moral rights of any description—but a brave heart, a strong bow, and stout arm. It is not surprising, therefore, that Europe should have been then, as one great universal camp of war—every castle was a fortress—every peasant a soldier—every baron a species of monarch, who could summon and sound to battle, whenever he pleased. The only spot that was neutral, was the Church and its sacred precincts. Nothing can prove this better than the institution of those times which is called “Treve de Dieu,” or the “Peace of God.” This was a rule, forbidding them to go to war from Wednesday evening till Monday morning, of each week. This was the first inroad made upon the determined martial, or rather predatory habits, of those ages.

The first great variation from the monotony of interior confusion was the Crusades. The enthusiasm which that enterprise inspired, appears to us like a moral contagion. Like other great events, it produced its evil and its advantageous consequences. It tended to destroy serfage—that species of temperate slavery which prevailed in the Middle Ages. It exhausted the barons, and directed against the foreign enemy those fighting propensities which they had hitherto indulged against each other. It enlarged the public mind, and imbued it with some notions of navigation, commerce, arts, and learning. After this period had passed away, literature begins to revive; universities are founded; the State begins to come out of the social relations, with features of greater distinctness. Order, at least of an imperfect kind, begins to take

the place of brute force. The features of Feudalism begin to fade away ; and, as we rise into the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, we discover the public mind, as if gazing on the bright dawn of civilization such as, unhappily, the day has not realized. The East Indies, which had been lost from the map of the world during the middle ages, are re-discovered by Portuguese navigators. An Italian sailor plucks up a new hemisphere, from the untravelled waters of the Western ocean ; printing is invented ; architecture and the arts are all revived. Greek and Roman literature became an absolute passion ; and the public mind seemed to enter upon a new career, with a young energy, an enthusiasm, a capacity, a ripeness for improvement, such as the world had never seen before.

Such is a general, but imperfect outline of what Christendom had passed through, up to the beginning of the sixteenth century. During the course of that century, a new species of warfare interrupted as I would say, (leaving to others the same right to holding a different opinion,) the onward progress of the human mind. Hitherto the Christian commonwealth had preserved its unity ; and if there had been wars, they had for their object the things of the present world. Now, however, humanity is to be afflicted with the wars respecting the world to come. The question divided States as well as individuals ; and each took the side which its conviction of principle, or its political interest, seemed to determine. Since that period, the progress of the public mind has not been proportionate to the advantages that had been acquired, and to the time that has since elapsed.

In the hasty view which I have taken, as to the condition of the States, during these ages, you will not suppose that I have purposed to exhibit anything like the general detail of society, or of the principles and feelings, which formed its inward and daily workings. For it happens, in history, that the things which are least honourable to human nature, are those which are most conspicuously displayed. Thus to have an idea of our own times, of the state of morality in our country, or even in our own city, future ages may have recourse to our laws, the records of our courts, and systems of police. All the rest will have sunk away, and be forgotten, or remembered only in the institutions, which private virtue shall have founded for the relief of cotemporary destruction. Indeed, viewed in this light, the Middle Ages will present features altogether different from those which the truth of history, and the nature of my subject required me to exhibit. And as proof of this, a distinguished English writer has published a work on these same ages, in no less than eleven volumes, in which he shows clearly and with a depth and variety of erudition that are perfectly astonishing—that every portion of our blessed Saviour's sermon on the mount, was reduced to practice during that identical period. What, then, does the whole prove ? Simply, that there was then, as there is now, a singular mixture of good and evil ; with this difference, perhaps, that in the Middle Ages, both good and evil were vigorously carried out ; while

the simplicity of those times knew none of the artifices, by which our superior advantages enable us to conceal the latter, and to display the former, as much as possible.

It is now time to consider the Church—descending to us, step by step, and day by day, with that order of things, in the state which I have just attempted to describe. It is manifest, not only by reason, but also by the experience of all nations, that if moral power is to have any place at all in the estimate of legislators, this moral power must necessarily be founded on Religion. Civil laws regulate the external actions of men; but religion extends to the interior working of those affections of the human heart, which precede the outward action. Hence, too, it has been said by a philosopher, that if religion were banished from the social relations of men, society itself would become little better than pandemonium. It is not, then, wonderful that the Church, descending side by side with the succession of events, in the order of things I have described, should by choice or necessity, have exercised a remarkable influence on the nascent institutions of every age. She was the depository of the Christian faith—she preserved its inspired annals, the sacred Scriptures—she had learned from the lips of its Divine Author, the high and holy truths which it was important for mankind to know, and which it was her special mission to preach and to propagate throughout “all nations.” Her sphere of action was in the midst of the world, and among men, whatever might be the culture or confusion of their condition. It is time, then, to consider what the Church is in itself, and what it was, historically, in its connection with the States of the Middle Ages. In itself, the Church is essentially independent of all States, and of all forms of government. Its true and primary office is to preach the doctrines of the Saviour. It received direct and absolute power from Him for that purpose. As a divinely appointed society, the Church has the right to make laws for her own government, and for the proper guidance of her members, independent of any power on the earth. If she has at times interfered with the civil prerogatives of temporal sovereigns, her right to do so is not founded on *divine* character; but resulted either from the concessions of those States themselves, or from the absolute exigency of circumstances.

It was impossible, that, during the period to which I have alluded, the Church should not have taken a prominent part in the affairs of Christendom. This is explained by the very nature of the case. From the very moment Constantine became a Christian, he professed a new code of moral law, which denied him, though Emperor of Rome, the right to do evil, either in his public or private capacity. Every attempt which he made to reform the corrupt laws, and the yet more corrupt administration of them, under Paganism—which he had just renounced—naturally excited the opposition of those who still adhered to the bloody spectacles of the Amphitheatre, and the worship of Olympus. The new and more humane elements, derived from the Christian religion, and infused into the ancient legislative code, required new officers for their proper

administration. These, where they could be found, were naturally taken from among the Christians; and certain departments were, by usage, if not by law, consigned to the bishops of the Church. Thus the unfortunate portions of the human race were especially placed under their care. The case of the widow and the orphan was consigned to their protection; prisoners in like manner; the poor, the ignorant, and the slaves. From that moment it became necessary for the civil legislator, in abrogating old, or in enacting new laws, to consider how far they were in accordance with the moral principles of the Christian faith. The laws touching marriage and divorce, and others—lying at the very root of social existence—were obviously of this description. Hence, intercourse with the clergy, the acknowledged interpreters of the Christian faith, became a necessary consequence of the imperial transition from the old to the new system. The laws which he enacted subsequently to his conversion, and which are still found in the code of Theodosius the younger, show the effects of his new connection with the Christian Church. The emperors had hitherto been absolute and despotic in their power—he puts limits to his own authority. The slaves had hitherto enjoyed little more legal protection than the ox of the field—he makes laws to protect them, and to prepare the way for their gradual emancipation. He mitigates the cruelties of Roman punishment; he restrains the capacity of magistrates; he checks the injustice of the rich against the poor; he repeals the laws which authorised adulterous concubinage; he puts limits to the avarice of usurers; he takes precautions against the destitution of poor children, and provides for their support at the public expense. In reference to the Church, he authorised and encouraged the erection of temples, and the solemnities of public worship. The immunities which he conferred upon the clergy, as a distinct body, were exceedingly limited. He merely exempted them from personal taxation, and from public service; and it is remarkable that he conferred the same exemption on physicians, and the professors of belles lettres.

It does not appear that there was any formal union of Church and State, either expressed or implied, during his reign. And the influence which was exercised by the clergy in civil affairs, from that period until the total destruction of the empire in Western Europe, was entirely of a moral nature. The sanctity of their lives, in most instances—the more elevated character of their virtue—their sympathies for the wretched—their works of charity and zeal, must account, principally, for the influence which they exercised, during that period. That they began to be regarded by the people with veneration and affection, as their best friends, is undeniable, and easily accounted for. The authorities of the State, also, found among them men of superior learning, whom they often took to their councils in critical matters appertaining to secular affairs. It was the age of the Augustines, the Leos, the Chrysostoms, the Jeromes, and the other great writers and fathers of the Christian Church. Already had the Church framed such laws as were required for the order of the

clergy and the government of her members. These laws were founded on the new principles of Christian equity, adapted, as a code of discipline, to the situation of the faithful. They were as canons—rules,—the authority necessary for the execution of which, rested, as a spiritual authority, in the Church itself. The highest penalty known to the Church, then, or at any time, was excommunication. But this spiritual weapon acquired, in the lapse of ages, and from another source, civil consequences which did not belong to it as an instrument of ecclesiastical discipline. Successive Christian emperors, either from a zeal for religion, or, with a desire to promote the welfare of their people, took portions of this ecclesiastical discipline, and incorporated them with the civil laws and jurisprudence of the State, attaching to the violation of them civil penalties, which it was never pretended the Church had intrinsic power to inflict. It is in this gradual and almost imperceptible manner, that the mixture, or the union of the two powers, seems to have occurred. In our first popular view of the subject, we are apt to imagine that the Church and the State were two great tyrants, who, if they had kept separated, could not have accomplished much to the detriment of mankind; and who, for this reason, agreed to unite for the purpose of more effectually enthralling their common subjects. No phantom of the imagination can be more false, or delusive than this. The union took place in the manner I have described; and at the period of its occurrence, it is quite probable that neither the heads of the State, nor the authorities of the Church, had the slightest anticipation of the ulterior consequences to which it has led. It thus became incorporated in the imperial code of political jurisprudence, as we see by the compilations of the Emperors Justinian and Theodosius the younger.

As an instrument of Government, however, even this code perished with the fallen power of the Empire. The barbarians, laughed at written laws: and when civil order, and government, and every thing appertaining to the habits of organized social life, had been overthrown by them, in their several irruptions, there remained hardly a hope for the restoration of society, except in the living authority of the clergy and the Church. Whatever may be our judgment of the question, in the happier organization of modern times, it is doubtful to my own mind, whether, in such a universal crisis, the Church would not have been recreant to her duty, if she had not rushed to the rescue of humanity. It is clear, that if her own doctrine and constitution had not been according to the intention of her founder, indestructible,—they, too, would have been carried away by the deluge of ignorance and barbarism which overswept the world. When the turbid waters had settled, all that remained was chaos; and on the Church devolved the work of the new creation. She alone, in the midst of the ruins, preserved the memory and all that survived of the annals and times that had passed away. Entirely destitute of physical power, she could exercise but a moral force, which the rude nations entirely disregarded. The first thing necessary, is to win them over to the religion of Christ;

and though the self-denying virtues of that religion were but little heeded by those martial proselytes, still it was an important point, even for their temporal melioration, that they should be believers in the Christian doctrines, which they did not always practise.

Three things are obviously necessary for the formation and well-being of society, order, liberty, and the power of defence. It is manifest, that liberty, without order, is licentiousness; and the difficulty in the condition of those new populations was, first and most of all, the absence of order. They were to be civilized; and this could not be accomplished without subordination. To say, then, that the interference of the Church, at that period, was a meddling with civil government, as the term is now understood, would convey an entirely false meaning. Properly speaking, there was no civil state in existence. All was confusion, rapine, tumult, and disorder. Yet, in all this chaos and confusion, there lay the germ of all our modern States, which would have perished, in all probability, had not the Church provided, as best she could, for its culture and future development. The clergy became, to a certain extent and of necessity, the defenders of the weak against the oppressions of the strong. The councils of the Church are no longer exclusively employed in defining the great truths of the Christian faith. The moral and social condition of the people, as well as of the clergy, engaged their particular attention. The civil power is everywhere paralyzed and rendered impotent, by the turbulent independence of chieftains; and the people—that is, the whole mass of the common people—are crushed to the earth, by the power which those chieftains claimed to exercise over them. In the enactments of several of the synods, during those ages, questions appertaining to the State are treated and disposed of. The council is a kind of mixed assembly—a species of general European Congress—in which, after the ecclesiastical authorities have transacted what appertains to doctrinal matters, princes and the heads of States take part, in forming regulations affecting those enactments a greater *moral sanction*, as if coming from the approbation and authority of the Church. This was particularly the case in the great Council of Lateran.

It is to be remarked, that even during the Empire, the bishops sometimes discharged the office of civil judges, in case the parties were Christians, and, by mutual consent, appealed to them for their decision. After the events we have described, and in the new order of things, this was still more natural and necessary. They alone had some idea of the ancient jurisprudence; and the people naturally flocked to their tribunal, rather than to the barbarous ordeals, or proofs by fire, by water, and by duel, which the Northmen were accustomed to employ. But the part which the bishops took in civilizing the legislation of States, is too extensive to allow me to dwell upon it in detail.

We must rather, now, raise our eyes to those great events, in which the head of the Church on earth incurred so much of the censure of modern times. We must not forget, that the system of government which then prevailed, and

the influence of the Church, as diffused among the people, made it the constant interest of those who were unjustly oppressed by superior force, to strengthen their cause by whatever support might be derived from the sanction of religion. Hence the frequent appeals from the Princes to the Pope, to shield their rights against the unscrupulous invasions of rivals and enemies. It frequently happened, that, as all property or rights under the protection of the Church, were deemed more sacred and inviolable, Princes, for their better security, became vassals of the Holy See; and hence, the origin of those claims, which many of the Popes cherished, and enforced, to be regarded as the first rulers of the temporal, as they were, in reality, of the spiritual kingdom. It is, indeed, quite true, that not only some of themselves, but also some writers of their times, disposed to flatter their views, have contended that they inherited the one right, no less than the other, in virtue of their succeeding to the special powers, which Christ conferred on St. Peter, for the government of the Christian fold.

Having once conceived this notion, we know that in some cases it was carried to an extravagant length. On the other hand, the population of Europe, rude as was their condition, professed themselves believers and members of the Church. The same persons were, also, members of the State; and the laws for their government emanating from this double source, instead of acting on them separately, were blended, in many instances, by the authority of the State alone, into a complex code of legislation, embracing both civil and ecclesiastical law. Thus, it was assumed, that, as all were of the same faith, the two powers—though having their separate existence, in themselves—might be so united as to produce harmony of results, and contribute to the general good. Instead of this, however, the mixture seems to have led to perpetual strifes, and misunderstandings. It would not be possible to enter upon the merits of a single controversy between the Pope and any of the sovereigns, with whom he so frequently disputed. It is true, that, at times, and in the case of individual Popes, the claim to exercise authority over what would now be called the civil affairs of this world, reach to an extent at which we, judging it by the standard of the present day, look back with astonishment and wonder: until, at length, such claims naturally died away, when the causes—and the system of those ages which had called them into existence—ceased to operate and to exist. We look upon them as a strange anomaly in the history of Europe; but we must not forget that they occurred at a time, when its whole civil and social condition was made up of systematized anomalies. It is quite possible, however, that were we able to appreciate the necessities and circumstances in which those claims originated, we should think them perfectly natural, and come to regard them as having been instrumental, not only in the establishment of civil order, but also in the first planting, the first remote preparation of the very liberties and security which Christian nations now enjoy.

Whenever a striking and extraordinary developement of any single moral

power has occurred in the history of mankind, we may be assured that it is the result of some *latent* principle, deeply though, perhaps, silently, working in the mass of the people, which thus finds a vent and a medium of expression. So in regard to the civil authority exercised by the Pope. We must seek an explanation for it far more adequate than the superficial idea of priestly ambition, working on the ignorance of the popular mind. Besides the direct spiritual mission of the Church, the Popes, as her visible head on earth, have ever found a deep and profound interest in the happiness and moral improvement of the Christian people. It was in the direction to promote that happiness, that order should be made to rise out of chaos, after the breaking up the Roman Empire. It was in the same direction, that, simultaneously with the establishment of order, the elements of civilized liberty should be gradually evolved out of the rude form of savage freedom, which the invader had brought from the forests of the North. How could these objects be accomplished, except by bringing them under submission to moral authority? And there was no authority under Heaven, before which those iron-hearted warriors would have submitted, except that of religion—in other words, of the Church. The pillage, and strife, and turbulence of the times, pointed out the exercise of this spiritual power as the only principle of common safety. It became recognized, acknowledged, even popular, as a mighty resource of God's providence, for the conservation of human rights, during a period that threatened to overthrow them all. The law of the State, so called, was, with the exception of a few barbarous enactments, the law of the strong against the weak. But the law of the Church, framed, in its code of discipline, to meet the exigencies of the times, in regard to the morals, both of the clergy and of the laity, was a code to which *all* professed submission. That law was no respecter of persons; it was the same for the noble, the prince, the peasant, and the serf.

You will see accordingly, in the history of those times, Bishops and Popes employing the spiritual weapon of excommunication, and other censures, with a directness and independence, which viewed in the light of our age, appear infinitely extravagant, and almost inconceivable. Now the sentence is denounced against the people, or some of their factious leaders, for their insubordination to their rulers; and now it is fulminated with the same stern impartiality against their sovereigns themselves. The merits of the quarrels between individual Popes and Princes, are variously judged of, in history. But there is one conclusion, which forces itself on the mind of whoever reads history dispassionately, and in the light of philosophy,—which is, that, apart from the mere personal passions and feelings of these individual popes and princes, themselves, the principle of ecclesiastical censures as applied to the temporal concerns of the people, was to reduce them into civil subordination; while its principle, again, when directed against their sovereigns, was that, in enforcing subordination, the rights and liberties of the people should be preserved, and protected, ac-

according to the public laws, and oaths of office, by which those sovereigns had bound themselves to rule. If, again, you find the popes encouraging, and sometimes almost heading, those military enterprises, or crusades, for the recovery of the Holy Land;—falling in with the paroxysms of enthusiasm, which they had excited;—it was because neither subordination nor liberty, could be of any avail, unless the Christian nations of western Europe combined for their common defence. Religion was the only social bond of communion, on which those nations could be rallied;—and had not the Church interfered for the purpose of uniting them, we do not see by what human means the followers of the Arabian prophet would have been prevented from overflowing the nations of Christendom, and leaving western Europe to be found, at the present day, in the same condition as the Turkish Empire.

The philosophical analysis of the exercise of ecclesiastical power, putting aside mere party views, will show that, whatever may have been the intention of the popes, their influence, in point of historical fact, was directed to forming and maturing the three great principles on which civilized society can alone rest securely, namely : order, liberty, and public safety. It is acknowledged, on all hands, that they were men in advance of the civilization of their age ; and it is impossible to conceive that the pope—without any physical force at his command ; oftentimes unable to govern his own petty territory ; frequently obliged when he had just launched his sentence against some tyrant, to fly and hide himself—should have been able to find so general an acquiescence in that sentence, if he had not been, in those ages, the personification of some great popular principle, or social want, working in the hearts of the people themselves ; but which, in such times, could not otherwise find expression or produce effect. Neither should this appear wonderful. The Church herself, in all her forms of government, was, as she still is, a model of modified and admirably well-regulated democratic jurisprudence. In the Church, the principle of suffrage and election, has ever prevailed, it was by election or merit, that the clergy themselves were taken from the ranks of the people ; and the humblest member of the clerical body, according to the constitution of the Church, might, by that principle of election, be elevated, from one grade to another, even to the highest dignity. Many of the popes, even to the present day, were taken from the ranks of the people. Now this model of the universal Church, pervaded civil society at all times. It was constantly in action, before the eyes of the people, and could not fail to give them those primary notions of order and of liberty, by which their respect for mere physical strength and brute courage, gradually gave way to their reverence for moral force, and intellectual merit. The councils, also, furnished them with a model of *deliberative* and *representative* assemblies. For, let it be remembered, that this principle of election and representation, is unknown beyond the limits of Christianity ; and, even within these limits, is not derived from any idea of a “ social contract,” but from the living, practical, daily working and example, of the social principles of the ancient Church.

It may be asked, however, what right Popes could have had to meddle with sovereigns at all? In addition to what has already been said, namely, that this meddling was in accordance with the usages of the times—it is to be observed that it was *then* the only means by which limits could be put to regal and imperial despotism. A Christian sovereign was, by this means, denied, and abridged of the right of being despotic. He was sworn to fulfil the obligations, prescribed at his coronation; and he was sworn under the implied and admitted penalty, of being called to an account by the Church, if he afterward violated his oath and became publicly perjured. But not for this cause exclusively: if he oppressed his subjects, contrary to the laws; if he outraged some great principle of Christian morals: if he would have two wives, at the same time; or in any other manner, glaringly violated his duty as a Christian, or as a ruler;—the modern idea, that a sovereign has a right to govern as he thinks proper, would have been for him of no avail. The eyes of his own subjects, and of Christendom, in such a case, would be turned to the common father of the Church, remonstrance from the Pope would follow—after remonstrance, threats;—and if these proved fruitless, then came the celebrated “thunders of the Vatican,” the mere imaginary echoes of which conjure up hobgoblins in the minds of grown up children, down to the present day.

Thus the Church, or rather the people, vindicating their rights through the head of the Church, tolerated no despot, no tyrant, on the thrones of Europe. Far be it from me to assert that this incidental power was not sometimes exercised in an arbitrary and improper manner, in mere passionate and personal quarrels, in which beyond the personal motive, there is not a shadow of principle involved. But, at the same time, I have myself no hesitation in declaring the conviction, that it is to this power, rightly or wrongly exercised, that we are indebted for the advantages of responsible governments in modern times. The truth is, that the king or emperor, under this system, came to be regarded as only the supreme officer of the whole people; and that, while this system prevailed, even in its mitigated form, which has also long since passed away, the idea of an absolute government in Christendom was utterly unknown. Under it the representation of the public wants and public will grow up, in the form of Diets, General Assemblies, Cortes, and Parliaments; and the object of these assemblies was to circumscribe and regulate the power of the sovereign, no less than to define and enlarge the rights of the subject. The Cortes of Spain, while this jurisprudence was at least theoretically in existence, were accustomed to tell their sovereign, at the opening of the assembly, “that each of them was equal to himself, and all united were more than his equal.” We know what rights were exercised, and what limits were prescribed, for the royal authority in the Diets of Germany, and in the Parliaments of France and England.

In those days, the “divine right of monarchy” never entered into the hands of men. Even in the eighth century, Pope Zachary, writing to the people of

rance, says, "the prince is responsible to the people, whose favour he enjoys. Whatever he has—power, honour, riches, glory, dignity—he has received from the people. * * * * The people make the king, they can so unmake him." St. Thomas Aquinas, one of the greatest divines of the church, in any age, lays down in his principles of theology, that Civil Governments are not by "divine right," but by "human right;" and that, "when any thing is to be enacted for the common good, it ought to be done either by the whole multitude of the people, or by their representative." Even Bellarmine says, "it is false, that political princes have their power from God only: for they have it from God, only so far as he has planted a natural instinct, in the minds of men, that they should wish to be governed by some one. But whether they should be governed by kings, or by consuls—by one, or by many—by a perpetual, or temporary magistrate, depends upon their own wishes." In fact, so far as the Church had power to influence the thoughts and ideas of men, in regard to the responsibility attached to the exercise of power, this was the doctrine perpetually inculcated, and the working of this principle, in the Middle Ages, was only different in form, but essentially the same in essence as at the present day. Then, it was accomplished through the medium of excommunication; now, through that of revolution.

This doctrine was not a theory only, but reduced to practice. Bracton, one of the judges of Henry III. of England, writes, that "the monarch is called King (Rex) from governing well, and not from reigning; because he is King while he reigns well, but a tyrant when he violently oppresses the people entrusted to him." And he adds, that "he is not a King who rules by his own will, and not by the law." In the Council of Lyons, held in the reign of the same Henry, the English proxies, both of the Church and of the realm, protested against King John's grant of tribute to the Pope, as a nullity, and appealed on the Council for redress—precisely because the King had made the grant *without the consent of the nation*. The Magna Charta itself—the old well-spring of all our liberties—was but the *written* text of the liberties which we had preserved, in the customs and traditions of the people, from the time of Edward the Confessor; but which, now, are reduced to writing, "signed, sealed, and delivered, by the parties thereto." Particulars in detail, however, must be omitted, in a subject like the present. It is sufficient to observe, that the old common law of England contained all the elements of perfect civil freedom; that a custom, "time out of mind," "whereof," in the old phrase, the memory of man goeth not back to the same," was as good a title for popular rights and privileges, as any statute of both houses of parliament. And whence did those customs, usages, and common law, derive *their* origin? unquestionably from the principles of canon law, engrafted on the nation and ingrained into the people, through the medium of the clergy and the Church.

Hence the obscure origin of those rights which we prize most, in the improved civilization of the present day—the just organization of the courts of

justice,—the character and condition of witnesses,—the equality of right between the humblest subject and the sovereign himself—the rights of the accused—the forms and order of deliberative assemblies, and the universal rights of representation in affairs, such as taxes, connected with burdening of the people. Time, and the improvements of the public mind, have contributed, no doubt, to perfect all these great instruments and formularies of public and social right. But if the course of human events, through the lapse of the Middle Ages, had not compelled the Church to interfere in the temporal concerns of States and sovereigns, it is altogether improbable that we should ever be blessed with their enjoyment. They do not exist in Russia, nor in Turkey; and, although the Chinese Empire has enjoyed a certain dwarfish civilization for more than two thousand years, there has been no increase, no development in her social institution; and she preserves to this day, among other evidences, that universal type of unchristian and barbarous nations: namely hostility to foreigners.

It would be, however, a mistake to suppose, that the Pope in launching excommunications for civil crimes, had no rule of guidance; or, that that the people paid any attention to them when they were papably against their rights. The principle of excommunication was recognized; but the justice of its application, in such cases was a matter of individual judgment, according to the merits of *each particular case*. Thus, there are instances, and particularly in reference to the dispute between King John and his barons, in which the people, and the Bishops, too, disregarded the Pope's judgement, and even his censures, with as much true independence, as they would at the present day: not because they rebelled against his authority, but because that authority had been exercised through the false representations of the monarch.

Strange and confused as this state of society seems to have been—this working and fermentation of all the elements of civil and of social order—yet it was in such a state of things that the rights of humanity, the limits and the duty of government, and the laws of nations, were brought out and defined. Towards the latter end of the period, which may be still included in the Middle Ages, arts and sciences, and general literature were revived. The discoveries which were made became, or ought to have become, new instruments of greater development—particularly the compass, the discovery of gunpowder, and the press. But it is quite certain, that liberty, and the protection of laws, and the cultivation of science, have not made, within the last three hundred years, half the progress they had made during the three hundred years previous.

Among the *evils* resulting from the system of mixed Church and State, may be enumerated that persecution which the State, or the Church, or both together, exercised in cases of departure from the established faith. It certainly never was a principle of the Church, to coerce men's religious convictions. One thousand testimonies in every age will show her teaching to have been,

that man's convictions of Christian truth, in order to be acceptable to God, must be sincere and voluntary; and yet, the history of these ages show the extent to which, authorized by laws growing out of the union referred to, governments punished religious errors with temporal penalties. But it so happened, in the actual condition of society, every error, or heterodox opinion in religion, became a crime against the State; and it is equally true, that, for the most part, the advocates of new doctrines, in those ages, trusted not a little to their swords for the propagation or maintenance of their faith. Thus, the Donatists, in the fourth century, are assailed by the State; but not till after they had thrown the provinces of Africa into confusion by their violence. In the same century some of the Priscillians, in Spain, were put to death. The most celebrated Bishops of the Church, however, in that age—such as St. Martin and St. Ambrose—pronounced their anathemas against the authors of those executions. In fact, they were directed by the avarice of the tyrant Maximus, in order to possess himself of their property.

In the fifth century, Pelagianism, another heterodox system of religion, passed, without however exciting bloodshed or civil discord. The Iconoclasts of the eighth century, instead of being persecuted, became themselves the persecutors. The Albigenses, in the twelfth century, appear to have been the objects of the most severe laws and measures, recorded in the annals of those ages. Contemporary writers describe them as persons who could not be tolerated, even at the present day, by any civilized government in the world. They were entirely distinct in their doctrine, and in their history, from the Waldenses, who appear to have been of a simple, patient and tranquil character. All this, however, did not save them from the intolerant spirit of the age. The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries are more distinguished for the wars which were carried on, under the pretence of religion, but which, it may be safely suspected, had their origin more in the prospect of political advantages on either side, than in the love of truth, or the pure zeal for its triumph. The struggle appears to have been between Catholics and Protestants, who should persecute the most—for, as I remarked before, the mixture of civil and ecclesiastical power which in the early ages, was, as I conceive, the result of circumstances or necessity, has been kept up in all the modern governments of Europe, of every religious name, down to the present day.

If the Catholics have sinned on this subject, as I am ready to concede, it cannot be denied, on the other hand, that, in their regard, the iniquities of their fathers have been visited on the children to the third and fourth generation. There is certainly no denomination of Christians that has so little reason to be in love with Church-and-State-unions, as the Catholics. In most Catholic countries themselves, that union holds their reign in a species of degrading bondage. In Protestant governments, they are grateful for the privilege of worshipping God according to the faith of their fathers; but the good things of the state are not for them. But other denominations have been, equally, made to feel the op-

pressions of this system. And it may have been a special providence of God, that this great unpeopled hemisphere should have been discovered, precisely at a period when it could serve as a refuge and an asylum for the persecuted of every name, and of every creed. It was this system of Church-and-State-union, which caused the Puritan pilgrims to seek a landing place on the rock of Plymouth, in Massachusetts. It was this which caused the tranquil waters of St. Mary's river, in Maryland, to be disturbed by the bark of the Catholic pilgrims ;—and from that period to the present, wherever civil and religious liberty have been rudely invaded throughout the civilized world, the eyes of the sufferer have wistfully turned toward the home of conscience and freedom of the West.

It will be recorded hereafter as a glorious circumstance, in the annals of this country, that the *solitary* pilgrim on arriving at these shores, no matter from what nation, has been met by the humane and liberal genius of the land, which inspired even his own countrymen to form societies for the purposes of his relief; and that these societies are sustained by the generous spirit and approbation of the whole country. It is now more than seven hundred years since Pope Adrian IV., made a present of Ireland to King Henry II. It is true that the authenticity of the document has been denied; but taking it for granted, it could never have entered into the mind of his holiness, that he was remotely preparing the necessity for the humane and charitable work, in which you gentlemen of the Irish Emigrant Society are engaged. It was not, however, the document, real or pretended, of the pope, which transferred Ireland's sovereignty to a foreign government. Even in that age, the Irish would have looked on such a document as so much blank parchment. But their own internal divisions made them an easy prey for the sword of the invader. During these seven centuries, they have been crushed and trampled to the earth. While both countries were Catholic they were denied the benefit of English laws. When a new religion was adopted in England, and when the monarch of that country—as those of most other countries, that embraced the change—made himself the single and only source, both of civil and ecclesiastical power, Ireland felt the benefit of English laws only in the bitterness of their proscription. She, however, for the most part, adhered to her first convictions: remained constant, and faithful to her first love. Penalties have been inflicted; but they have produced no change. If penalties were still threatened, we should have no dread: but there is something else which is now spoken of, and which comes within the legitimate range of my subject. The State or its organs, are throwing out hints, as if the intention were now to effect an indirect union with the Irish Catholic, no less than the Irish Protestant, Church. Thus, should it ever be attempted, will be presented as a measure of kindness. And we know, that in the treatment of the Irish Catholic people, by the British Government, kindness is the only temptation that never was tried. That it will be as unavailing as the rest, I have no doubt.

The people, and their clergy—and above all, their faithful, and vigilant hierarchy—will never at this late day, permit the ministry of their religion to be polluted, or even to be brought into suspicion, by the touch of Government gold. I have great confidence in all this. But I have greater still, in the mercies of God toward a long-suffering people. Still, if in the inscrutable councils of Providence, such an event be yet in reserve, I should bow down in submissive adoration; but, while bowing, I should pray Him as an humble member of the Universal Hierarchy, that the day which should witness such humiliation, might be postponed until after I, at least, shall have been gathered to the sleep of my fathers.

THE ENGLISH SUNDAY.*

It is very provoking for people to talk to an author in a way that shows they have not read his works.

"What did you think of the Italian music?" said some one to me.

"The vocal music of Italy is beyond all compare, more beautiful than that of any other country."

"The German music is very fine?"

"In instrumental music the Germans, surpass all the world: in Germany every peasant is a performer."

"Tis a pity that it is not so in England: music is an innocent amusement, and keeps the people in good humour."

"At what time would you have our common people learn to play music? They are employed in labour six days in the week, and you will not let them fiddle on Sundays."

"We ought to keep holy the sabbath-day."

"*D'abord*, Sunday is not the sabbath: Sunday begins at twelve o'clock on Saturday night; whereas the sabbath begins at sun-set on Friday evening."

"We mean to do the same on Sunday as the Jews do on their sabbath."

"We permit to ourselves many things on the Sunday which the Jews think unlawful on their sabbath; but in these we are not wrong, since the obligation to observe Sunday is not derived from the Decalogue."

"But the sabbath was instituted at the creation, and confirmed by the law given to the Jews."

* "From Personal and Literary Memorials," by the late Mr. Best, the author of "Four years in France," "Italy as it is," etc. Mr. Best had been Dean of Magdalen College, Oxford, which office he resigned on becoming a Catholic.

"It is, in its nature, not a moral, but a positive precept, and was abrogated on the introduction of Christianity."

"What? Abrogate a divine law?"

"Nay, I argue from our own practice: if we acknowledge the obligation, by what authority have we changed the day and the manner of our observance? There is a certain Jewish rite to which no Christian submits: if we thought ourselves subjected to the precept, should we comply with it by cutting off a joint of the little finger?"

"But we keep Sunday in memory of our Lord's resurrection."

"True; and many of the early Jewish converts to Christianity, who, with this intention, honoured the first day of the week, continued also to keep holy the seventh day; a proof that the observance of the former was not substituted for the observance of the latter. A new festival with a new meaning was appointed by the apostles: for this inference from our own practice, tradition must be our warrant, since the New Testament is silent on the subject."

"But Sunday ought to be kept holy?"

"Certainly; we ought not to omit assembling ourselves together, as the manner of some is!"

"Mighty easy! Go to church for two or three hours, and then fiddle and dance, and see stage plays, for the remainder of the day!"

"Be pleased to observe that you cannot bring forward any divine or scriptural injunction for passing the whole day in spiritual exercises: if you think that it ought to be passed so, that is your private interpretation: but your private judgment, however respectable, is not a law for all Christian people."

"I think some innocent relaxation ought to be allowed."

"I contend for nothing but what is innocent: but I insist that what is innocent, as an amusement, on other days of the week, is also innocent on Sunday: that, by forbidding quoits, foot-ball, cricket, and other athletic Sunday sports, the population of towns and cities is reduced to the strength of man-milliners and the health and activity of button-makers; that by shutting up places of public resort, you drive them into the private haunts of debauch and sensuality; and, to end where we began, by making a sin of Sunday music, that is, of music on a Sunday, you diminish the general stock of gaiety, good-humour, and kind feeling, and moreover, take from the poor man the opportunity of learning a liberal art that would be to him the source of cheap, sober, and social pleasure."

We have seen in this dialogue that the Lord's day is not the sabbath; that it does not replace the sabbath; that its observance is not enjoined in Scripture but by the church. The same authority is alone competent to define the mode of observance. Now the Catholic Church ordains that all the faithful assist at mass and abstain from servile works on that day; but no man, or body of men, speaking for and in the name of the Church of England, has given any determinate rule on this head. Doubtless, at the Reformation, the good people con-

tinued to go to church and refrain from labour as they had been used; while the indifferent and the strict party kept holy the day, each as seemed them good. These two parties have, from the beginning, divided the reformed or separated Church of England: of late years the strict party appears to have gained ground; and, unhappily for those who have but one day in seven in which to amuse themselves, the local magistrate, backed by well-meaning but ignorant zealots, puts down, by fine and imprisonment, whatever he pleases to consider as a profanation of the Lord's day; while the rich, contented with their own Sunday enjoyments, will not take the trouble nor incur the odium of representing this tyranny and cruelty,—for such it is,—inflicted on the poor by pious prejudice and mistaken sanctity.

That hay and corn should be spoiled on a rainy Sunday is an evil; (the Sabbath was instituted in a climate that dreaded no such damage) but a much less evil than that the great bulk of mankind should be deprived of their only time for cheerful sport, their only relaxation from labour and toil.

The reunion of families in society on the Sunday has the effect of enabling the servants of one house to do the work of many, and thus leaving other servants at liberty. All persons ought to be cautious not to occupy unnecessarily, on that day, the time of those in their employ. Travelling on a Sunday should be avoided, since they who travel on that day keep others in attendance. The benevolent will take these hints in good part.

THE FORCE OF PREJUDICE.

Mr. G. F. Haskins, late an Episcopal clergyman, and now not only a fervent Catholic, but, we believe, a candidate for Holy Orders, contributes some very interesting details of his travels in Italy to the *Boston Pilot*. The force of prejudice was scarcely ever more conspicuous than in the following incident related by him in one of his last letters from Florence:

The following conversation with an American artist, will serve to illustrate the prejudice of our countrymen against the Catholic faith, and will explain the remarkable fact that a residence in Catholic countries does not always remove it. It was the next morning after our visit to the Boboli gardens that I went alone to see the church of the Annunciation, a magnificent and richly decorated temple, and one of the most celebrated in Tuscany. It is all incrustured with highly polished marble, and gilded stuccos. The paintings and frescos are very numerous, and done by masters. After having examined the church sufficiently, I retired to the beautiful open vestibule that conducts to it, there to await the arrival of my friend, who had engaged to meet me, and to feast at my leisure upon the frescos that adorn it. Here I found an artist who was copy-

ing the paintings. He accosted me in English, and I soon found that he was from the United States. We immediately entered into conversation, and he informed me, among other things, that the monks* to whom the adjoining monastery belongs, had given him permission to spend one month among them, sketching from their choicest paintings. But, added he, I do not copy for the *subject*, for I neither know nor care what it is, but solely for the faces, some of which are very fine, and for the grouping. But, said I, if you were informed of the events which these pictures are intended to commemorate, and of the characters and histories of the persons represented, would it not aid you in appreciating their merits, and, as it were, inspire your own pencil in imitating them? Not at all, he replied, for I regard all those stories and legends as so many lies—and all the monks as a set of rascals! This was using rather plain language for a young artist, in the heart of Italy, and on the very premises of the monks themselves. But I could not attribute it to a desire to wound the feelings of his obliging benefactors, for there were none present to hear, and if there had been, they would not probably have understood;—neither could I attribute it to a spirit of high-minded, fearless American independence, for he believed me to be a Protestant, like himself, and much pleased with the pungency of his remark, he ceased from his work, and awaited my approbation. For one little moment the old Adam writhed within me, and I could have charged him, face to face, with deliberate, known, and insolent falsehood. But this passed away like a flash—and I looked up for a moment at the beautiful fresco from which he was sketching, and which represented a group of monks supporting a venerable old priest, who had just descended from the altar after having concluded his Mass, and was dying in their arms, and I said,—As to the monks, if those be portraits, there must have been some holy ones in that company. Better, no doubt, replied he, crustily, in those days, than any we see now-a-days; the present monks are a miserable, worthless set. Are you personally acquainted with any of them? I asked. No, I never had the slightest acquaintance with any one, neither do I desire to have any. I regret that very much, I answered, confining myself to the first part of his reply, for had you been, I am sure that you would entertain a very different opinion with regard to them. For *my part*, I have had the good fortune to be acquainted with many of them, both in France and Italy, and am happy to be able to inform you, that I have found among them persons gentlemanly, learned and pious, and that I believe them as a body, to excel in piety, and in the practice of every Christian virtue. It may be so, he replied with an incredulous shrug; the only ones I have ever spoken with are those in this monastery. And have you, then, found these of a character to confirm your unfavourable judgment of the whole body, or is it in consequence of their treatment of you, that you just now pronounced all monks “a set of rascals!” Oh, no! no! he instantly an-

* The order of Servites.

swered, as though shocked at ~~such~~ an inference. On the contrary, I have been most agreeably surprised at their piety and intelligence, and in particular, at their kindness and urbanity toward myself, whom they know to be a Protestant. I had just time to congratulate him upon having fallen into such excellent hands, and to express my pleasure that he should have made so candid, though involuntary, an avowal of it, when my friend arrived, and I was compelled to bid the artist a good morning.

The above is but one among many facts, that convince me of how little value are oftentimes the opinions and judgments of even very sensible men; particularly on questions obscured by the bigotry and prejudices of their own minds. Here is a gentleman of agreeable manners, an artist, well educated, and, I can believe, of sincerity and good faith, who has formed an opinion of a considerable body of men in the Catholic Church, many of whom are distinguished for their learning and piety, and eminent for their good works; and that opinion is, that they are a company of hypocrites and scoundrels, and their pious legends a tissue of falsehoods. This gentleman will return to the United States; he will carry his opinions with him. Those opinions will have the more weight, that he has resided abroad in Catholic countries, and seen into the interior of convents, associated with the monks themselves, and, in one word, had possessed the best means of obtaining information. They will, most undoubtedly, be adopted, and pass current in the circle in which he moves, be it great or small: and each individual of that circle will form another centre whence to give them a new impulse, of course garnished and exaggerated in their progress—and all the members of these different circles will live and die in the firm belief of one of the blackest falsehoods ever invented by Satan,—to wit: that monks as a body are scoundrels and liars. From similar origin, equally trivial, at least, have arisen the host of prejudices, and the mass of ignorance that pervert the judgment and oppress the understanding, and corrupt the hearts of our countrymen, on the subject of the Catholic religion. But for one moment let us analyze the opinion of this gentleman—let us discover, if we can, on what ground it really rests, and we may thence judge what weight in general to attach to the opinions of those who differ from us in faith, however well informed soever they may profess to be. And first, was their opinion founded on a personal acquaintance with the individuals thus openly denounced? Oh, not at all. He had never had a personal acquaintance with an individual of the whole body. Had he then received from them rudeness or insult? Oh, no, on the contrary, the only ones with whom he had ever had the least intercourse had treated him with kindness and courtesy—had thrown open to him their choicest galleries, and with Christian urbanity had invited him to make himself at home among them for a month, little imagining that they were cherishing an irreconcilable foe, utterly unable to appreciate the attentions they proffered him. I may assert with equal confidence, that his opinion was not the result of a studious investigation of the

subject, or of information obtained from pious and learned members of the Catholic Church; for, as he himself avowed, he had never, to his knowledge, opened a Catholic book of any kind, or conversed with a Catholic on the subject. It is, then, I am constrained to believe, simply because they are *Catholics*, that he condemns the monks, and brands them as knaves and liars. Unhappily, the young men of our country are imbued with such prejudices against the Catholic faith, that without the least knowledge of its principles, they feel a pride in contemning and vilifying it. From their very infancy, the idea is rubbed into their minds by the untiring zeal of parents and Sunday School Teachers, that the Catholic Church is the strong hold of the Devil, and the monks his emissaries. Impressed with such ideas, then, every thing that is Catholic is bad; everything that is anti-Catholic is good. Probity is forgotten, argument is rejected, manly principle disregarded; it is no longer asked are such persons honest, or respectable, or pious—but are they Catholics? and the judgment favourable or not, is formed accordingly. Sectarianism, however multiplied, and however abhorrent to reason and Scripture, is regarded with indifference; infidelity is tolerated; Mahometanism is respected; but *Catholicism*—that is, the religion of nearly all Christendom, the religion that has planted the standard of the cross in every Christian land, and to which its enemies are indebted for the very name of Christian,—*Catholicism* is vilified and hunted with all the fury and perseverance of the most irreconcilable hate. But, after all, we should not suffer ourselves to be betrayed into feelings or expressions of anger, much less of reciprocal hatred, towards those of our brethren who have the misfortune to be educated with such cruel and unjust sentiments towards us. This blinded opposition to the truth, this induration of the better feelings of their nature, should be regarded by us rather with sorrow than with indignation. For time, and for eternity, the loss will be theirs rather than ours; unless we fail in making sufficient efforts for their conversion. In a spirit, then, far different from that of the Pharisee, let us thank God that we are not as they are, and in the spirit of the Saviour of men, offer them an example of forgiveness and of charity.

But to return to our artist. Of all persons on the earth's face to be jaundiced by these unmanly prejudices, one would suppose an artist would be the last. To Catholics is he indebted for every aid and appliance necessary to his success—nay, more, for the very life and nerve of his art. The very moment he is fired with an emulation to excel in painting or in sculpture he leaves home and country: he flies to Catholic regions, he studies and paints in Catholic churches, and convents, and galleries; he imbibes inspiration from the productions of Catholic masters. The unrivalled galleries of the Vatican at Rome, the Royal galleries of Florence and Naples, and those of the Louvre and Luxembourg at Paris, are all thrown open to him with a cheerful whole-souled liberality that removes from the mind of the most timid stranger every feeling of embarrassment. He is, indeed, every where treated with a courtesy

and kindness to which he had been wholly unaccustomed at home; and in view of such generosity and kind patronage, one might reasonably suppose that a mind ingenious and refined would, from its own instinct, surmount the narrow prejudices of a false education, and instead of abusing his unsuspecting benefactors, and calling them rascals, would rather believe and take a noble pride in declaring that they had been grossly misrepresented and calumniated.

[From the Dublin Review.]

THE "UNITY" AND "CATHOLICITY" OF THE ENGLISH PROTESTANT CHURCH.

1. *The Standard of Catholicity, or an attempt to point out in a plain manner certain safe and leading principles amidst the conflicting opinions by which the Church is at present agitated.* By the Rev. G. E. Biber, LL.D.
2. *Dr. Biber's Standard of Catholicity Vindicated, being a reply to the notice of that work contained in No. 57 of the British Critic.*
3. *An Appeal in behalf of Church Government, addressed to the Prelates and Clergy of the United Church of England and Ireland: being remarks on the Debate in the House of Lords respecting that subject, on the 26th of May, 1840.* By a Member of the Church.
4. *A Letter to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Ripon, upon the State of Parties in the Church of England.* By Walter Farquhar Hook, D.D., Vicar of Leeds.

In looking over a late number of an eminent quarterly publication, we found it stated in an article upon the present condition of Ireland, that certain persons in this country had been "converted from *Poper*y to the *Catholic* Church."

As we ourselves, like all other Irish Papists, had always been under the impression that the Church of which the Pope is the visible head upon earth, was the *Catholic* Church, we were not a little puzzled in our endeavours to conceive what the nature of the "conversion" could be. As, however, the writer was engaged at the time in the discussion of an *Irish* question, we imagined that according to the popular notions about Irish composition, he may perhaps have considered himself at liberty to designate as a *conversion* what to us appeared to be a movement *ab eodem ad eundem*. We very soon, however, observed that by the "Catholic Church" he intended to denote a certain *globus individuorum*, who, in their aggregate capacity, are in some public documents called "The United Protestant Established Church of England and Ireland;" and the nature of whose faith is correctly indicated by a negative designation, which intimates that there are some doctrines against which they "protest."

without suggesting that there are any which they believe. That this fortuitous concurrence of individuals were what the writer in question intended to designate as the "Catholic Church," was put entirely out of controversy by another passage, in which he stated that "a second class of evils in Ireland were those which arise from the conflict between the old *Catholic Reformed Church* and the schismatic intruders of Popery."

Having some very strong doubts in our own minds about the propriety of applying the term "Catholic" to a Protestant establishment, in any sense which we ourselves had ever attributed to the term Catholic—believing, in fact, according to what we supposed to be the universal acceptation of that particular adjective, that there was no more propriety in calling the Church of England in Ireland the Catholic Church, than in calling a jackanapes a megatherion, or in calling a barrel of oysters a barrel of whales—we next began to suppose that the writer of the article may have had in his own mind, and in connexion with the word Catholic, some notions different from those entertained by ourselves, and as he stated in another part of the article that this "*Catholic Reformed Church*" of his had been lolling in a state of absolute idleness and inutility "from the Reformation to the year 1824," we imagined it to be possible that by a "Catholic Church" he may have intended to denote a Church which "throughout the whole" of its unprofitable existence had neglected the performance of every one of the duties which it was paid for performing—and that a "Catholic Church," in the sense of this writer, was therefore a Church which had continued for three centuries to obtain money under false pretences. In this respect, however, we were also mistaken; for in another part of the article we discovered a formal definition of the sense in which the term Catholic was used by the writer himself. "Do men know," says he, "the meaning of the word Catholic? It means universal." (p. 133.) Having our doubts about the application of the term now completely removed, and having our minds enlightened by the learned author as to the real meaning of the word itself, we began to consider the matter in a totally different point of view, and to think that the writer in question had been dealing in those particular figures of speech called mendacium and amphibologia, concerning the nature of which amiable sorts of rhetorical artifice he had given some exemplifications of a practical character in the course of the article in question.

Upon extending our perusal to some other publications, we find that this reviewer is not at all singular in his manner of applying the word in question, and that a sort of loose combination has been formed amongst a numerous body of individual Protestant writers, to drop the Protestantism of their designation and assert the "Catholicity" of what Cobbett used to call "the Church of England as by law and bayonets established." How far the writers in question are justified in this "turn out" against the authority of grammar, analogy, common right, and common sense, we shall now proceed to enquire.

In the course of the observations which we shall have to make upon this

subject, we shall rigorously abstain from entering upon the confines of polemical theology. For this prudent abstemiousness one very sufficient reason is, that we who indite this present article are not in any way professionally connected with that science, and that the extent of our acquaintance with it is no greater than that share of theological knowledge which usually enters into what is called a liberal education. Another equally sufficient reason for abstaining from polemics upon the present occasion, is that the subject which we are about to handle is in its own essence of an entirely different nature from everything theological, and that it has, in fact, less connection with the science of theology than it has with geography, arithmetic, or statistics. The question is, in fact, of the simplest possible description, and as abundant materials exist for a satisfactory decision of it, "we hope," as they say in the little prefaces, "to render the merits of it intelligible to the meanest capacity."

In the course of this enquiry we shall take the liberty of making frequent use of the pamphlet of which the title stands third in order at the head of this article. The pamphlet bears evident marks of having been brought out under the actual inspection, or at least with the entire approbation, of an eminent archbishop of the Establishment; and presents within a moderate compass the most copious and authentic account that can be anywhere found of the present condition of the Church of England in respect to its doctrines and discipline;—to the actual principles and dispositions of its most important members, and the probable permanence of the establishment itself.

To begin at the beginning. If the reader will take the trouble (if he should think it necessary) to refer to the Lexicon of our old friend Schrevelius, he will see it stated in the proper place, upon the authority of that famous Gymnasiarch, that the Greek word *Katholikos* is equivalent to the Latin *Universalis*. By the term Catholic, then, it seems that we are to understand the notion of universality in reference to numerical or geographical extension. But as it does not appear that any Church professes to have as yet *completely* arrived at *this* universality, we suppose that a Church which can have any pretence to a Catholic designation must have made the nearest approximation to this universality—that her doctrines are professed over the most extensive territory, and believed by the greatest amount of actual votaries. Now it appears from the statistics of Adrian Balbi, as quoted in *Blackwood's Magazine* for May 1838, that upon the whole surface of the globe there are 737 millions of persons, and that of these there are 290 millions who profess the Christian religion. Of the 290 millions of Christians, no less than 139 millions are cherished in the warm bosom of the Roman Catholic Church; 62 millions are included under the Greek denomination, and are distinguished from the Roman Catholics by few points except of discipline alone; whilst there are only 59 millions of persons all over the world who profess the negative doctrines of Protestantism, in all the chromatical and contradictory varieties of infallible dissent. In endeavouring to ascertain how many of these 59 millions belong to the Church

of England, we have experienced no small difficulty and embarrassment. The first matter to be enquired into was the existence and situation of the authority which was to characterise the members of the Church of England, by deciding that such and such persons professed to entertain the doctrines of that Church, and that such others did not. Upon this point we were immediately met by a statement in the "Appeal," that "the Church of England (unlike every other religious communion) possessed within itself *no power of determining claims to membership*." (p. 64.) But, indeed, not only were we unable to ascertain who are the *members* of this Church, but we were, and are, unable even to discover, with any approximation to a certainty, what her distinctive doctrines are, or whether she has any distinctive doctrines, or, indeed, any positive doctrines at all. Eleven or twelve hundred gentlemen who have been ordained in that establishment, and who still profess to range themselves under its banners, and who are perhaps the most learned, zealous, pious, and influential members of the whole body, have notoriously "incurred a widely-diffused suspicion, have fallen under a very general imputation, of un-Church-of-England opinions." (*Appeal*, p. 71.) Yet these identical persons, although heretical themselves, were able to "cause an assembly of divines to meet very lately at Oxford, and to pronounce a verdict of condemnation for heresy against no less a person than the Regius Professor of Theology in that University." (*Ibid.* pp. 68-71.) This assembly, however, as we are told upon high authority, had no power at all to interfere in the case, and, accordingly, the archiepiscopal author of the *Appeal* declares, "that their whole proceedings were utterly schismatical: that the trial itself was *coram non judice*, and the decision of no authority whatever in form or in fact." (p. 114.) "The professor condemned as heretical remained, and continues to remain to this hour, in the University, in the possession of his theological office, and as fully as ever authorised to give theological instruction to any student who may think proper to seek it." (p. 69.) The author of the *Appeal* informs us that the disciples of the school of which we are speaking have increased, and are increasing. The augmentation of their numbers hath not, however, been sufficient to protect them against the same sort of treatment which they had themselves bestowed upon the object of their hostility. One of the most important in their series of theological publications was condemned in the present year by the Hebdomadal Board of the University, consisting of the vice-chancellor, heads of houses, and proctors. But a writer in the *Times* (17th March) informed the world that the board had no authority, even from the statutes of the University, to represent, upon such a subject, even the University itself, much less the whole Church Establishment of England. Whilst Dr. Hook, whose name is reported to be the very first upon the list of Sir Robert Peel for a bishoprick, declares (*Letter*, p. 4) "that the determination of the hebdomadal board to censure Mr. Newman was a most unhappy determination, and that a convocation of the University, if summoned for the purpose, would reverse the

censure." It does not appear, however, that the occasion was considered as presenting a *nodus dignus vindice tanto*, inasmuch as the convocation has never been summoned for the purpose. The condemnation of the board by the convocation would, however, as it appears, be as futile as the condemnation by the board of the party who procured the condemnation of the regius professor of theology. The author of the Appeal informs us that the University has no power whatever to decide any questions of theology; and indeed if they did possess any such authority, the consequences of its actual exertion at present would be inconvenient enough, as "it is notorious that the Universities themselves have not been in agreement as to theological opinions; and that in certain cases, therefore, the same sentiments would be reckoned heretical by one of those bodies and orthodox by another." (*Appeal*, p. 69.)

The ingenious Mr. Weston, upon seeing three persons engaged in combat, very sagaciously concluded that two of them must be upon one side. But it would be unsafe to draw a similar inference from a discussion in which three or four Universities* were engaged; and the consequence of investing the Universities with the power in question, may therefore be to present us upon a given subject with three or four different infallible rules of faith, each differing from each of the others, and all peradventure in opposition to the sentiments of the Church upon the same subject. But there is another reason why this power to decide upon questions of theology ought not to be possessed by the Universities, and that reason is, that the learned bodies in question so far from being able to decide controverted points in theology, know, in fact, nothing of that science at all; and neither teach nor learn it. The late discussions of several projects for altering the system of education at Cambridge, were founded in a great degree upon the fact that "*theology is scarcely, if at all, introduced into the course in that University.*" (*Times*, May 20th, 1841.) In the same document it is asserted that the "first principle of the system of education adopted in that renowned seminary, is to give every man a liberal education *independently of the profession to which he may ultimately turn himself:*" and the authority of the Rev. Henry Melvill is adduced in support of the position, that "the best method of becoming ultimately a theologian is to devote one's self in the first instance to the study of the mathematics."

In a review of Dr. Peacock's *Observations on the Statutes of the University of Cambridge*, in the *Times* of the 14th April, 1841, the following statement is made upon this subject:

"The grand *delinquency* of the Universities is confessed to be the slender and inadequate training they afford to students destined for the Christian ministry. Except *occasional* sermons at St. Mary's, the divinity student hears at Cambridge no theological lectures worth the name. The Norrisian Professor of

* Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin and Durham.

Divinity is compelled to read through *Pearson on the Creed*, in each course of lectures—a condition, as Dr. Peacock remarks, which would *infallibly clear his lecture room*, did not the bishop require from candidates for holy orders his certificate of regular attendance. Butler's *Analogy*, once lectured upon in the University, *has disappeared before the all-absorbing mania for mathematics*. Occasionally college lectures are given on the Greek Testament, upon one of the Gospels or the Acts of the Apostles—*seldom or never on the Epistles*. Paley's *Evidences*, too, are read. *With this slender furniture most of our young clergy set forth upon their arduous task*. Of rhetoric as an art—of DIVINITY as a SCIENCE—of casuistry—of criticism, as applied to the SACRED SCRIPTURES, THEY KNOW NOTHING. All, all *has to be learned*, amidst the cares and interruptions of parochial labour; for, during the few months which in general intervene between the degree and the bishop's examination, unaided and alone, the student adds but little to his stock of real knowledge."

This is certainly a very flourishing state of affairs. But perhaps the reader will be able to form a more satisfactory notion of the amount of theological instruction which is imparted under the present system, by seeing the programme of that which Dr. Peacock proposes to introduce. This proposal we take from the same paper which we have already quoted, into which it has been copied in the words of Dr. Peacock himself:—

"We should be disposed to recommend regular and systematic courses of lectures to be given every year on the following subjects:

"On the *doctrines, liturgy, and articles* of our Church, by the Norrisian professor.

"On the *Hebrew language*, by the regius professor of Hebrew.

"On *biblical criticism*, more especially of the language and books of the New Testament, by a professor of biblical criticism, to be *hereafter* appointed.

"On *ecclesiastical history*, more particularly of the first four centuries after Christ, by a professor of ecclesiastical history, to be *hereafter* appointed.

"On the *canon of Scripture* and the *writings and opinions of the early fathers*, by the Lady Margaret's professor of divinity.

"On *moral philosophy*! and the principles of moral evidence as *affecting the grounds of religious belief*, by the professor of moral philosophy."

From this enumeration it would appear that there are at present *no lectures delivered in the University of Cambridge upon the DOCTRINES of the Protestant Establishment, or upon its LITURGY, or upon its ARTICLES, or upon biblical criticism, or ecclesiastical history, or the canon of Scripture, or the writings or opinions of the fathers, or even upon moral philosophy or the principle of moral evidence as affecting the grounds of religious belief*. The decisions of such a University upon the subject of theology, must be as valuable, as satisfactory, and as conclusive as the decision of Costard in *Love's Labours Lost*, upon a certain well-known arithmetical problem:—

Biron. And three times thrice is nine.

Costard. Not so, sir, under correction, I *hope* it is not so. I hope, sir, that three times thrice, sir—

Biron. Is not nine?

Costard. Under correction, sir, we know *whereunto* it doth amount.

Biron. By Jove, I always took three times three for nine.

Costard. Oh Lord, sir, it were a pity you should be obliged to get your living by reckoning.

Biron. How much is it then?

Costard. The parties themselves, sir, will shew *whereunto* it doth amount.

—*Love's Labours lost*, Act v. Scene 2.

With regard to a few items in the above-given "bill of particulars," it may be mentioned that "all which is required from the divinity student at ordination, is a certificate of attendance upon the Norrisian Professor of Divinity for twenty lectures in one term,* no test whatever being demanded of his *information*." That during the delivery of the said lectures, the majority of the divinity(!) students hold in their hands volumes of all sizes, descriptions, and shapes—history, poetry, novels, travels—whilst some think it a good opportunity to prepare for their examination in Paley's Evidences, or rather in a mere selection from it; (p. 28) whilst others of the divinity(!) students amuse themselves with a *song book* or a *jest book*, and train themselves *for the entertainment of a COMING SUPPER PARTY!*" (*Letters*, No. 2, pp. 20-21.)

Nor is the Norrisian professor at all singular in his inutility. Indeed he is very much exceeded in this negative line by some other individuals of the same class; for we find that the Lady Margaret's *professor* of divinity, in the course of twenty-eight years, up to 1836, had acquitted his conscience by delivering at the rate of about a lecture and a half per annum, in the form of sesquiplimate sermons, which he spoke from the pulpit of St. Mary's Church. The author of the *Letters* appears to think that "these great defects may be supplied by an extension of the professorship of *casuistry*." (No. 2, p. 44.) How this "extension" is to be effected, or what the meaning or nature of the proposed extension can be, we are unable to conjecture, as the writer himself had informed us in the preceding page, that the learned professor of *casuistry*, a certain Dr. Barnes by name, had, from the date of his appointment in 1813 up to 1837, a period of nearly a quarter of a century, actually delivered no lecture at all! The author of the *Letters* takes upon him to assert that the said Dr. Barnes, *at the time of his election*, was too old to be competent to perform the duties of any professorship. He possessed, however, the advantage of being able to give in his own favour two of the five votes which were necessary to his election. The letter-writer observes, "that the worthy professor must have exercised the utmost efforts of his art to quiet his own conscience as to the man-

* "Letters on the condition of the English Universities, considered as nurseries of the Established Church, by a Graduate of Cambridge;" No. 2, pp. 10-11.

ner of his election;" and we may add—as to the manner in which he conducted himself during the continuance of his office. A man whose casuistical capacity was adequate to the tranquilising of his own conscience in such circumstances must have been a master in his art; and the extraordinary evidence of his ability, furnished by the fact of his having never delivered a lecture, affords an additional and perhaps the strongest reason for lamenting that so great a genius should not have given his thoughts to the world upon a subject so important in itself, and to which his abilities appear to have been so peculiarly adapted. In the University of Cambridge there is *no professor of moral philosophy at all.** (*Letter*, No. 1, p. 44.)

It is unnecessary to enter into any details about the University of Oxford. The Graduate of Cambridge informs us, (No. 2, p. 28, note) that the preparation for the examination for a degree, *including the DIVINITY*, "is usually made in a *very few days*," by the well-known process of cramming; and that, in fact, there is no substantial difference between these two "nurseries for the Established Church," in the extent and character of the theological knowledge which they confer upon the clergy of the establishment. "That *the clergy of the Church of England*, when considered in the persons of the majority, and not through the medium of a few bright examples, are at present *grossly ignorant*;" and "that, in particular, the *country clergy* are generally ignorant of the *very foundations* of the faith," (*Letter*, No. 2, pp. 14-24) is a consequence which the Graduate of Cambridge very confidently deduces from the facts already mentioned. Of the value of a decision by such persons upon a theological subject there can be no doubt, if we consider their adjudication merely in the aspect of reasoning and information. How far "the Church" would in any sense defer to a decision by a convocation of such persons in the case of the University of Oxford, we know not; as the most eminent individuals in the establishment observe a complete silence upon the subject.

Neither the archbishop of Canterbury, nor even the bishop of Oxford, nor indeed any other ecclesiastical "authority," appears to have considered it any part of his or their duty to take any public notice of such a state of affairs, or to give so much as an authentic public manifestation of their opinions upon any of the subjects in question. As the matter stands, we have the *regius professor* of theology declared heterodox by a "tumultuous assembly" of divines possessing no ecclesiastical judicial authority, and scarcely any acquaintance with theology: which assembly was convened by other divines in the University, which other divines are condemned as heretical by the hebdomadal board of the same University; which board has as little authority over the subject-matter as the conveners against whom they pronounced sentence of condemnation; which condemnation of the board would be condemned by the convocation, if they were only summoned together for the purpose: whilst the persons who

* One has, we believe, been appointed since the publication of the "*Letter*."

are colloquially called the heads of the Church, appear to have either no authority or no inclination to interfere, even to the smallest extent, in such extraordinary proceedings. The gentleman who is the avowed author of the Tract No. 90, which the board condemned, affirms, (*Times*, 17th March) "that [notwithstanding the resolution of the board] his opinion remains unchanged, as well of the truth and honesty of the doctrine maintained in the Tract, as well as of the necessity of putting it forth." Whilst Mr. Sewell, the professor of moral philosophy in the same University, affirms, in the postscript to his letter to Dr. Pusey, that Mr. Newman is "entitled to the gratitude of the Church for having *revived* many most important truths" which "the Church" had, as we suppose, allowed to go altogether to sleep. Another of the Tracts, which have proceeded from the same quarter, has the following passage: "Let the Church [*i. e.* the Church of England] go on teaching with the *stammering lips of ambiguous formularies and inconsistent precedents.*" (Letter of a Protestant, in the *Times* of March 9, 1841.) In the same letter it is stated that Mr. Froude hated the Reformers, liked Bonner, and thought Bishop Jewel an irreverent dissenter; and that Mr. Newman said that "he looked upon the communion service with grief and *impatient sorrow*;" and such or similar must be taken to be the sentiments of the members of the convocation, who would condemn the board, which had condemned the tractarians, who had convened the assembly of divines who condemned the regius professor of theology, in the University of Oxford: whilst, in the same paper, it was stated a few days before (6th March, 1841) that the Tractarian sect originated at a meeting held in the summer of 1833, at the house of the *domestic chaplain* of the *archbishop of Canterbury*. The letter in the *Times* names the bishops of Exeter, Chester, Chichester, Winchester, London, and Salisbury, as having issued injunctions warning the clergy against the doctrines of the Puseyites. The leading article of the *Times* of the same day, alleges, however, that some of these same bishops have seconded the teaching the same divines upon controverted points of the "greatest importance," and appeals to the candour of the writer of the letter in confirmation of the fact.

Such are a few of the outward and sensible symbols of unity which we discovered in one department of the Anglo-Hibernian establishment.

A considerable number of clergymen, of a different class from the preceding ("of conservative politics and evangelical sentiments"—*Times*, March 9,) petitioned the House of Lords, in the course of the last session, for a change in the liturgy, articles and canons (for a new stock, lock, and barrel;) and the bishop of Norwich observed in the course of the debate, that "among the *numberless* clergymen with whom he had spoken upon the subject he had never yet met a *single one* who allowed that he agreed in all points to the subscription which he took at ordination" (*Appeal*, p. 16;) that is to say, who really believed what he professed to believe: whilst the bishop of London stated in the same debate, "that he had *never met with a single clergyman* who did not express

his unqualified belief in the whole" (*Ibid* p. 25:) declaring at the same time, that he should, for his own part, consider himself as "eating the bread of the Church unworthily, if he were to subscribe *any* articles which he did not *implicitly* believe." (p. 25.) From which it is quite evident that the bishop of London has never had, as he expressed it, "the misfortune to meet a *single one*" of the *numberless* clergymen with whom the bishop of Norwich is acquainted; or with the petitioning clergy of 1833 or 1841, who stated that some of the canons were inexpedient, and some of them *impracticable* (whilst all were obligatory upon the clergy, who were obliged to profess an adherence to the whole;) and that some deviations from the authorised forms and positive obligations of the Church, were found to be so advisable that such deviations had already been actually carried into very general practice. (*Appeal*, xii.) Whilst, again, the author of the Appeal declares that "it is admitted that our canons neither are nor can be enforced; that our clergy are not compelled to observe them *except by the diocesan*, and that our *bishops* are not under *any obligation to enforce them*" (p. 127;) and that it is notorious, "that neither our clergy are punished for transgressing them, nor our bishops for neglecting to enforce an obedience to them." (p. 128.) And we learn from the same source (p. 133,) that a "publication used as a text-book in the Universities for the instruction of even candidates for orders, expressly maintains the doctrine that subscription to the articles implies no more than that the party subscribing will not enter into any controversy upon the points to which the articles relate."

The Bishop of Norwich declared that the Church of England was founded upon liberty of conscience, and the right of private judgment (*Appeal*, p. 14.) But the Bishop of London calls the declaration, "a libel upon the Church," (*Ibid*. p. 20,) and says that the only way in which the Church "could maintain itself at all, was by keeping true to the one point of the theological compass" (*Appeal*, p. 22.) In our attempts to hit off this *one* point, we have not been more successful than in the other parts of the enquiry. The Bishop of London himself told us nothing about it, whilst the author of the Appeal acknowledges that *not only the point* of the compass, but the *whole compass itself is a mere nonentity*. He comically adds, that there could not be so much disputation about the direction of the course to which it pointed, if the compass, to say the least of the matter, *were not very much out of repair*; and he concludes by stating that "we have *nobody able to mend it*." (*Ibid*. p. 73.) Nobody at all seems to contemplate such a thing as a capacity anywhere to *correct the variations* of the compass, even if it ever should be repaired. The petitioners tell us that the clergy are understood to be bound to the observance of all the canons, although some are "confessedly inexpedient, and some are absolutely impracticable" (*Ibid*. p. 12.) But the Bishop of Lincoln tells the House of Lords, as he had previously told Mr. Wodehouse, that the fact of Mr. Wodehouse's entertaining difficulties about the Liturgy and the Athana-

sian Creed, constituted no obstacle to his admission to holy orders: (*Ibid.* p. 7) and that a similar opinion was given to Mr. Wodehouse by other prelates whom he consulted: whilst, in another place, we are told, with a reference to the authority and practice of the Bishop of London, "that no conscientious bishop is satisfied with an unexplained subscription to the general *standard*; that he requires, or ought to require, every candidate for orders to stand one examination as to the meaning of that which he subscribes" (p. 120.) The Bishop of Norwich himself made some very natural reflections upon the insincerity of "confessing with our lips what we do not confess with our hearts:" whilst the condemnation of No. 90, by the Hebdomadal Board, proceeded expressly upon the ground that the tract reconciled subscription to the thirty-nine articles with the adoption of errors which they were designed to counteract. As a replication upon this position of the Board, it may be stated in the words of Mr. Sewell, that "the thirty-nine articles were not intended as a body of dogmatical teaching, or as a system of theology, whose reception was to be imposed by authority:" although Bishop Burnett had informed us that the aforesaid articles contained "the sum of our doctrine, and the confession of our faith."

The party however, who consider that "it would be a serious evil to treat these articles as a regular system of theology, or confession of belief, to be enforced by the ecclesiastical power," are spoken of in the following manner by a high authority.

"Their teaching has now sunk deeply into the heart of the Church of England; it has acquired not merely a numerical, but a moral power and influence, which must henceforth make it impossible for any statesman to despise or overlook, and *highly indiscreet for any POLITICAL PARTY unnecessarily to alienate, this element in the constitution of society.* The younger clergy are said to be *very generally* of this school; it has no want of advocates among their seniors; it has penetrated into both Houses of Parliament; and we are confidently informed that it has met with countenance from the bishops themselves. It has completely succeeded in *awakening* in the church that *vital spirit of reaction*, the necessity for which called it into existence. We hear nothing now of a demand for the admission of dissenters into the Universities, of proposals to abolish subscription to the thirty-nine Articles, or of contemplated changes in the Liturgy; or, if we do still hear of them, the manner in which they are received, as contrasted with their popularity in 1833, illustrates the completeness of the victory still more forcibly."—*Times of March 6th, 1841.*

The most comical part of the transaction is, that a polemical combination, which was formed for the purpose of preventing those alterations in the prayer book "which were called for by many of the clergy and laity," (*Times, 6th March, 1841,*) and which has had the effect, as we are told in the same place, of preventing proposals for abolishing subscription to the articles, should be condemned by the University to which they belonged, for advocating an interpre-

tation of the articles which "reconciled a subscription to them with the adoption of errors which they were designed to counteract;" and that the champions of resistance to all contemplated alterations in the liturgy of the Church were loud in proclaiming to the world, that the said Church effected its "teaching" through stammering lips by "ambiguous formularies" and "inconsistent precedents."

Such are a few of the sources of the perplexities which were encountered by us in considering the more public operations of the "Church establishment of England." In examining her more private proceedings, we find ourselves as far as ever from a satisfactory conclusion. The same high authority which we have already quoted, informs us that "a combination of clergymen holding influential stations in the Church, and listened to with great assiduity as preachers, declare that *the BISHOPS and the MAJORITY OF THE CLERGY are either ignorant of the MEANING OF THE ARTICLES, or have signed them in a FRAUDULENT SPIRIT, and for the sake of EMOLUMENT,*" (*See Appeal*, p. 72,) and that the *tracts* which have been *circulated* by the said entirety of the *bishops, and majority of the clergy* acting in form of the Society for the Diffusion of Christian Knowledge, are *positively heretical*.* the Church Missionary Society is also denounced by some members of the Church, holding influential stations, although its character is even higher than that of the Christian Knowledge Society; and although its muster roll "is adorned with the names of several bishops, including the bishop of London, who has actually ordained ministers for its operations" (*Ibid.* p. 76.) In fact, the greatest number of the clergy of the establishment are at present very actively occupied in protesting not only against the Church of Rome, but against each other; every man being at liberty as we shall see by and bye, to set up as an infallible authority,—be a Pope unto himself.

Well may the author of the *Appeal* exclaim, "what in such a case is to be done by an ordinary man?" (p. 77.) What, indeed! In the language of the law, an "ordinary" man, generally means a bishop. In the present instance, however, it is quite clear, that by the expression "ordinary" man, the writer means one of the plain common run of mankind: although he certainly might, without any impropriety, have used it in the more legal and limited sense; as the bishops appear upon some of the occasions in question, to be quite as much puzzled as the most ordinary laymen. Both parties, to use the language of the "*Appeal*," being "led astray, or left in doubt as to what it is that the Church in *reality* recognises,"—"the Church not having as it seems sufficiently explained its own meaning in every instance" (p. viii.)

But the worst of the matter is yet to be told. For we not only do not know what is the meaning of the Church, or what it is that it recognises, but we,

* We are informed by Dr. Hook (*Letter*, p. 15) that this society is now distracted by "unhappy discussions, introduced by a party which is suspected of a design to revolutionise the society."

unfortunately, do not even know what "the Church" is at all. We were at first inclined to think that our knowledge of the Church of England was at least as extensive as the information which we have concerning our own souls,—that we knew, for example, its *existence*, although we knew nothing very particular about its essence. We had been in the habit of hearing people speak of "the Church" of England, as positively as they spoke of the *Bank* of England, or of the Royal Exchange, or the Court of Queen's Bench; without ever entertaining a doubt about the real existence of the subject matter; and when the Bishop of London publicly proclaimed in the House of Lords, on the 26th of May 1840, that the Church of England was ready to "lay down the great truths which she extracted from the Bible," we considered the intimation to be as practical as the notice which is occasionally given by the Bank, that she will on such a day be ready to receive applications for advances of not less than £2,000 upon adequate security. Having gotten as far as to be sure of the existence of the establishment, our only remaining difficulty, as we thought, was, to ascertain the *locus* in which her operations were conducted; and we imagined, as a man gets his dividends at the Bank, his marriage license at Doctors' Commons, and his writ of mandamus in the Crown Office,—that there must be some *place* in which one may have his theological doubts removed by the Church, and where, upon making a proper application during the appointed hours of business, he may learn from competent authority what "the great truths are, which the Church of England has extracted from the Scripture." And as the Bishop of London had moreover asserted in his speech above-mentioned, that "the Church would neglect her duty if she did not lay down those truths," we believed that she was in reality, and for all practical purposes, just as ready, and able, and willing, to instruct a man, as the General Cemetery Company is to inter him. Great was, therefore, our astonishment upon hearing an archbishop of the establishment, actually, and publicly declare in the House of Lords, "*that there was no individual, nor body of individuals, to whom any question of doubt or uncertainty, or any scruple or objection could be referred,—nor any constituted authority to whom application could be made in order to determine any such subjects: and that no power existed anywhere to "look after such matters"*"* as the articles of the Church's belief. If the definition of the nature and duties of a Church, which is expressed in the speech of the Bishop of London, be correct, it is evident that the statement of the Archbishop of Dublin had an exceedingly strong resemblance to a declaration, that there is in reality no such thing at all, as the Church described by the Bishop of London;—that the Church of England of which the Bishop of London spoke, only existed, if at all, in fiction and contemplation of law;—that it is *always in abeyance*, like the *fee-sim-*

* Speech of the Archbishop of Dublin, 7th, Aug. 1833. Appeal, p. 32.

ple of a rectory ;—that, like Rabelais' island, Medamothi, it is situated in that negative locality, called *nowhere* ; that it may be a vortex, or a vibration, or a metaphysical substratum for the sustentation of super-*incumbent* accidents ; and that, although such an object of internal perception may be, as the lawyers express it, *in nubibus*, yet, that in as far as England was concerned, there was, as the Reverend Sidney Smith would say, no Church of God *here* upon earth at all ; there being at this moment no body whatever, "politic or corporate," "aggregate or sole," which possesses the smallest semblance of authority, to decide authentically what the doctrines of the Church of England are, and what they are not. *What then is the Church of England, and where is it to be found?* If it be any thing more than a mere *ens rationis*, will any one point out where its palpable existence can be ascertained, and what the situation is, in which the Church of England is, according to the Bishop of London, "ready to lay down the doctrines which she has extracted from the scriptures, and which truths, if she did not lay down, she would most grossly neglect her duty?" How she has performed this duty may be inferred from the statement of the *Quarterly Review* for September 1840, p. 354, that "there is sufficient difficulty in defending the fundamental doctrines of the Anglican Church, merely because having been too long neglected, they go against the notions of many." In the same publication, p. 460, the writer says that Mr. Carlyle "is ignorant of the true powers of the Christian Church, because for so many years the Church herself has permitted him, and others around him, to remain in such ignorance."* This observation was made in reference to Mr. Carlyle's declaration, that the Church itself had become a skeleton, or a scarecrow. But it will sufficiently appear, from the preceding parts of the present article, that Mr. Carlyle gave too substantial a character of the establishment in calling it even a skeleton: and indeed, the author of the Appeal informs us, that in so far at least as concerns the authoritative exposition of "the truths which she has extracted from the Bible," the Church of England "has now *ceased to be a Church*:" or at least, that an *essential feature* of that character has been lost." (p. 74.) But although it be quite obvious that there exists no supreme or central authority whatever in the Church, for the purpose of preserving either an actual unity of doctrine, or even a plausible conformity of practice, yet it may perhaps be alleged that each diocese was a sort of a smaller church in itself, and that these independent ecclesiastical jurisdictions, by forming a compact and *quasi* federal alliance, may supply in some degree the want of a more extensive and more centralised administration. It seems however, that the defects, contradictions, and inconsistencies which exist in these minor jurisdictions, are even greater than those which are to be found in the whole body, when taken as a whole; and that there are few, if any, questions of any

* *Quarterly*, September 1840, (Carlyle's Works) p. 460.

considerable importance, concerning which the greatest differences do not exist among the bishops themselves. It is unnecessary in this place to enter at much length upon the dissensions that exist between these ecclesiastics upon the questions of baptism, penance, the Athanasian creed, and other portions of the Prayer Book. Upon the subject of baptism, the clergy, as we are informed by the author of the Appeal, are divided pretty nearly into equal parties (pp. 21-2.) The most Rev. author of the *Pamphlet*, adds, with much primeval simplicity, that "the Church obviously meant to inculcate *some (sic italics and all)* opinion upon the point." He goes to say "what is really painful in this controversy, is, that it proves us to be in doubt as to *what is the doctrine* which the Church enjoins—as to *what is the meaning* of the service to which we subscribe." It is unnecessary however to enter upon the other subject of dissension, as it appears that the disputes go down so far as to reach and affect the *very root and foundation* of the *character* both of the *episcopal* and *sacerdotal* office. "*Ambigitur enim utrum ordinatio sit sacramentum*"!! (p. 117.)

There exists a controversy, as to whether the words "receive the Holy Ghost by the imposition of our hands," ought to be understood as actually conferring the gift, or as merely equivalent to a benediction or prayer "as if it were said: we pray you may receive it." (p. 118) One party object to the literal meaning, for the very satisfactory reason, that "such meaning is *unallowable*;" and the other party object to accepting as the potential mood what is expressly clothed in the form of the imperative. (p. 117-8) The consequences of this controversy are sometimes queer enough. "The bishop of one diocese teaches a deacon to understand the expression as a prayer, and gives him letters of recommendation to the bishop of another diocese, where he seeks the order of priesthood; but the bishop of the latter diocese considers the opinions of the other bishop to be heretical upon the point, and "accordingly he rejects the candidate for the very same exposition, which he has been taught by the original bishop to regard as perfectly orthodox."

In this case, then, says the author of the Appeal, "how perplexing may be the situation of a clergyman, ordained in Ely, beneficed in Chester, and removed to Gloucester:" (p. 119) you may well say perplexing indeed: unless he could be like Cerberus, "three ecclesiastical gentlemen at once." The very *principium individuationis* would be smothered in him, and "his *inward* man," to use the language of Dominie Sampson, "would irremediably confound his notions of his own personal identity." But if such would be the perplexity of a clergyman ordained in Ely, beneficed in Chester, and removed to Gloucester, what must be the condition of a clergyman ordained for the home missionary operations? a sort of ecclesiastical, metaphysical *individuum vagum*, who may have occasion to go a circuit through twenty dioceses, each having a separate standard of infallibility for itself. "The doctrine which is held orthodox in one distinct, being denounced as heretical in another," (p. 118) the state of this last man would certainly be worse than that of the first; and is

indeed so desperate, that any further contemplation of it has a tendency to bewilder the imagination. But even the dissensions of the bishops are not the most hopeless part of the case; for the author of the Appeal informs us, that "the extent of the schism existing in the Church is advanced so far beyond the sustaining influence of episcopacy, as to be *incurable*, even though all our bishops were in harmony amongst themselves;" (p. 143) and the Archbishop of Dublin expressly informs us (Appeal, p. 89) that the opinions of the bishops, even if they were unanimous, have no influence, except with regard to strict legal enactments, the performance of which is enforced by penalties.

Such is a faint and imperfect outline of the picture which the Church of England has drawn of her own condition, at the instant when she has had the modesty to put forth pretensions to the character of Catholicity. The Rev. Sydney Smith informed us lately, that a few years ago he considered this "lottery" as upon the point of going altogether to pieces. We are informed by the *Times*, upon one day, that "the Church of England is staked upon a forthcoming vote of the legislature;" upon another day, at a subsequent period, we learn from the same authority, that the same "Church is struggling for existence." Whilst it appears from the preceding part of this article that she has not even an existence; that she has at least no *spiritual* existence to struggle for; and that, except as a *recipient of revenue*, she has really no existence at all. To assume in such circumstances a designation which implies a universality of dominion, is the same sort of insane, fatuous presumption, as if the pacha of Egypt had, after the bombardment of Acre, proclaimed himself the monarch of the world, at a time when it was doubtful whether he would not very soon be left without a house over his head. If people will persevere in pretending that the Church of England is in existence at all, it is impossible to prevent them from doing so; and if they wish to decorate her with high-sounding designations, without any regard to veracity, they are at liberty to enjoy this peculiar sort of pastime. They may therefore, "an' they will," call her

"More just, more wise, more learned, more everything"

than any other Church or congregation of people upon earth. But to assume the denomination of Catholic, in the circumstances of the case, is a piece of silly effrontery, exactly of the same kind as if the archbishop of Canterbury was to put on a tiara and call himself Gregory XVI; or as if the bishop of London, having adorned his person with a pair of red stockings and other appropriate parts of the cardinalian costume, were to write "The Cardinal Aloysius Lambruschini" upon his visiting cards.

If such be the pretensions of the Church of *England* to Catholicity, what shall we say of our friend, the Church of *Ireland*, which is quartered here at home upon ourselves; which has decreased, is decreasing, and will soon be altogether extinguished; which has, according to the *Quarterly Review*, been asleep during all the time from the Reformation to 1824; which has 861 parishes, in each of which there are less than 50 Protestants; and 151 parishes

in which there are no Protestants at all. To give the designation of universal to *this* Church, at a period when it is rapidly approaching to the condition of that sort of substance which the logicians call *pura nihilitas*—to call *such* a Church universal, at such a time, is an operation for which we have no designation remaining; our vocabulary is exhausted.

[From the (London) Catholic Magazine.]

THE FASTS AND FESTIVALS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Among the many efficient and glorious incentives to devotion by which the Church keeps alive in the hearts of her children the perpetual remembrance of the great mysteries of Christianity, may be numbered the diversity of her fasts and festivals, and the nicety of their adaptation to the feelings of religion and the events of sacred history, of which their annual recurrence revives and perpetuates the memory. Every anniversary, as it successively ensues, is honoured by a celebration peculiar to itself,—the ritual of the service, the various ceremonials employed, the very colours of the sacerdotal vestments, contributing to mark in a particular manner the solemnity of the day. How different in this respect the practice of the English Established Church, of which the long and tedious formularies fall on the ear with unvarying, undeviating monotony, and seem all cast in a mould of utter sameness, whatever be the event to be commemorated,—the Birth, Crucifixion, or Resurrection of Christ, the decollation of king Charles, or the notable bugbear of the Gunpowder treason! In a word, the fasts and feasts of the Catholic Church are either practical exercises of religious austerity, or vivid memorials of the mighty events of other days; while in the Protestant, for either fast or festival, “*Nominis Umbra*” is the only distinctive appellation. While taking a prospective view of the Catholic ecclesiastical year, it may not be either uninteresting or unentertaining to contrast its various solemnities with the proceedings or apathy of Protestantism during a similar epoch.

The four weeks immediately preceding the great anniversary of the birth of Christ, aptly designated Advent, in anticipation of our Redeemer's coming, are set apart by the Church as a time of prayer and penitence; while the Protestants take hardly nominal cognizance of any such season. Christmas arrives; and the eve of that great festival having been devoted to fasting and devotion, the Church commences its celebration at the very hour which was hallowed by the birth of her divine founder. Perhaps of all her multiform services, there is none more beautiful than the midnight sacrifice of the mass, which upon the holy vigil of Christmas summons us in spirit to the

stable of Bethlehem. How the dead loneliness of the hour contrasts with the joyous canticle of praise, the lighted church, the illumined and decorated altar, the peal of bells, the swelling tone of the organ ! And when, after the interval of a bygone year, the exquisite "Adeste Fideles" of Pergolese first bursts upon the ear in the course of that nocturnal solemnity, how vibrates the very soul with holy transport ! For her hymns and anthems the Church has her appropriate and exclusive seasons. Thus the rapturous song of Angels above referred to, is only heard during the fortnight that includes the three festivals of Christmas day, the Circumcision, and the Epiphany,—riveting, therefore, the ear in a peculiar manner to its sweet and soothing concords. In the Anglican Church, the same air, with undiscerning indifference adapted to the first dog-grel of Sternhold and Hopkins that may chance to suit a parish clerk's caprice, may be heard any Sunday throughout the year, nasally bawled forth by a pack of village urchins in every tuneless and timeless variety !

On New Year's day, the Church commemorates in a solemn manner the circumcision of our Lord, that mystical rite of the old law, typical of the baptism of the new, and on Twelfth Day she dedicates her services to the celebration of what has always appeared to us as one of the most striking and beautiful episodes in the history of our Blessed Saviour. Can there indeed be conceived a situation in sacred history more adapted at once for the indulgence of pious meditation and the triumph of the painter's art, than the midnight visit of the Eastern kings to the cradle of the infant Jesus ! What pictorial contrasts are presented to the mind by the hoary visages of the kneeling Magi, with the youthful and angelic countenance of the Virgin Mother ; between the gloom of that humble stable, and the unearthly radiance that streams from the God Child ; between the splendid offerings of gold and oriental perfumes, and the lowliness of the shrine in which the Divinity designs to receive the maiden homage of mankind ! The feast of the Epiphany piously concludes the joyous season that blends the parting with the coming year,—our brethren of the Establishment having confined their devotions on the occasion to keeping Christmas-day like Sunday. Their churches indeed may have been hung with holly and misletoe, but there will not be wanting grudging utilitarians at parochial meetings to cavil at and dispute the items of disbursement which such useless adornment of God's house may have occasioned.

On the 2nd of February, the Church honours the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary, by a procession with lighted tapers, which have been previously blessed with peculiar forms of prayer. This very ancient and pious ceremony, mentioned in the writings of Pope Gelasius the First and St. Cyril of Alexandria, and which has given the name of Candlemas to the day on which it takes place, has of course, and in despite of its prescriptive right to observe and respect, been altogether swept away from the cold ritual of Protestantism.

The next festival, in point of chronological order, and invariably occurring during the fast of Lent, is the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin,—a day

upon which, laying aside for a brief interval her penitential trappings, the Church assumes her gayest adornments, and intones her canticles of jubilation, to celebrate that mysterious visit of the angelic messenger to the meek and humble Virgin of Judæa, which heralded forth to a benighted world the blessed advent of a Redeemer! In Protestant minds, the memory of this holy feast, to which the good old Catholic name of Lady Day still adheres, only identifies itself with the payment of rent, and the letting of tenements.

How appropriately does Ash Wednesday commence a season of penance and humiliation! At every mass, the officiating priest turns to those who have assembled for the purpose at the altar rails, and crossing their foreheads with ashes, delivers to each one this touching admonition, "Remember, man, that thou art dust, and unto dust thou must return!" Can any sentiment be conceived more adapted to predispose the mind to soberness and reflection, than that with which the Church has thus thought proper to mark the opening day of a time of austerity and prayer? Under stated regulations, and such indulgences from the extreme rigours of abstinence as appear suitable to the infirmities of our weak nature, the solemn fast of Lent lasts until Easter Sunday. In the Protestant Church, Ash Wednesday is distinguished by the performance of the usual long morning and evening services, and by the circumstance that, in addition to the accustomed dishes that occupy their table, people consider it essential to commence dinner with salt fish and egg sauce,—by that solitary instance of momentary coquetting with penitential food, compounding, as it were, for the utter disregard of either fast or abstinence during the forty days that follow.

On Palm Sunday, the blessing of the palms, which the faithful hold in their hands during the chaunting of the Gospel, strikingly recalls to devout minds the triumphant entry of our Saviour into Jerusalem. By the Anglican Church, this commemorative ceremonial is utterly discarded from their ritual. The services of the Catholic Church during Holy Week have an almost dramatic reference to the great events of our Redeemer's passion; and it is impossible for a person attentively to follow their course, without feelings of the most profound edification.

The offices of "Tenebræ," on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings, carry, in their very structure and quaintness of ceremonial, the impress of remote antiquity. Six lights on the altar, and fifteen on a triangular candlestick, burning at the commencement of the service, which consists of Psalms, interspersed with the lamentations of Jeremiah and lessons from the writings of ancient fathers, betoken the light of faith preached by the prophets and Jesus Christ. As the service proceeds, the candles are successively extinguished, to remind us that the Jews were totally deprived of the light of faith, when they put our Saviour to death. The fifteenth candle, which occupied the top of the triangular candlestick, is finally removed, and hidden under the altar during the solemn chaunting of the Psalm "Miserere," at the end of

which it is produced, still burning, to typify that, although the humanity of Christ lay for a brief interval dormant in the sepulchre, the eternal vitality of His divine nature was not for one moment eclipsed by the temporary obscuration of a merely mortal death. The total darkness, and noise made, at the end of the office of "Tenebræ," naturally indicate the gloom and convulsion of nature which marked the hour when the Messiah breathed His last,—when the earth trembled, the rocks were riven, the graves opened, and the veil of the temple was rent from the top to the bottom!

On Maundy Thursday, the mass of the day commences with all the festive accompaniments of white vestments, music and lights, incense and ringing of bells, in honour of the institution of the ever adorable sacrament of the Holy Eucharist; and a host, by immemorial custom consecrated for the purpose of being used at the solemn "Mass of the Presanctified" of the ensuing day, is processionally carried to a subsidiary altar, prepared and decorated for the occasion, where it remains exposed to the worship of the faithful.

On Good Friday, the prostrate figures of the clergy and acolytes before the naked and unadorned altar,—the chaunting of the long gospel of the Passion,—the ancient and beautiful prayers,—and the ceremony of the Adoration of the Cross,—are all accessories of the most striking and solemn import, intended to commemorate the at once mournful and glorious mystery of human redemption. Who that joins in the all-appropriate formularies of the Church on that great day, but feels the exquisite pathos of that time-honoured hymn,

"CRUX FIDELIS INTER OMNES!
ARBOR UNA NOBILIS:
NULLA SILVA TALEM PROFERT
FRONDE, FLORE, GERMINÉ.
DULCE LIGNUM, DULCES CLAVOS,
DULCE PONDUS SUSTINET."

It is not generally known that the paraphrase of this quaint but graceful piece of monkish Latinity, commencing,

"O FAITHFUL CROSS, O NOBLEST TREE,
IN ALL OUR WOODS THERE'S NONE LIKE THEE,"

is the production of our Catholic poet Dryden.

The morning service of Holy Saturday, by the Primitive Church performed at the hour of midnight, abounds in mystical and imposing ceremonies. A triple candle is lighted from fire previously blest, signifying that our faith in the blessed Trinity proceeds from the light communicated to us by Christ risen from the dead. The paschal candle, blest in the next place by the deacon, is a figure of the body of Jesus Christ, and the five grains of incense fixed in it represent the aromatic spices that embalmed Him in the sepulchre. Twelve prophecies, chosen with singular felicity from the Old Testament, are succes-

sively chaunted ;—the baptismal font and water are solemnly blest ;—prostrate on the earth, the clergy recite the Litanies of the Saints ;—and at the high mass which concludes the morning service and the religious observance of the week, the ringing of bells, and the joyous burst of the organ, proclaim, in a manner that appeals to every heart, the glorious tidings of our Saviour's resurrection.

And how have our brethren of the Anglican Establishment commemorated the solemnities of Holy Week ? Their churches indeed have been opened for the everlasting morning and evening formularies of the Common Prayer Book, unmarked by the slightest apparent reference to the mysteries of the particular season. Protestantism has converted Good Friday, the holiest of fasts, and an eminently *working*, because a strictly penitential day, into a Sunday and holiday, upon which, however, it is again deemed indispensable to re-enact the Ash Wednesday *quasi* austerity of commencing the usual every-day dinner with salt fish.

On Easter Sunday the Church puts forth all her splendour, to honour the grandest festival of Christianity ; and exulting Alleluias welcome to the sacramental rail crowds of her repentant children, who from the tribunal of penance, as from the grave of sin, have risen with Christ to a new life of revived faith and fervour !

The next great religious holiday, kept in all Catholic countries with extraordinary solemnity, is Ascension Day,—mentioned as such indeed in Protestant calendars, but unconsecrated by any particular observance. The churches of the Establishment may indeed be open for morning prayer, but we may safely aver that by the great bulk of the community the anniversary of our Saviour's glorious ascension to heaven is passed over with utter indifference. The paschal candle, which, ever since its introduction on Easter Eve, had been lighted every day during mass, is no longer seen on Ascension Day. Its disappearance is emblematical of the great event of our Redeemer's final ascent after the forty days on earth, during which he was at times "seen by many."

On Whit Sunday, the solemn services of the Church are dedicated to glorify in a particular manner the Third Person of the Most Holy Trinity. The vestments of her ministers are crimson, and the beautiful hymns "*VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS*," and "*VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS*," vividly impress on the minds of the faithful the memory of the wonderful miracle of the fiery tongues, which transformed the still weak and powerless disciples into ardent and inspired Apostles. Ten days later, and exactly three weeks after the Ascension, occurs the festival of Corpus Christi, expressly instituted to honour the sacred and ineffable mystery of JESUS Christ's real and corporal presence in the adorable Sacrament of the Eucharist. In all Catholic countries, this great feast is solemnized by gorgeous processions in the open streets, affording to entire populations the opportunity of doing homage to the Saviour of mankind, and of vindicating the majesty and integrity of a sacrament, assailed alike by the scoffs of infidelity and error. On the 29th of June, the Church celebrates the feast

of St. Peter and St. Paul; and on the 15th of August, the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary,—an article of pious belief, which supposes her to have been carried up to heaven, but “who we know departed this life to satisfy the condition of our mortality.”*

The solemnities of the ecclesiastical year may be said to conclude with the feast of All Saints,—a day upon which we do homage to the glorified army of martyrs, prophets, and confessors, and all holy persons who have preceded us into the realms of immortality, after victoriously withstanding the temptations that had beset their path through this life; imploring them to join their powerful intercessions to ours, to obtain from God for their still struggling brethren on earth such graces as should enable these to tread the bright path of salvation. How touching the contrast between the joyous festival of All Saints, and the lugubrious solemnity of All Souls, which immediately succeeds it,—when the prayers of the Universal Church are poured forth on behalf of the suffering souls of the departed faithful! On All Saints, faith glorifies the chosen children of heaven, and hope points to their bright abode, as destined to be one day ours! On All Souls, the Church vindicates the claim of charity to be considered the greatest of all virtues, by earnest and affectionate prayers for the everlasting happiness of all her deceased children!

How does the Anglican Establishment deal with the last four or five feasts mentioned? She leaves them indeed a place in her calendars, but practically expunges them from the list of days which should be kept holy. What, in fact, can the frigid spirit of Protestantism have to do with “Corpus Christi,” after reducing the holy sacrament of Christ’s body and blood, to a commemorative participation of bread and wine?—or with the Assumption of the Virgin Mary, after denouncing as idolatrous the homage which Catholics are proud to offer to the Mother of their Redeemer?—or with “All Saints,” after utterly rejecting the belief in their ability to hear our petitions?—or with “All Souls,” after a cold and heartless condemnation of the consoling doctrine which teaches us that the prayers of the living may still benefit the souls of the dead?

Were we inclined to swell the catalogue of Catholic fasts and festivals, we might expatiate on the Patron Saint days of the various countries in Christendom, and of the various trades and confraternities, lay and religious,—the fast of the Rogation and Ember days, and vigils of the principal feasts,—the religious celebrations of the month of May, consecrated in a peculiar manner to the honour of the immaculate Virgin Mary,—the daily Angelus,—and the devotions of the perpetual exposition of the blessed Sacrament, in Catholic countries cultivated with great fervour and assiduity. We believe, however, we have said enough to direct attention to the remarkable contrast existing between the pomp and exuberance of Catholic, and the paucity and meagreness of Protestant solemnities.

* Secret. in Offic. Miss. Assump. B. V. M.

Before we conclude, we would, in a spirit of unaffected curiosity, ask of the bishop of Rochester, who has very recently delivered a charge to the clergy of his diocese, what may be the meaning of his expressed "anxiety to impress upon them the necessity of a regular observance of Saints' days."

Now, inasmuch as the twenty-second of the Thirty-nine Articles expressly declares that "the Romish doctrine concerning invocation of Saints is a fond thing, vainly invented, and grounded upon no warranty of Scripture, but rather repugnant to the word of God," we would ask, in the name of every thing that is inconsistent and preposterous, how Protestants can be called upon to keep or honour "Saints' days," set apart in Catholic times for the express invocation of those canonized members of the Church triumphant whose names they bear? On the feast of SS. Peter and Paul, for example, we address our prayers to God through the intercession of those great Apostles; but according to the above-recorded article of Protestant belief, it is an absurdity to suppose that they can hear our petitions; what then is the purpose of commemorating their festival?—a question which applies with similar relevancy to every other "Saint's day" in the calendar. We are well aware that the disciples of the Tractarian school entertain opinions upon this, as upon many other articles of Anglican belief, far from accordant with the frigid dogmas of the Church to which they nominally belong; but it is not to them that we look with any confidence for sound expositions of Protestant doctrine. Say what they will, the leaders of what it has become the fashion to call the Puseyite party have, by the approximation of their religious notions to the theory and practice of our Church, deprived themselves of the right to be considered orthodox champions of their own. Adhesion to the views of Tract 90 is not certainly tantamount to a full adoption of Catholic truth; but it is as certainly a virtual repudiation of many of the main constituents of Protestant error. A sound Catholic looks upon Tract 90 as a strange and unlooked-for concession on the part of the adversaries of his religion, to many of its most prominent doctrines;—by the orthodox Protestant it is justly regarded as an elaborate endeavour to affix an interpretation upon the Thirty-nine Articles, diametrically opposed to that which their original framers intended. In point of fact, the Tractarians are men who, wandering among the mists of error, have stumbled upon some of the eternal landmarks of truth; and if they still shrink from re-entering in a body the fold of unity, such backwardness is to be ascribed rather to the infirmity of weak human nature, than to any dulness of apprehension or obdurateness of heart. College fellowships and livings, tutorships and professorships, are, after all, good and pleasant things, which it requires more than ordinary self-denial to sacrifice at the shrine of principle. A very especial measure of divine grace, not accorded to many, must have been meted to him who brings himself to exchange the snug temporalities of a state-endowed Church, for the arduous and purely spiritual duties of the unendowed true one. We can enter with heartfelt sympathy and compassion into the wavering and distracted feelings of a

clergyman of the Established Church, whose case, mentioned to us by one of our Vicars Apostolic, is that of a man thoroughly convinced of the truth of the Catholic religion, the impediments to whose open adoption of its communion are the wife and family, for whose maintenance he has no other resource than the proceeds of a small living!

It is easier to say *how*, than *when*, the agitation now organized in the bosom of the Church of England will terminate. The ramparts which the prejudices of three centuries have opposed to the progress of Catholic truth, have been assailed, but yet stand unbroken. Neither we, nor our children's children, may be destined to witness the gladdening and all-glorious event of our country's spiritual regeneration; but that in the womb of coming time such a revolution is reserved, is as certain as that there is a God in heaven. The heresy of Arius desolated a larger proportion of Christendom, and for a greater lapse of time, than have been allotted by Providence to the ravages of Luther and his companions. Yet Arianism succumbed to the Church of Christ, and is no more heard of; and in the like manner, a day will arrive when, once again united under the spiritual standard of our Redeemer's visible Head upon earth, men will only remember the word Protestantism to hurl it back into deeper oblivion!

C.

THE CATHOLICS OF MARYLAND, BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.*

[From the United States Catholic Magazine.]

A brief history of the establishment of the Catholic religion in Maryland, and a rapid sketch of the trials to which its professors were subjected, seems appropriate as an introduction to the career of its first bishop in the United States; and while it exhibits the evils of intolerance, may serve to recommend more strongly to the affections of every American heart, our present wiser system of government and laws, which recognises as a fundamental principle, the right of every man to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience.

It was to enjoy liberty of conscience that about two hundred respectable persons, principally Catholics, abandoned England, and arrived in the Potomac in March, 1634. They were accompanied by two priests, F. Andrew White, and F. John Altham, and by two lay brothers, or temporal coadjutors, as they were called—all members of the Society of Jesus. The laws of England at

* This brief but satisfactory sketch of the history of the Maryland Catholics before the Revolution is taken from a biography of Archbishop Carroll from the pen of B. U; Campbell, in the above named periodical—the oldest and best of our monthlies.

this period were exceedingly oppressive upon Catholics. Many of them had been put to death, many others utterly ruined in their fortunes, and some of the most illustrious families forced into exile, without the means of decent subsistence—for no other reason than their religion.*

F. White himself was one of forty-seven priests who were sentenced to perpetual banishment in 1606.† He was then a secular priest, but was admitted into the Society of Jesus in 1609. After a few years spent in missionary duties in England, he was sent to Spain, where for his great learning and talents he was employed in the professorships of Scripture, scholastic theology, and Hebrew. He subsequently taught divinity at Louvain and then at Liege. Desirous of the crown of martyrdom, he solicited and obtained permission to return to England, where he laboured at the time when Sir George Calvert applied to the Jesuits for some English subjects to attend the Catholic settlers, and to convert the Indians in Maryland. F. White and F. Altham were appointed to those duties.

On their arrival in the new colony, these holy men lost no time in commencing their pious work. Before the site for the settlement was selected, F. Altham, who accompanied the governor on his exploring voyage up the Potomac, announced the gospel, by means of an interpreter, to the Indians near Potomac Creek, in Virginia, where they landed, before crossing the river to Piscataway on the Maryland side. The Indian chief seemed well pleased with F. Altham's discourse, "and at his going away desired him to return thither again, saying he should live with him, his men should hunt for him, and he would divide all with him."‡

The governor having selected the eastern bank of St. Mary's river as the site of the new city, the missionaries obtained peaceable possession of an Indian hut of the larger size, that had belonged to one of the chiefs, and *this was the first chapel in Maryland*. Besides attending to the spiritual wants of the settlers, the pious missionaries visited the different Indian tribes: Father White resided for some time among the Patuxent tribe, some of whom joined the church. Another priest resided among them in 1639, on land given to the missionaries by the Indians; and in the same year another priest (for there were then four in the colony) was stationed on Kent Island, in the Chesapeake bay. A letter from one of them to Rome in this year, says, "The happy disposition of the natives, gives hopes of a most successful harvest, and supports and animates us in the determination of continuing our labours in this vineyard." In the same year Father White had taken up his abode among the Piscataway Indians, about fifteen miles south of the city of Washington. The fruits of his labours were seen in the conversion of the king Chilomacan, his family, and many of the tribe. Soon after the young queen and nearly all the

* Bishop Challoner's *Memoirs of the Missionary Priests*.

† See the catalogue in "*Memoirs of Missionary Priests*," vol. 11. p. 14.

‡ "*A Relation of Maryland*," printed in London, Sept. 8, 1835, in Harvard library.

natives of Potopaco (Port Tobacco) were added to the Church,—making about 130 converts. The zealous missionaries continued their labours among the Indians for about ten years, during which period the Catholics of St. Mary's had erected a church and formed an edifying congregation. They were regularly attended by a priest who was always stationed among them. Devoted entirely to their spiritual duties, Fathers White and Altham refused to have any participation in the political organization of the colony, and on being summoned to sit and vote as members of the first legislature that was called in Maryland, they “desired to be excused from giving voices in this assembly.”* Civil and religious liberty was protected to the fullest extent—insomuch that, on complaint being made against a Catholic, that he had used insulting language to some Protestant servants, when speaking of their religion, he was tried by a court consisting of the governor, secretary, and another Catholic, and fined 500 lbs. of tobacco, and obliged to give security for his good behaviour. While the affairs of the colony were in the most flourishing condition, some evil disposed persons, taking advantage of the excitement then prevailing in England, caused a rebellion in Maryland in 1645, raised a persecution against the Catholics, and, seizing all the priests, carried them prisoners to Virginia,—where one of them, Father Roger Rigby, died in 1646. Father White and two others were sent prisoners to England, charged with the crimes of being priests and Jesuits. They were confined in London and suffered great hardships. The Catholics of Maryland were deprived of their spiritual fathers for three years, when, in 1648, Father Philip Fisher returned from England, and thus writes from Maryland, on the 1st of March of that year: “By the singular providence of God I found my flock collected together, after they had been scattered for three long years. With what joy they received me, and with what delight I met them, it would be impossible to describe: but they received me as an angel of God. I have now been with them a fortnight, and am preparing for the painful separation: for the Indians summon me to their aid, and they have been ill-treated by the enemy since I was torn from them. I hardly know what to do, but cannot attend to all. God grant that I may do his will, for the greater glory of his name. Truly flowers appear in our land: may they attain to fruit.”

The religious dissensions in England and the profitable speculation of persecuting the Catholics in the mother country, frequently bred trouble in Maryland. The Puritans overthrow the proprietary government during the ascendancy of their party in England; but on the restoration of King Charles II, and for some years afterwards, more harmony prevailed. When the proprietary however visited England in 1676, he found himself and his government the subjects of complaint to the crown. “The remedy proposed,” says Mc-

* Journal of Proceedings of the Assembly of 25th January, 1637, in the land office at Annapolis.—Bozman, vol. II, p. 85.

Mahon, "indicated the cause of complaint. The clergy wanted an establishment and endowment of lands, and their piety was shocked at the temporal emoluments in the possession of the Catholic priests of the province." The principal representation on which the complaint was predicated, is contained in a letter written from Patuxent, in Maryland, by the Rev. Mr. Yeo to the archbishop of Canterbury, in May, 1676. "The province of Maryland," says he, "*is in a deplorable condition for the want of an established ministry.* Here are ten or twelve counties, and in them at least twenty thousand souls, and but three Protestant ministers of the church of England. The priests are provided for, and the Quakers take care of those that are speakers; but no care is taken to build up churches in the Protestant religion. Religion is despised, and all notorious vices are committed, so that it is become a Sodom of uncleanness, and a pest-house of iniquity. *As the Lord Baltimore is lately gone for England, I have made bold to address this to your grace, to beg that your grace would be pleased to solicit him for some established support for a Protestant ministry.*"* The impartial Protestant, McMahon, commenting on this complaint, says: "Now, here is a frightful picture of the immorality of the province: and *the whole grievance* is the want of an established clergy, and the remedy its establishment. How unlike his divine Master who did not wait for an established support to go forth on his mission of grace. 'Having a care for the body' is too often all that is meant by 'having the care of souls.'

"The answer of the proprietary was easily made. He referred to the permanent law of the province, tolerating all Christians, and establishing none; and to the general impracticability of procuring through the assembly the exclusive establishment of any particular church; and he was released from the subject by the injunction to enforce the laws against immorality, and to endeavour to procure a maintenance for the support of a competent number of the clergy of the church of England."†

As to the provision made for the priests, of which Mr. Yeo complains, none whatever was made by law; they were entirely dependent upon the gratuitous contributions of Catholics, and upon the product of the lands which they were entitled to take up, in common with other settlers, under the conditions of plantation. It appears from the records of the land office that the first missionaries had omitted to obtain patents for land for themselves, or for those whom they brought with them, and that it was not until some years after, that by assigning their rights to some of their brethren, they claimed and received from the proprietary, grants of land upon the same conditions as all other settlers. These lands, with such as they afterwards acquired by purchase and by gift, continued to furnish the chief support to those excellent clergymen, who devoted themselves to the spiritual welfare of their neighbour. As to

* Chalmers, 375.

† McMahon's Maryland, 216, 217.

the immorality of the people, of which Mr. Yeo remarks, it need only be said that his statement differs from all other accounts of the] province which have reached us. The Protestant revolution of 1689, sealed the fate of the Catholics of Maryland for many years. In reference to this event McMahon says: "So far as the Protestant religion was concerned, the course of the laws, and the administration, up to the period of the proprietary's departure for England (in 1684,) was one of entire neutrality. The great object of both seems to have been to preserve that religious freedom which had ever been identified with the colony. The proprietary is nowhere charged by the assembly with any act or intention aiming either at the establishment of his own church, or the injury of the Protestant."^{*}

Taking advantage of the events in England, an association was formed "*for the defence of the Protestant religion*," at the head of whom was John Coode, a man of infamous notoriety in the history of Maryland.[†] The associators overpowered the constituted authorities, and requested the king to take the province under his immediate protection and government. He, of course, complied with their wishes, and sent them a royal governor. After congratulating them upon the liberality of their majesties in sending a Protestant governor, this functionary told the assembly that "The making of wholesome laws, and laying aside all heats and animosities that have happened amongst you of late, will go far towards laying the foundations of lasting peace and happiness to yourselves and posterity, and this I know will be very acceptable to their majesties, who are eminent examples of Christian and peaceable tempers."

"How the assembly understood this, will appear in the sequel. In their loyal address to the crown, of 18th May, 1692, they offered their most hearty acknowledgments for their majesties' condescension, in taking the government into their own hands, and in redeeming them 'from the arbitrary will and pleasure of a tyrannical popish government, under which they had so long groaned;' and to work they went, to strengthen the foundations of the new government, and to illustrate their notions of religious liberty, by giving exclusive establishment to their own church, and taxing all the inhabitants for its support.

"The first act which they passed was, 'the act of recognition of William and Mary;' and the second, 'an act for the service of Almighty God, and the establishment of Protestant religion in this province.' By the latter the church

* History of Maryland, p. 232.

† "When we next hear of him, he was in holy orders, and, at the same time, lieutenant colonel of the militia of St. Mary's county, and receiver of the duties in Potomac river, asserting that religion was a trick, reviling the apostles, denying the divinity of the Christian religion, and alleging that all the morals worth having were contained in Cicero's offices. His blasphemous expressions were reported to the governor and council, and he was dismissed from all employments under the government, and presented by the grand jury of St. Mary's county for atheism and blasphemy."—McMahon, p. 239.

of England was formally established; provision made for dividing all the counties into parishes, and the election of vestrymen for each, for the conservation of the church interests; and a poll tax of forty pounds of tobacco imposed upon every taxable of the province, to build churches and sustain their ministers. Thus was introduced, for the first time in Maryland, a church establishment, sustained by law, and fed by general taxation.

"Under the gentle auspices of that government, whose tyrannical and popish inclinations were now the favourite theme, the profession and exercise of the Christian religion, in all its modes, was open to all,—no church was established: all were protected, none were taxed to sustain a church, to whose tenets they were opposed, and the people gave freely as a *benevolence* what they would have loathed as a *tax*.*

"Such exclusive establishments," continues the historian, "are like all devouring death. They are ever crying for '*more*.' Their first aim is to establish themselves; and their next to oppress all others. The usual consequences soon followed. It was not enough to have the power of the laws, and its intrinsic merits to sustain itself, it must have penalties to awe into silence all who might obstruct its universal sway. Hence the act of 1704, chapter 59, entitled 'An act to prevent the growth of popery within the province.' Under this act, all bishops or priests of the Catholic church were inhibited by severe penalties from saying mass, or exercising the spiritual functions of their office, or endeavouring, in any manner, to persuade the inhabitants of the province to become reconciled to the church of Rome; Catholics, generally, were prohibited from engaging in the instruction of youth, and power was given to the Protestant children of papists to compel their parents to furnish them a maintenance adequate to their condition in life. At the same session, however, an act was passed, suspending the operation of these penalties, as to priests exercising their spiritual functions in private families of the Catholic persuasion; and *this exemption* was kept up throughout this era by succeeding acts."†

The church of England was established *by law*, and from the passage of the act of 1692, until the American revolution, it continued to be *the established* church of the colony.

"In 1702, the provisions of the English toleration act were expressly extended to the Protestants of the province, and the Quakers of the province were declared to be entitled to the benefit of the act of seventh, William III, permitting their affirmation to be received instead of an oath in certain cases. Prosecutions having been subsequently instituted for holding Quaker conventicles, and some doubt having arisen as to the operation of the toleration act, it was again expressly adopted in 1706, as a part of the laws of the province. Thus the toleration of the Protestant dissenters was fully and finally secured;

* McMahon, p. 243.

Ibid. pp. 244-5.

and thus in a colony, which was established by Catholics, and grew up to power and happiness under the government of a Catholic, *the Catholic inhabitant was the only victim of religious intolerance.*"*

Of the meek and charitable spirit of the reverend gentlemen of the *establishment*, we have an example in the proceedings of the assembly.

"Resolved, That the following address be presented to the governor.

"By the house of delegates, March the 21st, 1697.

"Upon reading a certain letter from a reverend minister of the Church of England which your excellency was pleased to communicate to us, complaining to your excellency, how that *the Popish priests in Charles county do of their own accord, in this violent and raging mortality in that county, make it their business to go up and down the county to persons' houses when dying and phram-tick*, and endeavour to seduce and make proselytes of them, and in such condition boldly presume to administer the sacraments to them. We have put it to the vote in this house, if a law should be passed to restrain such their presumptions, and have concluded not to make such law *at present*, but humbly to entreat your excellency that you would be pleased to issue your proclamation to restrain and prohibit such their extravagant and presumptuous behaviour."†

"The Catholics of the present day," says the judicious author of a review of Mr. Brent's Biography of Archbishop Carroll, "would ask no higher compliment to the zeal and devotion of their colonial priesthood, than is contained in the above remonstrance. The *sinful extravagance* of the good fathers of those days consisted of a love for their race which inspired them with the *presumption* of periling their lives in the midst of a raging epidemic, for the consolation of the dying and the salvation of souls; a *presumption* which the Protestants themselves of this century would declare a virtue, and would honour, even in an adversary, with their special commendations."

By several acts of subsequent legislation, the Catholics were rendered incapable of voting unless they qualified themselves by taking test oaths, and making a declaration, which amounted to a denial of their faith. These were the mere *legal* disqualifications of Catholics; but they fell short of the actual oppressions practised upon them during many periods of this era. "The council granted orders to take children from the pernicious contact of Catholic parents."‡ "When laws degrade, individuals learn to practise wanton outrage; the former stigmatise, the latter catch its spirit, and make its example an excuse for oppression."§ Hence the personal animosity of the Protestants against the Catholics of Maryland, was at one period carried to such an extent that the

* McMahon, p. 246.

† Ridgely's Annals of Annapolis, p. 93, &c.

‡ Biography of Charles Carrol of Carrollton, in the Biography of the Signers to the Declaration of Independence, by J. H. B. Latrobe, Esq.

§ McMahon, p. 281.

latter were excluded from the social intercourse with the former,—were not permitted to walk in front of the state house, and were actually obliged to wear swords for their personal protection.*

The insults and oppressions to which the Catholics of Maryland were doomed in the early part of the eighteenth century, became so intolerable, that a large portion of them determined to emigrate, and Charles Carroll, the father of the last of the signers of the declaration of independence, was authorized, about the year 1752, to apply to the French government for a grant of land in the territory of Louisiana, then under the dominion of France. Selecting a large body of land upon the Arkansas river, he pointed it out upon the map to the French minister of state. Startled at the extent of the tract demanded, the minister threw difficulties in the way, and Mr. Carroll was obliged to return without having accomplished his object.†

In the upper house of the assembly, in 1756, a bill was framed to prevent the growth of popery, by which priests were to be rendered incapable of holding any lands, and forbidden to make a proselyte under pain of the penalty of high treason; and the bill provided that no person who should thereafter be educated at any foreign popish seminary, could be qualified to inherit *any estate*, or to hold lands within the province.‡ At this period the subject of this memoir, and the patriot Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, were pursuing their studies in Europe. This bill did not pass the lower house.

Two years later an attempt was made to procure an alteration of the law, which compelled Catholics to pay a land tax of double the amount paid by any other inhabitants of the province. To a spirited remonstrance of the upper house, declaring that such an extreme measure could “not be defended upon a principle of justice or policy,” the lower house replied in a tone of insolence that added to the injury. They justified the double land tax by the practice of England, but proposed to release them upon the condition that the Catholics take the oaths prescribed by the land tax law in England, and remarked that “this test of their loyalty *surely cannot be thought unreasonable*.”§

The upper house responded by a dignified argument, and a statement of the liberal spirit which had guided the Catholic settlers, and led to the prosperity of the province; declaring the intolerance pursued in the mother country unsuitable to America; to all of which the lower house replied by this magnanimous resolution:

“*Resolved*, That as a double tax on papists is constantly imposed by the land tax acts in the mother country, this house consider themselves sufficiently justified in imposing it here.” &c.||

It is gratifying to find the Protestant governor Sharpe rising above the dis-

* Latrobe. † Ibid.

‡ Governor Sharp's letter in Ridgely's Annals, p. 99.

§ Votes and Proceedings of the lower house of the assembly, April 27th, 1758.

|| Votes and Proceedings, May 9th 1758.

graceful spirit of the legislature of that period. In a letter of 16th Dec. 1758, to the proprietary, who was a Protestant, after declaring that nothing has been further from his inclination than to countenance or give encouragement to Catholics, and that extraordinary burthens have been laid upon them by the act of May, 1756, "Whereby all land-holders of the Romish faith are obliged to pay, by way of land tax, twice as much as the rest of your lordship's tenants, who are Protestants;" he states that, by an act made for the support of a clergyman of the church of England in every parish, Catholics are obliged to pay annually very considerable sums for that purpose; and, after enumerating and condemning other oppressions that they have suffered from "their enemies, and *many were made such by envy, or the hopes of reaping some advantage from a persecution of the priests,*" he complains that Mr. Chase, rector of St. Paul's parish in Baltimore county, scrupled not to intimate from the pulpit to his congregation, that the state or situation of the Protestants in this province was, at that time, very little different from that of the Protestants in Ireland at the eve of the Irish massacre." After assuring the proprietary that the most full investigations on the subject had proved the parson's assertion a calumny, the governor concludes: "Upon the whole, my lord, I must say, that, if I was asked whether the conduct of the Protestants or papists in this province hath been most unexceptionable, since I have had the honour to serve your lordship, I should not hesitate to give an answer in favour of the latter."*

Although the Catholics bore an equal share in the dangers and privations of the war with the French and Indians, and paid twice the amount of tax levied for the extraordinary expenses of that war, its conclusion brought no amelioration to them. Even during the excitement produced in Maryland by the odious attempt to fasten the stamp act upon America, when the spirit of the nation was roused to maintain the rights of the people, the unjust laws in force against Catholics, it seems, were not considered worthy of amendment.

It has been observed that the Catholics of Maryland, while they took an equal part in defending the rights of the people, and paid heavier taxes than their fellow-subjects, found no relief from the oppression which they suffered. But, although the double tax, and payment for the support of the Protestant establishment, were rigidly exacted from the Catholics—a less intolerant spirit prevailed in social intercourse; and Catholics continued to celebrate divine service—not indeed in public churches—but in private chapels on their own lands, and in their dwellings, without molestation. Two public measures which created great excitement in Maryland in 1771-2, led to results, incidentally of great importance to them. The first of these was an attempt to establish fees of offices, by proclamation of the governor, without the concurrence of, and in fact, in opposition to, one branch of the assembly. Resisted as an

* Ridgely's Annals of Annapolis, p. 95, &c.

exercise of prerogative, incompatible with the rights of the people, its discussion engaged the pens of the ablest writers of the day:—among whom was Charles Carroll of Carrollton. His successful advocacy of popular rights against Daniel Dulany, who was regarded as the ablest man in the province, procured a high reputation for Mr. Carroll.* Although writers in the newspapers attempted to weaken the force of his reasoning, by sneers at his religious opinions, and the political disfranchisement which they occasioned,† yet, addresses complimenting his patriotism and ability, and other public testimonials, proved, says McMahon, “that he had now established a rank and influence in the province at large, which rendered him prominent in its councils and operations, in the consummation of independence which was soon to follow.”‡

The second measure alluded to, was the “*Vestry Act*.” By the act of 1692, by which the church of England was made the established church of the province, and by other acts, especially that of 1702, provision was made for the support of the clergy, by the imposition of a poll tax, of forty pounds of tobacco, on the taxables§ of each parish; which was collected with the public dues by the sheriff. Under the inspection act of 1763, it was reduced to thirty pounds per poll: but the latter act having been suffered to expire, the claim for the *heavier* tax was revived, and a technical question was raised as to the existence of the act of 1702. This question enlisted the talents of the ablest lawyers of the state, and the Protestant clergy put forth all their strength in its discussion; “The press of the colony,” says McMahon, “abounds with publications demonstrating their poverty, and sometimes denouncing, sometimes supplicating the resisters of their claims.”||

* Latrobe. McMahon.

† One of the writers in Green’s Gazette of 25th March, 1773, describes Mr. Carroll as “One who doth not enjoy the privilege of offering his puny vote at an election; and as “this patriotic nursling of St. Omer’s.”

‡ P. 392.

§ The “taxables,” were all the males, and all the black females, between sixteen and sixty years of age.

|| It is painful to find one of the most learned of their body, discussing from the pulpit, the value of tobacco, and questions of currency, in the following terms:—“But the people (we are told,) have been led to expect to pay all the clergy’s dues at four shillings per taxable; and it may be dangerous to disappoint them.”

“Tobacco is probably a more fluctuating, and doubtless a far less certain commodity, than any of the products of the earth that have ever been tithed; still, however, even tobacco is more likely to keep pace with other articles of necessary use, than any fixed sum of a provincial paper currency.”

“It is mean and illiberal to talk of stinting clergymen to a bare support.”—(From a Sermon, preached at Annapolis, in Maryland, in the year 1771, by the Rev. Jonathan Boucher, A. M. and F. A. S.)

He had been Rector of St. Anne’s, in Annapolis, and afterwards of Queen Anne’s, in Prince George’s county, from which he was ejected at the Revolution. On his return to England, he published, in 1797, “A View of the Causes and Consequences of the American Revolution, in thirteen discourses, preached in North America, between the years 1763 and 1775; with an historical preface, dedicated to George Washington, Esquire.” His book proves him to have been a man of learning; and many passages of it, show that he was a kind-hearted man.

It does not appear that Catholics took any part in the discussion: but, the effects of it were, to attract attention to the amount of revenue contributed by the people to the support of a clergy,* who, being appointed or presented to parishes by the governor exclusively,† were regarded as the adherents of their patron, and opposed to the interests of the people. The historian of Maryland remarks: "there were some instances at that day which we shall not detail, that exhibited as much of '*the temporal*,' in the temper and conduct of some of the clergy of the colony, as in their revenues." The present bishop of the Protestant church in Maryland, uses the following strong language: "Often, as I hear and read authentic evidence of the character of a large proportion of the clergy in the province of Maryland, two*generations since, I am struck with wonder that God spared a church so universally corrupt, and did not utterly remove its candlestick out of its place."‡

With the loss of influence of the established clergy, disappeared much of intolerance against Catholics. And as the discussions which ushered in the declaration of independence progressed, even the Protestant pulpit acknowledged that—"In Maryland, they (the Catholics) have all the respectability which good birth, respectable connexions, and good estates can confer. They are not, moreover (as we are,) distracted and enfeebled by sects and parties."§ The author of the sermon from which this extract is made says: "In order to save them (the Catholics) from persecution, and inspire them with ideas *favourable to the government*, this discourse was composed:" "but," he adds, "under so respectable a leader as Mr. Carroll, they all soon, at least in appearance, became good whigs, and concurred with their fellow revolutionists, in declaring against the misgovernment of Great Britain."||

Making allowance for his want of politeness in the use of nicknames, which the arrogance of the law church had made familiar to him, the Rev. gentleman is entitled to credit for the following declaration:

"If any man, of an unprejudiced and ingenuous mind, forgetting, for a moment, that he is either a Protestant or a Papist, will sit down and read the popish controversy, I can almost answer for his rising up with this conviction strongly impressed on his mind, that Protestants have hardly shown themselves more superior to their adversaries in point of argument, than Papists have in good temper and good manners. When Catholics write or speak of Protestants, we are always mentioned with decency, if not with respect: whereas,

* The revenues of a benefice in Frederick county, were estimated at £1,000 sterling per annum, and the emoluments of many others were ample and on the increase.

† McMahon, p. 398.

‡ "Bishop Whittingham's Charge," June 1st, 1843.

§ Sermon preached in Queen Anne's parish, Prince George's county, Maryland, 1774.—Boucher, p. 290.

|| Boucher, p. 242.

we very rarely notice them, without bestowing on them some harsh and offensive epithet.”*

In conclusion, the following extracts from the same sermon, delivered in Maryland, in 1774, while they exhibit the altered tone of those who had been the authors of the system by which Catholics had been degraded and oppressed, show how unworthy must have been the motives of men whose intelligence enabled them so well to do justice to those whom they had persecuted for years.

“Men really enlightened, and really liberal, will remember and acknowledge with gratitude, that chiefly to Papists do we owe the preservation of ancient literature; that in times of general anarchy and violence, the Romish clergy alone gave such cultivation to letters as the unimproved state of society then admitted of; and that in the cloisters of cathedrals, and in the solitude of monasteries they opened schools of public instruction, and to men of retired and studious minds, asylums from the turbulence of war.”†

Parson Boucher continues: “I have no reluctance to declare, that Catholics seem to me to have no slight claims on us on the score of gratitude. For were they not Catholics who obtained the Magna Charta; who laid all the broad and firm foundation of this unparalleled structure of liberty, the British constitution; who enacted most of our best laws; who erected so many of the noble edifices which do so much honour to the parent state; who built and endowed all the national churches, and founded not only many eminent public schools, but also the two universities? These were great, substantial, and durable services, and such as justly entitle those who performed them to the appellation of great men. I will not degrade them by a comparison with the puny efforts and wordy services of later times; for which, however, places, pensions, and titles, have been lavishly bestowed. The descendants of those great men *in the old times before us*, the Papists of our own times, are no longer in any capacity of emulating the greatness of their ancestors; but their fortitude under trials of peculiar poignancy is almost as unexampled as their oppressions; and their acquiescence under a long series of accumulated wrongs, is such an instance of true patriotism, as entitles them to the highest respect. With a patient firmness of character, worthy of all praise and of all imitation, they have long submitted to such injuries and indignities, as their high-spirited forefathers would have ill brooked; and such as their undegenerate posterity would not endure, were it not that they have the wisdom and the virtue to respect the laws more than their own personal feelings. Every thing most dear to the human heart has been torn from them, excepting their attachment to their religion, and their determination to *love and bless* those fellow-subjects, who unmindful of the duties resulting from their religion, and unmoved by so en-

* Boucher's Sermon, p. 282.

† *Ibid.* p. 281.

dearing an example, foolishly and wickedly continue to regard Papists as Samaritans, with whom they resolve to *have no dealings*.^{*}"

Similar sentiments were probably never before heard from a Protestant pulpit in Maryland; and these were uttered to attach Catholics to the royal party, and only when the dawn of the revolution announced the rising of the sun of liberty;† the precise period when the subject of these memoirs returned to his native country.

The convention of Maryland had held its first meeting at Annapolis, in June, 1774, and was again convened in November of that year, to hear the report of its deputies to congress. Charles Carroll of Carrollton was then an active and efficient member of this body, and at its meeting in December, was appointed one of the "committee of correspondence for the province." That patriotic convention concluded its session on the 12th of December, with the following appeal:

"As our opposition to the settled plan of the British administration to enslave America, will be strengthened by a union of all ranks of men within this province, we do most earnestly recommend that all former differences about religion or politics, and all private animosities and quarrels of every kind, from henceforth cease, and be for ever buried in oblivion; and we entreat, we conjure every man, by his duty to God, his country, and his posterity, cordially to unite in defence of our common rights and liberties."[‡]

The patriotism of the people gave to the recommendations the force of law; and its concluding sentiments were the act of emancipation of the Catholics of Maryland. Throughout the active scenes of those times, Charles Carroll of Carrollton performed an important part. Among other committees of which he was a member, was the "*Committee to prepare a declaration of rights and a form of government for this State*."[§] That committee incorporated in the "Declaration of rights," the important principle which had first been established in Maryland by its Catholic settlers one hundred and forty years before.

"*Article XXXIII.*—That as it is the duty of every man to worship God in such manner as he thinks most acceptable to him, all persons professing the Christian religion are equally entitled to protection in their religious liberty, &c. Nor ought any person be compelled to frequent, or maintain, or contribute, unless on contract, to maintain any particular place of worship, or any particular ministry, &c."^{||}

The experience of seventy years has consecrated these principles in the affections of the people of Maryland, and insured to them immortality in that state in which "religious liberty obtained a home, *its only home in the wide world*, at the humble village which bore the name of St. Mary's,"¶ two hun-

* Boucher, pp. 288, 290.

† The author says his property was confiscated, and himself solemnly declared a traitor.—Preface, page lxxxiv.

‡ Proceedings of the Convention, p. 10.

§ Ibid. p. 222.

|| Ibid. p. 314.

¶ Bancroft, vol. i. p. 247.

dred years ago. The learned and liberal Bancroft says of the founder of Maryland: "Calvert deserves to be ranked among the most wise and benevolent lawgivers of all ages. He was the first in the history of the Christian world to seek for religious security and peace by the practice of justice, and not by the exercise of power; to plan the establishment of popular institutions with the enjoyment of liberty of conscience; to advance the cause of civilization by recognizing the rightful equality of all Christian sects. The asylum of Catholics was the spot, where, in a remote corner of the world, on the banks of rivers which had as yet been hardly explored, the mild forbearance of a proprietary adopted religious freedom as the basis of the state."^{*}

Thus distinguished by her services to the cause of religious liberty in her infancy, Maryland, in after times, became the mother of churches in the United States; and the subject of these memoirs the instrument in the hand of God for disseminating Catholic truth, and preserving Catholic unity in the great empire of freedom. Hence the writer conceived these sketches of Maryland's history appropriate as an introduction to the biography of her first bishop, and the history of the Catholic church in the United States.

* History of the United States, vol. i, p. 244.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

ILLINOIS.—A new and large church was opened for divine service at *Chicago*, on last Christmas day. The old church, built about ten years ago, will be occupied by the German congregation. The Catholic population is rapidly increasing in this city.

OREGON TERRITORY.—Rev. Father De Smet, accompanied by four Fathers of the Society of Jesus and one lay brother, has embarked at Antwerp, on the Belgian brig "Indefatigable," for Valparaiso and Callao. The establishment which these Missionaries are about to found, will have its seat at Wallamette, where the central mission house of the Jesuits of Oregon is about to be erected. On their arrival, there will be ten Jesuit Fathers, of the province of Missouri, in the Territory. What may we not expect from the labours of so many apostolic men among the thousands of Indians, who now sit in darkness and in the shadow of death!

INDIANA.—On the 17th December, the Right Rev. Bp. of Vincennes, Dr. De la Hailandiere, held an ordination in the Cathedral of that diocese, when Messrs. Martin Stalh and William Engeln, were ordained Sub-deacons.—*Cath. Advocate*.

KENTUCKY.—On the 2nd of February last, Rt. Rev. Dr. Chabrat, Coadju-

tor Bishop of Louisville, conferred the holy order of priesthood upon Messrs. *Lavialle, Cull, Joyce, and Quinn*, in the church of St. Thomas attached to the Diocesan Seminary.—*Ibid.*

NEW YORK.—*Albany*.—The Trustee system, by the almost unanimous wish of the congregation of St. Mary's of this city, and with the approbation of the Pastor and the Bishop of the diocese, has been abolished in that church. A noble example indeed!

BOSTON.—The orthodox church in East Boston has been purchased by the Catholics of that place for \$5,000. It is a splendid building, capacious and well finished. The width is 47 feet, and the length 64. There is a good basement for a school-room.—*Pilot.*

CANADA.—The Catholics of *Quebec* assembled on the 14th January, and adopted measures for the erection of a suitable mansion for the Bishop of *Quebec*. Large sums were contributed for the purpose.

SOUTH AMERICA.—*New Grenada*.—About a year ago, both the Ecclesiastical and Civil Authorities of this young and populous Republic, solicited the See of Rome to have the Fathers of the Society of Jesus among them to instruct the youth, to labour among the Indians, &c. Their wishes are about to be realized. A letter from Paris, dated the 9th of December, and received in this city, informs us that twelve Spanish Jesuit Fathers and six lay Brothers were about to sail for *Carthagena*.

ENGLAND.—The Very Rev. William Riddell, of Newcastle, has been appointed Bishop Coadjutor to the Rt. Rev. Dr. Mostyn, V. A. of the Northern District. His nomination is hailed with unbounded satisfaction. He was educated at the English college in Rome, and is only in his 39th year of age.

A large and respectable meeting was lately held by the Catholics of London, for the purpose of erecting an establishment of the "Sisters of Mercy" in the Metropolis.

A correspondent of the London Tablet assures us of the flourishing state the parish of *Moorfields* is in with regard to Catholicity. It is considered at an average, that there is not less than six Protestants received into the Catholic Church in *Moorfields* each week within the last five months, making, at least, the total number of one hundred and twenty.

OBITUARY.

DIED—On the 2nd December last, at Bordeaux, in France, Rev. SAMUEL COOPER, a convert to the Faith, who, for many years, edified the church in the United States by his charity and penitential life. He was a great benefactor to the Sisters of Charity in this country.

Towards the middle of February, at St. Mary's, Somerset, Ohio, Sister FRANCES WHELAN, a Nun of the order of St. Dominic.—R. I. P.

THE CATHOLIC CABINET,

AND

CHRONICLE OF RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Vol. 1.

ST. LOUIS: APRIL, 1844.

No. 12.

SKETCHES OF EARLY CATHOLIC MISSIONS IN THE WEST.

No. I.

The earliest Jesuit Missions among the Indians of the North West—Bancroft's statements reviewed.

One object of the Cabinet being to publish whatever may tend to shed light on the history of Catholicity in the West, we propose to prepare for its pages a series of papers, on the early Catholic Missions in the North Western portion of our Republic. It is not of course our intention to write a full and connected history of these Missions, but only to sketch out some of their more prominent facts and features.

The subject naturally branches out into two great divisions: the Indian Missions, and those among the white population of our recently settled Western States. We may hereafter say something on the latter division of the subject; but, for the present, we will confine our attention to the former.

The history of the Indian Missions has lately been invested with peculiar interest from the brilliant success which has crowned the labours of Father De Smet, and his companions among the tribes of the Rocky Mountains and of the Oregon Territory. The Jesuits have also been very successful in their recent missions among the Pottowatomies, as appears from some sketches just published in the Cabinet. We design, in the present and following papers, rapidly to trace the history of the earliest Jesuit Missions among the Indian tribes of the North West.

Bancroft, in the third volume of his "History of the United States," has devoted an entire Chapter* to this very interesting subject, as far at least as it came within his general scope. Considering that he is a Protestant, he has certainly done as much justice, as could have been expected, to the labours of the early

* Chapter xx. p. 109-175, Tenth Edition.
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Catholic missionaries among the Indians ; and, though he has done them nothing but justice, Catholics, who are usually grateful for small favours in this way, owe him a debt of gratitude.

He has availed himself of the excellent history of Charlevoix, as well as of the detailed accounts, or "*Relations*" of the Jesuit missionaries themselves. As far as he goes, he is generally accurate ; but we regret that he has confined himself to the first fifty years of these missions, embracing the period from 1632, to 1680. His style is brilliant and sparkling, but wanting in that natural simplicity which best suits historical narratives, especially those which treat of religious subjects. The accounts of the Jesuit fathers, from which he borrows copiously, possess this charming quality in an eminent degree. We have also detected, here and there, a lurking sneer, intended, we apprehend, as a *douceur* to Protestant prejudice. Yet withal, there is an apparent impartiality, and a certain air of candour and liberality pervading this portion of his history.

Chance lately threw into our way one of the oldest and most interesting of those *Relations* to which the American historian so often refers. It is a duodecimo volume of 103 pages, was printed at Paris, in 1650, and is entitled :* "*a Relation of what passed in the Mission of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus among the Hurons, a territory of New France, in the years 1648 and 1649.*" This narrative is written in that simple manner and unctious spirit, which delight and edify the reader. It enters into the most minute and interesting details, furnishes many thrilling anecdotes, and, by its copiousness, will enable the reader of Bancroft to supply the deficiency of his comparatively meagre account. We shall draw copiously on this little work ; but before we introduce our readers to its interesting contents, we must rapidly review, and summarily condense, the account of the early Jesuit missions as given by the American historian, whose authority in this matter is surely unexceptionable.

It is the glory of the Catholic Church to have been in all ages signalized by successful missionary zeal. From the day that her first ministers heard the divine command : "Go, teach all Nations ;" down to the present time, she has ever burned with an ardent zeal for the instruction and salvation of mankind. She alone has, in every age, fulfilled this divine commission ; she alone has converted the nations ; she alone has ever been the true and fruitful mother of civilization. After the lapse of eighteen hundred years, the same fire still glows in the bosom of her missionaries, as warmed the breasts of the first Apostles of the Lamb.

At every period of her history, her clergy have been among the chief pioneers of civilization. The Cross always accompanied, sometimes even pre-

* "*Relation de ce qui est passe en la Mission des Peres de la Compagnie de Jesus aux Hurons, pays de la Nouvelle France, es annees 1648 and 1649. Par P. Paul Raguenau, de la mesme Compagnie*"—A Paris—1650.

ceded, the banner of earthly conquest. Zeal for the salvation of souls was the very life and soul of all maritime enterprise, and expeditions of conquest. The sword subjected the bodies, the Cross won the hearts, of all who successively entered, the ever widening pale of the Christian civilization!

So it had been in South, so it was also in North America. In both, Catholics had the honour of first pioneering the way. In both, the Catholic Clergy established the first missions, and made the first proselytes to Christianity from among the aboriginal inhabitants. The Catholic French in North America, were animated by a spirit of religious zeal similar to that which had actuated the Spaniards in the Southern portion of the continent. Let us hear what Bancroft testifies on the subject.

“ Religious zeal, not less than commercial ambition, had influenced France to recover Canada ; and Champlain, its Governor, whose imperishable name will rival with posterity the fame of Smith and of Hudson, ever disinterested and compassionate, full of honour and probity, of ardent devotion and burning zeal, esteemed ‘ the salvation of a soul worth more than the conquest of an empire.’ ”*

Again he says :

“ Thus it was neither commercial enterprise, nor royal ambition, which carried the power of France into the heart of our continent : the motive was religion. Religious enthusiasm colonized New-England ; and religious enthusiasm founded Montreal, made a conquest of the wilderness on the Upper Lakes, and explored the Mississippi. Puritanism gave New-England its worship and its schools ; the Roman (Catholic) Church created for Canada its altars, its hospitals, and its Seminaries.”†

The religious enthusiasm which colonized New-England was of a different kind altogether from that which founded and peopled Canada. No where do we read that the French Catholic pilgrims of Canada either enacted blue laws, persecuted each other for conscience sake, drove fellow christians into the wilderness, or hanged people for witchcraft ! Neither do we ever hear of their having overreached the Indians, driven them from post to post, made war on and exterminated them, after having goaded them into desperation by insufferable exactions ! Nor do we ever read of the Catholic clergy acting as chaplains to the armies which were marching to exterminate the poor Indians, nor making long prayers at the head of the invading army, on the eve of battle, as did the *godly* Stone, when the colonists of New-England were marching against the Pequods of Connecticut ! In all these things, and in many more, the glory is all on the side of the Puritans !

Again, the policy pursued by the two sets of colonists for extending the boundries of their respective territories, was widely different. The puritans seem

* Vol. III, p. 119.

† P. 121.

to have thought very little about converting and civilizing the aborigines. Missionary enterprise among them seldom, if ever, preceded shrewd contracts for additional territory, or expeditions for conquest. They rarely ever followed either: the puritans seem to have thought little about the bodies, and still less about the souls of the poor Indians. Their conversion to Christianity was an after consideration; the acquisition of their lands was the primary object of puritan missionary zeal.

We read indeed of a feeble, and, in a great measure, unsuccessful effort of the puritan minister, John Elliot, to convert the miserable remnants of the Indian tribes, which the *humanity* of the pious pilgrims had suffered still to drag out a miserable existence in the immediate vicinity of Boston. We read also of an entirely unsuccessful attempt made by ministers sent from Boston to break up the flourishing Catholic missions established among the Abenakis of Maine, by the sainted Catholic missionary, Sebastian Rasles. Mr. Bancroft himself, a great advocate for the puritans, is our witness for all these facts, and for many more of a similar character, which want of space compels us to omit.*

On the contrary, the same historian assures us, that "the genius of Champlain . . . could devise no method of building up the dominion of France in Canada but by an alliance with the Hurons, or of confirming that alliance by the establishment of missions." And he adds: "Such a policy was congenial to a church which cherishes every member of the human race, without regard to lineage or skin."†

The genius of the pilgrims devised other means altogether for establishing puritan dominion in New England. The policy of *their* church, or churches, seems also to have been widely different. They were far too enlightened to cherish the tawny-skinned Indians: their delicate nerves were even greatly shocked at the bare sight of an ugly old woman, who happened to have a mole on her skin—a certain indication that she was a witch! The sublime sentiment of Champlain, who "esteemed the salvation of a soul worth more than the conquest of an empire," never once entered into *their* narrow minds!

The glory of having discovered America, and of having established the first colonies, the first missions, the first college, and the first charitable institutions in North America, belongs entirely to the Catholic Religion. Mr. Bancroft's authority bears us out in all these assertions. The Franciscans were the first Catholic missionaries, and the first of any kind, who laboured among the Indian tribes of North America. As early as the year 1615, we find Franciscan missionaries among the Indians of Maine. Our historian says:

"The first permanent efforts of French enterprise, in colonizing America, preceded any permanent English settlement north of the Potomac. Years before

* See his testimonies on this subject accumulated in a Review of Mr. Webster's Bunker Hill Speech, published in the Cabinet, in the No. for October, 1843.

† P. 121, vol. III.

the pilgrims anchored within Cape Cod, the Roman (Catholic) church had been planted, by missionaries from France, in the eastern moiety of Maine, and Le Caron, an unambitious Franciscan, had penetrated the land of the Mohawks, had passed to the North in the hunting-grounds of the Wyandots, and, bound by his vows to the life of a beggar, had, on foot, or paddling a bark canoe, gone onward and still onward, taking alms of the savages, till he reached the rivers of Lake Huron. While Quebec contained scarce fifty inhabitants, priests of the Franciscan order—Le Caron, Viel, Sagard—had laboured for years as missionaries in Upper Canada, or made their way to the neutral Huron tribe that dwelt on the waters of the Niagara.*

In 1632, the "Franciscans having, as a mendicant order, been excluded from the rocks and deserts of the new world, the office of converting the heathen of Canada, and thus enlarging the borders of French dominion, was entrusted solely to the Jesuits."† For this change the historian can assign no better motive, than that the Franciscans were a mendicant order—as if the Jesuits who succeeded them had not also taken the vow of poverty—and the interposition of "devotees" at the French Court, which felt that the "aspiring honour of the Gallican Church was interested."‡

In the first place, it does not appear, even from Mr. Bancroft's own showing, that the Franciscans were *wholly* excluded from the mission of North America. For as late as 1680, we find that the Franciscan, Hennepin, and his associates of the same order, accompanied the expedition of La Salle for exploring the Mississippi. It was he who first penetrated to the Falls of St. Anthony—called by him after the patron of his expedition, St. Anthony of Padua. "On a tree near the cataract, the Franciscan engraved the Cross, and the arms of France; and, after a Summer's rambles, diversified by a short captivity among the Sioux, he and his companions returned, by way of the Wisconsin and Fox rivers, to the French mission at Green Bay."§

Perhaps the intrinsic merits of the Jesuits, their more complete organization, and their greater adaptation to the Indian missions, had at least as much to do with their having been selected for this work by the French authorities, as the aspiring honour of the Gallican Church, or the interference of court devotees. Mr. Bancroft himself does justice to the character of the Jesuits, and bears us out in our mode of explaining the action of the French court on the subject. After having well spoken of the first establishment of the Jesuit order,|| he bears this testimony to the worth of the first missionaries of the Order in Canada.

"Within three years after the second occupation of Canada, (1633–1636) the number of Jesuit priests in the province reached fifteen; and every tradition bears testimony to their worth. They had the faults of ascetic superstition(!); but

* P. 118–119.
§ P. 166–7.

† Ibid. p. 120.
|| P. 120.

‡ Ibid.

the horrors of a Canadian life in the wilderness were resisted by an invincible passive courage, and a deep internal tranquillity. Away from the amenities of life, away from the opportunities of vain-glory, they became dead to the world, and possessed their souls in unalterable peace. The few who lived to grow old, though bowed down by the toils of a long mission, still kindled with the fervour of apostolic zeal. The history of their labours is connected with the origin of every celebrated town in the annals of French America; *not a cape was turned, nor a river entered, but a Jesuit led the way.*"*

The first College in North America, as we have said, was founded by Catholics. Here we have also the authority of Bancroft, who moreover assigns the true cause which led to its establishment—religious zeal.

"To confirm the missions, the first measure was the establishment of a College in New-France; and the parents of the Marquis de Gamache, pleased with his pious importunity, assented to his entering the order of the Jesuits, and added from their ample fortunes the means of endowing a Seminary for education at Quebec. Its foundation was laid, under happy auspices, in 1635, just before Champlain passed from among the living, and two years before the emigration of John Harvard, and one year before the general Court of Massachusetts had made provision for a College."†

The first charitable institutions on our portion of the American Continent were also of Catholic origin.

"The fires of charity were at the same time enkindled. The dutchess D' Aiguillon, aided by her uncle, the Cardinal Richelieu, endowed a public hospital dedicated to the Son of God, whose blood was shed in mercy for all mankind. Its doors were opened, not only to the sufferers among the emigrants, but to the maimed, the sick, and the blind, of any of the numerous tribes between the Kenebec and Lake Superiour; it relieved misfortune without asking its lineage. From the hospital nuns of Dieppe, three were selected, the youngest but twenty-two, the eldest but twenty-nine, to brave the famine and the rigours of Canada in their patient missions of benevolence."‡

This noble example of self-devoted zeal, found admirers and imitators among the religious ladies of Catholic France; and another Charitable institution was the result.

"The same religious enthusiasm (!) inspiring, Madame de la Peltier, a young and opulent widow of Alencon, with the aid of a nun of Dieppe and two others from Tours, established the Ursuline Convent for the education of girls. As the youthful heroines stepped on the shore at Quebec, (Aug. 1, 1639) they stooped to kiss the earth which they adopted as their mother, and were ready, in case of need, to tinge with their blood. The governor, with the little garrison, received them at the water's edge; Hurons and Algonquins, joining in the shouts, filled the air with yells of joy; and the motley group

* P. 122.

† P. 126.

‡ P. 126.

escorted the new comers to the Church where, amidst a general thanksgiving, the *Te Deum* was chanted. Is it wonderful that the natives were touched by a benevolence which their poverty and squalid misery could not appall? Their education was also attempted; and the venerable ash tree still lives, beneath which Mary of the Incarnation, so famed for chastened piety, genius, and good judgment, toiled, though in vain, for the culture of Huron children.”*

The hearts of the natives were much more capable of being touched by deeds of heroic benevolence, than were those of the puritans at no remote period. Every body knows how they were *touched*, when a branch of this same benevolent order of Ursuline ladies was established in the immediate vicinity of *enlightened* Boston. The mouldering ruins of Monnt Benedict still stand, a proud monument of their benevolence and *burning* zeal! Shame on them, for their unmanly and cowardly treatment of harmless and benevolent females! The very savages, whom their forefathers so inhumanly butchered, would, if possible, arise from their tombs, and blush for them who have not yet learned to blush!

Two years before the establishment of the Ursulines in Quebec, the benevolent Sillieri had already created another charitable institution for the civilization of the savages (A. D. 1637.)

“Meantime, a colony of the Hurons had been established in the vicinity of Quebec; and the name of Sillieri is the monument to the philanthropy of its projector. Here savages were to be trained to the faith and the manners of civilization.”†

The Hurons were the first tribe of Indians to whom the Jesuits carried the light of the Gospel. In 1634, Fathers John de Brebeuf and Anthony Daniel joined a party of barefoot Hurons who were returning from Quebec to their own country, situated to the North West of Lake Toronto, and near the shores of Lake Huron. The journey was long, and painful; the distance was three hundred leagues, or nine hundred miles; the way lay through dense and unexplored forests, almost impassable marshes, along the Ottawa river and its waters and over rugged hills and precipices. Over this difficult country, they had to carry their canoes on their shoulders, whenever the Ottawa river and its tributary streams proved unnavigable for them.

“And thus swimming, wading, paddling, or bearing the canoe across the portages with garments torn, with feet mangled, yet with the breviary safely hung round the neck, and vows, as they advanced, to meet death twenty times over, if it were possible, . . . the consecrated envoys made their way, by rivers, lakes, and forests, from Quebec to the heart of the Huron wilderness. There . . . they raised the first humble house of the Society of Jesus among the Hurons—the cradle it was said of His Church, who dwelt at Bethlehem (*Nazareth*?) in a cottage. The little chapel, built by aid of the axe,

* P. 127.

† P. 127.

and consecrated to St. Joseph, where, in the gaze of thronging crowds, veepers and matins began to be chanted, and the sacred bread was consecrated by Solemn Mass, amazed the hereditary guardians of the Council fires of the Huron tribes Two new christian villages, St. Louis and St. Ignatius, bloomed among the Huron forests.”*

In another place, the Historian thus describes the missionary life among the Hurons:

“The life of a missionary on Lake Huron was simple and uniform. The earliest hours, from four to eight, were absorbed in private prayer;† the day was given to schools, visits, instruction in the Catechism, and a service for proselytes. Sometimes, after the manner of St. Francis Xavier, Brebeuf would walk through the village and its environs, ringing a little bell and inviting the Huron braves and counsellors to a conference. There under the shady forest, the most solemn mysteries of the Catholic faith were subjected to discussion”(!)‡

He gives a very interesting account of the famous Huron Chief, Ahasistari.

“Nature had planted in his mind the seeds of religious faith. ‘Before you came to this country,’ he would say, ‘when I have incurred the greatest perils, and have alone escaped, I have said to myself: some powerful spirit has the guardianship of my days’; and he professed his belief in Jesus, as the good genius and protector, whom he had before unconsciously adored. After trials of his sincerity, he was baptized; and, enlisting a troop of converts, savages like himself, ‘let us strive,’ he exclaimed, ‘to make the whole world embrace the faith in Jesus.’”§

This last incident reminds us of the well known anecdote of king Clovis, the founder of the French monarchy, who, hearing the history of our Saviour’s Passion read to him while confined to a sick bed, leaped up, and exclaimed: “why was I not there with my Franks?”

The Huron missions continued to flourish for the space of fifteen years: immense numbers of the Indians entered into the Christian fold, and many flourishing Christian villages were organized. The central mission called the Conception, of which the chief house was St. Mary’s, was situated on the Matchedash, a stream which joins Lakes Toronto and Huron. In one single year, three thousand red men from the different tribes shared the hospitality of the good Fathers at this missionary station. At one time the missionaries had no communication with Quebec or Montreal for the space of three whole years, (1641–1644) during which their clothing fell to pieces, and they suffered grievously for the necessaries of life. Still they perserved with all the ardour

* P. 122–3.

† And Mass, which was celebrated every morning about sunrise, in presence of the Neophytes.

‡ P. 125.

§ Ibid.

of Apostles, and their number went on constantly increasing. Let us hear our historian.

"Yet the efforts of the Jesuits were not limited even to the Huron race. Within thirteen years, this remote wilderness was visited by forty two missionaries, members of the society of Jesus, besides eighteen others, who, if not initiated, were yet chosen men, ready to shed their blood for their faith. Twice or thrice a year, they all assembled at St. Mary's; for the rest of the time, they were scattered through the infidel tribes."*

We shall hereafter see how this flourishing mission was broken up by an incursion of the fierce Iroquois, the most deadly enemies of the Hurons. We will also have occasion to trace more in detail, from the old "Relation" alluded to, the wonderful fruits gathered in this first field of Jesuit missionary labours among the Indians. As this was the first mission, it was also a kind of model for all the rest; and as we design, in our second and third papers, to dwell in detail on its history, we will be dispensed from here giving a detailed account of the missions among the other tribes. We will accordingly close this paper with a rapid glance at them, in taking which we will follow Mr. Bancroft's statements, which we have found to be, in the main, very accurate.

From the map published by the Jesuits in Paris, in the year 1660, it appears that their missionaries before this date, "had traced the highway of waters from Lake Erie to Lake Superior, and had gained a glimpse at least of Lake Michigan."† As early as 1638, the plan was formed by them to establish missions among the Algonquins both north and south of Lake Huron, in Michigan, and at Green Bay. But the scanty number and the incessant labours of the Jesuits prevented them from carrying this purpose immediately into execution. Burning with zeal for the salvation of souls for whom Jesus had died, they ardently prayed the Lord that he would send additional labourers into his vineyard. Their prayer was heard; and two years later, (1640) the Superiors of the mission were enabled to send Fathers Charles Raymbault and Claude Pijart among the Algonquins of the North and West.‡

A year later, FF. Raymbault and Jogues were sent to preach among the Chippewas dwelling at Sault Sainte Marie, in Michigan, the chief of which tribe had humbly sued for missionaries. This mission was painful, but promised success.

"The chieftains of the Chippewas invited the Jesuits to dwell among them, and hopes were inspired of a permanent mission. A council was held: 'we will embrace you,' said they, 'as brothers; we will derive profit from your words.'"§ "Thus," the historian says, "did the religious zeal of the French bear the Cross to the banks of the St. Mary, and the confines of Lake Superior, and look wistfully towards the homes of the Sioux in the valley of the

* P. 128.

† Ibid.

‡ P. 129.

§ P. 132.

Mississippi, five years before the New England Elliot had addressed the tribe of Indians that dwelt within six miles of Boston harbour.*

The "New England Elliot," should not be mentioned on the same page with the very humblest of the Jesuit missionaries. Did he, or did any other Protestant minister, ever make any *great* sacrifices for the spiritual benefit of the Indians? Did he leave father and mother, and home and wife, to devote himself, for their salvation, body and soul, in hunger and nakedness, amid "Perils of rivers, in perils of robbers, in perils in the wilderness, in labours and painfulness, in watching often, in hunger and thirst, in many fastings, in cold and in nakedness?"† Was ever a Protestant minister known to endure all this for the love of Christ, and the conversion of the heathen? All this, however, the Jesuits endured, and many of them much more still; for many of them gladly laid down their lives in this cause. The first missionaries among the Hurons—Fathers Daniel, Brebeuf, and Lallemant—all fell glorious martyrs to their devoted zeal. The "New England Elliot" is not known to have penetrated farther into the Indian wilderness than six miles from Boston harbour; and he did very little, and succeeded very poorly, even when he had reached this amazing distance from home.

Father Raymbault soon after fell a victim to the climate, and died of consumption at Quebec. (Oct. 1642) His associate, Father Jogues, who with him had first planted the Cross in Michigan, was reserved for a still more disastrous fate. Taken prisoner by the fierce Mohawks, he was carried by them to the vicinity of Albany in New York. His brave companion, the Huron chief Ahasistari, could easily have effected his escape, at the time that the Jesuit was taken prisoner: but he came out from his hiding place, and addressing Father Jogues, said: "my brother, I made oath to thee that I would share thy fortune, whether death or life; here am I to keep my vow."‡ He was condemned to the flames; and "having received absolution, he met his end with the enthusiasm of a convert, and the pride of the most gallant war chief of his tribe."§

Father Jogues was made to run the gauntlet at three different Mohawk villages: "for days and nights, he was abandoned to hunger and every torment which petulant youth could devise. But yet there was consolation: an ear of Indian corn on the stalk was thrown to the good father, and see! to the broad blade there clung little drops of dew, or of water, enough to baptize two captive neophytes."|| He had expected death: but the Mohawks, satisfied perhaps with his sufferings, or awed at his sanctity, spared his life, and his liberty was enlarged.

"On a hill apart, he carved a long Cross on a tree, and there, in the solitude, meditated the imitation (*passion?*) of Christ, and soothed his griefs by

* P. 131.

§ P. 134.

† II. Corinth. xi, 26-27.

|| P. 133.

‡ P. 133.

reflecting that he alone, in that vast region, adored the true God of earth and heaven. Roaming through the stately forests of the Mohawk valley, he wrote the name of Jesus on the bark of trees, graved the Cross, and entered into possession of these countries, in the name of God—often lifting up his voice in a solitary chant. Thus did France bring its banner and its faith to the confines of Albany. The missionary himself was humanely ransomed from Captivity by the Dutch, and sailing for France, soon returned to Canada.”*

“Similar was the fate of Father Bressani. Taken prisoner while on his way to the Hurons; beaten, mangled, mutilated; driven barefoot over rough paths, through briars and thickets; scourged by a whole village; burned, tortured, wounded, and scared—he was eye-witness to the fate of one of his companions, who was boiled and eaten. Yet some mysterious awe protected his life, and he too, was at last, humanely rescued by the Dutch.”†

These examples are worthy of the brightest days of the Church, when the Pagans shouted: “the christians to the lions!”

The charity of Christ urged the missionaries forward, as it had urged St. Paul of old. Like him too, “forgetting the things that were behind, and stretching forth themselves to those which were before, they pursued towards the mark, for the prize of the supernal vocation of God in Christ Jesus.”‡ Wherever there was an opportunity to gain a soul to Christ, there the Jesuit missionary was to be found, in spite of snows and frosts, and rugged roads, and apprehensions of savage barbarity. Onward and still onward rolled the sacred tide of missionary enterprise, purifying and regenerating the savage tribes in its course. The missionary never paused in his career: he sought no rest other than the eternal rest of the Saints.

The Abenakis of Maine had already received the light of the Gospel from the Franciscian missionaries, early in the seventeenth century. One of these, Father Viel, had been drowned (A. D. 1623) by having his frail canoe dashed in pieces, while “shooting a rapid on his way from the Hurons.”§ The Abenakis, touched with the benevolence of Silleri, applied for Jesuit missionaries, in the year 1646.

“In August, Father Gabriel Dreuillettes, first of Europeans, made the long and painful journey from the St. Laurence to the sources of the Kennebec, and, descending that stream to its mouth in a bark canoe, continued his roamings on an open sea along the coast A few miles above the mouth of the Kennebec, the Indians in large numbers gathered about him, building a rude chapel. In the winter, he was their companion in their long excursions in quest of game. Who can tell all the hazards that were encountered? The sharp rocks in the channel of the river were full of perils for the frail canoe; winter turned the solitudes into a wilderness of snow; the rover, christian or pagan, must carry about with him his house, his furniture, and his food. But

* P. 134.

† Ibid.

‡ Philippians iii. 13-14.

§ P. 181.

the Jesuit succeeded in winning the affections of the savages; and, after a pilgrimage of ten months, an escort of thirty conducted him to Quebec, full of health and joy.”*

Thus the Jesuits had penetrated the present territory of the United States at three different points: at Sault St. Marie in Michigan, among the Abenakis of Maine, and the Mohawks around Albany in New-York. This last tribe was the fiercest and most indomitable of all. We have already seen how cruelly they treated Father Isaac Jogues, and how wonderfully he escaped from their hands. This good man, having speedily returned to the missions of Canada, soon had an opportunity of requiting evil with good. In May, 1646, he was sent on an embassy to the Mohawks whose language he had learned while in captivity. He was hospitably received, and had an interview also with the Onondagas, a neighbouring tribe. Elated with joy at his success, on his return to Quebec, he made a report, which induced the hope and resolution of founding a permanent mission in New-York. He was selected as superior of the new mission.

On leaving his brethren, he said: *ibo et non redibo*—“I will go and will not return.” The treacherous Mohawks made him a prisoner, “and, against the voice of the other nations, he was condemned by the grand council as an enchanter, who had blighted their harvest. Timid by nature, yet tranquil from zeal, he approached the cabin where the death festival was kept, and, as he entered, received the death blow. His head was hung upon the palisades of the village; his body thrown into the Mohawk River.”†

The Onondagas and other tribes of New-York were more sincere. The death of Father Jogues, far from terrifying his brother missionaries, had contributed rather to influence them with a desire to labour in some field, and if possible, to share his crown of martyrdom. In 1655, Fathers Chaumonot and Dablon, were sent on this mission.

“They were hospitably welcomed at Onondaga, the principal village of the tribe. A general convention was held at their desire; and, before the multitudinous assembly of the chiefs and the whole people, gathered under the open sky, among the primeval forests, the presents were delivered; and the Italian Jesuit, with much gesture, after the Italian manner, discoursed so eloquently to the crowd, that it seemed to Dablon as if the word of God had been preached to all the nations of that land. On the next day, the chiefs and others crowded round the Jesuits with their songs of welcome. ‘Happy land! they sang, ‘happy land! in which the French are to dwell;’ and the chief led the chorus; ‘glad tidings! glad tidings!! It is well, that we have spoken together; it is well, that we have a heavenly message.’ At once a chapel sprang into existence, and by the zeal of the nations was finished in a day. ‘For marbles and precious stones,’ writes Dablon, ‘we employed only bark; but the path to

* P. 136.

† P. 137-8.

heaven is as open through a roof of bark, as through arched ceilings of silver and gold.' The savages showed themselves susceptible of the excitements of religious ecstasy; and there, in the heart of New-York, the solemn services of the Roman (Catholic) Church, were chanted as securely as in any part of christendom."*

The other tribes of New-York also received missionaries, about the same time. And even the fierce Mohawks began to relent, and the Jesuit Le Moyne, "selecting the banks of their river for his abode, resolved to persevere, in the vain hope of infusing into their savage nature the gentler spirit of civilization."† The other tribes of the five nations, including the Onondagas just mentioned, proved more tractable.

"The Cayugas also desired a missionary, and they received the fearless René Mesnard. In their village, a Chapel was erected, with mats for the tapestry; and there the pictures of the Saviour, and of the Virgin Mother, were unfolded to the admiring children of the wilderness. The Oneidas also listened to the missionary; and, early in 1657, Chaumonot reached the more fertile and more densely peopled land of the Senecas The Jesuit priests published their faith from the Mohawk to the Genessee, Onondaga remaining the central Station."‡

The missions stretched Westward, along Lake Superiour, to the Waters of the Mississippi. Two young fur traders, having travelled to the West for five hundred leagues, returned in 1656, attended by a number of savages from the Mississippi valley, who eagerly demanded missionaries for their country lying beyond Lake Superiour.

"Their request was eagerly granted; and Gabriel Dreuillettes, the same who carried the Cross through the forests of Maine, and Leonard Gareau, of old a missionary among the Hurons, were selected as the first religious envoys to a land of sacrifices, shadows and deaths. The canoes are launched; the tawny mariners embark; the oars flash and swords of joy and triumph mingle with the last adieus. But just below Montreal, a band of Mohawks, enemies to the Ottawas, awaited the convoy; in the affray, Gareau was mortally wounded and the fleet dispersed."§

Undetermined by the sad fate of these first envoys, the Jesuits were still fired with zeal to carry the Cross Westward.

"If the five nations," they said, "can penetrate these regions, to satiate their passion for blood; if mercantile enterprize can bring furs from the plains of the Sioux;—why cannot the Cross be borne to their cabins? The zeal of Francis de Laval, the bishop of Quebec, kindled with a desire himself to enter on the mission; but the lot fell to René Mesnard His departure was immediate, (A. D. 1660) and with few preparations; for he trusted—such are his words—'in the Providence which feeds the little birds

* P. 143.

† Ibid.

‡ P. 145.

§ P. 146.

of the desert, and clothes the wild flowers of the forests.' Every personal motive seemed to retain him at Quebec; but 'powerful instincts' impelled him to the enterprise. Obedient to his vows, the aged man entered on the path that was red with the blood of his predecessors, and made haste to scatter the seeds of truth through the wilderness, even though the sower cast his seed in weeping. 'In three or four months,' he wrote to a friend, 'you may add me to the *memento* of deaths.' "

His presentiment was verified by the event. After having remained with his neophytes about eight months, the venerable man, "while his attendant was employed in the labour of transporting the canoe, was lost in the forest, and was never more seen. Long afterwards, his cassock and his breviary were kept as amulets among the Sioux.*"

Similar was the death of the great Father Marquette, the discoverer of the Mississippi—for want of space compels us reluctantly to pass over the labours of his two illustrious companions, Fathers Allouez and Dablon;† as well as our author's graphic account of the brilliant missions among the Chippewas, the Sioux, the Illinois, the Potowattomies, the Sacs and the Foxes.‡ The omission, however, may be, in a great measure, supplied by the reader; for what has been hitherto said of the other missions, may be repeated, with some modifications, of those just mentioned.

We will now give Mr. Bancroft's account of the death of Marquette. In company with the French envoy Joliet, he had discovered and descended the Mississippi beyond the mouth of the Arkansas River. On the 17th of July, 1673, he prepared for his return up the mighty stream. Both in his descent and in his ascent, he had often paused to preach the gospel to the numerous tribes with whom he happened to meet. On his return, he ascended and explored the Illinois River; and soon arrived at Green Bay, by way of Chicago and Lake Michigan.

"Joliet returned to Quebec to announce the discovery; the unaspiring Marquette remained to preach the Gospel to the Miamis, who dwelt in the North of Illinois, round Chicago. Two years afterwards, (A. D. 1675) sailing from Chicago to Mackinaw, he entered a little river in Michigan. Erecting an altar, he said Mass after the rites of the Catholic Church: then, begging the men who conducted his canoe to leave him alone for a half hour,

' In the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication.'

At the end of the half hour, they went to seek him, and he was no more. The good missionary, discoverer of a world, had fallen asleep on the margin of

* P. 147-8.

† See Bancroft pp. 149, seq. and 162, seq.

‡ P. 150 seq.

the stream that bears his name. Near its mouth, the canoemen dug his grave in the sand. Ever after, the forest rangers, if in danger on Lake Michigan, would invoke his name. The people of the West will build his monument.”*

Such are some of the leading facts and features of the earliest Catholic missions among the Indian tribes of the North West. The reader cannot fail to have admired the self-devotion, the disinterestedness, and the unquenchable zeal of the Jesuits. Their missionary labours on our continent, forcibly remind us of the heroic disregard of self manifested by Christian missionaries in the first ages of the Church. Their stupendous success is a conclusive proof, that God was with them, and smiled on their exertions and that they preached the true faith. We may triumphantly ask our dissenting brethren, to produce, from the annals of *their* missionary enterprise, any thing to compare with the picture drawn of the early Jesuit missions by the Protestant Historian, Bancroft.

The Jesuit missions of the North West, begun under auspices so favourable, were continued with various vicissitudes, from 1634, to the suppression of the order in 1773—a period of 139 years. Even after this event, some of the Jesuits still remained with their dear Indians, in the character of secular priests.† After the English government had gained possession of Canada, in 1763, the Jesuits were viewed with suspicion, and they would speedily no doubt have been excluded from the Indian missions under British influence, even if Clement XIV., had not thought proper to suppress the Order, ten years later. What cared England for the souls of the poor savages? Or what nation or tribe did *her* influence ever convert or civilize?

P. F.

* P. 161-2.

† As, for instance, the one stationed at Kaskaskia.

TO THE MADONNA, WITH SOME SNOWDROPS.

Accept these blossoms of the snow-clad earth,
The fair young offerings of the opening year,
The winter snows that cradle round their birth,
Scarce more transparent than their bloom appear.

Oh MARY! can we see these buds, nor feel
The touching likeness that to them is given?
Since all earth's flowers, that purity reveal,
Put on thy guise, and lift our souls to heaven.

And as the picture of an absent friend,
With love would bear us to their arms we see,
So do we gaze upon these flowers, and send
Our thoughts, our wishes, and our prayers to thee!

Accept then, **MARY**, these first gifts of Spring,
 They have no virtues but they emblem thine;
 Accept the love, the praises that we bring,
 With these white flowers, to offer at thy shrine.—[London Mag.]
 M. C. A.

[From the Dublin Review.]

PRAYER AND PRAYER-BOOKS.

1. *The Garden of the Soul.* Derby: 1842.
2. *Catholic Hour; or, the Family Prayer-book.* Third Edition. 1841.
3. *The Catholic's Manual of Private Devotion.* Third Edition. 1839.

While preparing to lay before our readers such remarks as the publications before us suggest, a two fold scene presents itself to our imagination.

On the one side, we seem to ourselves to behold a venerable sanctuary, be its country and character what it may; whether the dark and awful precincts of the holy house at Loretto; or the silver crypt in which St. Charles Borromeo lies enshrined; or one of our own ancient pilgrimages, the chapel of St. Cuthbert or St. Thomas, restored to its ancient beauty and splendour. Around the object of common veneration are scattered various suppliants; not marshalled into ranks by vergers' wands, but as greater earnestness or greater humility, as pious curiosity or desire of concealment prompts, nearer or more afar; some in the bright glow of burning tapers, or of sunbeams streaming through richly-stained windows; some half veiled in the mysterious shadows of clustered pillars or secluded nooks. There we see the Belgian matron, hooded and cloaked in her dark flowing drapery, a breathing, but motionless figure,—a living Van-Eyck; on another side we have the German peasant, with arms out-stretched as though on a cross, in deep and earnest supplication; further back we find the Swiss pilgrim, leaning on his staff, as, rosary in hand, he kneels with hoary head and flowing beard bowed lowly down; and in front of all, and pressing on nearer to the shrine, the Italian, the bright attire of the Abruzzi, kneeling as though reclining backwards, in the attitude of Canova's Magdalen, with her hands clasped upon her knees, and her glowing upturned countenance streaming with tears.

On the other side is another scene. The altar and its appurtenances are finished in the best style of most approved upholstery; the tightly fitted carpet is well covered to secure its holiday freshness, the marbling and graining are unexceptionable in colour and in varnish. Here, too, are worshippers; the Parisian dame reclining on her tall chair *priedieu*, with her silver-mounted prayer-book, the English seat-holder surrounded by all the luxury of worsted-worked cushions and moroco-bound books of devotion.

It is far from our intention to make any invidious comparison between the actors in the two scenes: or even to insinuate that the second class may not be as devout and as fervent as the first. On the contrary, habit has so much influence on even our most sacred duties, that we believe that those first described would be as unable to pray, and be as cold in their supplications, were they placed amidst the soft accompaniments of the others' prayers, as these would be if dropped down alone and unsupported on the cold pavement of an old Gothic church. But somehow or other, the eye and the thought seem to find something more akin to the avowed purpose of both scenes, in the outward bearing and appearance of those who compose the first. If a painter desired to represent a fervent suppliant, he certainly would look on it for his models: if a poet wished to describe the prayerful out-pourings of an afflicted heart, he would make them be expressed in its outward forms: nay, if the preacher or moralist should seek to stir up his hearer or reader to a fitting observance of devotional duties, he would surely draw his imagery and illustrate his meaning from the same source. We, indeed, are not artists, nor poets; neither are we intending to deliver a homily upon such sacred topics. We are only poor critics, anxious not to blame but to correct; and therefore, in all that we have said, we have only wished to present our readers with what we conceive to be accurate types of two species of prayers, and two classes of prayer books, now in use amongst us—the ancient or liturgical and truly ecclesiastical, and the modern, multifarious, and unauthoritative. In the former are combined all the powerful and the beautiful, the deep and the sublime, the holy and the poetical, which minds and hearts gifted by heaven with little less than inspiration could mingle together. The spirit of celestial harmony pervades their words, and combines their phrases, and weaves them into sentences and strains of marvellous art. In them we admire a rich and mellow tone, an almost playful variety, now passing from the grave to the cheerful, as if by a sudden burst, then descending gradually from the sublime to the familiar, with no loss of dignity. Every thing is heart-felt, soul-deep: the sob of contrition, the *De profundis* of the spirit, comes from the innermost caverns of a hollow, sorrow-worn breast; the song of thanksgiving, its *Te Deum*, springs blithe and light from quivering lips, as if to carol among heavenly choirs. The voice of ancient priests must needs, one would think, have been of a rich and solemn modulation, now unknown on earth, to have had such beautiful sentences allotted to it to utter; and the multitudes who answered must have made a sound like to the noise of many waters, to have inspired such responses. What a fitness in the selection of every versicle; what refinement in the choice of allusions and illustrations; what exquisite taste in the application of Holy Writ to every want; what simple and natural, yet most sublime poetry pervading every office, even where metre is excluded; what a noble elevation of thought and expression in the more didactic portions! There is a fragrance, a true incense, in those ancient prayers, which seems to rise from the lips, to wind upwards in soft, balmy

clouds, upon which angels may recline, and look down upon us as we utter them. They seem worthy to be caught up in a higher sphere, and to be heaped upon the altar above, at which an angel ministers.

In them we look in vain for that formal arrangement, that systematic distribution of parts which distinguishes our modern prayers. We never have petitions regularly labelled and cut to measure; and yet nothing can we want that is not there asked for. What seems at first sight almost disorder, is found, on examination, to be a most pleasing variety, produced by most artless, yet most refined, arrangement. They lack the symmetry of the *parterre*; there seems to have been no line and compass used in laying them out; the flowers are not placed according to a rigid classification, but they have the grandeur, and the boldness, and withal the freshness of a landscape; their very irregularities give them beauties, their sudden transitions effect; and their colours are blended in a luxurious richness with which no modern art can vie. They partake of all the solemnity and all the stateliness of the places in which they were first recited: they retain the echoes of the gloomy catacomb, they still resound with the jubilee of gilded basilicas, they keep the harmonious reverberations of lofty grained vaults. The Church's sorrows and her joys, martyrs' obligation, and confessors' thanksgiving, anchorites' sighs, and virgins' breathings of love,—all are registered there. He that would muse over a skull hath his *Dies Iræ*; she that would stand at the foot of the holy Rood, her *Stabat Mater*; and they that would adore in concert before the altar, their *Lauda Sion*.

Nor hath the Church at any time lost her power of prayer, her mastery over the harp of David; but silent and almost unstrung as it may for a long space appear, she hath but to attune it when she lists, and strike it, and bring forth the same sweet, soothing notes as at the beginning. Every new service or prayer which she has added to the pontifical or ritual, dissolves into the mass of more ancient compositions, so as to be undistinguishable, and blends with them, as a new ingredient in "the sweet confections of the apothecary,"* equal to the rest in savour as in virtue. Every modern office, like those requisite ones of the Passion which she has added to her breviary, overflows with the same exquisite poetry, the same balmy unction as the ancient services. And as to prayers emanating from the hearts and pens of holy contemplatives in the Middle Ages and in later times, we may truly say that they thoroughly partake of the Church's spirit, breathe her thoughts, in fact, are but sweet waters drawn off through private channels from her pure stream. St. Bonaventura and St. Bernard, and many like them, in those golden times of devotion, proved how completely men might be the tongues, so to speak, of the Church, and express her holiest feelings; the *Jesu, dulcis amor meus* of St. Francis Xavier, the *Sancte Domine, et suscipe universam libertatem meam* of St. Ignatius, the *Ante oculos tuos* of Urban VIII, which is hung round the confession of the apostles in

* Eccles. xxxviii. 7.

Rome, and many other private prayers, contain in them more pith and feeling than much longer compositions of modern times.

But to these we must now turn. The so-called Reformation, wherever it fell, blighted all warmth and tenderness, and introduced a totally new system of prayer. We know that some persons, enamoured of the services of the Anglican Church, find great aptness and beauty in their very barrenness, and consider it a fitting expression of the state of mourning in which that establishment put itself, or was put, on its separation from unity. We own we cannot take this view, for which no historical evidence can be offered. It was the dry puritanism of the times that influenced the compilers of its service-books. It was the shadow of the Geneva gown and cap that hung over them, a baneful night-shade, a joy-killing upas-tree to all devotion and cheerful piety that came within reach of its heartless influence. The prayer-book kept a sort of meagre breviary service in the morning and evening prayer; but every hymn and antiphon was lost, and the beautiful alternation of cheerfulness and solemnity, the mixture of the didactic and the lyric, found in the day offices, was totally swept away. In the communion service, too, the peculiar beauties of the old liturgies, to which we will in due time advert, disappeared, and their places were supplied by comparatively dry and cold prayers and exhortations.

Now it has seemed to us as though some of the leaven which, while it fermented, sowed the sweet bread of old devotion among our neighbours, had unfortunately slipped among ourselves. For the imperfections which we find in Protestant prayers we feel we may to some extent charge upon many of our own compositions. It appears to us as though most of our modern English prayers came too much from the head. Not that the heart was wanting in those who composed them—far are we from thinking so; but they feared to let it play; they put it in fetters, they bound up its feelings too much, lest they should turn imprudent. The consequence is, that they bear a certain reasoning, argumentative air, that smacks of a sadly controversial age. If we may venture to use such a phrase, we *memorialize* the Almighty instead of praying to Him. Our supplications for forgiveness seem to be not so much the cry of a culprit, who throws himself on his knees, before the Judge in whose hands lies his fate, as a petition to the throne for commutation of sentence. Every thing is admirably arranged, every extenuating circumstance earnestly pleaded; motives of mercy powerfully adduced: but there lacks the tear, and the sob, and the language of the contrite, that is the *crushed* heart: the confusedly mingled throbs of terror and hope, of sorrow and love. So it is with our other prayers. Our thanksgiving expresses how we *ought* to be most grateful to God, wonders how we can ever forget his benefits, and begs that we may never cease to remember them. But it breaks not out at once into a canticle; it sings not forth spontaneously; “*Cantemus Domino, gloriose enim magnificatus est;*”*

* “Let us sing to the Lord, for He is gloriously magnified.”

it seems to be a duty, not a movement of the heart. Our expressions of love are likewise so constructed. They adduce the reasons which we have for loving our Creator, our Father and Redeemer; they acknowledge the imperfection of our charity; they express, in fine, that we do love however inadequately. But there is not always in them the fervour of love overflowing the heart and lips, in glowing, affectionate, impassioned addresses: we find not in them the surpassing sweetness of the "*Jesu dulcis memoria*," or the concentrated out-bursts of love divine which many short sentences of the saints contain. There are quatrains, nay lines, in the poems of St. Francis of Assisium that express the ardour of a loving heart beyond what any modern, elaborate prayer has done. And why? simply because they speak as one does who loves. Our modern prayers seem to us to have no wings: they creep with us on our own low sphere: they bear us not up to the empyreal, whither we wish prayer to raise us: we feel not among angels and saints as we pronounce them. And if they soar not with us, neither do they always warm us here below. They are as green wood placed upon the altar; not like the perfumed cedar of the olden forms, which set it in a blaze, and rose gloriously upwards.

We trust we shall not be deemed censorious in writing thus. But we feel that it is just to give some illustrations or exemplifications of what we say. We might at once refer to the prayers for Sundays of that truly pious and learned divine Gother, as fully bearing out all that we have said. Long argumentative prayers will be there found in abundance, admirable as instructive, but far too heavy and dry for ordinary faithful. Let us, however, select a very short prayer given in almost all our prayer-books:

PRAYER AFTER MASS.

"Accept, O most gracious God, this our sacrifice; whatever by thy grace, we may have performed with diligence, in thy clemency regard; and what we have done with negligence, mercifully pardon, through Jesus Christ Our Lord. Amen."

Nothing is here wanting; the prayer is excellent in all its parts. But it is a collect in form, and seems to us cold in its present place, compared with more ancient liturgical compositions. Compare, for instance, the following concluding prayer from a Syriac liturgy.

"Grant me O God that grace of thy Holy Spirit, which Thou vouchsafedst to thy holy disciples in the upper chamber on Mount Sion, and on Mount Olivet; nor take it from me either in this world or in the next. For from Thee is every good and perfect gift. O Light of lights, Creator of the world, Thee we adore, Thee we glorify now and for ever, unto endless ages! Farewell in peace, O altar most holy! may I in peace return to thee again! The victim which I have received from thee be to me the forgiveness of my debts, and the pardon of my sins, and obtain for me to stand before the judgment-seat of

Christ, without debt or shame; for I know not whether I shall ever offer up sacrifice upon thee again!"*

But before this is a splendid hymn of thanksgiving alternately sung between the priest and the deacon, which we would willingly transcribe, did space permit. It shows the joy and exultation with which the Church gave thanks for her most precious gift. Let us rather take another point of comparison. From the edition of the "Garden of Souls," as in several preceding editions, there has been excluded a very long morning exercise, in which all the proper topics of such a prayer were systematically included. With similar good judgment, several other such prayers, for sickness, indulgences, &c., have been omitted. For though excellent in many respects, they had the fault to which we have so often alluded, of being heavy, long, and formal. Some of the evening prayers in the various manuals before us we think liable to the same objections. It is not necessary to refer individually, because we fear they all labour under the disadvantage which we desire to notice. This we must beg to go about in our own way.

There can be no doubt that while the ancient Christians had their thoughts constantly turned towards God, in private prayer, the Church took care to provide for all the regular and necessary discharge of this duty, by her public offices. These were not meant to be holiday services, or mere clerical duties; but the ordinary, daily, and sufficient discharge of an obligation belonging to every state and class in the Church. It never was understood that *besides* the public offices there should be certain long, family or private prayers, as necessary to discharge the duty of morning and evening spiritual sacrifice. For all that was right on this score, she took care to provide; and where she has done this, we may be sure of its being done beyond hope of rivalry. Unfortunately, those offices have, for the most part, been reduced to a duty, discharged by the clergy in private, and have thus come to be considered by us as a purely ecclesiastical obligation superadded to, not comprehending, the discharge of ordinary Christian duty. One is apt to forget that Prime is the Church's morning prayer, and Complin her evening devotions. Yet so the two manifestly are. But what greatly helps to make us overlook this fact, is, that we have been accustomed to consider morning and evening prayers as necessarily of a specific form, composed of certain specific acts of devotion, arranged in a formal order; and have lost sight of that form which characterises all the offices of the Church; and is and must be far the most perfect. Let us observe the principal difference between the two classes of prayers.

1. It will at once strike us, that the modern ones are almost entirely composed for recital by one person. That this is not with a view to private devotion, appears from the few responses which are introduced, just sufficient

* Assemani Cod, Liturg. tom. v. p. 225.

to show that congregational, or family, worship, as it is called, is intended. Yet the great body of assistants must be mere listeners, while one person recites a long series of prayers. Every one knows how difficult it is to keep up prolonged attention under these circumstances,—how easily the mind wanders and is fairly lost, till recalled mechanically by a response. Now this shows the advantage of frequency in these; nay how expedient it would be to have them come in almost every moment. Such is precisely the form of the Church offices. In the more solemn liturgy or mass, where the principal actor is the priest, having a ministry exclusively his, the rest must be content to join their prayers mentally with his, or rather with the sacred rite performed by him. And so in some other functions, wherein the priestly character alone has efficacy to act. But in all other daily Church offices, the service is essentially choral; all join, in nearly equal parts; psalms, hymns, versicles, antiphons, belong to the entire company of fellow-worshippers. All therefore become equally sharers, equally interested in the holy exercise; the attention is kept alive, or easily recovers itself. Surely this is a great advantage, and gives at once immense superiority to the ancient over the modern form of prayer.

2. The Church offices are always full of life and cheerfulness. This, in fact, seems to be a marked characteristic of the Catholic Church; she ever prays in hymns, making “a joyful noise to God with psalms.” Even when she mourns she must have her song,—attuned in a deeper key, but still enlivening sorrow itself with hope. For about two months in the year she suppresses her Alleluja: for a fortnight at Passion-tide she withdraws in part her *Gloria Patri* but only for three days, the three most solemn days of the year does she silence the hymns in her office. Yet even then she does not banish them from the liturgy. On Maundy-Thursday she sings them at the consecration of the holy Chrism, and in the procession to the sepulchre, even on Good Friday she intones the sublime “Pange lingua gloriosi lauream certaminis;” breaking in with most tender effect upon the pathetic reproaches against the Jewish people. In this spirit, she has not a single portion of her sevenfold daily office without its hymn to open or close it. And surely this course is most wise, and considerate towards our poor frail humanity, which stands in constant need of such appliances for support in spiritual duties. They break the monotony which might otherwise ensue; they raise the tone of voice and mind above the pitch of ordinary conversation, and, if attuned to notes, they prevent weariness and freshen the spirits. Moreover they shed a poetical charm over the entire exercise, making prayer a pleasing and welcome occupation. This character may surely be imparted to family devotions; or rather we should say *ought* to be. For St. Paul seems to have these principally in view when, treating of homely duties, he exhorts the Ephesians to speak to themselves “in psalms and hymns and spiritual canticles, singing and making melody in their hearts to the Lord;” (Ephes. v. 19;) and when he tells the

Colossians, still more pointedly, to "teach and admonish one another in psalms, hymns, and spiritual canticles." (Coloss. iii. 16.) A cheerful giver God loves, and the natural joyfulness of mutual love, a common hope, one faith, and trustfulness in the same protection, should shed a beam of sunny brightness over the domestic expression of these feelings. And yet, such lightness, we fear, does not pervade our devotional forms: they are mostly of a darker hue; there is sometimes even a melancholy complexion in them,—a thoughtful, anxious expression, rather than a buoyant, hopeful, smiling look. In this respect surely the Church is right.

3. Another difference, and one closely connected with the last, consists in the absence from the one of that orderly and systematic arrangement which seems to be so carefully studied in the other. There can be, we think, no doubt, that the difference results from the poetical character of the one, and the prosaic form of the other. In the Church offices every thing is prayed for that ought to enter into the exercises for which they are intended; but they being composed of "psalms, hymns, and spiritual canticles," most beautifully selected, the various petitions run blended through the entire office, according as the various portions of the chosen parts express them. This prevents weariness: it is like a variety of modulations in music, full of passages through various keys, with occasional apparent and momentary dissonances, that only give zest to surrounding harmonies. On the other side, our modern devotions have each petition, and each act of virtue, accurately distinct; no room is left for varied play of feeling; there are no contrasts, no light and shade. The former is the language of nature, the latter that of art. An analysis of what we consider the morning and evening devotions of the Church, will easily show us how fully everything necessary enters into their composition, though no artificial arrangement is made.

In Prime, for instance, after we have placed ourselves in the Divine presence, by the preliminary prayer, "Aperi Domine," asked God's grace, "Deus in adjutorium," the day opens with a beautiful hymn, in which we beg to be preserved from sin throughout the day, place our senses and hearts under the Divine protection, and beg that at evening we may look back upon an unsullied day, and sing thanksgiving for its manly blessings.* Can anything be more

* A translation of this beautiful hymn, from a source not easily accessible to all, may not be unacceptable to our readers, as no translation has appeared in any of our prayer-books:—

"HYMN.

"JAM LUCIS ORTO.

"The star of morn to night succeeds,
We therefore meekly pray,
May God in all our words and deeds
Keep us from harm this day.

"May He in love restrain us still
From tones of strife and words of ill,

appropriate, more complete, more beautiful, than this? Can any modern substitution answer as well? The hymn is succeeded by three psalms, which never vary, as others do, day by day, which are often added. The first of these (the 53rd in the Vulgate, and 54th in the Hebrew) expresses, in strong and feeling language, the dangers of temptations which await us, the wiles and violences of spiritual foes who will assail us, calls strongly for protection, and triumphantly proclaims confidence in God's power and mercy, grounded upon experience of past goodness. To this feeling cry succeed good resolutions for the day, promises to observe the judgments, the law, the commandments of God, to prefer them to riches, to make them our happiness; and, intermixed, are fervent prayers for grace to do so, acknowledgments of our inability and helplessness without it, and a grateful reliance upon the kindness of our heavenly Father. And all this is not set forth in cold orderly phrases, but in the glowing language of inspiration, in its richly varied imagery, and expression. For this portion of the office consists of two sections of the 118th (or 119th) psalm. This is followed by an exclamation of honour and glory to the God of heaven, succeeded, with sublime abruptness, by a most humble earnestly repeated entreaty for mercy to His Son. Then comes (except on festivals) a series of versicles calling for many graces and blessings through the day; and, after this, the confession of our sins, with its prayer for forgiveness, ending with the proper prayer of the service, begging of God, that, as He has brought us to the beginning of a new day, He would watch over us in it, preserve us from sin, and direct all our words, thoughts, and actions, to the performance of His law. When prime is chorally performed, a very appropriate and very beautiful addition is here introduced. The martyrology for the day is read,—that is, a condensed account of those saints who, on the present day, glorified God by their martyrdom, or found it their happiest day in a holy death, or otherwise honoured it by some great act of holiness. We thus have a series of models placed before us for imitation; we have recalled to mind and suggested to us, as topics of meditation, the actions, vary-

And wrap around and close our eyes
To earth's absorbing vanities.

" May wrath and thoughts that gender shame
Ne'er in our breasts abide,
And painful abstinences tame
Of wanton flesh the pride ;

" So when the weary day is o'er,
And night and stillness come once more,
Blameless and clean from spot of earth,
We may repeat, with reverent mirth,

" Praise to the Father, as is meet,
Praise to the only Son,
Praise to the Holy Paraclete,
While endless ages run. Amen."

ing every day, of mortals like ourselves, who had pleased God and gained Him (for, to a mind read in their lives, the recurrence of their names will recall the memory of their peculiar merits;) the communion of saints is individualized, so that we seem, for the day, to walk with a definite company of them, who keep special festival with us,—they in heaven, we on earth; and, finally, we have special patrons thus allotted to us, who, that day, have us especially commended to them by the Church's commemoration of them. And hence the lesson of the Martyrology is concluded by a prayer, said even when the lesson is dispensed with, for the intercession of the Blessed Mother of God, and all the saints whose death was precious in the Lord. Again, the cry for mercy is raised, and thrice repeated: for holy importunity is one of the Church's privileges. To this is added a beautiful versicle and response for the divine direction of all our day's work, and another collect, as beautiful as the former one, and to the same purport, placing our bodies and hearts, our senses, speeches and actions, under God's safeguard and guidance. Then comes a short chapter or lesson from Scripture, as a text wheron we may meditate during the day, it being selected with reference to the ecclesiastical season of the year, or the day's festival.

This very incomplete analysis may suffice to turn the attention of those who are not obliged or accustomed to follow the Church offices, towards these beautiful forms of prayer. We will now venture to give a briefer outline of the evening service or Complin, better known among Catholics. The opening blessing expresses the truly Christian view of evening devotion. The analogy between sleep and death, and the danger of passing from one to the other, by a sudden visitation, naturally suggest a double preparation—the advantage and justness of lying down on our bed as though it were in the coffin, of retiring to rest as though we might possibly not wake again on earth. We pray, therefore, to God, to give us “a quiet night, and a holy death—*noctem quietam et finem perfectum*.” Then, as the first preparation, we humbly confess our transgressions, and ask for pardon. The psalms follow, always unvaried. The three first are strongly and feelingly descriptive of confidence in the Divine protection. The expression of this sentiment, in such energetic and feeling tones, is surely the best means of imploring and securing that safeguard. But intermingled are other expressions of thankfulness, both for temporal benefits,* and for spiritual deliverance;† of reproach for our daily folly and vanity,‡ and secret repentance, before retiring to rest, for the day's frailty and failings.§ The fourth psalm|| is a lively and beautiful call upon those who, in discharge of their ministry or religious duties, will watch the

* “Multi dicunt quis ostendit nobis bona,” etc.

† “Verumtamen oculis tuis videbis, et retributionem peccatorum videbis, etc.

‡ “Filii hominum usque quo gravi corde,” etc.

§ “Quæ dicitis in cordibus vestris in cubilibus vestris compungimini.”

|| “Ecce nunc benedicite Dominum.”—Ps. cxxxiii.

night in God's house, to praise Him on behalf of us who slumber, and draw down blessings upon our helpless state. How appropriate this invitation in a Church wherein so many communities of men and women rise every night to sing the praises of their Lord, and where, in almost every town, the faithful watch before the blessed sacrament exposed to adoration! Then comes the hymn, that never-failing support to waning attention, or fainting devotion; asking more clearly for protection during our rest; and followed up by the apposite chapter or text, which appeals to God for His care, on the ground that we are His living temples, on whom His sacred name has been called down. Then, in alternate verse and chorus, we commend our spirit repeatedly into the hands of the Lord God of truth, who hath redeemed us, and beg Him to guard us as the apple of His eye. The allusion which the dying words of our Saviour thus applied naturally suggest, to the final yielding of our spirit into the hands of our heavenly Father, is instantly taken up, and the canticle of Zacharias, "*Nunc dimittis*," humbly, but cheerfully, expresses our readiness to depart from this our banishment, whenever it shall please God to call us. And thus does the opening idea of our twofold preparation beautifully return to close the service. A prayer is added ("*Visita quæsumus*,") too well known as an essential part of all our evening devotions, to require any particular description. An anthem or hymn to the Blessed Mother of God, closes the public portion of the service.

Such are the evening prayers which the Church has drawn up for her children; and, for our part, we can wish for nothing better. We know not where an improvement could be suggested; and, therefore, we see not why anything should have been substituted for them. One or two circumstances seem to indicate, with sufficient clearness, that the two offices which we have analyzed were intended by the Church for the purposes described by us. For instance, prime commences as complin closes, by the creed, in addition to the usual prayers, the Our Father and Hail Mary; as though to begin and finish the day by the public-profession of our faith. But further we may observe, that, while in every other hour of prayer, the collects and responses vary according to the festival, those of these two offices never change, for season or day, but have manifestly a reference, not to a specific commemoration, but to a standing and daily duty. Their character is thus quite distinct from the others, and shows them intended for a different use. Why should not this use be restored? Why should they not become the standard devotions of all Catholics, whether alone, or in their families? Why may we not hope to have them more solemnly performed, chaunted even, every day in all religious communities, or, where there is a sufficient number of persons, even in family chapels? Thus would be more truly exemplified that resemblance to the Church in the Christian family, which St. Paul intimates, when he speaks of the Church that was in the house of an individual.* Surely, if in other respects the resemblance

* Coloss. iv. 15.

will hold, it should not be despised in this, that the family united in prayer should speak the very language of the Church; should observe the forms of devotion which she has herself drawn up and approved; and, as in good discipline, in spiritual affection, in communion of good works, in mutual encouragement to virtue, so likewise in the regularity and in the order of prayer, assimilate itself to those religious communities, which, in every part of the Christian world, praise God in her name, and under her especial sanction. We strongly suspect, that many who will join the Church, will hail with joy every such return, however imperfect, to the discipline and practice of the ancient Church; they will warm to us the more in proportion to our zeal for the restoration of its discipline.

It is impossible not to observe how decidedly partial the Church is to the breviary form of prayer on all occasions; for she imitates it in most of her other devotions, by composing them of a psalm and antiphon; then generally the *Kyrie eleison*, Our Father, and a certain number of versicles, followed by one or more prayers. Such is the form of the preparation and thanksgiving for mass, the *Itinerary*, or prayers for a journey for clerks, the grace for communities, the Asperges, the close of the great Litany, and many others.* And this form seems to us by far the most perfect for any prayers, especially such as are to be recited by many in concert. We do not think that the psalms can be too much used in our devotions. Not to say that they are the language of inspiration, they contain almost every possible petition, and the expression of every feeling,—from the loftiest joy to the deepest sorrow,—which can enter into our solemn intercourse with heaven. They should not be confined to great and public offices; they should be familiar to us as “household words;” they should be employed in fulfilment of St. James’ counsel: “*Tristatur aliquis vestrum? oret. Æquo animo est? psallat.*”† In whatever temper our minds may be, there will be some one at least of those sacred melodies which will harmonize with it, accord its jars, soothe its fretfulness, calm its anxieties, cheer its gloom, console its sorrows; or, if it have not sunk below trustfulness and hope, enliven its serenity, or depress its eagerness, and compose the whole soul to that just standard of Christian peace which soars not in pride, and sinks not in despondency. It is not Saul alone, nor only *his* evil spirit, that hath felt the mildening and calming influence of David’s harp; many hearts, troubled like that of St. Augustine at Milan, have been lulled to religious calm by the powerful psalmody of the Church. No composition from man’s hand can ever bear such frequent repetition as these divine hymns; they are ever fresh to the heart, as the solemn tones in which the Church utters

* This form has been adopted in the “Prayers for the Conversion of England.” We have before us a little book entitled “Prayers on the building of a new church,” in Latin and English, in which the same form has been observed, but with sufficient irregularities to indicate want of long experience in the compiler. For instance, the little chapter is redundant, there being no hymn.

† “Is any of you sad? Let him pray. Is he cheerful? Let him sing.” *Sac. v. 13.*

them are to the lips and ears: both are calculated for daily, nay, for hourly use, without danger of either losing its peculiar charm. The clergy have them indeed constantly in their mouths, by the recital of the divine office, but, from there being a very small portion of them in our ordinary prayer books, and from the want of suggestions for their use in our bibles, we fear many of our laity are prevented from becoming as familiar with them as they might. At any rate, the composers of prayer-books might, we think, advantageously follow the method adopted by the Church, and give to their devotions more of the form which she manifestly prefers.

We may be thought, perhaps, to have expressed ourselves strongly on the subject of modern prayers, as though of too argumentative and unpoetical a character. Do we, then, think that such a quality ought to be excluded from all petitions? By no means: for we hold that the Church herself has given us the most beautiful possible models of such prayers, as she has of everything else that belongs to religion. We would, then, divide the prayers of the Church into two classes, one which primarily and essentially is of a lyrical, poetical character, and one which bases our petitions upon some premise or ground, expressed in language simple, though not unadorned. The former class occupies by far the greater portion of the Church offices, the latter is chiefly confined to the collects and other very short prayers. Nothing can be more perfect in structure, more solid in substance, more elegant in conception, or more terse in diction, than the collects, especially those of the Sundays and Lent. They belong essentially to the traditional deposit of the Church, being found in the oldest sacramentaries, and *ordos*. It is evident that their symmetrical structure is the result of a rule or principle; so well is it always observed. For each is almost invariably composed of two parts, which may be called the recital and the petition. The first contains either a declaration of our wants, general or individual, temporal or spiritual, or a plea for mercy or for a favourable hearing. Or, it may be itself a prayer; only preparatory to a more specific and important request. In this first portion, nothing strikes one so much as the noble and appropriate terms in which the Deity is addressed, and the sublime greatness with which His attributes are described. What can be more majestic than such expressions as these: "Protector in te sperantium Deus, sine quo nihil est validum, nihil sanctum;"(1) or "Deus virtutum, cujus est totum quod est optimum;"(2) or "Deus innocentiae restitutor et amator;"(3) or "Deus a quo bona cuncta procedunt?"(4) There is, in fact, hardly a collect in which some singular beauty of thought, some happy turn of phrase, is not to be found. The connecting link between this preamble and

(1) "O God, the Protector of those who hope in thee, without whom nothing is strong, nothing holy."

(2) "O God of power, to whom belongs all good."

(3) "O God the restorer and lover of innocence."

(4) "O God, from whom proceeds every good thing."

the petition which follows, is often of the most energetic and most earnest character, being, in fact, the pith and core of the prayer itself, that which makes it a prayer; and, though confined to three or four words, is varied with wonderful richness in almost every collect. The petition itself is ever most solemn, devout, and fervent; often containing a depth of thought which would supply materials for a long meditation. There is no common-place; but, whether the request refer to the public, or to private, blessings, it is conceived in terms so distinct and appropriate as to give it a character of originality and beauty. The collects, for instance, in Lent repeatedly pray against the same dangers of the season, remissness in its painful duties, or mere formal observance of them, without the interior spirit of humility and mortification. One of the two collects of each day is almost sure to allude to one or other of these topics; yet the variety which runs through them is surprising. The petition appears new every time it is repeated, from the happy change in the phraseology. They are like variations in music upon a simple theme; more striking, however, than such variations usually are, because they never degenerate into long or complicated modifications of the original strain. The last is as simple as the first. If any one thinks that these prayers, so easy to appearance, require no great power to imitate them, let him try to compose a few, and he will soon find their inferiority to the old ones; he will find that it is far from easy to put so much meaning into such a small compass, and still more difficult to come up to the beauty and greatness of thought generally condensed in the ancient form.

These prayers we consider as the true models, the most perfect specimens of reasoned, unimpassioned, *prose* prayers. They are necessarily short, and occupy but a very small share in the Church offices: far the greater part is composed in a much loftier, warmer, and more poetic strain. We are not now speaking of the hymns or psalmody which enter into them, but of the bulk of the prayers composed expressly for the immediate service to which they belong and refer. The poetical character which pervades these noble services may be viewed in two different lights, as exhibited in the construction of single parts, or in the general combination of these into a whole. Of the former, almost every service of the pontifical affords striking examples. The consecration service for a bishop, for instance, is conceived in a lofty strain of thoughts and expressions that makes it perfectly lyrical. Take the following passage, after mention has been made of the sacerdotal robes prescribed by the Almighty in the old law. "*Illius namque sacerdotii anterioris habitus nostræ mentis ornatus est; et pontificalem gloriam non jam nobis honor commendat vestium, sed splendor animarum. Quia et illa, quæ tunc carnalibus blandiebantur obtutibus, ea potius quæ in ipsis erant intelligenda poscebant. Et ideo huic famulo tuo, quem ad summi sacerdotii ministerium elegisti, hanc quæsumus, Domine, gratiam largiaris; ut quidquid illa velamina, in fulgore auri, in nitore gemmarum, et in multimodi operis varietate signabant, hoc in*"

ejus moribus actibusque clarescat. Comple in sacerdote tuo ministerii tui summam, et ornamentis totius glorificationis instructum, cœlesti unguenti rore sanctifica."

The action is here suited to the words. The solemn chaunt of this beautiful prayer (for it is set to notes that add majesty and pathos to the words) is interrupted. All kneel, the hymn of the Holy Ghost is intoned, and continued by the choir, while the sacred chrism is poured upon the head of the bishop elect. Nothing can be bolder, or, we should almost say, sublimer, than this sudden break, and the introduction into it of the choral music of the hymn: after which the preface continues, actually alluding to the previous sentence, "*Hoc Domine copiose in caput ejus influat; hoc in oris subjecta decurrat; hoc in totius corporis extrema, descendat; ut tui Spiritus virtus et interiora ejus repleat, et exteriora circumtegat.*" This explanation of the symbol is strikingly beautiful as it is bold: the prayer that the material unction applied only to the head should flow over and into the entire frame, is resolved into a petition that the invisible unction of the Holy Spirit may pervade the entire man. The way is thus opened for more specific petitions, and these are in the loftiest style. We have only room for a few sentences: "*Abundet in eo constantia fidei, puritas dilectionis, sinceritas pacis. Sint speciosi, munere tuo, pedes ejus ad evangelizandum pacem, ad evangelizandum bona tua. Da ei, Domine, ministerium reconciliationis in verbo et in factis, in virtute signorum et prodigiorum. . . . Tribuas ei, Domine, cathedram episcopalem, ad regendam Ecclesiam tuam et plebem sibi commissam. Sis ei auctoritas, sis ei potentia, sis ei firmitas.*"* Then, after a concluding sentence, is intoned and sung the Psalm (cxxxii.) "*Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell in unity.*" Seldom is this sublime prayer chaunted or uttered without deep emotion. The present pontiff once performed the consecration of three bishops; but has declared that this function was too overpowering to his feelings to be ever repeated by him. There is nothing in our modern

* "For the attire of that former priesthood notifies to us the ornaments of the mind; and sacerdotal glory is not now recommended by the grandeur of robes, but by the beauty of souls. For even those things which then gratified the carnal sight, claimed attention rather to the things they signified. Wherefore, O Lord, we beseech thee to bestow upon this thy servant, whom thou hast chosen to minister to thee in the dignity of high-priest, that whatsoever in those mystical garments was implied by the glitter of gold, the sparkling of diamonds, and the varied richness of embroidery, may shine in his morals and deeds. Achieve, in thy priest, the completion of thy ministry: and after clothing him with the brightness of all glory, sanctify him with the dew of celestial ointment. . . . May this, O Lord, flow abundantly on his head; may it reach his lips; may it descend to the extremity of his frame; so that the power of thy Spirit may replenish him interiorly; and cover him all around exteriorly. May the constancy of faith, the purity of divine love, and the sincerity of peace, abound in him. May his feet, by thy gift, be beautiful to preach peace, and to carry glad tidings of good things. Give to him, O Lord, the ministry of reconciliation, in words, and in deeds, in the power of signs and prodigies. Let his speech and preaching be, not in the persuasive words of human wisdom, but in the shewing of the spirit and power. Promote him, O Lord, to the episcopal chair, to rule thy Church, and the flock committed to him. Be Thou unto him authority: be thou his power, be thou his strength."

prayers to come near to such fervid, such poetical, yet such majestic, effusions. Yet this is only one part of a service filled with other passages equally noble and equally beautiful. What follows immediately is of the same character, and the prayers at the close, such as the one recited, when the mitre is put upon the head of the elect, are even richer in imagery and diction. To this must be added the ceremonial that accompanies the entire service, independent of the heavenly sacrifice into which it is interwoven; and we hesitate not to say, that no human genius could have devised a rite, to which every art that deals in the beautiful, whether in form or diction, or sound, or thought, has been brought to contribute its choicest charms. If our Anglican neighbours can see a manifestation of some divine agency in the preservation among them of some portions of the old liturgy, and can see in their prayer-book a proof of ecclesiastical life for their Establishment, what must the Catholic think of *his* Church, the services of which, compared with theirs, are as a golden tabernacle, richly jewelled and enamelled, wrought out in all the delicacy of the finest chiselling, and designed on the grandest scale, in all the exquisiteness of pure old feeling,—placed beside the flat tablets of the creed and decalogue, in dead blue and pale gold, over a mahogany communion table?

Time and paper would fail us, in attempting merely to name the splendid passages which every page, opened at random in the same book, presents to us. Catholics, in general, know far too little of it; and we hesitate not to say, that he who knows it not, cannot have any idea of half the grandeur of his religion. Why, there is not a place or a thing used in the worship which he attends, upon which there has not been lavished, so to speak, more rich poetry and more solemn prayers than all our modern books put together can furnish. When he hears the bell, which, swinging in its tower, summons him to mass, he perhaps scarcely knows that a consecration has blessed it, couched in diction which is literally splendid, and expressed by symbolical rites full of the deepest meaning and the finest feeling. What an idea would he not conceive of the consciousness of power which the Church-Catholic possesses, if he had heard her commit to that brazen herald of her offices, power to dispel, by its deep-toned voice, “the enemy’s fiery shafts, the thunderbolt’s stroke, the hail-stone’s rush, the tempest’s destruction?” How lofty would her estimate appear of the holy influence which every thing connected with her services should exercise, when even this their iron-tongued harbinger has a blessing prayed for in it, in such terms as these?

“O God, who didst order, that by the blessed lawgiver Moses, thy servant, there should be made silver trumpets, which when the priests during the time of sacrifice should sound, the people warned by their sweet notes should prepare to adore Thee, and assemble for the sacrifices; by the crash whereof encouraged to battle, they should overthrow their enemies’ designs; grant, we beseech Thee, that this vessel prepared for thy holy Church, may be sanctified by the Holy Ghost, so that by its stroke the faithful may be invited to their

reward. And when its melody shall sound in the ears of the people, may the devotion of faith increase within them: may all the snares of the enemy, the clattering hail, the furious whirlwind, the impetuous tempest, be driven afar; may hostile thunders die away, and windy blasts subside into gentle and wholesome breezes. The strength of Thy right hand cast down all spirits of evil; that hearing this bell, they may tremble, and may fly from the banner of the holy Cross of Thy Son, which hath been painted upon it,—that banner to which every knee bendeth of things heavenly, things earthly, and things below, and every tongue confesseth, that Our Lord Jesus Christ himself, having swallowed up death in the ignominious cross, reigneth in the glory of God the Father, with the same Father, and Holy Ghost, world without end. Amen.”*

What the Church does for the bells which send her invitations to her distant children, she does with even more feeling and beauty of thought and expression, for every portion of the sacred edifice, in which her own small still voice speaks to their hearts. From floor to roof-tree, from lintel to altar, from aisle to aisle, blessings are scattered, like flowers of heavenly brilliancy and hue, on the day of their consecration. It is indeed a pity that every Catholic cannot, once at least in his life, witness this holiest ceremony. When performed with that quiet accuracy, and calm dignity, which should characterise every Church function; when all the attendants know exactly their places and their offices; when all the necessary preparations have been made, and all the many accessories provided in good taste: when the processions are decorously ordered, the music is thoroughly ecclesiastical, and the chaunted portions are solemnly given, the entire ceremony is more like a vision of Patmos, than an earthly scene. But we are forgetting that the prayers are our theme: although, to say the truth, they are, in this instance, so worked up with action, and this is so grand, so tender, so mystical, so awful, that they cannot justly be consi-

* Or even in a higher strain, as follows, which we gladly give in the original. “*Omnipotens dominator Christe, quo secundum carnis assumptionem dormiente in navi, dum aborta tempestas, mare conturbasset, te protinus excitato et imperante dissiluit; tu necessitatibus populi tui benignus succurre; tu hoc tintinnabulum Sancti Spiritus rore perfunde; ut ante sonitum illius semper fugiat bonorum inimicus; invitetur ad fidem populus Christianus; hostilis terreatur exercitus; confortetur in Domino per illud populus tuus convocatus; ac sicut Davidica cithara delectatus desuper decendat Spiritus Sanctus: atque ut Samuele agnum lactentem mactante in holocaustum regis æterni imperii, fragor aurarum turbam repulit adversantium; ita dum hujus vasculi sonitus transit per nubila, ecclesiæ tuæ conventum manus conservet Angelica, frugis credentium, mentes et corpora salvet protectio sempiterna.*”

The same feeling runs through the following beautiful prayer, by which the water is blessed, to be employed in the blessing of the bell:—

“*Benedic Domine hanc aquam benedictione cælesti, et assistat super eam virtus Spiritus Sancti; ut cum hoc vasculum ad invitandos filios sanctæ ecclesiæ præparatum, in ea fuerit tinctum, ubicumque sonuerit hoc tintinnabulum, procul recedat virtus insidiantium, umbra phantasmatum, incursio turbinum, percussio fulminum, læsio tonitruorum, calamitas tempestatum, omnisque spiritus procellarum; et cum clangorem illius audierint filii Christianorum, crescat in eis devotionis augmentum, ut festinantes ad piæ matris ecclesiæ gremium, contenti tibi in ecclesia sanctorum canticum novum, deferentes in sono præconium tubæ, modulationem psalterii, suavitatem organi, exultationem tympani, jucunditatem cymbali; quatenus in templo sancto gloriæ tuæ suis obsequiis et precibus invitare valeant multitudinem exercitus Angelorum.*”

dered apart. The consecration of the church and the altar are so blended, and their beautiful prayers run so admirably into one another; the function is carried, with such variety, over every part of the sacred edifice, outward and inward, and is interspersed with such exquisite expressions of feeling, that the whole forms a sacred drama, full of stirring interest and movement, and sustained by the noblest forms and diction. When the relics of martyrs are introduced, in the middle of the service, and greeted first with such anthems as this: "*Surgite Sancti Dei de mansionibus vestris, loca sanctificate, plebem benedicite, et nos homines peccatores in pace custodite;*"(1) and afterwards, when borne into the Church on the shoulders of priests, and followed by the people, are welcomed by several such apostrophes as the following: "*Ingre- dimini Sancti Dei, præparata est enim a Domino habitatio sedis vestræ: sed et populus fidelis cum gaudiis insequitur iter vestrum, ut oretis pro nobis Majestatem Domini: Alleluja;*"(2) we have the communion between the ancient and the living Church, and between the militant of all times and the triumphant, so vividly and so feelingly brought home to us; we are so affectionately associated with those glorious martyrs, whom we are burying with honour "beneath the altar of God,"* and whose radiant spirits we must believe to be hovering over us and taking part in our holy service, that the very spark of Catholicity must have been extinguished in the breast, that glows not with warm yet most tender emotions in assisting at the function.

But once more we are allowing ourselves to stray. From the variety, then, of magnificent prayers, with which this service abounds, we will select one, which, though long, will allow us to remark some of the most distinguishing characters of the ancient liturgical prayers. It is the concluding prayer of the blessing, bestowed upon water mingled with other ingredients, to be used in the consecration of a Church.

"Be made holy through God's word, heavenly stream! be made holy, water pressed by the footsteps of Christ; thou, pent within mountains, canst not be imprisoned, dashed amidst rocks canst not be broken, and spread over the earth, art wasted not! Thou bearest up the dry land, carriest the weight of mountains, and yet art not crushed; thou art treasured in the heaven's summit; thou poured out on every side, wastest all, and needest not to be thyself cleansed! Thou, for the Jewish people in its flight, art congealed to a solid mass; and, again dissolved into foaming billows, destroyest the tribes of the Nile, and with thy furious current pursuest the hostile band; thus at once salvation to the faithful, and to the wicked a scourge! Thee the rock struck by Moses

(1) "Rise up from your mansions, ye Saints of God! sanctify the place, bless the people, and us sinful men guard in peace."

(2) "Enter, ye Saints of God! for the place of your seat is prepared by the Lord; and the faithful people follow with joy your journey, that you may implore the Majesty of the Lord for us: Alleluia."

* Apoc. vi. 9.

rendered up; nor couldst thou lurk within its caverns, when the majestic command ordered thee to come forth! Thou, embosomed in clouds, dost gladden the fields, with fertilizing showers! Through thee is poured out, for bodies parched with the heat, a draught, delicious at once and quickening; thou, bounding through the earth's hidden veins, furnishest her vital spirits, or her prolific nutriments, lest inwardly scorched and withered she should languishing refuse her appointed produce! Through thee the beginning, through thee the end exults! Or rather it cometh from God that we should know not thy boundaries: yea rather *Thy* boundaries, O God Almighty! whose glorious works we knowingly proclaim, while we celebrate the praises of the element: *Thou art* the author of all blessing: *Thou* the fountain of salvation! *Thee* therefore we entreat suppliantly, and pray; shower down upon this house, in abundant streams, Thy blessing: liberally bestow every good gift; prosper it, protect it; destroy the demon of evil deeds, appoint an angel of light for its friend, its administrator, its protector. This house, begun in Thy name, finished with Thy help, Thy blessing strengthen, that it may long remain. May these foundations deserve Thy safeguard, the roofs Thy covering, the doors Thine entrance, the interior Thy presence! Make the firmness of these walls, through the light of Thy countenance, be for the profit of men."

Here the bishop marks the door with the sign of the cross, and continues.

"Be the unvanquished cross planted on its threshold; may both the door-posts be inscribed with the declaration of Thy favour; and in the abundance of Thy mercies, may there be given to all who visit Thy house, peace with plenty, sobriety with modesty, superfluity with charitableness. All unquiet and calamity fly far hence! Want, plague, disease, weakness, and the assaults of evil spirits, retreat before Thy coming; that the grace of Thy visitation, poured out in this place, may overflow its boundaries, and stream through its surrounding courts: that this cleansing flood may find its way into every nook and crevice, and so there ever reign here the cheerfulness of peace, the kindness of hospitality, abundance of produce, reverence for religion, and plenteous means of salvation. And unto the place where Thy holy Name is invoked, let an ample supply come of all good things, let all temptations to evil be put to flight; and may we be worthy to have with us, the Angel of peace, chastity, charity, and truth, who may ever preserve guard, and defend us!"

What an elevated tone is this for prayer! how full it is of confidence; how copious and accurate, yet how fervent and enthusiastic are its expressions! But we wish to note some marked and very strong peculiarities in our Church prayers, which widely distinguish them from modern compositions. It is remarkable, then, how grandly the Church, in her solemn offices, deals with all visible and sensible substances, and enters minutely into their qualities, extracting from them the richest materials for mystical allusions and applications. She seems so to contemplate nature throughout, as subservient to grace,—the outward world as ruled for the sake of the spiritual,—she reads God her

Founder and Benefactor, so clearly in every property of matter,—finds such motives for religious gratitude in every disposition of the physical laws,—that she truly raises this lower sphere, through its alliance with faith, into a region of purer and holier existence, where the direct splendour of the Divinity is the sun that warms, and fructifies, gives life and growth. Throughout the preceding prayer, the properties of water seem to be rather marvellous prerogatives, than of natural attributes; it is represented as a live and busy power, exercising a spontaneous and free agency, a conscious principle: by the intermixture of its physical qualities, with its providential uses in the course of God's dealings with man, both seem to be reduced to one class, and the blessings which we and nature receive through this necessary element, seem part of the order of grace, and only preparatory for the mystical and spiritual application made of it by the Church of God. The same tone of feeling will be found to prevail in all other similar blessings. The salt, or ashes, or wax, or oil, or other substance employed in her ritual, and solemnly blessed on particular days, as on Ash Wednesday, Holy Saturday, or Maunday Thursday, are all treated in the blessing appointed for them, as having in their physical existence a necessary connexion with their intended religious uses: the bee has toiled at her cheerful task, and the olive has been gifted with perpetual greenness and with its rich succulency, chiefly that Christ's spouse might be furnished with what was necessary for her spiritual household.* In our ordinary prayers we speak as men involved in servitude to the material world; we find hindrances and contentions, nay mastery and tyranny in every part of nature; we feel that we are one of the race condemned to stubborn tillage of an ungracious and ungrateful earth; we are ever walking amidst the briars and thorns that spring from our own labours, we are ever spoiling our work with the sweat that drops from our brows. There is a creeping gait, a hiding attitude amidst the shrubs of our vale of tears, when we go to meet the God whom we have offended. The Church takes at once the bold and rightful posture of one who hath been cleansed in the laver of blood beyond world's price, till she is without spot or wrinkle, a *holy* Church;—the Spouse of Him, who held the privileges of sinless man, and never forfeited the rights of paradise; of Him who, in virtue of His lawful power, could command the winds and waves, could strike with blight the tree that bore Him not figs, and could multiply the bread of a family into an army's food. She looks on the elements, whether of earth or of the firmament, as engaged, nay as held fast, in her service; she takes the earth as her inheritance, and the fulness thereof; and she commands the former as a lord would rebellious slaves, as *her* Lord rebuked the storms, nothing fearing their loud disdain, or their reluctant mutterings: and from the latter

* "Aliter enim liquantibus ceris quas in substantiam pretiosæ hujus lampadis, apis mater eduxit."—Blessing of Paschal candle. "Que in principio inter cetera bonitatis tue munera terram producere fructifera ligna jussisti, inter quæ hujus pinguissimi liquoris ministri olivæ nascerentur, quarum fructus sacro Chrismati deserviret."—Consecration of the Chrism.

she chuses the richest produce, and claims it as due to her service, as intended for her uses, and she gives them value and sacredness, which in the natural course they possessed not. She does not merely pray that it may be so: but she wills that it be. Blessings are inherent in her words, her supplications carry the force of a compact with heaven. The bread that issues from her granaries, and the wine that flows from her vessels, are gifts too precious to be called by earthly names; and the oil from her press is fraught with a spiritual fragrance, yields a light and an unction which no power in nature could have bestowed. They went into her stores tributes of earth; she has made them, in very various degrees, celestial gifts. This dominion over nature, which the Church so magnificently assumes, is still further illustrated by another reflection. It is, that, while thus praying apparently over one small fragment or portion of a material substance, she seems, through it, to bless the entire element; it is not as though she had selected a certain share for herself, and left the rest to its natural profaneness: but she appears to vindicate to herself the whole, making it all sacred, and all subservient to holy purposes. She keeps no distinction of times and places, but brings together the most distant, in both, in the lofty view which she thus takes of things. The water which she is blessing is that on which the blessed feet of Jesus trod, that which Moses struck from the rock. In like manner, when she commemorates a day or season, she seems to lose count of ages, and treats the most distant eras as though now present. The night, for instance, on which Israel escaped from Egypt, and the glorious morning whereon Christ rose triumphant from the grave, are both celebrated on Holy Saturday, as if centuries had not interposed between the two, and between them and us. And so the day of death seems ever spoken of as though it were that of final doom, and the fearful imagery of the latter is boldly appropriated to the former.

Do we, then, mean to say, that an unauthorized composer of prayers (we do not use the epithet in an invidious sense) should attempt so bold and so authoritative a tone as is used by the Church? Certainly not. But we think, that we should pray more in and with the Church; much more, that is, in her spirit, and more even in her words. Her example, at least, shows, that we need not be afraid of letting the more vivid powers of the mind and heart have their play; that there is no danger in allowing the imagination to soar somewhat above the flat ceiling above us, and to roam a brief space among visions of past mercies and future glories, prophetic imagery and heavenly revelations, living with saints and angels, as St. John Chrysostom so much loves to do; that we may fearlessly permit the deeper and warmer current of feeling to flow, which our religion alone can unlock,—to flow in sorrow, in gratitude, in love, but in each, earnest, tender, affectionate; and, in fine, that there can be no ground for alarm, if this stream will not be pent up, but must needs find a vent, and so gush out at the eyes in tears, and pour itself out from the lips in impassioned expressions, in half broken accents, in hymn-like tones. We may

learn, that "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," are the language of prayer according to the Church's ideas and practice; and that, whether Englishman or foreigner, her example should be to us a rule that allows no national distinction or exception.*

The prayers which we have quoted suggest another source of vivid poetical feeling, which is greatly, and, we believe, wrongfully, overlooked in our modern systems of prayer. It was manifestly the sense and conviction of those who composed the prayers of the ancient Church, that we are living in a perfect atmosphere of invisible and spiritual enemies, who disturb nature, thwart the providential direction of things, play foully on our imagination, trouble our peace, and try to pervert our reasons. They meddle with every thing that is of use to man, and endeavour to mar its purposes. They infest every place in which they can tempt and seduce him—from his own dwelling to the house of God itself. Earth, and air, and water, are equally their elements; the first is shaken and convulsed, the second is darkened by thunder-clouds, and tortured into whirlwinds, the third is lashed into foaming billows, by their permitted, but most malicious, agency. The doctrine, on this head, is clearly apostolical;† and that it was apprehended by the early Church, in a far more lively manner than by our duller faith, the writings of the fathers clearly prove. Now, the Church, in all her prayers, considers herself ap-

* "It has also been my wish" (in this compilation) "to modify those expressions of devotion, which, translated from the vocabularies of more energetic nations, appear familiar and even profane to our sober habits of thought, and to expunge all declarations of exaggerated feeling," &c.—*The Family Prayer Book*, 1st ed. p. iv. The amiable and pious author of this work has not inserted this passage in his third edition. But the prayers composed on the principle here described have remained unaltered. We should prefer the declaration of such a principle to stand, that future readers may know it. For, otherwise, they might attribute the variations in some beautiful prayers to negligence rather than to design. As an illustration of what we take to be the author's meaning, we will give the first part of what we have always considered a very beautiful prayer, in the original and in its translation. It is a prayer of St. Bonaventure after communion.

"Transfige, dulcissime Domine Jesu, medullas et viscera animæ meæ, suavissimo ac saluberrimo amoris tui vulnere, vera serenaque et apostolica sanctissima charitate; ut langueat et liquefiat anima mea solo semper amore et desiderio Tui, Te concupiscat et deficiat in atriâ Tuâ, cupiat dissolvi et esse Tecum. Da ut anima mea Te esuriat, panem angelorum, refectionem animarum sanctorum."

"Inspire, most dear Lord Jesus, I beseech Thee, inspire into every recess of my heart, and into every tendency of my affections, Thy dear and saving love; Thy true, Thy calm, Thy holy and apostolic charity, so that my soul may ever long for Thee; may ever raise itself in spirit to Thy heavenly abode: may ever desire to be dissolved and to be with Thee. Oh grant that my soul may ever tend towards Thee, Thou bread of angels! Thou refreshment of holy hearts."—p. 219.

Compare the two, phrase by phrase, and it will be seen that almost every figurative expression has been suppressed, and the warm poetry of the prayer turned into cold prose. It is as the rose despoiled of its perfume, as a rich fruit from which the juice has been squeezed out. We trust it is not "profane to our sober habits of thought" to apply the epithet *DULCISSIME* in one of the "sweetest" sounds of our language, to our Blessed Lord, the "*Casta lux amantium*." It is far from our intention to convey reproof on the excellent author; but we find fault with the system under which his and all our modern prayer-books are compiled. We want less fear and more affection.

† Ephes. vi. 12.

pointed to be the antagonist and vanquisher of this hostile crew ; and, while she shows her deep and earnest conviction on the difficulties of the contest, she betrays no uneasiness as to its results. She hath power to rule and to quell these spirits of darkness. Moreover, she is not alone in the conflict. Every part of her offices displays her assurance, that a bright circle of heavenly spirits is arrayed around her, for the protection of herself and her children ; spirits who can wrestle upon equal terms with those unsubstantial foes, and whose swords are tempered for their subtle natures. There mingle, too, in all her religious actions, legions of blessed saints, who have loved and honoured her upon earth, and who now worship and pray, invisible, with her children. These strong impressions of the incessant conflict going on between the enemies and the friends of God, are clearly and feelingly expressed by the Church, in innumerable places. The whole rite of consecration of a Church keeps before our eyes the efforts which will be made by our invisible tempters to spoil God's work. The cross is planted at the door, the walls are purified and blessed, prayers are repeatedly poured out, to shield the holy place and its worshippers against the fraud and violence of wicked spirits. The blessings of bells, of crosses, and of reliquaries, have reference to the same idea. No substance is employed in any solemn rite (except the Eucharistic elements, which are deemed holy from their very destination,) without a previous exorcism or adjuration of the enemy, that he quit all hold upon them, and presume not to misuse them. The water, the salt, the oil, consecrated for sacramental unction, are all so prepared ; and the blessing upon them, and upon other similar objects, is, that wherever they are presented, sprinkled, or used, evil spirits may be put to flight, and their malice and wiles be confounded. The solemn application of this feeling in the rite of baptism has been well enforced by Dr. Pusey, in his *Tract on Baptism*, where he regrets the loss, in the Anglican ritual, of that portion of the service so calculated to produce strong impression on the faithful.

There is surely a mysterious sublimity in this idea, the effect of which is most striking, and almost overpowering in these and other Church offices. The priest or bishop, who attentively and devoutly performs them, feels himself necessarily as one dealing with power and authority with a fearful enemy ; in the nave of the Church he is striving against him for mastery, he is wresting from his gripe, by a strong hand, one of God's creatures, which he has enslaved ; or he is beating off legions of dark, gloomy spirits, who flap their unclean wings, and with sullen flight retreat beyond the precincts from which they are driven, and hovering around it, as vultures keep from their prey, dare not violate the seal of Christ's holy cross placed upon its anointed doors. Prayers, composed to express and exercise this high authority, must have a solemn and most elevated tone ; the very idea must fill them with poetry of the highest order. It has often struck us, that "the world of spirits" has been far too much forgotten amongst us ; that we think

more of the two visible powers in the triple confederacy of evil, than of the far stronger and subtler of the three—nay, the master of the two. We seem literally to have renounced “the devil and all his works,” by never troubling ourselves about them. With the exceptions of one or two prayers, which we have borrowed from the Church office, an allusion to this state of conflict is seldom met with in our devotions. We fight our spiritual battles as if only with tangible foes, and, consequently, with material weapons; we arm ourselves with caution against danger, and with prudence against temptation; we study how we shall avoid sin by shunning men, how we shall escape passion by fleeing from conversation; but we forget that we have an enemy near and around us, whom no foresight or prudence can elude or prevent, who will bring the dangers to us even in a desert, and surround us with temptations even in a cell. The only chance against him is in prayer; but in prayer such as the Church employs, full of deep conviction, that what we pray against is a reality and no fiction, of earnestness proportioned to the perils to be averted, and of loving trustfulness in the protection of the God of heaven, who will make us walk on the asp and the basilisk, and in the guardianship of those blessed spirits, who will bear us up in their hands, through His commission. This commerce, then, between the visible and the invisible world, both for weal and for woe, we would gladly see brought far more home to our every-day thoughts, and to our habitual feelings, in prayer, than is done in modern compilations. The weakening of our faith upon one side, makes it faint upon the other; and the less we are impressed with the reality of our conflict with an unseen host, the less vivid will our thoughts be regarding our no less invisible allies. On this score, too, we think ourselves deficient. Our prayers to them—we mean such as enter into our daily exercises—seem like a formal request for intercession addressed to beings far removed from us—not the cheerful and confident conversation with friends close at hand, praying at our sides, and habitually interceding for us. Our sense of angelic presence, and of saintly communion, would be judged exceedingly dull to estimate it by our prayer-books. How different from the joyous, the friendly, and affectionate intercourse with those serene and kindly creatures of God, which exists in the ancient liturgies of every country, and in the pontifical ritual, and other offices of our own Church. How surely their favourable hearing is counted on, how confidently their protecting might is expected! or, rather, how warmly they are addressed as present; and how boldly does the Church take up their own song as hers; and, joining in choir with them, singing the praises of God, seem to bind them to join her supplicating mercy for herself!

One could not help being struck most painfully a few years ago, with the manifestation of this defective feeling, made by attacking the Litany of Our Lady, in a Catholic periodical. The chief objection seemed to be the want of connexion, or of continuous sense, and the mystical and obscure character of the epithets applied in it to the Blessed Mother of God. It was considered,

that these might be particularly displeasing, and a hindrance to converts or inquirers. Traces of these apprehensions are, we think, observable in some of the books before us,—in the introduction of other new litanies in her honour, with an intimation, in one instance, that no doubt “converts will prefer” the new form. This new form, we do not deny, is a very excellent and accurate condensation of the Church litany, and may serve as an admirable commentary on it; but, for devotional purposes, we should be sorry indeed to see any alteration introduced: nor have we yet met any convert who desired it. Again, our feeling is, what the Church has sanctioned, by universal and constant use, let us not wish to alter; let us be her children, and leave her to judge what is best for us. But this litany must be viewed in its proper light, and then can give no offence. It is, like so many other prayers, not in verse, like the *Gloria in Excelsis*, for instance, or the *Te Deum*, a hymn, a song of affectionate admiration, and, at the same time, of earnest entreaty. The latter suggests the frequent repetition of the cry for intercession; the former, the accumulation of enthusiastic terms and poetical epithets. It is the most natural expression of tender attachment, to be found in every writer, inspired or uninspired, who utters words of love. When the priests approach Judith, after the victory due to her valour, they thus address her: “Tu gloria Jerusalem, tu lætitia Israel, tu honorificentia populi nostri.”* In the Canticles such expressions do not surprise us: “Surge, propera, amica mea, columba mea, formosa mea, et veni.”† Or, to come nearer to our case, we need only refer to St. Cyril of Alexandria, to quote no more, to have authority for what we say. Hear him apostrophise the Blessed Mother of God, in the following terms: “Hail, Mary, Mother of God, venerable treasure of the entire Church, inextinguishable lamp, crown of virginity, sceptre of true doctrine, indissoluble temple, abode of Him who is infinite, Mother and Virgin . . . Thou through whom the Holy Trinity is glorified; Thou through whom the precious cross is honoured; Thou through whom heaven exults; Thou through whom angels and arch-angels rejoice; Thou through whom evil spirits are put to flight . . . Thou from whom is the oil of gladness; Thou through whom, over the whole world, Churches were planted; Thou through whom prophets spoke; Thou through whom apostles preached; Thou through whom the dead arise: Thou through whom kings reign, through the Blessed Trinity;”‡ Now, here is a litany, not unlike that of Loreto, and we have only to say, *Pray for us*, after each of the salutations, to have a very excellent one. This intercalation would surely not spoil it, nor render less natural, nor less beautiful, that address of the holy patriarch. It is evident that, in it, he is more of the enthusiastic poet than of the wary orator. The litany, too, is not a studied prayer, intended to have

* “Thou art the glory of Jerusalem, thou, the joy of Israel, thou, the honour of our people.”—Jud. xv. 10.

† “Arise, hasten, my love, my dove, my beautiful one, and come.”—Cant. ii. 10, 13, 14.

‡ Homil. in Nestor.—Oper. tom. v. p. ii. p. 355.—Ed. Aubert.

logical connexion of parts, but, as we have already stated, is a hymn of admiration and love, composed of a succession of epithets expressive of those feelings, the recital of which is broken into, after every phrase, by the people or chorus, begging the prayer of her to whom they are so worthily applied. It is poetry of that class which an oriental would not unaptly compare to a string of loose pearls, each beautiful in itself, but more beautiful from the manner in which it is matched by its fellows; and the whole collection appearing richer from the absence of a more artful and stiffly-connecting setting. Nor, in this sort of poetry, does one think of analyzing coldly every phrase, struck off, as it may be, by a fervid imagination in the warmth of feeling: certain, even remote analogies will often supply metaphors to affection; nor would it be easy to submit to severe tests some of the expressions of St. Cyril. At the same time, we will venture to say, that there is not one term in our litany which does not admit of the happiest and fullest application to its exalted subject.

It may be said, that we have selected our instances of the Church's prayers from more recondite sources, and from offices which can be witnessed or even read by a comparatively small number of the faithful. This is truly so; and we have therein been led by a sufficient motive. We wished to show, though necessarily in a very imperfect manner, that there are valuable stores of devotion not near as much known as could be wished. We would have the ritual and the pontifical in great part made accessible to the laity by good translations: we would have their services commented upon, both by word and writing. They could not fail to be brought to a deeper sense of their own duties and of their own wants, by frequent meditation on the baptismal, matrimonial, and other services of the one; they would be inspired with more serious and more exalted ideas concerning the worship of God and the sacred character of his ministers, were they made familiar with the magnificent forms of consecration employed in the dedication of places and things to His service, and of ordination, whereby His priests are gradually introduced to the sublime offices of the sanctuary.

But whatever we have said, till now, of any other Church services, will be more strikingly applicable to the sublimest of them all—her liturgy or the mass. This is far too copious a subject to be treated cursorily, or by way of illustration. We have not been surprised, that in latter years there should have prevailed a much greater use than formerly of the missal as a prayer-book, and that even it should be found expedient to print, in other books of devotion, the "Ordinary of the Mass." This feeling, on the part of the faithful, shows their sense of the superiority of the Church-prayers over any substitutes for them. Nor, in fact, can any human genius hope to attain their beauty and sublimity. In these two qualities, the mass differs from all other offices in a remarkable manner. It has, not merely flights of eloquence and poetry, strikingly displayed in particular prayers, but it is sustained throughout in the higher sphere, to

which its divine purpose naturally raises it. If separately, it is perfect; perfect in construction, perfect in expression. If we consider the manner in which we are struck with the brevity of each, with the suggestions, and the almost stanza-like effect with which it forms a lyrical composition of surpassing beauty. In vice, as a whole, it is constructed with the most attention in its parts with perfect judgment, and so it excites and preserves an unbroken interest in the sacrifice, giving full force and value to this sacred rite, its entire consideration. The assistants, with their noble vestments and the more varied ceremonies which belong to a solemnity to increase veneration and admiration. But still, whether the holy rite be performed under the golden altar, or in a wretched wigwam erected in haste by a missionary. What can be more appropriate than the confession of sin by priest and people, the form from the altar, feeling himself unworthy to approach which seems intended to be the key-note to the whole, one in its essence, yet adapts itself to all our wants, of thanksgiving; whether of evils to be averted, Sometimes this introductory verse is loud and joyous, *Domino*; (1) sometimes low and plaintive, "*Miserere mihi*;" (2) in the paschal solemnity, the Alleluia, a peal of cheerful bells; in Passion-tide, even though it falls melancholy and dull; when a saint is proclaimed, of his virtues and his triumphs is at once proclaimed. Our Lord, the mystery which it celebrates is solemnly thus struck, at the opening of the service, returns to keep up the tone throughout. At the gradual, the Alleluia, the verses read are in perfect harmony with it, corresponding, and even deeper, echo in the collect. The feeling is preserved, suited to the devotion which it and its main purposes invariable, is intended *secondarily*,—that cry for mercy, which is to be found in the *Agnus Dei*—seems introduced as if to give grander effect to the praise which succeeds it in the "*Gloria in excelsis*," humiliation, that our triumph may be the better felt of beauties; the best demonstration of which is, the

(1) "Let us all rejoice in the Lord."

(2) "Have mercy on me, O Lord, for I am troubled."

itself more perfectly to the musician's skill; none ever afforded better play to the rich and rapid succession of every mode, gay and grave; none better supplied the slow and entreating cadence, or the full and powerful chorus. In the simple Gregorian chaunt, or in the pure religious harmonies of Palestrina, it is truly the "Hymn of Angels."

We should feel ourselves wholly unequal to the task of pointing out the excellence of the prayers which occupy the essential portion of the liturgy, from the offertory to the end. It has often struck us, that one single word could not be changed to advantage in any one of them; that there is more meaning compressed into a small space than in almost any other composition which we know; and that everything is said which could be required or desired. All the prayers connected with the offertory are remarkably short: but they are full of vigour and of feeling: there is in them a most heavenly and sublime simplicity, a mild and tender pathos. When the priest, having completed his oblation, bows himself down upon the altar, and humbles himself in contrition of heart, as unworthy of his ministry, then with a noble confidence rises erect, lifts his hands and eyes to heaven, and solemnly invokes the God who dwells there, saying: "*Veni, Sanctificator, omnipotens æterne Deus,*"(1) and in His name blesses the sacred gift,—there is an awful grandeur in the rite; an assurance of its efficacy in heaven as on earth. It seems as though the priest instantly retired, in order to make way for Him whom he had so powerfully called down to bless his offering, and went to seek still greater purity of hands and heart, so to return to his ministration more worthy to "hear the words of praise" which the Church, in concert with holy angels, is about to sing in her hosannas. The prefaces are all perfect in substance and in form; there could not be a more splendid introduction, with the hymn which closes them to the divine rite that follows. Here we must pause: because the subject becomes too sacred for our pen: the ground upon which we are about to tread is holy, and the shoes must be loosed from the feet of him who will venture upon it. To speak worthily on it, requires language and a mood far removed from the humble office which we are exercising. We stated, at the outset, that we were not going to read a homily upon prayer, but only to act the ungrateful part of critics. We therefore content ourselves with saying, that those who would wish to learn how prayers may or should be composed, should meditate long and deeply upon these apostolic prayers, which have nothing beyond them save God's inspired word.

In all that we have written, we should be sorry to be interpreted as casting blame upon the compilers of our modern works of devotion. This was far removed from our intention. Of the authors whose collections stand at the head of our article we cannot but speak with respect. One is a layman of

(1) "*Come, Sanctifier, Omnipotent Eternal God,*"

exemplary life, and zealously attached to the holy religion. On the plan which he has pursued we may differ, but on our parts of kindness and respect. Another is a valiant warrior of the Lord, one whose ready pen has seldom failed in the cause of truth and piety, and who, by an acquaintance with the ancients rare on our side, has furnished succeeding generations with new arms. Of the third, the truly venerable, learned and pious, it would be both unjust and ungrateful to say that he never spoke in terms other than of profound admiration and respect. He alone furnished us with a library of religious works which would create a void, not easily to be filled up by modern authors. The catechism from which we learn the first rudiments of religion, the versal discussion, the prayer-book with which we are furnished, the meditations which have afforded daily instruction to our communities, many of our most solid and most clear, our most charming records of our fathers in the faith, the martyrology of our ancient Church, and many other works of great and good men; and we know not what we should have been, without them. He supplied, in fact, the want of necessary or useful religious literature for his Country, and that at a time when such a supply must have been procured from heaven. Yes, and at a time when such works were procured at some personal risk and danger. Far be it from us, imitators of him, to speak disparagingly of his merits. Our only surprise is that Catholics of this country have never thought of expressing their gratitude to him by some monument to his memory: now that we are conscious of our feelings as well as our religion.

But while we are grateful for all that we have received, let us not if we ask for more. Holy desires may grow; and our desires in their weaker state may not be sufficient food for the soul. And we believe sincerely that the longings of our people for devotion, is, and has for some time been, on the whole, more formerly but little known and practised, are becoming, and as to the rest of the Church. We may instance the tribute of sympathy to God's blessed Mother, from her name which is every day coming into more general use. Other feelings which evince a growing love for the tenderer and more moving emotions. These we want to see supplied with food, and not left to pick up, where they can, either a little here and there. It has appeared to us that our present books answer the passion, for instance, of our Lord, is but insuffi-

and affections. Its merits and the blessings it purchased are fully expressed,—a sense of gratitude clearly impressed; but the moving and piercing scenes of that great mystery do not occupy that prominent place which we humbly think they ought. The reciter of our ordinary prayer is not conducted by them to the foot of the Cross; Calvary is not the mountain on which we usually pray. Yet never was soul trained to sublime virtue and tender piety, without much sitting on the hill of sorrows. For we may ask, might not a person, day after day, recite those prayers which form our ordinary exercises, without having his thoughts vividly turned towards those affecting scenes which should form the theme of daily meditation? And, if so, is there not an important want to be supplied? Nor would there be difficulty in supplying it. The writings of St. Bernard, St. Bonaventure, Thomas á Kempis, and many modern contemplatives, would furnish abundance of materials. A little work before us, “Devotions commemorative of the most adorable Passion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, translated from Catholic sources,” published this year by an Anglican clergyman, has collected many beautiful ones, which might have been increased. It is true that separate works, containing prayers on this and other particular subjects, may be procured; but the great body of persons do not think of such devotions, unless they be brought before them in their ordinary books, and as connected with their usual prayers. The introduction of them, and of more prayers to the Blessed Sacrament, and to the holy Mother of God, would help to add expression of greater feeling to our devotional stores.

After all, this world is dry and weary enough to be as a desert to a religious soul. There is little enough of heart in its ordinary transactions to make one long for some place in which ours may be allowed freely to expand. We have no occurrence of sacred representations and symbols to keep constantly awake our more sacred feelings: no crucifixes on the way-side, no saints at the corners of the streets. We have little or nothing (with few exceptions in some favoured spots) of the dignity and majesty of religious functions; few of us can witness those moving ceremonials, or attend at those especial services of stated seasons, which work so powerfully on the soul, and for a time at least, elevate it to noble thoughts, or melt it to tenderness. We have scarcely any of those appliances which abound in Catholic countries, that rouse habitual apathy, or kindle up confirmed lukewarmness, such as spiritual retreats, or missionary preaching. Nay, we are worse off than all this. The holy sacrifice, the liturgy of our Church, is not accessible to many of us as a daily service: distance, or want of time or of opportunity, may prevent our attending it: even the house of God and the adorable treasure which it contains cease to be to us a home, an ever-lighted hearth at which our natural chillness may be daily warmed. On what, then, have we to rely for religious fervour, for affectionate devotion, for all the variety of earnest, of deep, of tender feelings towards our God and Father, towards our Saviour and Judge? Why, almost exclusively on our prayer books. Their contents are the fuel, by which the

fire of habitual piety must be kept up and the flame of heavenly charity daily enkindled. And these prayers are to be recited, too, under every disadvantage, while kneeling probably against a chair or the bed which we have just left, without a crucifix or pious image before us, or any other religious association that can call up the idea of a place dedicated to God: or, perhaps, in the very room in which we have all just enjoyed our evening meal, and jested and laughed, or quarrelled, or talked over harassing cares and worldly vexations! Should not our prayers be very pleasing and inviting, and, at the same time, very warm and inspiring, to serve this two-fold purpose,—of cheering the barrenness of this vale of tears, and of keeping alive the fire of heaven in our souls? If this world is a dry and heartless waste, (*"fructu vacuum floribus aridum,"* as the Church so beautifully describes it,) surely, our "Garden of the Soul," our "*Paradisus Animæ*," should be in proportion a green choice spot, a well-watered pleasaunce—a "*hortus irriguus*," wherein everything should contrast with the briar-bearing land of exile without. The plants that grow in it must be ever living, ever fresh, ever blooming; and withal most varied in hue, in shape, in fragrance, and in produce. Whether we seek the melancholy shade, or love to bask in the sunny light of heaven, there must be found the same serene atmosphere, the same holy calm; the darkness of the one must inspire no despondency or dejection; the sparkling beauties of the other must not dazzle, or make us forget our low condition. The blessed feelings which it inspires should raise as incense in the morning up to heaven, and descend as soft dew upon the soul at evening. The tree of life, ever fruitful, ever quickening, should be planted in the midst,—the Cross of our Lord, our refuge in affliction, our staff in weakness, and our chastener in over joy. There should be a choice of prayers for every state, for every season, for every circumstance: but in every case, the same fervour, the same tone of affection, of confidence and of earnestness, should prevail. Our hearts should burn as we recite them; our souls should be associated with the blessed spirits above, while our lips utter only earthly words. The prayer book, in other words, should only be the suggester of prayer; it should form the artificial wings upon which the affections rise, till they reach that sphere in which they are buoyed up without further support, and look on the Sun of Righteousness, and the Eye of heaven, in a region wherein words need not be uttered.

THE OLD CATHEDRAIS.

[From the (London) Quarterly Review.]

Our Cathedrals were consecrated virtually by the spirit of their founders, and expressly in their charters, to the glory of God, and to the promotion of his glory, in a mode which to us may seem strange, though the Church, in her best of times—at all times, till nothing but utility engrossed our thoughts—esteemed it the greatest, and most natural, and most necessary of her duties. They were intended, not like our present churches, as lecture-rooms for teaching religion, or decent shelters against weather for the convenience of assembling on the Sabbath, but as great temples, where daily, and almost hourly, a solemn service might be celebrated to God, even if no worshippers were present but those by whom it was performed. The Church, in her best of times, never made, as we make, the preaching of man the first of her objects: she rested most on prayer; and, as in all other cases, what she received from the authority of her first teachers, and naturally adopted by the instinct of her own pure spirit, was, also, most consistent with reason. Even as an instrument of christianizing man, prayer is better than preaching. Prayer requires the active exertion of our own minds; preaching places us at our ease, to be moulded and fashioned by an outward influence. Preaching fixes our thoughts on man, prayer upon God. Preaching may make us vain, conceited, and judges of our teachers; prayer leaves us humble and contrite. We sit during the one, we kneel at the other. Preaching is precarious, and its power in human words; prayer never can fail, and the answer to it is always at hand. Preaching is the help of ignorance; prayer the exercise of faith. Preaching may come home to our hearts; prayer takes us from our hearts into a better world and better thoughts. Preaching may bless ourselves; prayer is the means of blessing thousands.

But the Church had other views of prayer than as a spiritual exercise for man. “The knowledge is small,” says Hooker, in that beautiful fifth book of his Polity, “the knowledge is small which we have on earth concerning things that are done in heaven. Notwithstanding, thus much we know, even of saints in heaven, that they pray. And therefore prayer, being a work common to the Church, as well triumphant as militant, a work common unto men with angels, what should we think, but that so much of our lives is celestial and divine as we spend in the exercise of prayer?” And it was to set forth the pattern of a celestial life upon earth, however we may have fallen from its spirit, or debased God’s service to a form, that men who entered deeply, far more deeply than ourselves, into the gloriousness of Christianity, planted throughout the land, and resolved to perpetuate for ever, communities of its ministers whose business and profession should be prayer. They wished to reserve some spots where man, free from the trammels of the world, might live in his natural state of constant communion with his Maker. They knew, that over the great part of the world men’s sins make the very heavens as it

were of brass, that the dews of God's blessing cannot pass through them; and they kept open, in the midst of each nation, some accesses to God,—some of those golden ladders of prayer by which men's hearts ascend to him, and his bounties descend upon us. They heard with an ear of faith, which in us is deaf or lost, the songs of all created things, morning and evening, rising up before the throne of their Creator; and they thought it shame that no voice should join them from men, his own chosen children. And they kept up their communion with angels and past generations of saints, and the host of spirits, with which they were about to dwell, by uniting their hymns of praise in time, in spirit, in the very words themselves, with the praises and thanksgivings of a world above.

For this purpose they consumed the labours and accumulations of lives upon fabrics worthy of such a service. They did not build, as we do, for the pleasure of man, running up thriftily and meanly every part which was withdrawn from his view; but, as if the eye of God were even on the hidden stones,—as if it were a work of love, in which no speck or flaw could be endured, they wrought every minutest portion as God himself, for his own glory and the luxury of our senses, has wrought out the embroidery of his flowers and the plumage of his insects. They embodied the mysteries of their faith in the form of its temples; so that an eye of thought might reach some familiar truth even in their seeming deformities. The spire—

‘Its silent finger pointing up to heaven,’

the massive tower, emblem of the stronghold of God's truth; the triple aisles, the cross of the transept, the elevation of the altar, even that remarkable peculiarity almost universal in ancient churches, the inclination of the chancel from the nave*—all had their meaning. The very elements and shapes of their architecture, which they seem to have seized by some instinctive sense of beauty beyond what art could learn or teach, to one who owns the real though secret sympathies between man's eye and his heart, are full of thought and feeling. God, who knew what was in man, and made the outward world to soothe his eye and to feed his mind, has worked in every leaf, and throughout the whole range of nature, with just such moulds, and thrown forth his creations of beauty with the same spirit breathed upon them. It was not that art, in some caprice of fancy, slavishly copied the lofty bowers and canopies of the forest, and made from them a temple for religion; but God framed the canopies of the forest to breathe religion into the hearts of his creatures; and when religion took possession of their heart, the outward creations of their eye instinctively fell into those forms which nature had made congenial to their feelings.

And in these glorious buildings, perfected—as far as the work of human hands can be perfected—by a consummate art, which the prodigality of a bound-

* To represent the inclined head of the Redeemer on the cross—*et inclinato capite emisit spiritum.*

less zeal supplied, the Church willed that her daily homage should be paid to God, and her songs rise up to heaven with a certain pomp of devotion, and especially with the harmony of music. She wished, amidst the general frailties and cold-heartedness of man, to secure and perpetuate in certain spots those natural observances of heart-felt piety, which if our nature was perfect, would be our hourly occupation and delight in every place. It is natural, and therefore right, for man to approach his Maker as he would approach an earthly sovereign, with nothing of sordidness or neglect, with more than decency, with much of splendour; not, perhaps, when he comes alone and as a penitent sinner, but when he stands before God in the company of that church which is the representative of God upon earth. It is natural, and therefore right, that the overflowings of devotion should take that form and be accompanied with those indulgences in which all such affections delight, and which create in others the feelings from which they flow in ourselves.

RUINS OF FOUNTAINS ABBEY, YORKSHIRE.

[From the (London) Catholic Magazine.]

The manner of first presenting the ruins of Fountains Abbey to the visitor's gaze, though rather artificial, produces on him an extraordinary effect. Following a guide through the umbrageous and winding walks of luxuriant shrubberies, a rustic seat is reached, placed in front of a Gothic doorway, which being suddenly thrown open, reveals to the view a beautiful valley of which one had not previously suspected the existence, and Fountains Abbey in isolated majesty occupying the midst of it. In a framework as it were of rock and wood and verdure, the vast grey ruins of the monastery stand forth in marvellous relief, its lofty tower soaring far above every other object, and concentrating upon itself the wonder-stricken gaze of the spectator. It is long before his eye becomes satiated with the spectacle; it is indeed only the impulse of strong curiosity to explore more nearly those mighty remains of other times, which induces him to leave the spot where their first aspect, bursting on his sight, had kept him as it were spell-bound. Nor does a nearer approach to Fountains Abbey at all diminish wonder and admiration. Nothing can be conceived comparable to the splendid view that presents itself on entering the north transept, so lofty, light, and elegant is the architecture, and so admirable are the two octagonal pillars which at an enormous height sustain the arches of the Lady chapel. The length of the church is 358 feet, the breadth of the nave 66, the length of the transept 130, and the height of tower 166; dimensions more worthy of a cathedral than of a private community. The history of its establishment is curious. In 1132, certain Benedictine monks, at St.

Mary's in York, displeased with the relaxation of discipline, determined to seek some solitude where they might live with greater strictness and severity. For this purpose, the Archbishop of York, for permission to embrace Riveaulx, requesting him at the same time to visit the abbey and its discipline. By the abbot and monks of St. Mary's, admittance to the chapter house, in punishment he placed them under an interdict, taking under his protection for many weeks the religious who had made application to the prior, sub-prior, and eleven monks. At Christmas they were removed to their residence, a place then called Skelldale, a place with wood and brambles; but braving every discomfort, and submitting themselves to the will of Providence, the zealous monks endured every imaginable hardship. One winter they are said to have been sheltered by the shade of seven yew trees, six of which are yet standing. Their sanctity attracted many to their community, but their numbers were straightened, until Hugh, Dean of York, being afflicted with the stone, resolved to end his days among them. For this purpose he left his abbey, and devoted his riches to it. About the same time two canons of York, transferred all their possessions to the abbey. Other donations poured in from various quarters, and the revenue had considerably increased, but during the civil reign, a party of soldiers burnt the monastery down. The abbot, however, laid the foundation of the church. His successor succeeded in securing the work with vigour; and John of Kent, then king, is said to have completed it. The great tower, however, of the present structure, must have been either built or heightened by the order of John of Kent, which occurred 1245. The last abbot, John Thirske, was hanged at Tyburn in 1537. Mixed services are still performed at Fountains Abbey; in some parts of it are pointed windows, in others the circular arches. The great tower, with its perfect stained glass, is in magnificent preservation. The extent of this monastery, that when entire, it occupied near 100 acres, and so severe the ravages it sustained, that the ruins now occupy a sixth part of that space, yet in their fallen state, the remains are now far more extensive and entire than those of any monastic foundation in the country. The only tomb of a cross-legged knight, which now lays in a chapel east of the church, was in memory of that great baron, Roger de Mowbray, who died 1297, and was interred here. A spacious quadrangle of the old church has been converted into a flower garden. On the north side of the circular arches, three of which open into the chapel, the choir of three aisles formed by two rows of columns, five in

ing from corresponding brackets at the side, rested the arches and groins of the roof. In 1790 and 1791, the removal of rubbish from the chapter house revealed the tombs of several of the abbots. Of the only two inscriptions upon them still legible, one runs thus :

“Hic requiescit Dominus Ioannes R Abbas de Fontibus qui obiit viii. Die Decembris.”

On the south side of the quadrangular court is the refectory, which appears to have been formerly divided by a row of pillars and arches down the centre. The kitchen and scullery are on the east side—the former remarkable for its curiously arched, and enormous fireplace and chimney, both yet incrustured with the smoke of monastic times. Over the kitchen there is a chamber of spacious dimension lighted on the north side by two windows, each of which consists of three narrow lancet openings. In the centre of the room is a column from which rise without a capital the plain ribs and arches of the roof.

The cloisters, 270 feet in length, are of unsurpassed beauty and solemnity. They are intersected by nineteen octagonal pillars, with hidden bases and without capitals, from which in graceful curves rise in groins, which at once sustain and ornament the roof. Near the south end stands a large stone basin, six feet in diameter. Through the gothic windows are seen the rich and towering woods that crown the acclivities of the valley, and the bubbling murmur of a brook, of which a broken arch ever and anon reveals the subterranean course, alone disturbs the utter stillness of the scene. The great dormitory was situated over the cloisters, and contained forty cells, still traceable. Under the stairs leading to it is the porter's lodge, within a few yards of which are the remains of a wide range of apartments said to have been occupied by the abbots. An unexplored extent of cellars and dungeons exists on the northern side of the monastery. Over the great west window is the carved figure of a tun, on which a thrush is standing—a fanciful allusion to the name of the founder, Archbishop Thurstan. A scroll beneath it bears the date 1292.

At the period of the dissolution, the revenues of Fountains Abbey were estimated at £1125 18s.—an immense sum, considering the relative value of money in those days.

Such were the magnificent religious establishments of our Catholic ancestors, the place of which is supplied in these boastful days of enlightenment, by barracks and jails, lunatic asylums, and union poor-houses. Whether the general interests of the community have benefited by the exchange we are not now going to inquire ; just, however, as a cursory illustration of the blessings which have accrued to the poor of this country by the abolition of the monastic establishments, it may be noted that the revenues of the hospital of St. Cross near Winchester, founded by Cardinal Beaufort, uncle to King Henry VI., and once exclusively devoted to charitable purposes, now furnish an income of

upwards of £12,000 a year to three noble and already opulent lessees,—a monstrous perversion of the founder's pious design. "*Mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur*," is a sentiment which might be made applicable to more than three-fourths of the Church property, converted by sacrilegious hands of the first reformers from abundant fountains of public charity into mere sources of individual wealth.

CATHOLICISM IN OCEANICA.

Anglo-American Protestantism has no doubt laboured at planting many missions. It entertains too earnest a longing for the improvement of the human race not to have attempted to derive advantage from the immense political power which it wields in both hemispheres, and from the countless sums which it draws, in furtherance of that object, from the wealthiest aristocracy in the world. What, however, have been the conquests effected by the agents of those powerful associations in the very countries over which their government exercises sway? What populations have they trained to the baptism of blood? Against what persecutions have their labours been proof? Protestant missions never have been, and can scarcely ever be, more than green spots of civilization in the heart of barbarism, model-farms worked by families who have added to the example of their private virtues that of a highly commendable mechanical or agricultural knowledge. The vocation of an English missionary is adopted pretty nearly in the same manner as a consul's life—in order to acquire far from home an independent position, and to transmit to one's children the inheritance of one's services. In all this there is not the bare shadow of that consuming zeal which throws the young Catholic priest, alone and with no other support than a wooden cross, upon land where death awaits him, where he sighs after it with a patience which no words can express, as the anticipated crowning of his labours, the goal of his fondest hopes.

The human heart, however, is so framed that the folly of one man is infinitely more powerful, in its influence over natives, than the prudence of another. The repeated lessons of experience have demonstrated, that a Protestant mission was never able to maintain its ground, in the presence of a Catholic mission, without attempts at invading the freedom of the latter. The struggle is too unequal between the zeal which leads to rank and dignity and that which leads to martyrdom. Establishments, subsidized by biblical societies, can only be upheld by exercising undivided power. Competition, in their regard, is wholly impossible; freedom in matters of religion would be their death blow. This is so frankly avowed by all Episcopal and Methodist missionaries, that the subject never can admit of doubt. There can thus be no difficulty in understanding the full bearing of the question to which has given rise to the unfore-

seen foundation of a mighty Catholic power in the very heart of the Protestant missions of Polynesia. Freedom substituted, in Otaheite, to the religious monopoly, and the political and commercial sway of Wesleyan ministers, competition organized under the protection of laws equal for all, is neither more nor less than the fifth portion of the globe evidently lost to the reformation, and on the eve of being conquered by Catholicism. No consequence ever appeared to us more infallible than this, and we never felt less disposed to disguise it.

Barren of power in the East Indies, Protestantism had, until lately, respected the appalling laws which kept Christianity at a distance from the shores of the celestial empire. Oceanica was thus left alone as a privileged theatre for the exertions of its missionaries. They have rendered to these unfortunate people, since the commencement of the present century, services of which we are far from contesting the value; they have severed them from their cannibal propensities, and from those dissolute habits which appear to be the extreme limits of barbarism, as well as of civilization; they have installed the creeds, the wants, and the laws of England in some archipelagos of those seas; but all travellers have acknowledged that the transition was neither gradually nor prudently brought about; and those infant populations, suddenly subjected to the absolute dominion of an austere Methodism, and of an unpoetical faith, are attacked in the very springs of their existence. A deep moral consumption predisposes them to a species of incurable dislocation; and a daily increasing incompatibility reveals itself between the genius of those infant people and the stiffness of their religious and political instructors.

The wonders affected, at the Gambier Islands, by a few priests of the seminary of Picpus, who were cast on those shores, helpless and unprotected, nearly twelve years ago, from a striking contrast to the picture which sailors, of all nations, have drawn of the Wesleyan missions at the Sandwich and Society's Islands. With the menaced depopulation of Otaheite, the French missionaries contrast the flourishing state of the island of Mangavera, that eldest daughter of Catholicism in Oceanica, that Paraguay of Eastern Polynesia. Every species of persecution has accordingly been inflicted by the agents of biblical societies upon the missionaries and neophytes of the rival church. Ever since the convention of Admiral Dupetit-Thouars for the protectorate of Otaheite, has become known, every organ of the reformation, whatever may be the habitual liberality of its principles in other respects, is found to assert this strange thesis; That, in Oceanica, Methodist missionaries have acted upon an incontestable right, when interdicting to the weak governments over which they hold sway the power of receiving Catholic priests in their territories, or when they enjoined the King of the Sandwich Islands, as well as the Queen of Otaheite, that they should immediately expel those unfortunate men, and extirpate the Roman form of worship by every means at their disposal. We are astounded at the perusal of such absolute declarations, and fancy we are

dreaming, when we discover for instance in the *Semeur*,* professing as it does the principle of free enquiry, such doctrine as would assuredly not meet with readier acceptance, nor be less unguarded in their manifestation, were they to emanate from the principle of authority.

The British government has not felt much uneasiness at our recent acquisition; for it took no direct interest in missions foreign from the episcopacy of the established church, and thus allowed that to be done at Otaheite which it would have unquestionably resisted in New Zealand and New Guinea. Nevertheless, if the executive have remained unmoved, fanaticism has been disturbed; the Gates of Somnauth have found their counterpart in the treaty concluded by Admiral Dupetit-Thouars. Meetings have either been held or are appointed in all parts of the united kingdom, public prayers are enjoined, popular pamphlets distributed, and monstrous imprecations vented against Catholicism and against France. Not that any uneasiness is entertained as to the fate of Methodist missionaries; for it is well known that the treaty of occupation guarantees, in the most formal manner, a respect for private property and full liberty to preach; but this very liberty is what it is attempted to hold up to view as the most odious encroachment upon the rights of nations and upon civilization. The Protestants of England, and, we blush to own it, the Protestants of France, give, in this instance, a deplorable example of intolerance; and they compel us to the revelation of facts of which history and politics have a right to claim a full knowledge.

What are the events which have taken place at the Sandwich Islands and at Otaheite during the last ten years? What are those infractions of the laws, of justice, and of humanity, which have, at last, driven the French government to the necessity of enforcing due reparation? It is proper that the country should be informed on these points, in order that it may understand where injuries have been inflicted, and clearly appreciate the nature and lawfulness of its rights.

It was in 1827 that two Catholic missionaries appeared for the first time in the archipelago of the Sandwich Islands. They found the country subjected to the control of American missionaries, whose leader, Bingham, exercised an incredible despotism over the whole population: political and religious laws, rules of conduct, of administration and of commerce, taxes, sales, agriculture, every thing that was under the direction of missionaries who had organized, under the name of *kumucks*, or licensed school masters, a body to whom the management of public matters exclusively belonged. Rapid, however, were the advances of Catholicism; and the spiritual conquests of Messrs. Bachelot and Short, the first belonging to the seminary of Picpus, the second an Irish priest, quickly gave the alarm to those absolute rulers of the country. They unhesitatingly caused the two Catholics to be dragged from their place of abode,

* France.

in spite of the energetic protests of the British and American consuls, and had them transported, at the close of 1831, to a desert shore of the coast of California, which they reached after encountering the most imminent perils. Hearing that a change had taken place in the government of those islands, owing to the death of Queen Kaahumanu, the courageous missionaries again confided themselves to Providence, and repaired, in 1837, to the land rendered dear to them by the good seeds which their preaching had already sown. The pains of exile had been much embittered to them by the mournful tidings they had received during their five years of absence, and which urged them on to desperate resolves. Every trading vessel that reached the harbour of Honolulu, all American newspapers possessed of the means of furnishing details respecting those distant regions, announced that a general persecution was organized, for the purpose of crushing Catholicism in the islands. When we peruse, in the "*Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*," the narrative of these acts of the Polynesia apostles, we fancy ourselves carried back to the early days of the church. They display the same trials and the same heroism, almost the same names as those we read of in St. Paul's epistles, for they had been given in their recent baptism, in order to prepare the bearers of them for a martyrdom which was near at hand. The parties dragged before the Methodists, or their kumucks, are called Luke, Philip, Helen, Pulcheria; and on their refusal to attend the conventicles, they are condemned to labour in the quarries.

Unremitting, however, were the efforts made to seduce the confessors of the faith. The old queen even went so far as to entreat of Esther Uhêto that she would assist at Bingham's prayers; but all in vain. The blind Didymus was equally firm and unmoved: he appeared always contented, notwithstanding that, through a refinement of barbarism, his guards prevented his mother, Monica, from leading and assisting him in the work to which he had been condemned. On the 26th of August, 1832, the guards signified to the Catholic captives that, unless they embraced the Protestant form of worship, their dwellings would be pulled down, their property confiscated, and the wives separated from their husbands. Matters remained in this state until the 1st of September, when it was attempted to put the prisoners in irons; and the youthful Margaret, who was only seven years old, was the first selected for this punishment, when Esther resolutely opposed it, and insisted upon being brought before the chief, previous to its infliction. She accordingly took her departure, followed by Philip, Helen, and a few others.*

This first persecution was checked, for a moment, by the energetic intervention of the British consul, who, from his own funds, maintained the unhappy prisoners in their dungeons: but it was soon afterwards revived with increased fury.

■ The state of calm enjoyed by the faithful of the Sandwich Islands was not

* *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*, vol. xii. nos. 52,

of long continuance. All-powerful over the mind of Kinau, Bingham perseveringly excited him against the Catholics. The American missionaries had, moreover, received a reinforcement. Those sectarians were to the number of 143 in the archipelago, in the month of July, 1835. The *kumucks*, or subaltern rulers, were still more numerous. As early, therefore, as the month of June, the persecution was renewed, to compel the attendance of the neophytes at the schools and meeting-houses of the Protestants. Luke was one of the first arrested. Led to the fort and put in irons, he was only released from prison after the payment of twenty-five dollars.

Two aged Christians, named Kilina and Lahina, were also thrown into prison for refusing to embrace Bingham's religion, and to attend the Methodist prayers. They were compelled to collect, with their hands, the soil of the guards and of the prisoners of the fort, and to carry them to the sea. During this revolting labour they were subjected to the insults of the mob. Most of the natives would have hailed death as a release from such severe trials. Nevertheless, the women obeyed without a murmur, saying that their souls belonged to God, and that they willingly sacrificed their bodies provided they remained faithful to the Lord. The natives are divided in opinion in their regard. By some they are treated as idolators; others are edified by the firmness of these poor women. Many have been so affected at it as to solicit instruction in the Catholic doctrine, in spite of the dangers to which they are thereby exposed.

Such was the state of things when Messrs. Bachelot and Short landed from an English schooner, at the Port of Woahou, on the 17th of April, 1837; but they received on the instant a peremptory order to re-embark. In vain did all the consular agents intercede in their favour: the missionaries were inexorable; and, after a negotiation of two months, both priests had to put to sea, and again seek refuge on the coast of California. These repeated insults the French government deemed itself, at last, compelled to notice by sending a military force, whose intervention was effectual in bringing about a more endurable treatment.

By a mere change of names and dates, by substituting M. Pritchard for Milsingham, the occurrences in the Sandwich Islands make us acquainted with those of which Otaheite has been the theatre; and we can form an accurate judgment of the motives which brought in succession M. Dumont d'Urville and Rear-Admiral Dupetit-Thouars to those seas.

It was on the last days of 1836 that M. M. Laval and Caret, leaving the island of Mangavera, reached that of Otaheite. After many accidents and adventures, the recital of which derives a charm heightened by its simplicity, they were admitted to the presence of Queen Pomare. This princess gave them a friendly welcome, and accepted the humble presents of the poor priests: this was a kind of tacit permission to reside in her dominions; but the arrival of Catholic priests was scarcely made known, when the Protestant missionaries took alarm. Exercising sway over the government and finances of the

country, possessing the exclusive monopoly of its external trade, their threatening summons could not be long disregarded by the queen.

The two strangers having refused to depart, and placed themselves under the protection of the United States consulate, the Missionaries did not hesitate in resorting to a measure which it is needless for us to qualify as it deserves. On the 12th of December, the two priests, whilst in the very act of celebrating mass, were seized in their own habitation, and compelled to kneel at the foot of the table which was serving them for an altar. M. Prichard's agents, having taken the previous precaution of barricading the doors and windows, had effected an opening in the bamboo roof of this Indian dwelling house, and thus succeeded in capturing the priests, who were forcibly carried on board an English schooner, stripped of every thing, and transported to Valparaiso. This is the occurrence which is held up to view, in the language of an usually bitter sectarian newspaper, as the frivolous pretext for the intervention of France.

For the rest, let Dissenters be at ease; let the spouters at Exeter Hall be sparing in their abuse of the Scarlet Lady of Babylon, and of the ambition of our government. France will not resort to reprisals; she will carry religious freedom into practice at the extremity of the world, as she does at home. Should Protestantism be proof against this solemn ordeal, she may have to regret it, but will have no just ground of reproach against us. Undeviatingly following up the mighty principles of liberty, of which we are the type, and which constitute our strength and our pride in every quarter of the globe, let us leave the rest to Providence and to time; let us open a new world to the struggle of doctrines, to the emulation of zeal; and, whatever may be our personal convictions, let us never forget, in a political point of view, that Catholicism, out of France, represents France itself.—*Louis de Carné*.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

CATHOLIC STATISTICS OF THE WEST-INDIES.

Spanish Islands.—The important Isles of Cuba and Porto-Rico have a regular ecclesiastical hierarchy. One Arch-Bishop, two Bishops and a numerous clergy attend the spiritual wants of more than a million of souls. The late sufferings and persecutions of the church in Spain have also been felt in the Colonies, not however to the same extent as in the mother country.

English Islands.—A few years ago, the numerous Isles under British Dominion were divided into two Vicariates Apostolic; the one comprising Jamaica and the Bahamas, the other the rest of the British Islands. The first

Vicariate is under the jurisdiction of Bishop Fernandez. This zealous Prelate, who laboured, for years, alone on the soil of Jamaica, is now aided by a devoted band of French Jesuits; and the state of our holy religion is in a very promising condition in this place, but is as yet, little known in the Bahamas. The other Vicariate Apostolic is administered by Bishop McDonnell, aided by his coadjutor, Bishop Smith, and a band of devoted clergyman, whose number, however, is insufficient for the wants of the country. Since the formation of this Vicariate, thousands have been added to the fold of Christ, especially in the Isles of Trinidad, St. Lucia, Grenada and Dominica, which formerly were under French and Spanish Dominion. The Catholic population amounts to about 200,000 souls.

Dutch Islands.—These Isles have lately been erected into a Vicariate Apostolic, and Mgr. Niewindt has just been consecrated Bishop and its first Vicar Apostolic. According to the latest news, he had left the mother country for Curacao with a new supply of missionaries. Our holy religion is in a very flourishing condition in these Isles; the number of Catholics, exclusive of those in Dutch Guiana, amounting to about 40,000 souls.

French Islands.—The important Islands of Guadeloupe and Martinico, with their appendages, profess almost exclusively the Catholic Religion, and the number of their inhabitants is no less than 250,000. They are administered by Prefects Apostolic, who, ere long, it is hoped, will be replaced by Bishops and Apostolic Vicars. M. Lacombe, Prefect Apostolic of Guadeloupe is now in Paris, to make arrangements, it is said, for that purpose between the Holy See and the court of France.

Hayti.—The ecclesiastical affairs of this Isle are in a deplorable state of confusion. The fair prospects of seeing the affairs of the church arranged between the Holy See and this Republic, which were entertained a short time ago, have been blasted by the death of the late lamented Bishop of St. Louis, Mgr. Rosati, who had been appointed by the common Father of the faithful Apostolic Delegate to this Isle. A letter, from Curacao to Bishop Niewindt, then in Holland, dated 14th of October 1843, throws some light on the actual condition of our holy religion in Hayti. "There arrived here," says the writer, "two respectable and worthy clergymen from St. Domingo: the one the Parish Priest of the Cathedral of that city, and the other a Religious of the order of St. Francis. They were expelled from the Island on account of their intrepidity in setting forth sound doctrine, and their resistance to the turmoils of Free-Masonry. They bewailed the unhappy fate of the people, who, they said, are thoroughly Catholic and religious; and ascribed all the evils, that overhang the church of that Island, to a few unprincipled and ambitious rulers."

EPISCOPAL CONSECRATION.—On the 19th Maach, (Feast of St. Joseph,) the Right Rev. Dr. Reynolds, Bishop of Charleston, and Right Rev. Dr. Henni, Bishop of Milwaukee, received the Episcopal consecration, in the Ca-

thedral of Cincinnati. The church was densely crowded. The Right Rev. Dr. Purcell, Bishop of Cincinnati, was consecrating Prelate, and Dr. Miles, Bishop of Nashville, and Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Pittsburgh, were Prelates assistant.

In the Sanctuary, were present, the venerable Bishop of Louisville, Dr. Flaget, Father Vandavelde, Provincial of the Jesuits of Missouri, and a large number of clergymen belonging to the Dioceses of Ohio, Kentucky, and Indiana.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. E. Purcell, upon "the Apostleship and Primacy." It was a beautiful and eloquent discourse, replete with forcible argument and apposite illustrations, finely conceived and finely delivered.

[*Cath. Advocate.*]

The consecration of the new Bishops of Chicago, Little Rock, and the Coadjutor of New York, took place on Sunday, the 10th inst., in the Cathedral of New York. The Bishop of New York was consecrator, the Bishops of Boston and Richmond assisting.

The consecration of Right Rev. Dr. Tyler, Bishop elect of Hartford, will take place in the Metropolitan Church, Baltimore, on Sunday, 17th inst. The Bishop of Boston, by leave of the Most Rev. Archbishop, will be the consecrator. It is expected that the Bishops of New York and Richmond will be the assistants.

The consecration of Right Rev. John Fitzpatrick, Coadjutor elect of the Bishop of Boston, will take place in the Church at Georgetown, D. C., on Sunday, 24th inst. The Bishop of Boston will be the consecrator: the Bishops of Richmond and Hartford the assistants.—*Cath. Herald of 14th March.*

ST. LOUIS.—On the 1st of March a new Catholic Church was commenced by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, on the corner of 11th and Biddle streets, destined for the German Catholics in the western and northern part of the city. The church's dimensions are 107 feet long by 60 wide. It is a beautiful and elevated spot, measuring 150 feet by 100, being a donation of Mrs. Ann Biddle of this city for that purpose. The ceremony of blessing the corner stone will take place this month.

On the 7th of March a new Catholic female Orphan Asylum, under the charge of the Sisters of Charity, was commenced on the corner of 10th and Biddle streets. The lot measuring 125 by 240 feet is the donation of Mrs. Ann Biddle of this city, who has moreover given \$3000 towards the erection of the Asylum. The main building will be three stories high, 70 feet front by 45 deep.

On the 17th of March the Rt. Rev. Bishop Kenrick laid the corner stone of a Church in Soulard's addition to St. Louis. The edifice will be cruciform; in length including the portico, 150 feet; breadth in the nave 60 feet, in the transepts, 80. The well selected location, and the truly classic proportions of the

plan, drawn by Barnet, & Co. will make this building an ornament to the city, whilst affording the consolations of religion to a numerous population, who now are almost suffocated in the crowded temporary chapel in which they worship. The vast concourse of our fellow citizens, the Hibernian Benevolent Society, the Catholic Temperance Society, the Young Catholic's Friend Society, with their appropriate flags and badges; the clergy in their robes, singing, during the imposing ceremonial of their Church, appropriate psalms in the solemn Gregorian chant, brought powerfully to memory, but under happy auspices, the scripture text: "And when the masons laid the foundation of the Temple of the Lord, the priests stood in their ornaments with trumpets, and the Levites, the sons of Asaph, with symbols, to praise God by the hand of David, King of Israel. And they sung together hymns and praise to the Lord, because he is good; for his mercy endureth forever. And all the people shouted with a great shout, praising the Lord, because the foundations of the Temple of the Lord were laid."—1 Esdras, chap. iii.

In the corner stone was placed a glass jar, hermetically sealed, containing some American coins, some public documents regarding the events that have occurred since the happy foundation of this Republic, and a Latin inscription in parchment, in words of which the following is a translation:

†

In the year of Redemption MDCCCXLIV, whilst the Sovereign Pontiff,
Gregory the XVI,
Ruled the universal Church of Christ, in the XIII year of his Pontificate.
Over the United States of North America,
John Tyler, Chief Magistrate, presiding.
The LXVII year of American liberty happily established.
The State of Missouri having Hon. M. M. Marmaduke, Acting Governor.
The XVII ● March, being IV Sunday of Lent, in the evening, this first Stone
Of the Temple about to be erected
To the Lord thrice Holy and Mighty,
The Eternal Living God, under the invocation
Of St. Vincent of Paul, Confessor,
Was duly and canonically laid, by the Rt. Rev. Peter Richard Kenrick, Bishop
of St. Louis.
The Very Rev. John Timon being assistant Priest,
Rev. Benedict Roux and Joseph A. Lutz, assistant Deacons, a numerous Clergy
And the students of the Seminary
Were present; also,
The Hibernian Benevolent Society, the Catholic
Temperance, and Young Catholics' Friend Societies,
Had places assigned, whilst
A vast concourse of people surrounded the spot.—*Mo. Rep.*

†

ILLINOIS.—One of those edifying and beautiful devotions, which are practised in the Catholic church with so much spiritual edification and fruit, is the *forty hours prayer*, or a continual adoration of Jesus Christ in the most adorable Sacrament of the Altar, during the space of 40 hours. This devotion was lately performed in the church of St. Boniface on Shoal Creek, St. Clair county in this State. The zealous Pastor knowing that the days of carnival were but too often days of great dissipation among the population, opened this devotion on Sunday night of the 18th of February last, and turned all the hearts of his parishioners to their God. The Blessed Sacrament was enshrined and enthroned above the altar, and before it knelt in devout adoration at all hours of the day and the night, a multitude of devout worshippers. Frequent instructions were given. Confessions were heard during the day and the whole of the night of the 19th: and all responded to the pious call of their Pastor, who was assisted by one of the clergymen of St. Louis.

INDIANA.—The Right Rev. Bishop of Vincennes, Dr. DE LA HAILANDIERE, held an ordination in his cathedral, on Saturday, March 2d, when Mr. W. DOYLE received the Tonsure, and Mr. W. ENGLE was promoted to the order of Deacon.—*Cath. Adv.*

WISCONSIN TERRITORY.—We extract from the notes for McCabe's Gazetteer of Wisconsin:

"It was remarked by Dean Swift that "the Spaniards always commenced the settlement of a new country by the erection of a Church; the English by building a Tavern, and the French by erecting a Fort." In justice to the latter however, it should be remarked that in taking possession of a new country, they were not unmindful of the duties they owed to religion. Accompanying every French military expedition in the early settlement of the American wilderness, (where almost intolerable suffering was to be borne,) was always to be found a Catholic priest, who, when a military post was established or a fort erected, acted not only as a chaplain to the army, but also as a missionary to the Indian tribes in the district. The expedition to the Green Bay country, in the 17th century, was, like similar expeditions, accompanied by a chaplain, who was probably the first Catholic clergyman regularly stationed in that country; but the Jesuit missionaries, at an early period, had successfully undertaken the conversion of the Indians to the flock of Christ.

The first Church in the Territory was erected by the Jesuits at the "Rapide Des Peres," six miles above the head of Green Bay, sometime in the middle of the 17th century, and was dedicated to St. Francis Xavier. In digging a foundation for a house a short time ago on the site of that church, a splendid silver Ostensorium was found, which I have lately seen in the possession of the Very Rev. F. T. Bonduell, the late Catholic pastor of Green Bay, and which has the following inscription engraved thereon:

"† Ce Soleil a esté donné par Mr. Nicholas Parrott a la mission de St. Francis Xaveir en le Pays Des Pavounts † 1686—"

TRANSLATION.

"This Ostensorium was given by Mr. Nicholas Perrot to the mission of St. Francis Xavier at Stinking Bay. 1686."

The French orthography of the above inscription corresponds with the orthography of the age in which it was written, and the very inappropriate name then given to the delightful and salubrious bay now called "Green Bay," was derived from a tribe of filthy Indians styled "Pavounts" or stinking, who inhabited that neighbourhood and who lived chiefly on fish.

The Jesuits remained at "Rapide Des Peres," [Rapids of the Fathers,] until they were removed from the field of their labours in consequence of some political difficulties then existing between the French and English governments in relation to this country.

Subsequent to the departure of the Jesuits, but one priest was successively stationed at Detroit, then called 'Poncetrain,' to administer to the spiritual wants of the Catholics all over Michigan and Wisconsin. And at one time the Catholics of Green Bay had been thirty years without seeing a clergyman.

In 1822 the Very Rev. Gabriel Richard, V. G., pastor of St. Ann's, Detroit, and delegate to Congress, visited Green Bay, and between that period and the year 1831, the Catholic congregations in Wisconsin were visited by American, French and German clergymen, of Cincinnati and Detroit, and the Rev. Messrs. Desan and Badin of Michigan. In 1831, the Very Rev. Mr. Mazzuchelli [an Italian.] took charge of the mission at Green Bay, and erected the large church of St. John the Evangelist, at Monomoneeville, between Green Bay and the Rapide Des Peres; and in 1834, he built the spacious college attached to the church, which is not yet completely finished. In 1834, the Rev. T. J. Van Den Broek, (a native of Holland) commenced his mission at Green Bay, and in 1838, the Rev. F. T. Bonduell, the late, universally esteemed, learned and exemplary pastor, commenced his spiritual labours at that place.

Formerly the Catholic Church of Wisconsin, as well as that of Michigan, was under the spiritual jurisdiction of the Bishop of Quebec; subsequently, however, Michigan and Wisconsin were annexed to the Diocese of Cincinnati, and in 1834 was erected into a separate Diocese styled the Diocese of Detroit. In the fall of 1843, Wisconsin was erected into a new Diocese, and named the Diocese of Milwaukee, and the Right Rev. Dr. Henni, late of Cincinnati, appointed its first Bishop.

The number of Catholic Churches now in Wisconsin is 14, number building 20, and the number of Catholics in the Territory may be estimated at over 22,000 souls."

NEW-ORLEANS.—In the case of the Church Wardens vs. Bishop Blanc, the Judge of the Parish Court the Honourable Maurian, rendered his opinion on the exceptions, against the plaintiffs, and put the case out of court. We understand that it will be carried to the Supreme Court.

A Branch of the Society of the Holy Infancy, lately established in Europe by

Mgr. Forbin de Janson, was erected in this city. The end of this Society is to redeem the Chinese Children, who are exposed by their natural parents. Already upwards of 500 persons have joined the Society in New-Orleans.

CINCINNATI.—During the recent visit of the Bishop to the Diocesan Seminary, on Friday of the Ember Week, the 1st of March, Mr. Cornelius Daly received the sacred order of Subdeaconship. On Saturday, the Clerical Tonsure was conferred on Messrs. Thomas Boulger, John H. Lewis and James P. Cahill. The last named gentleman also received the four Minor Orders. On the same day Messrs. Michael A. Byrne and James Kearney received Subdeaconship and Mr. Cornelius Daly, Deaconship.

On Saturday, Mr. Cahill was ordained Subdeacon and Rev. Messrs. Philip Foley and Cornelius Daly were elevated to the dignity of the Priesthood. The Retreat was preached by the Bishop, assisted by Rev. Mr. Burlando, C. M., Superior of the Seminary.

NEW ENGLAND STATES.—Catholicity seems to be in a flourishing condition in the land of the Puritans. A new Diocese has been erected at Hartford for the States of Connecticut and Rhode Island, and one of its own sons, a Convert to the Catholic Church, Rt. Rev. William Tyler has been nominated its first Bishop. A new paper, devoted to the interests of the Irish Catholics, called "*the Green Banner*" has just appeared at Hartford, which if conducted with the same moderation, that characterizes its first number, will prove a desirable addition to our Catholic Publications. One of its former ministers of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Mr. Hastings has just received the holy order of subdeaconship of the Catholic Church in Paris.—New churches are in progress of erection in various places. The beautiful church of *Middletown*, Conn., is nearly completed: in *Springfield*, Mass., has been purchased a splendid site for the erection of a new Catholic Church, to be commenced this spring. In the Metropolis, Catholicity keeps pace with its growth: the Catholics of south Boston are erecting a noble edifice, and having completed the basement, they have opened it for divine service. In east Boston the Puritans being compelled to dispose of one of their churches, found ready purchasers in the Catholics: it was dedicated to Catholic worship on the 25th of February last. The Catholic Orphan Asylum of Boston has received a donation of 1000 dollars, which the late lamented Mr. Kavanaugh, Ex-Governor of Maine, and faithful member of the Catholic Church, had bequeathed to that institution.

ITALY.—Rome.—Monsig. Capaccini, Papal Envoy Extraordinary to the court of Lisbon, was expected in Madrid from Portugal. His object is to regulate the affairs of the church in that quarter. The afflicted church of Spain has really great need of rest, after her long troubles.

M. De Boutenieff was admitted to a private audience of his Holiness in the beginning of December and presented his credentials as Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary from the Court of St. Petersburg. It was however thought probable that he would fail in the object of his mission. The Holy See

seems determined to stand firm and not to give way before the designs of the Autocrat.

The Sacred Congregation of Rites held on 21st Nov. its first session relative to the heroical virtues of the Venerable Peter Canisius. This illustrious Jesuit was born in Nimeguen, a city of the Dukedom of Gelders, in Holland. He enrolled himself among the members of the Society of Jesus, three years after its foundation, and having been sent into Germany by St. Ignatius, was made a deputy of the chapter of Cologne to Charles V. The Emperor sent him to dispute with Melancthon at Worms. Not long after he assisted at the Council of Trent, in quality of Theologian to Cardinal Otho. He filled with zeal and glory to himself all these stations and offices, and was highly esteemed and honoured by all the Popes of his time. By his assiduous labours and writings he preserved from the contagion of Lutheranism several provinces of Germany. He died in Switzerland in the odour of sanctity on the 21st December, 1597, in the 77th year of his age.—*U. S. C. Miscellany.*

OBITUARY.

DIED.—At the Monastery of Mount Carmel, Baltimore; on the 7th of February, Sister PULCHERIA (LLEWELLEN,) aged 54 years. She was a native of St. Mary's County, Md. She joined the order of the Sisters of Mount Carmel while it was yet in its infancy in the United States, and lived to see her establishment translated from its original seat in Charles county, and to follow it to its present permanent location in Baltimore. Thirty three years of her exemplary life were devoted to monastic service, the latter portion of them under great bodily sufferings, which she bore with the greatest patience and resignation. Her death was like unto the death of the just.

In December 1843, at Rome, Cardinal ALEXANDER SPADA-VERRALI, of the Princely House of Spada in Bologna. He was born on the 4th of April 1789, and created Cardinal Deacon in 1833, by His Holiness Gregory XVI.

On the 1st of January 1844, Cardinal GUSTAVUS MAXIMILIAN JUSTUS, Prince de Croi, Archbishop of Rouen, and Grand Almoner of France before the Revolution of July 1820. He was born at Chateau de l'Hermitage (Nood,) on the 12th September 1773, and was consecrated on the 9th January 1820. The purple was conferred on him by Leo XII. His life was distinguished by the virtues becoming his high station.—*R. I. P.*







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